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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, APRIL 4, 1895. NO. 2.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

GREAT FIRE AT MILWAUKEE.

Appalling Accident in a North Dakota Village—A Confidential Clerk Absconds—Boiler Explodes—Two Banks Busted—Li Hung Chang—the Effects of the Assault on Him.

SOUTHERN.

John N. Bissell, confidential clerk to W. H. Masters, commissioner of the bureau of freight and transportation, New Orleans, La., has fled to Mexico, after forging checks amounting to $15,000 or $20,000, which he spent on women in concert halls. Bissell came here from Galveston two years ago and was a man of exemplary habits until he came to New Orleans. He has a wife and two children. His wife has gone to her father's home in Galveston.

A boiler exploded at Langston's saw mill, in Jackson county, Ga., Tuesday afternoon and instantly killed John Langston and Ed Goode, white, and Molly Grant, the colored cook. No one else was hurt.

The Bristol Bank and Trust company, of Bristol, Tenn., has assigned. Assets, $50,159; liabilities, $24,720; due to depositors, $15,900. The Hanover bank of New York city, with claims for $5,100, pushed the bank to the wall It is the second assignment of the bank in fifteen months, and it is said it will pay in full easily.

At Jasper, Fla., a sensation has been caused by the appearance of a lady and girl from Georgia who claim to be the wife and daughter of R. A. Chaney, a respected citizen. Chaney came here years ago, married into a prominent family, and has several children. The Georgia lady claims Chaney deserted her sixteen years ago and Chaney does not deny it. No steps have been taken looking to his prosecution.

A fire started about 1 o'clock Saturday morning at Fernandina, Fla., the fire spread from one building to another until nine were levelled to the ground. The loss of furniture was also heavy, Mrs. Moore being the greatest loser. The streets of Old Town present a pitiable sight of smouldering embers and piles of household goods. The buildings burned are: The Hunt House, Mrs. Selon's residence, Frank Foster's residedce, Captain Lassere's residence, Mrs. Moore's residence and an adjoining one-story building, Captain Davis's residence, two small buildings owned by the Reynold's estate.

The Rev. W. E. Brown of Shiloh Baptist church (old site) colored, Fredericksburg, Va, baptized Sunday in the Rappahannock river more than 150 converts of his recent revival. It is the largest number of persons ever baptized at one time in the state.

EASTERN.

Great consternation was caused at Nashua, N. H., Tuesday by the closing of the Nashua Saving bank by order of the bank commissioner. The bank is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the city, having been incorporatrd in 1854. Some of the most reliable and esteemed business men of the city are at its head, and no reflection is made on their mode of conducting the affairs of the institution. There are nearly $3,000,000 on deposits, and most of this is the savings of the working people, and the tying up of the money, even if no loss is sustained, is sufficient to cause great hardship.

The Mahoning and Shenango valley iron manufacturers met the officials of the Almalgamated association Saturday night and signed a wage scale for the coming year. There is no change from last year's rate of pay. This will avert a strike in the valley. The manufacturers wanted wages reduced from last year's figures, but the Amalgamated held out for the same scale as last year, and this was accepted by the manufacturers. There are about 10,000 iron workers in the valley, about half of whom are now employed.

WESTERN.

At 2:45 o'clock Wednesday morning one of the worst of the many destructive fires in the history of Milwaukee, Wis., was finally got under control. At that time over $1,000,000 worth of property had been destroyed and twenty business firms had lost their stocks and buildings. There were also many minor losses, including offices, flats and small shops.

A most appalling accident, resulting in the death of five persons, occurred during Tuesday night at Minot, N. D. A fire caught from a kitchen stove pipe in the home of Christain Christainsen and the whole house was in flames in three minutes. Eleven persons, the father, mother and nine children, were asleep in the house. Christainsen, his wife and four children, who slept on the first floor, escaped with difficulty. All of the children up stairs, the oldest of whom was 15, were suffocated by smoke and then burned to a crisp.

The heavy snowfall of Saturday at Denver, Colorado, disappeared rapidly under a warm sun and the railroads, though threatened with washouts generally are moving their trains nearly on time. The snow was a phenomenal one, the heaviest fall—42 inches—being reported at Sanders, Wyo. The storm extended into northern New Mexico and Texas.

Fire Sunday destroyed the better part of the business district, of Hayes City, Ks., including seven stone and twenty frame buildings. Three blocks were destroyed, causing an aggregate loss of $75,000. The insurance is $35,000. The fire started in a livery barn.

The Commercial bank, located at 152 Main street, Cincinnati, assigned Wednesday afternoon to W. H. Campbell, its cashier. The decision to go out of business was reached but a half hour before the assignment was made. President Foote said that the bank will be able to pay dollar for dollar. The bank is the oldest in the city. It was organized in 1831. Charles B. Foote is president. The bank has a paid up capital of $328,000 and a surplus of $40,000. Its average deposits were $400,000.

FOREIGN.

Colonel Ito reports that on March 24 the Ma Kung fort was taken easily by the Japanese. On the 25th the Japanese attacked and captured Yent Tung, taking nine heavy guns and a number of smaller ones, as well as many rifles and a large quantity of ammunition. In the engagement the Chinese lost thirty killed and sixty taken prisoners. The Japanese loss was seventy wounded. The Japanese fleet captured the forts on the Fisher islands, and all the islands forming the Pescadores groups are now in the possession of the Japanese.

A dispatch from Ottawa says Sir Charles H. Tupper has withdrawn from the dominion cabinet on the Manitoba school question.

Resignations of Spanish officials continue to be handed in. Among those who have resigned are the presidents of the commercial treaties committee and Cuba tariff reform committee.

A dispatch to the Star says that cholera has broken out among the Japanese troops at Port Arthur. Thirty-eight cases were reported in one day.

A dispatch dated 26, says: Li Hung Chang passed a good night. The surgeons attending him have decided not to extract the bullet. The assault upon the envoy is likely to delay the business of the peace commission only a few days. Profound indignation prevails throughout Japan at the outrage upon Li Hung Chang, and the vernacular press are unanimous in their expression of the deepest regrets.

The British house of commons passed by vote of 128 to 102, Friday evening, J. H. Daiziel's resolution affirming that it was desirable to establish local legislative assemblies for England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.

A special from Santiago de Cuba says: "Lieut. Y. Barra has been relieved from command of the Spanish cruiser De Venadito, which fired upon the American steamer Allianca. Captain Matens has been appointed to succeed Lieutenant Barra, and Seno Capriles, civil governor of the province of Santiago, has resigned."

PROGRESS OF THE CUBANS.

The Revolution Spreading—A Convention to be Held.

A Tampa, Fla., special says: Passengers from Havana by the steamer Olivette Sunday night report the revolution in Cuba spreading rapidly. There are 1000 insurgents reported in Puerto Principe, under command of Malgnes de Sata Lucia. He raised this force near Guanaja, and is marching toward Yara, where all the forces are assembling in response to the proclamation issued by Generals Maceo and Masso.

This proclamation is supposed to have been prompted if not issued by Jose Marti and calls for a convention to declare Cuba independent from Spain and to form a provisional government.

After the victory of Compachuela the insurgents burned the big San Manuel sugar plantation, near that village, on March 23.

Two hundred men are said to have taken up arms at San Tugrande under command of Colonel Aldaret, and are making their way toward Yara.

It is said that General Maceo has landed a large force of men on the island, together with 3000 rifles, ammunition and army stores. He has a large force, with thirty-seven officers, and his men are well drilled and disciplined. General Mace captured a convoy, taking several hundred men prisoners, besides securing 100 mules and a large lot of valuable muntiions of war.

Fortunate Young Men.

The following candidates from the south have passed successfully the examination for cadetship at West Point Military academy. They will enter the academy in June next:

Robert C. Fay, Eufaula, Ala.
Levert Coleman, Huntsville, Ala.
H. A. Roberts, Savannah, G.
E. P. Peyton, Columbus, Miss.
C. Still, Senatobia, Miss.
S. T. Ansell, Strawn, Tex.
C. S. Raymeyn, Fort McPherson, Ga.

LIVE WASHINGTON NOTES.

Newsy Items From Our National Capitol.

OUR NAVY TO BE STRENGTHENED

Contract for a Submarine Torpedo Boat Awarded—Thurston Gone—Executive Appointment—Valuable Lands Restored to the Public Domain—Gunboat Sent to Zanzibar.

The Nicaragua Canal.

Two members of the board of engineers, provided for by the recent act of congress, to visit and inspect the route of the Nicaragua canal, examine and consider plans, profiles, sections and specifications for its various parts and report thereon to the president by November 1st next, has been appointed.

It was decided that the army should have the ranking officer on the board, and Secretary Lamont selected Colonel William R. Craighill for the chairmanship. Colonel Craighill was last president of the American Society of Civil Engineers, and the weight of his opinion upon the canal project would convincing beyond that of any other man who could be appointed on the board.

Secretary Herbert selected Civil Engineer Mordecai T. Endicott, whose relative rank of lieutenant-commander is but a degree blow that of Colonel Craighill, and who is second officer on the civil engineer list of the navy, a man of high professional attainments and an authority upon naval works ashore.

The president has not yet announced the civilian member, but J. A. Montgomery of Birmingham, Ala., who has been prominent in the construction of southern railroads, is said to be the candidate.

As soon as the president completes the board it will organize and go to New York, where plans, specifications and contracts of the canal can be closely scrutinized. The party will then go to Mobile and embark on the Montgomery, which has been detailed for the duty of conveying it to Greytown and which will remain there as long as their stay lasts, furnishing them a marine guard, as well as boats and steam launches, and lending them the moral support of the United States flag.

* * *

A Generous Hearted Emperor.

The following telegram was received Friday afternoon by the Japanese legation from the Japanese foreign office: "On the opening of the negotiations the Chinese plenipotentiary proposed an armistice which the Japanese government was willing to accept on certain conditions. While this negotiation was going on the untoward attack on the person of the Chinese plenipotentiary happened. His majesty, the emperor, having in view this unhappy occurrence, commanded the Japanese plenipotentiaries to consent to the temporary armistice without conditions. This was communicated to the Chinese plenipotentiary."

* * *

Vale, Mr. Thurston.

Mr. Thurston, the late Hawaiin minister at this point, left Washington Wednesday afternoon for San Francisco. He travels by a circuitous route in order to give attention to private matters, and will reach San Francisco April 3, in time to sail on the following day.

* * *

A Submarine Torpedo Boat.

Secretary Herbert has decided to increase our navy by the addition of a submarine torpedo boat. Proposals for this vessel were invited in May, 1893, since which time the department has made a thorough investigation of this type of vessel. The contract for the craft was awarded to the John P. Holland Torpedo Boat company of New York. The contract calls for a vessel 80 feet in length, diameter 11 feet and displacement when submerged 138¼ tons. The vessel is to be constructed of steel of domestic manufacture, and fitted with engines, boilers and machinery of domestic make, and is to have a speed of fifteen hnots in light condition, fourteen knots awash (partly submerged) and eight knots submerged.

This will be the first vessel of this kind ever contracted for. The French have made efforts in this direction, but have not yet succeeded in building an efficient submarine boat.

Canaseraga Cremated.

Nearly the entire village of Canaseraga, N. Y., was wiped out by fire Thursday morning. It started up at 12:40 a. m., near the Cottage hotel, and under a brisk breeze spread rapidly to neighboring buildings. The entire population was called out to fight the flames, but they were unconerollable. Everywhere the scenes were most exciting. Merchants and householders attempted to move their possessions, but were cut short by the flames. Word was sent to Hornellsville at 1:45 a. m., and at 3:30 a special train with two companies and an engine was dispatched. The entire business portion of the village is in ruins. No loss of life is reported, but there were a number injured. Half the population are homeless and thirty houses are in ruins, with a loss of about $100,000.

MURUAGA'S SUCCESSOR COMING.

Preparations on a Grand Scale for Downing the Cubans.

Depuy De Lome, the new minister to the United States, will sail for America on April 2. He will go first to Havana to learn the details of the Allianca incident, and will proceed thence to Washington.

Premier Canovas Del Castillo said in an interview Friday: "It is undeniable that the situation in Cuba is very serious. The government must use all means to maintain the integrity of the kingdom and crush the rebellion speedily and thoroughly.

"Seven thousand troops will start for Cuba Saturday and 2,000 will be ready to follow them. In six months 20,000 more will be ready. Indeed, we are prepared to send 100,000 if need be, for we must end this struggle once for all."

The queen regent presided at a cabinet meeting called late Friday afternoon to consider Cuban affairs The government has received the resignation of Captain-General Callejas.

The Spanish consul in Jamaica telegraphs that the expedition organized by the insurgent leader, Maceo, is expected to arrive off the coast at any time.

Private dispatches from Havana say that twenty-seven rebel chiefs, who took part in the last Cuban war, are acting in concert with Maceo to establish a provisional government, levy taxes, and take other steps to organize fully against the Spanish force to be landed.

THE CUBAN REVOLT EXTENDING.

The Spaniards Beaten in Several Engagements.

Passengers who arrived at Tampa, Fla., Thursday evening by steamer from Havana report that city in a state of excitement over revolutionary movements. Efforts of Cuban patriots to rise on February 29, proved futile in the city of Havana and country immediately surrounding on account of of the abscence of the general Sanguilly who was to lead the movement, but now their forces are well organized under able leaders and may be expected to rise in arms at any moment.

Port-au-Prince is declared in a state of rebellion by the Spanish government which makes four out of the five provinces of the island in a state of revolution.

The report that Maximo Gomez is in Cuba is confirmed, and he is now at the head of the uprising at Au Principe.

The manifesto issued by the rebel leaders inviting Spaniards to espouse the Cuban cause has succeeded in winning valuable support.

Several engagements are reported in which the Cubans were victorious.

On Saturday a battle was fought at Gunabano, and the Cubans defeated the Spaniards with heavy losses. Robi is at that head of over 1000 men. He was at Baira four days last week, and went from there to Los Negros.

These passengers state positively that the insurgent troops pay for all they get to eat and wear in the towns, and only take horses, saddles and arms. The negroes of the island are with the patriots, reports to the contrary notwithstanding.

GREAT FIRE AT ST. AUGUSTINE.

A Hundred Families Lose Homes and Household Goods.

In a fire at St. Augustine, Fla., Thursday evening, forty-six residences and stores and many other buildings were destroyed, rendering in the space of four hours about 100 families homeless and leaving many boarders to seek shelter elsewhere, many of them with only the clothing which they had on.

F. G. Cooper places the losses to companies in his agency at $35,000. Hamlin's agency has about $2000. The losses will aggregate $200,000.

A. N. Stewart was overcome by smoke while moving furniture. Adam Shanks, Lawyer McWilliams, and S. W. Chischolow were slightly injured.

All the palmetto trees along the sea wall of the fort to Bayaland are destroyed, as were the heaps of household effects placed there for safety.

Col. Edmund Bainbridge, commanding the United States troops, ordered Lieutenant Ohern and the fire brigade to render assistance and followed by personally bringing all the troops to the scene with hose, ladders and fire buckets. The soldiers worked manfully to extinguish the fire and save property.

Many families are camping on the Fort Green with what of their effects they saved. Several families also occupy the old slave market. There is perfect order. The guests of both the Magnolia Florida house and Lorillard villa packed their effects ready to leave, but the danger was averted. These hotels were at one time threatened.

No Fool Like an Old Fool.

Rev. James D. Huckabee, who is nearly sixty years old, and who is widely known as a preacher and public speaker in the region, round about Sonoraville, Ga., became enamored with Miss Cornelia Dutton "a dark-eyed maiden neighbor" and prevailed on her to elope with him. The pair have been arrested at Providence, Ky., and a Georgia sheriff was to start Tuesday to bring them back. Huckabee has an aged wife and several children.

TRADE STILL ADVANCING.

Favorable Indications, Reported Last Week by Dun's Review

HOLD WITH BRIGHTER PROSPECT

Cotton and Wheat a Shade Stronger—Railroad Earning, Bank Clearings and Industrial Indications More Encouraging; Coke and Pig Advanced.

Sigls of improvement are all the more satisfactory, because neither accompanied nor apparently produced by a speculative craze. Dealings in stocks, cotton and wheat are not diverting all the interest and capital from productive industry and legitimate trade, these products are all stronger. But railroad earnings, bank clearings and industrial indications are more encouraging this week. Raw materials are raised before there is any larger demand for their finished products, a thing not often done with success. Hides rose, then leather and then shoes. Cotton rose and afterwards some cotton goods. Coke was advanced and afterwrrds Bessemer pig. In all these cases it is reasoned that the larger demand for consumption, though yet wanting, must come when it is seen that prices are going up.

Higher wages for coke workers have been followed by a formal advance of 40 cents in the price of coke, and now Bessemer pig has risen 35 cents at Pittsburg and 25 cents at Philadelphia. So far there is no answering increase in demand or in prices for manufactured products, and on the whole the range is slightly lower than a week ago, angles and common bar having yielded a little. The general belief is that dear materials will kindle more buying of products. As yet it seems impossible to fill the mills with orders, and the struggle of those yet unemployed keeps prices down. It is a sign of strength that an eastern mill has secured, in competition with British makers who had an advantage of $2.50 in freights, the contract for 12,000 tons of rails for a California road, and other contracts for about the same quantity have been placed. But the attempt of the Mahoning bar mills to reduce wages 5 cents for puddling and 12½ cents for finishing, seems likely to result in a strike.

Raw cotton has been hoisted until a stronger market for goods resulted with some advances in price. The tone of the goods market has been decidely improved, though it does not yet appear that retail distribution has correspondingly increased. But stocks of retail delears are light and when they feel that prices are bound to rise the demand may grow rapidly.

A better indication of general improvement is that exchanges through the principal clearing houses of the week are 21.5 per cent larger than last year and only 12.1 per cent less than in 1893, which may mean the advent of decidedly better conditions.

Little encouraging can be said of foreign trade, exports for March being smaller than last year, while imports for the full month will doubtless show some increase. Rates for money are higher, as usual just before April 1, and the commercial demand is somewhat larger.

Several large failures this month have swelled the aggregate of liabilities for three weeks of March to $11,271,121, against $10,061,991 last year, of which $6,411,312 were of manufacturing concerns, against $4,469,118 last year, and $4,924,779 in trading concerns; against $4,225,082 last year. The failures this week have been 234 in the United States, against 238 last year, and 42 in Canada, against 30 last year. But the recent increase indicates past rather than recent conditions of unsoundness.

ANOTHER LEGISLATIVE ROW,

Of Which the Senate Chamber of Nebraska is the Scene.

The Senate Chamber of Nebraska, was the scene of a personal encounter Thursday evening just before adjournment between Senator Stewart, a populist, and the sergent-at-arms which came near involving many of the members in a hand-to-hand conflict. While speaking against a bill, Stewart was interrupted on a point of order by Noyes of Douglas. Contrary to precedent, Stewart ignored the point of order and also the presiding officer, when he asked him repeatedly to be seated. The sergeant-at-arms was directed to quiet the speaker, but Stewart resisted. The two men clinched and fought up and down the aisle. Scale, another populist, sprang to assist his colleague, but was roughly thrown to the floor by two republican members. Jeffreys another populist, started for the combatants, shouting that he could whip any man on the floor. McKeiby of Webster, the giant of the senate, caught him, forced him into a chair and held him. The presiding officer rushed downed the aisle, parted the two orignal combatants and finally brought about order. A resolution was introduced requesting Stewart to apologize within twenty-four hous or subject him to a vote of censure.

THE HAWAIIN REPUBLIC

Importing Foreign Labor. Political Prisoners Working Roads.

The German steamer Braunfels is due about April 1 from the Azores with 630 able-bodied Portugese laborers and 300 women and children. This immigration will steadily continue as the result of Minister Thurston's visit to Lisbon

Nine hundred Japanese immigrants arrived on the 14th on the steamer Independent. Seven hundred were contract laborers.

Nine native rebels were sentenced on the 13th to five years each. These were the last of the cases before the military commission.

A large number of political prisoners have been put to work on the roads in Hawaii. Among them are the leaders—Wilcox, Widemann and Marshall. The Englishman, Richard, and Seward, Ashford and Gullick will be kept in prison for the present at least. Seward is said to be ill.

The Honolulu iron works have been awarded the contract for repairing the engines of the Philadelphia.

BANDITS HOLD UP A TRAIN.

Some of Them go to Sleep. The Others go Away.

A southbound passenger train on Cincinnati Southern was held up by six robbers at 2:30 Wednesday morning two miles north of Greenwood, Ky Three road detectives were on the train. Thomas Griffin from Somerset, Ky., Will Eddie of Oakdale, Tenn., and William Altgood of Chattanooga. Two long whistles given by the engineer warned them of the attack. As Altgood stepped down on the right a bandit, revolver in hand, ordered him to throw up his hands. He responded with a shot. A sharp fight ensued between the robbers and detectives. Jerry Harbin, the chief of the bandits, was killed. His son Tom, died of wounds about an hour and thirty minutes later. Another bandit was wounded, but got away with the others who were to much surprised to stay. A youth of 19, who was stealing a ride was shot by one of the robbers who mistook him for one of the train hand.

A PROBATE JUDGE MISSING.

Montgomery Ala., Anxious to the Whereabouts of F. C. Randolph.

Judge Randolph left Montgomery, Ala., the night of the 15th and was seen in New Orleans on the morning of the 16th. It is believed that he has gone to Honduras or some Central American state. On the dav he left he drew from two banks a considerable sum of money, all he had to his credit. At one of the banks he stated that his object was to settle with the state for license money collected. It has transpired that he did not pay over the money. Shortages have been alleged, but on the 15th of January he paid over all that then stood against him. It is the general surmise that he collected on the current quarter and settled what he was charged with to the end of last year.

When the grand jury met some weeks ago a committee called on the governor to have an official examination made of his accounts by the state examiner. The request was complied with and the state examiner has been diligently at work and the absence of the judge during this time has been widely commented on.

GOING OUT LIKE A LION.

Heavy Snow Storm in Colorado and Nebraska. Rain in Minnesota.

A blizzard struck Denver, Col., at 3 o'clock Saturday morning and a heavy wet snow fell for twelve hours. Several small buildings were crushed by the weight of snow piled on the roofs The storm was general throughout the mountain region, extending east into Nebraska. No trains are moving on South Park branch of the Union Pacific, and the Rio Grande western trains are tied up at Grand Junction on account of washouts. Telegraphic communication between Chadron, Neb., was cut off, and the former place the wind has been blowing a gale for forty-eight hours. Heavy rains are reported in Minnesota and the Dakotas, breaking the distressing drouth which had prevailed in that region until the fields were becoming beds of dust.

SENATOR STEWART IS OBSTINATE

Submits to a Vote of Censure Rather Than Apoligize.

Senator Stewart, of the Nebraska legislature, who on Thursday engaged in a hand-to-hand encounter with the sergeant-at-arms, was censured by the votes of the senate. He was given twenty-four hours to apologize, but instead sent the following note to the clerk's desk:

"As regards the violent and brutal assault made upon me by the sergeant at-arms of the senate, who has no business whatever to interfere with the work of the committee of the whole until the president has resumed the gavel and cannot then restore order, I have no apology to make. and if a majority of this senate desire to go on record as indorsing such brutal disregard of the rights of a member I certainly shall not be the one to try to prevent them."

The vote of censure was nearly unanimous, but six populist members opposing it.

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Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

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S. S. ALLEN,
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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The United States Supreme Court has decided that the recorded testimony of a dead witness cannot be impeached at a rehearing of the case.

Professor Charles A. Briggs declares that "no religious organization in history has enjoyed such a marvelous growth as the Salvation Army in so short a time."

The extreme Northwest would seem to be in a fearful condition. Beef at two cents a pound; dressed at four cents. Labor at fifty cents a day, and the St. Louis Star-Saying descries no signs of improvement.

France has compulsory elementary education, yet out of 343,000 young men called out for military service 20,000 could neither read nor write and 55,000 more could only sign their names.

A cry of lamentation is heard coming from the various zoological gardens of Europe, also from the big game sportsmen, by reason of the closing by the Mahdi of the Soudan and Kordofan districts of Africa to the dealers in live big game and to the sportsmen who merely desire to shoot it. Soon, so the story goes, there will be scarcely any of the large sort of wild animals coming from the country under the Mahdi's sway to be seen in Europe.

The percentage of accidents involving loss of life that occur on the railroads between New York and San Francisco, the geographical distance of which is about the same as that between New York and Liverpool, is probably fifty times greater, estimates the New York News, than that involved in the ocean journey. The overland trip is, however, entered upon with no sense of apprehension, while ninety-nine per cent. of the people who step on board an ocean-bound steamer do so with a sense of dread.

Frank G. Carpenter says that the occupation of Korea by Japan is already beginning to change the country. An electric railroad has been planned from the capital to the Han River, which lies three miles away, and it is probable that the machinery for this will be gotten in the United States. It is twenty-six miles from Chemulpo, which is the main port of the country, to Seoul, and the railroad will be built over the mountains, connecting the capital with the sea. Sooner or later other roads will be built from Seoul to the west coast, and to Fusan on the south coast, as well as to the north. The northern roads will be fostered by the Russians, and there will probably be a connection with the Trans-Siberian road, so that we will eventually be able to go from Paris to within a few hours' sail of Japan by land. To-day no one knows much about the country of Korea. There is no land in the world outside of Thibet which has been less explored.

Banker Henry Clews, in speaking of the financial situation, said: "The following statement should be sufficient to base confidence upon, notwithstanding the present period of gloom. The public debt of the United States Government is $915,962,112, as against the debt of the following European Nations:

Austria-Hungary	$2,866,339,539
France	4,446,793,398
Great Britain	3,350,119,565
Germany-Prussia, etc	2,381,422,112
Italy	2,324,826,325
Russia	3,491,018,074

The United States Government has not only the smallest debt, but is also the richest in resources. The debt of Canada per capita is $60. The English Australian colonies of New Zealand and South Wales average $350 per capita, and Victoria $500 per capita, while the United States per capita is only $10. The liabilities growing out of the failures of 1892-93 in this country, which was the worst general panic period the United States ever had, amounted to less than one per cent. on the true valuation of the assets of the 70,000,000 population, the aggregation of which is $70,000,000,000."

WE TWO.

Just we two, love, only we two,
To drink the honey wine of life
And never taste the rue.
To find the sunshine ever fair,
The sky a tender blue,
And rich with joy the balmy air,
And love forever true.

Just we two, love, only we two,
To let the mad world swing along
As it is wont to do.
To see within each other's eyes
The happy thoughts pursue,
A perfect faith our paradis
Each day of love renew.

Just we two, love, only we two,
To make of life a summer bright,
Where storms can never brew,
My heart to be in all the years
A shelter warm for you,
And May sun's drink the April tears
While yet the skies are blue.

Just we two, love, only we two,
No matter if the world forgot
Our world would still be true.
For love would guard the holy spot,
The oak and not the yew
Protect the sweet forget-me-not,
And love forever woo.

MRS. BLACK'S PROPOSAL.

"Oh, dear!" cried Mr. Coates, furtively mopping his forehead, "whatever can it mean?"

He knitted his brow and gazed first at the ceiling, then at the floor, and finally took out of his pocket and read for the fifth time the following note:

"Dear Mr. Coates—I am deeply sensible of the honor you have conferred upon me in asking me to be your wife, and hasten to say that to nobody could I so confidently give my hand and heart. I quite agree with you that we are both past the nonsensical age, and shall be happy to conform to your wishes as regards the absence of undue ceremony. If you are really bent on the twenty-eighth I will try to manage it. Yours affectionately,

"MATILDA BLACK,

"Myrtle Cottage."

Mr. Coates buried his face in his hands and subjected himself to a severe metal cross-examination.

'What did happen last night after that innocent little festival? I remember taking Mrs. Black home, but I'll swear I didn't speak ten words all the way. The weather, I know, we touched upon, and I think I made some slight allusion to the moon. Beyond that I'll take my oath nothing more passed—most certainly nothing of the alarming nature insinuated. Egad, though, I don't remember the parting at the gate! It is possible—but no! It is impossible—preposterous!"

Mr. Coates mused for a few moments, then he broke out again:

"Of course, I've nothing to say against the woman—as a woman—she's a nice, decent little body, and if I wanted a wife I'd as lief pitch on her as any one. But I don't want to marry. I've knocked along in single blessedness these forty years come Michaelmas, and have never felt the need of a wife. Moreover, Martha understands me like a book, and I doubt if there's her equal in all Thornbury for cheesecakes and delicious muffins."

The mention of his handmaid seemed to offer a suggestion to Mr. Coates, and ringing the bell, he requested Martha to give him the pleasure of a few minutes' conversation.

Martha was a jewel of a cook and a nice housekeeper. She had made it her special object in life to minister to Mr. Coates' comfort; it needed but half an eye to see that she had not been unsuccessful. She had but one complaint—the smallness of the field she worked in. In her own words, she wanted "a larger spere to hoperate in."

Martha had long desired to see Mr. Coates married; and although she knew her position too well to try to instruct her master, she had by various gentle hints conveyed to him her willingness to be under the superintendence of another.

All these hints had proved unavailing, though as Mr. Coates called her to his study on this particular night, several of the aforesaid were presented to his feverish imagination in their true significance.

"Take a seat, Martha, please."

Martha dumped herself into the nearest chair, rubbing her floury hands the while, and Mr. Coates proceeded in as off-hand a manner as he could command:

"Let's see; what time did I come home last night?"

"Why, sir, I should say about ten o'clock—mebbe a quarter past."

"Ah, to be sure; you see, my watch stopped last night, Martha, and I—er—have reasons for wishing to know the exact time."

"To be sure, sir."

Mr. Coates nerved himself up for another effort.

"By the way, Martha, you didn't notice anything extraordinary in my conduct last night, did you?"

"Extraordinary in your conduct, sir? No, sir, that I didn't, and the chap as means to insinuate——"

"Stay, Martha, I didn't say that any one had been insinuating. I merely wished to know from your lips that my conduct last night was just the same as on every other night. Can you assure me confidently that such was the case, Martha?"

"Yes, sir, excepting——"

"Excepting what? Speak out, Martha. Don't be afraid."

"Well, sir, you sang just a little bit—not boisterous, sir, nor rowdy like; but just low and sweet, sir, as if you were afraid of being overheard. In fact, sir, it was quite a treat to hear you."

"I sang, Martha?" echoed Mr. Coates, in genuine amazement, knowing full well that he had not done such a thing in twenty years. "Are you quite sure of that, Martha?"

"Perfectly, sir."

Mr. Coates thought long and deep for a moment, while his countenance betrayed his worst apprehensions.

"Perhaps you can tell me what I sang about, Martha—the words, I mean."

"Why, no, sir, I can't say that I remember the words, but it went something like—

" 'Happy the wooing
That's not long a-doing.' "

"Wh-at!" gasped Mr. Coates.

Martha slowly repeated the lines. Mr. Coates groaned.

"You—you're quite sure of that, Martha?" he feebly asked.

"Perfectly, sir."

"That will do, Martha, thank you; you may go back to your duties. And, by the way, I shall not require my tea till late to-night, as I have important business to attend to."

"But the muffins, sir; they'll be spoiled," protested Martha.

"Hang the muffins!" roared Mr. Coates. "I beg your pardon, Martha," he said, softening; "I mean save the muffins. I really am not myself this evening. I trust you will excuse any seeming rudeness on my part."

"No offence, sir," replied the unperturbed Martha. "But you'll have a cup o' tea, sir, before you go?"

"All right, Martha."

And Mr. Coates departed to his dressing-room, where he made a hasty toilet, descended for his tea, and two minutes after was on his way to Mrs. Black's.

Could Mr. Coates have but stepped back to his hearth and home, he would have been shocked at the antics of his housemaid Martha, who, taking by the paws the sleeping Tang, danced him round the kitchen on his hind legs, worrying him with such queries as:

"What d'you say to a new mistress, Tang? Eh? What? Can't you speak?"

Although Tang could only bark, he seemed to understand there was something very interesting in the wind.

* * * * * * * * *

Cold, damp, and in anything but an amiable frame of mind, Mr. Coates found himself at the gate of Mrs. Black's cottage. Once within the gate, however, and walking up the path, he found his anger suddenly transformed into a kind of nervous dread. Several times he was on the point of retreating, arguing that the morning would do as well; but his sense of duty prevailed; and rehearsing for the last time the speech he had prepared on his journey, he walked up to the door and knocked, hoping that the lady might be out. His worst fears were realized.

"Enter," called a soft, musical voice from within.

The next moment Mr. Coates found himself in the little kitchen and parlor combined, vaguely conscious of rows of shining pans, a bright fire, and last, but not least, a trim figure meeting him half way, and drawing him toward the warmth and light.

"Good evening, Mr. Coates," said Mrs. Black, in accents of genuine pleasure; "this is indeed a pleasant surprise. To what must I ascribe the honor of this timely visit?"

Now was Mr. Coates' time to deliver his carefully prepared speech. But the utmost he could do was to gaze about him in a dazed way as he stammered:

"The note, Mrs. Black. I—I—called about the note."

"Ah, to be sure—you got my note, then? But really, Mr. Coates, what a tremendous hurry you are in!"

"I assure you, ma'am, there is no hurry at all. I was only joking when I said there was—if indeed I ever did say there was. I can easily wait six months, or a year, or——"

Ten years, Mr. Coates had almost said in his eagerness. But he checked himself, reflecting that such heartless indifference was hardly compatible with an affianced husband's passion.

The lady smiled sweetly.

"I am afraid you say that entirely out of consideration for myself," she murmured. "But I won't be selfish; and, besides, I can manage very well. Miss Milnes tried me on this afternoon, and she has promised the dress faithfully by the 25th."

Mr. Coates fairly gasped at the audacious manner in which his objections were overruled.

"However," continued Mrs. Black, suavely, "business will wait, I think, Mr. Coates, and I'm sure you've had no tea. You'll have a cup of tea, of course?"

Tea with this little woman, in a lone house, and in a lone part! Mr. Coates shuddered at the thought. And, besides, would it not be a sort of tacit compliance? He would have protested, but his tongue again failed him. Vacantly he allowed himself to be quartered in the old arm-chair, while Mrs. Black, with a bewitching smile, in which a shade of triumph might have been detected, seated herself opposite and poured the tea.

And here another surprise awaited the already bewildered Mr. Coates. To his right he found a plate literally stacked with muffins, while at his left rose majestically a plate of—and his eyes sparkled—cheesecakes! How in the world did Mrs. Black know of his fondness for the particular dainties?

He looked at his hostess for an explanation. That astute lady, anticipating his query, murmured something about studying the wishes of those we love, and for the first time began to blush furiously. Mr. Coates wasted no further time, but fell to.

"As good as Martha's, every bit," he murmured, as the first cheesecake disapeared.

"So glad you like them."

More cakes disappeared. The guest waxed sociable.

"Really, Mrs. Black," he exclaimed, "your cheesecakes excel Martha's."

Mrs. Black smiled modestly. She thought it quite superfluous to inform him that they were Martha's; that, in fact, they had preceded his advent but a few minutes.

"All's fair in love and war," she argued; and gazed upon his features with a scrutiny almost bordering on rudeness.

It was now Mrs. Black's turn to appear embarrassed, and she excused herself to clear away the tea-things.

Mr. Coates' eyes wandered around the little parlor, and he was obliged to admit that he had never come across a neater or cosier room. Everything was in perfect harmony, even to the diminutive canary in a pink cage, hanging against the spotless curtains.

Once more his eyes fell upon Mrs. Black. Singularly enough, now he came to think of it, he discovered many charming peculiarities, and divers sterling qualities, all of which he had failed to notice previously.

"Really," he mused, as he watched the play of her fingers among the cups and saucers, "she is a charming creature. I—well, I might do a great deal worse. And now I think of it, I've felt lately that single life is apt to be lonely. I shouldn't know what to do if my old Martha were taken, and she can't live forever."

Having bustled about as long as convenient, Mrs. Black returned to the charge by asking Mr. Coates if he would like to see—er—the dress—or at least a picture of it. Mr. Coates, now prepared for almost anything, readily acquiesced.

Skipping upstairs she returned with a ladies' journal.

"Of course," she explained, as she rapidly turned over the leaves, "it's not the usual thing to consult the—the bridegroom"—with a blush—"but we've grown so confidential that I feel I must confide in you. There!" she exclaimed, as she found the page, "that's the dress—white, of course, and there'll be a wreath of orange blossoms passing around here, and another bunch at the throat. I hope you like it."

Mr. Coates expressed his admiration of the dress and his approbation of her choice, though he could not for his life detect the difference between it and any of Martha's kitchen gowns. He was now so infatuated that he would probably have proceeded to express admiration for the lady of the house, had not the clock begun to strike 12.

"Dear me!" he exclaimed; "I really must be off, Mrs. Black. I had no idea how late it was. How the time has flown to be sure! You see," he continued, beamingly, "Martha will be waiting up for me, and I must consider her feelings in my—my new-found happiness."

Mrs. Black held out her hand and called up a becoming blush.

"If you must go," she murmured.

Mr. Coates took her hand in his and held it a moment.

"I must thank you before I go," he said earnestly, "for the pleasant evening I have spent in your company. I—I—hope we shall spend many more together."

"I trust so, Mr. Coates."

He still held her hand.

"Good-night, Mrs. Black," he said softly.

"Good-night," she replied.

Still he seemed dissatisfied. He glanced toward the street—all was dark and quiet. Mrs. Black was visibly embarrassed. He gave another glance around the parlor. There also perfect quiet reigned; it was impossible that any one could be spying. Mr. Coates hesitated no longer, but, yielding to his sudden impulse, he clasped the widow round the waist and kissed her—upon the nose! and, setting her free, scampered down the garden path with all the ardor of a schoolboy.

"I've had tea, Martha," he shouted, a few minutes later, as he bounced into the kitchen, having run all the way. "Don't want the cheesecakes—eat 'em yourself, or give 'em to the first tramp."

Not until they were married and on their way to Switzerland for the honeymoon did Mr. Coates muster up courage to ask for information regarding the manner of his proposal. At that moment, however, a lovely bit of scenery claimed the bride's attention, and Mr. Coates was too happy to press the question.

Lastly Martha, aider and abettor of the nefarious scheme, also shares the universal contentment, for she has at last acquired a considerably larger, and also steadily increasing, sphere in which to "hoperate."—Waverly Magazine.

Perpetual Ice in Virginia.

It was not long ago reported that a natural icehouse on a grand scale had ben discovered under singular circumstances on the north side of Stone Mountain, six miles from the mouth of Stony Creek, in Scott County, Virginia. As the story goes, it appears that one of the old settlers first discovered it about 1880, but owing to the fact that the land on which it was situated could not be bought he refused to tell its whereabouts and would only take ice from it in case of sickness. He died without revealing the secret to even his own family, and but for a party of seng diggers entering the region it might have remained a secret for generations, as it is situated in an unfrequented part of the mountain. The ice was only protected from the rays of the sun by a thick growth of moss, resembling that seen dangling from the oaks of Louisiana and Texas. Its formation was after the fashion of a coal vein, being a few inches thick in some places, while several feet in others. The formation indicates that it had been spread over the surface in a liquid state and then congealed. By what process it freezes or was frozen is a matter of conjecture. Some think that it was formed in the winter and had been protected since by a dense growth of moss which covers it, while the more plausible theory is that beneath the bed is situated a great natural laboratory whose function is a formation of ether, and the process of freezing goes steadily on through the heat as well as the cold. The bed covers one acre.—Brooklyn Eagle.

There is a good deal of cheap wit about hugging girls in the waltz, but as a matter of fact, when a man hugs a woman he does not do it in a crowd.

SPRING FASHIONS.

PARISIAN STYLES NOT CLOSELY FOLLOWED IN AMERICA.

Skirts Growing Wider for Warm Weather Wear — Organdy the Coming Craze — Decided Change in Sleeves.

HERE is an item, culled from a celebrated French authority, that will, says a fashion writer in the Washington Star, create some little consternation in la mode circles: "It will take American women the usual six months to discover that the preeminently huge sleeves and the immense flaring skirts they hear such fairy stories about are not, and have not been, the vogue in Paris. Moderately large sleeves and gracefully flaring skirts, not excessively wide, have prevailed and are still la mode, and are likely to continue also to be favored by the most celebrated ateliers in France for months to come."

American modistes are telling their deluded customers that skirts are growing yet wider for spring and summer wear, and that eight yards around will be a modest limit. The text of this celebrated French authority and its illustrations do not agree, however, and the women are pictured in petticoats that flare like those of a ballet dancer. Truth to tell, women do not pay a great deal of attention to the letter of fashion anyhow. They take the suggestion and dress it up to suit their individual needs, and that makes American women the best dressed in the world. American women, as a class, have not worn the excessively wide skirts complained of by the French authority. The well-groomed woman has too much sense to go to the extreme in anything.

It is true that the skirts are going to be wider, but have you seen the fabrics that they will be made of? Why, they are so sheer and fine that you will be able to draw the whole skirt through your finger ring.

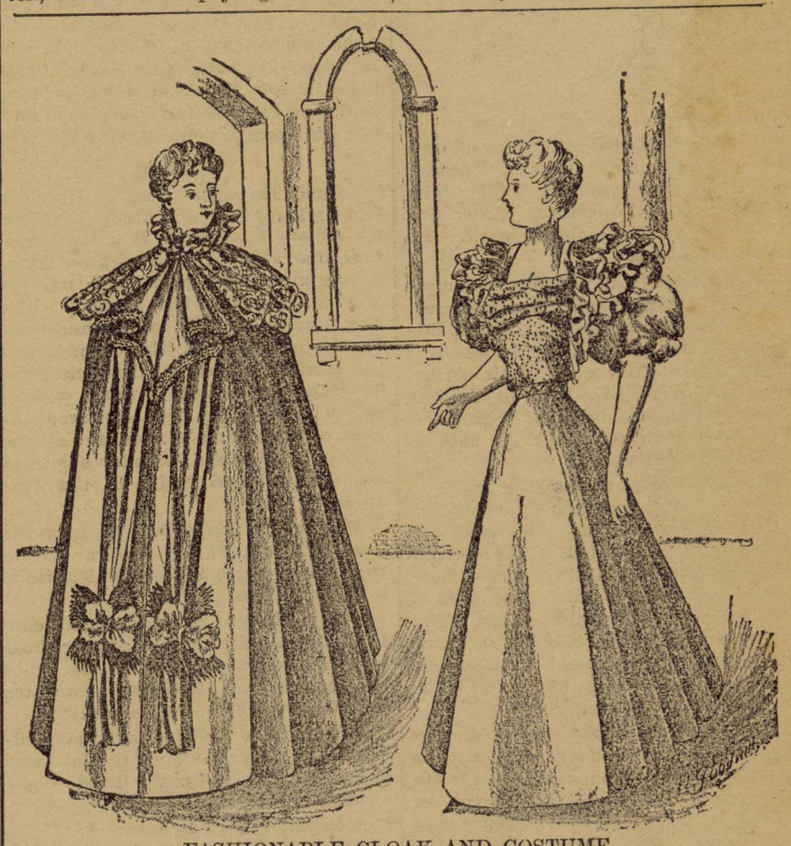
The stores are full of the new summer goods. Organdy will be the craze, if the counters will tell the truth, and anything prettier than organdy can scarcely be mentioned. It comes in all the daintiest and most delicate shades, and is drifted over with bouquets of blossoms that are so real looking you almost think you can smell them. Most of the designs are large, but a few are small and delicate. A single violet, or a long-stemmed crocus with a leaf or two. The purple iris is one of the favorites, and an exquisite half-blown moss rose is another that attracted universal attention. These organdies are to be worn over colored slips, and will have a great deal of ribbon garniture, and quantities of lace. By the way, lace will be more worn during the summer than ever before. The always favorite Chantilly will be in the fore front. For the organdies and mulls, some delicate white laces are exhibited, which have net tops, with borders of Milanese, Spanish and Pompadour patterns interwoven in bewitching designs. The Vandyke laces will be as much in demand as ever, but will come in the soft Chantilly patterns.

The new French lawns are as charming as can possibly be imagined. They come in very fine quality and at reasonable prices. The flower tracings take one back to great-grandmother's day, and it seems as though there ought to come from the lavender and sandal wood scents that used to cling around her garments. Delicate shades of green predominate, and pink, real plush rose pink, comes next. Heliotrope in its varying shades will be as much worn as ever, and blue seems to have taken a new lease on life, too.

Of course the silk mulls and dotted Swisses are out in force. They will have colored slips also, to match the ribbons worn with them, or can be worn in all their virgin purity, if so desired.

To wear with these organdies and lawns, and with sheer white goods, are ribbons with bouquets of flowers embroidered on them. At least, they look to be, and some others look as though they had been done in water colors they are so exquisitely lovely.

SPRING STYLES IN HATS.



FASHIONABLE CLOAK AND COSTUME.

If it were possible to make ribbons any more the vogue, these pretty flower-sprinkled designs would accomplish it, but as ribbons are already worn on everything everywhere, one can only say that a new phase of them has been added.

There is a decided change in sleeves. They drop—or they droop—just as you like to state it. For ball gowns, they simply slide right off the shoulder, as in the design, which represents a bowknot sleeve of lisse caught in the center, with a flower or any fancy thing you like to put there. Some bodices have straps of velvet or ribbon passing over the shoulder well to the front. The "drooping sleeve" has not much in its favor, unless you have a very fine pair of shoulders. Its effect, as will be seen, is to lengthen the shoulder effect by showing the upper arm, and to broaden one across the bust by making the puff widen out at the elbow. This puff in some of the very latest sleeves is three yards around. This sleeve, on a woman who could wear sackcloth and grace it, will, of course, make a stylish appearance; but on a woman who gets her ideas of what is stylish from the magazines of her modiste, and makes no effort at adaptation, this sleeve will look like the mischief, till we get used to it.

Crepon is the gown goods of the present moment, and unless there is a rapid change in sentiment it will be worn all the spring. It comes in wool, silk and cotton. It costs a fortune for the finest, and a few cents for the cheapest, and it all has a singularly distinguished air. They come in plain and fancy weaves, in colors and in plain black.

The flat Dutch bonnet is hideous, but it is here. It looks like a pan cake on a spree. It squats down on the head behind, just above the knot of hair, and suddenly bulges out on the sides in rosettes or bows or artificial flowers, and sprouts up in front in a surprising and very disconcerting manner. Another phase of it is a gigantic bow with rows of immense half-blown roses along, back of and above the ears. There is nothing else of it worth mentioning. One of the spring shapes in a walking hat is rather chic. It has a rosette right in front and a row of loops drooping a little over the brim above with a rosette of velvet above each ear.

BIG SLEEVES AND CREPON.

ARTISTIC BUTTONS.

Very handsome and artistic buttons are sold both for coats, vests, fancy waists and for fastening the sides or front breadths of gored skirts, redingotes and cycle costumes. Many of the new jaunty street jackets and jacket bodices on tailor gowns, that are to take the place of the three-quarter coats, are finished with vests that button visibly from neck to lower edge.

Another case of typhoid fever contracted from eating raw oysters is reported from England.

Local and Personal.

Miss Lucy Backus opened up a most handsome line of ladies' hats and dress goods in our city last week. She was here in the interest of Myer, Aberndolph & Wolf of Selma, and, we undersand, was quite successful in making a number of large sales. Miss Lucy is a former resident of this place, and her coming is always looked forward to with the ladies, for they know they will have a beautiful line of goods from which to select.

Hon Gaston Robins was in our city a few days last week,

Montevallo will soon complete the organization of its base ball team. Most of the players have already been signed. We expect to have a better team than ever. We hope our neighboring towns will get up a better team than usual so as to interest us a little.

Mrs S A Curry of Chilton county was in the city one day last week.

F K Reynolds returned from Bloc ton Friday. Fred says he went to sell goods, but we think it was to see girls.

Mrs Lizzie Thomas was in the city last week.

Quite a number of our citizens attended court at Columbiana last week.

The young men of our town are trying to organize a gymnasium and reading club. This is a step in the right direction and we hope they will receive the co-operation of the older citizens.

J Sistrunk was in the city last week in the interest of J Kyle & Co of Columbus, Ga. Mr Sistrunk is a very popular salesman and has many friends here, who are always glad to see him,

One night last week about 12 o'clock Mr John Eharker, a worthy citizen of Ashby, was called to his door by an unknown party and handed a note. Mr Eharker went back to his room to secure a light to read it. The note purported to be from a dying mother and stated that she wished to leave her little babe about two days old to him. On his return to the front door the party who brought the note was nowhere to be seen, but on the steps, in a nice, cozy box, lay nestled a sleeping girl baby. He still has the little foundling and proposes to keep it.

Mrs Frank Harrison of Aldrich was in the city last week and purchased a large bill of spring goods.

Mr A R Sisson, the popular salesman of the Chattanooga Hardware company, was in the city last week. Mr Sisson has many friends here who are always glad to welcome him in our midst.

L H Reynolds of Jemison was in the city Thursday.

Mr and Mrs E F Mulkey of Chilton were in the city one day last week purchasing spring goods, etc.

Miss May Harris went up to Calera to visit Miss Lula Bowdon Friday.

Mr E T Peter, one of the most enterprising farmers of our county, has put about fifty acres in broom corn. He says he finds it pays better than cotton.

Several bales of cotton were sold here last week at a much better price than has been given in several months. All who have any to sell would do well to bring it in while the price is up and while goods are selling so low. Our people seem to be just awakening to the fact that this is as good a cotton market as there is in the state, and that goods are as cheap or cheaper than elsewhere.

Mr W B Reynolds is now in Bloc ton filling the place of E D Reynolds, who has gone to Louisville to purchase a large line of spring goods for their store at that place. He invites all his customers in this and adjoining counties to come over and inspect his new line, and guarantees to please the most fastidious, both in quality and assortment. You will find as nice a line of dress goods there as carried in most cities and at prices far lower than ever known before.

P J Kroell returned home Friday from Birmingham, where he has been serving on the United States jury for quite a while.

Our popular livery man, Mr Frank Kroell, seems to be doing quite a flourishing business now. He has quite a number of nice turnouts, and is always ready to accommodate you with good teams at reasonable prices.

J F Burkstresser of Sylacauga was in the city several days last week in the interest of the New York Mutual Life Insurance company and paid the News a pleasant call. Mr Burkstresser seems to be a perfect gentleman, and is with one of the best insurance companies.

Miss Pauline Acker returned home Friday after a few days' visit to relatives in Helena.

F W Rogan aeturned home Monday after a week's visit to Selma.

Mr G W Canterberry is at home with his family for a few days.

"Jack" finds it easier to pop the question than to question the pop(a).

Misses Della and Rhoda Latham and Mrs Lawrence entertained quite a number of young friends at the residence of their parents last Friday evening. It was a most enjoyable affair, and the young people are greatly indebted to the young ladies for the pleasant evening. Among those present were:

Miss Lucy Vest and F K Reynolds.
Miss Bertie Allen and J H McMath.
Miss Bessie Allen and W P McConaughy.
Miss Belle Reynolds and L N Bowden.
Miss Vandegrift and John C Davis.
Miss Bettie Dill and R E Hall.
Miss Daisy Cadterberry and John Kroell.
Misss Eunice Latham and Charles T Acker.
Miss Nabors and F E Davis.
Miss Williams and S S Allen.
Miss West and E L Davis.

Tell us not in mournful numbers that this life is but a dream, when a girl that weighs one hundred gets outside a quart of cream—and then wants more.—Elmira Gazette.

Life is real, life is earnest, and the girls know what they need, but on cream they are the durndest set to show their grit and greed. No encore. —New York News.

Let us, then, be up and doing, with a heart for any fate; but never let us go a wooing girls that want a second plate. How's that?—Newsboy,

Lives of such girls all remind us, as we float adown the stream, that the boys who come behind us will have to pay for lots of cream. Next.—Yonkers Gazette.

Be not like dumb driven cattle, be a hero in the strife; never with her mother battle, save the ice cream for your wife. Proceed!

At the Churches.

Methodist church, Rev C L Dobbs, pastor—Services every first and third Sunday. Prayer meeting every Thursday night.

Baptist church, Dr A W McGaha, pastor—Services every second and fourth Sunday. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

Episcopal church, Rev A F Smith, pastor—Services every third Sunday at 4 p m.

Presbyterian church, Rev Z Wingle, pastor—Services every fourth Sunday.

Christian Endeavor society meets every Sunday evening at 2:30, at the Methodist church.

Sunbeam society meets every first and third Sunday 2:30 p m, at the Baptist church.

We regret very much to hear of the sickness of Mrs Lyman, and hope it will not be long before she will again be well.

The Ladies' Missionary society met on last Wednesday evening with a good attendance and a splendid collection. They have selected the last Wednesday of each month as their regular time of meeting.

Montevallo boasts of two splendid schools, both in a flourishing condition. This speaks well for our place as an educational centre.

We hope the time is not far distant when we can boast of an industrial school.

Bismarck Locals.

Everybody alive and kicking down this way.

Farmers making hay while the sun shines.

James Sessions is a frequent visitor to "Terrace Hill" of late. Is it business you mean, brother?

E L Davis of Montevallo visited our town last Friday. What about that bonnet, Ed?

Miss A, can you tell me where P O West is?

Joe Thompson, president of the Prevaricators' club, says he has caught 1,000 pounds of fish, killed 100 wild hogs, 4 bears and 15 deers since Xmas. Give him the prize.

Ed Ambrose has been appointed "plum inspector" for Bismarck district.

Kirk Sessions has a new mode of breaking horses.

A sociable was given the young people of our town last Wednesday night at the beautiful home of Mrs Little. Quite a large crowd attended and all report having had a most delightful time. Montevallo was represented by Messrs R E Hall and E L Davis. I know I speak the sentiments of all who attended when I say it was the most pleasant of the season.

If this doesn't find a place in the waste basket you will hear from me again.

Respectfully,

Bachelor.

Columbiana Dots.

E S Lyman, W S Cary and J M Reynolds were in attendance on circuit court last week.

The Echols Coal company, near Helena, has been incorporated.

Quite a sensation occurred in town last Friday evening. Rev T M Wilson was heavily "pounded" by his many friends with all sorts of eatables.

Hon Henry Wilson has returned from an extended visit to Mobile somewhat improved in health.

Frank Allen, T A Best, J F Allen and J A Harper, all of Montevallo beat, served on the petit jury last week and J A Cunningham is on the grand jury.

Quite an interesting and hotly contested case tried last week was that of Brinkerhoff & Co against the Louisville & Nashvill Railroad company for a well at Calera. Mr Brinkerhoff got a judgment for the well and $300 damages for its detention. It took two days to try the case. The well is in the street near the freight depot.

On account of Judge Box's sickness Ex-Governor R W Cobb was appointed special judge to hold the Shelby circuit court for this term. Judge Cobb makes a good presiding officer, being prompt and fair in his rulings.

Their respective friends are urging Governor Oates to appoint Judge R W Cobb of Shelby, George E Brewer of Talladega and R B Kelly of Anniston to succeed the late Judge Box.

In chancery, the cases involving the Alabama Iron & Steel company, were continued and an order was made by the chancellor for all parties holding claims against the company to file them with the register within ninety days. Quack.

PRICE LIST

—OF—

H. C. and W. B. Reynolds' Bargains.

Hard times are on us. We are willing to reduce our profits more than ever before. Read these prices and be convinced that we mean what we say.

We buy for two large stores and pay spot cash, and after an experience of over a quarter of a century believe we are in a position to save our friends money on any class of goods they want. Call and get our prices before buying, and if they do not suit you we will not ask you to buy:

A glove grain ladies' shoe, solid inner and outer sole, any size, at 85 cents.

We have secured the greatest bargain on earth in the shape of a beautiful, bright Louisiana molasses, which we bought direct from the makers and are selling at 20 cents per gallon. This is a great bargain.

A good curry comb for only 5 cents.

Best soda crackers at 5 cents per pound.

Best rifle powder at 20 cents per pound.

A No 7 box cook stove, full size, and complete assortment of trimmings for $8, No 8 for $10.

Turkey red oil prints, black figures, at 5 cents.

Taffetta Moire, 36 inches wide, at 20 cents.

Thirty-three yards quilt calico for $1.

Twenty-five yards best shirting prints for $1.

Negligee laundried shirts for 50 cents.

Seven balls sewing thread for 5 cents.

Cotton crepon, a beautiful new dress goods at 18 cents.

Simpson prints at 5 cents.

Striped India linens, regular price 20 cents, now 12 1-2.

Beautiful Melba lawns at 8 cents.

Crepe De Picardie, all colors, at 8 cents.

Beautiful satinnes, black ground, colored figures, at 10 cents.

New style French domet outing cloth, very wide, regular price 12 1-2, now at 8 cents.

Nice style ginghams at 5 cents.

Special thing in dress ginghams at 5 cents per yard, spring styles.

Our 25-cent corset is a wonder.

Good quality white oak sole, full stock brogans, former price $1.15, now reduced to 85 cents.

Wanted—500 bushels of cow peas at highest market price.

Shelled corn wanted.

A beautiful aluminum thimble given with every dress pattern. The thimbles are something entirely new and is something nice.

Four ply linen collars at 10 cents.

Four ply linen cuffs at 20 cents.

All wool challies, pink, blue, lilac, black, at 10 1-2 cents.

Nuns veiling, all colors, at 12 cents.

A nice line of boys' knee pants at 50 cents.

Twenty-six pounds of the best yellow clarified sugar for $1.

Thirty-three pounds of nails for $1.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10-inch butcher knife for 10 cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dazen without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3 qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2 bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

THE GRAVITY OF THE SITUATION

In Cuba Recognized in Spain. Cubans Win a Victory.

The latest dispatches from Havana have alarmed the Spanish government, as they indicate that the insurrection is spreading rapidly and is already beyond the control of the local commanders. The decision was made Tuesday night, therefore, to send Martinez de Campos to Cuba with strong reinforcements.

It was announced that Primo Rivera has been appointed captain-general of Cuba, to succeed General Calleja.

The premier, addressing the senate, made a statement regarding Cuban affairs, which he prefaced with the remark that he had come before the chamber under unusual circumstances. He proposed to deal only with the financial questions raised by the expedition to Cuba. He then read a dispatch from Captain-General Calleja saying that a detachment of Spanish troops had been defeated by the insurgents at Campochules. The commander had been summoned before a court martial, the dispatch added. The cabinet's decision to send reinforcements was due to this news.

CAMDEN POSTOFFICE ROBBERY.

Mysterious Conduct of the Robber, Who Returns Part of the Booty.

The robbing of the postoffice at Camden, Ala., has caused a great deal of excitement and the mystery of who did the work is still unsolved. Detective Morris has been in the city since Sabbath afternoon and is devoting his energy to the solving of the problem.

However some the money has been found. Monday morning when Mr. Caldwell opened the office he found a note, addressed to himself, telling where to find the money. The letter had no signature and was written in a bad hand. It stated that Mr. Caldwell had wronged him once, and now he had avenged the wrong by getting his office into trouble. Mr. Caldwell, Detective Morris and Mr. O'Gwynn, with several other citizens went to an outhouse in Mr. Caldwell's garden, as the letter directed, and there found $1,190 in gold buried in a box. The original amount was $1,750, leaving $560 still lost. There is still no clue to the party but the matter is being thoroughly investigated.

Slattery Meets no Flattery.

Ex-Priest Slattery, whose appearance at Savannah created a riot, came near being lynched in Memphis Monday night. He spoke to an audience of about 1200 and was interrupted with profane and vile accusations of falsehoods. Leaving the hall he was escorted to the carriage by the police, but his horses ran away and dumped the carriage on the pavement. A great crowd gathered around at once and there were cries of "pull him out," "do him up," etc. Slattery, whose wife was beside him, dared the crowd to come on. The police arrived in time to rescue him from his peril.

Gone to His Reward.

Judge L. F. Box died at the Cleveland hotel in Edwardsville, Ala., Tuesday morning at 5 o'clock from the effects of a stroke of paralysis. Judge L. F. Box was born in Asheville, St. Clair county, 58 years ago. He was elected superintendent of education under Governor Houston, and about fifteen years ago was made circuit judge of his district, which position he held until his death.

This Looks Encouraging.

The coke trade is keeping up its big boom. Last week's production increased several thousand tons, but was still 8,569 tons less than the shipments, that amount of stock coke being removed. There are now 15,248 ovens in blast, and 2,586 idle. Nearly every plant in the region made six full days. The demand for coke is taxing the ability of the ovens to produce it and the railroads to haul it. It is said the demand for coke has advanced 20 per cent since the first of the year by the starting up of idle furnaces.

Butter and Bacon.

Physicians declare that the most nutritious article of diet is butter, and that bacon comes next.

No nation save great Britain coins a greater amount of gold every year than the United States coin.

ON THE TRIAL TRIP.

TESTING THE SWIFTNESS OF A WARSHIP.

Every Precaution Taken in the Fire Room to Reach the Highest Possible Rate of Speed.

A modern warship is one of the most ingenious and complicated pieces of mechanism, and as the profit of the builders depends upon perfection of detail they prefer to make a practical test of the speed of such a vessel before offering her to her purchasers. The description of such a test appears in Harper's Magazine under the title, "The Trial Trip of a Cruiser."

Describing the scene below deck the writer says:

The engines roar, the pumps move back and forth with a sharp click at each stroke, the air pumps shriek and puff, and the engineer's force rush about in what seems at first hopeless confusion, but which soon takes on a look of system. Every man has his duty to do, and does it well. The engines require close and careful attention, as enough might happen in a moment to ruin all. The slightest carelessness or inattention might have the most serious results. Occasionally, though, no amount of care can prevent a bearing or cross head from heating, particularly if the machinery is new, has not sufficiently worn itself to perform its duties and is being run at a high rate of speed. To provide for this contingency there is always arranged a convenient system of pipes, from which cold water can be directed at a moment's notice upon whichever part of the machinery shows signs of heating. In addition to this there are many couplings where hose can be connected for use in reaching the more inaccessible and rapidly moving parts. At such a time excitement runs high in the engine rooms. The engines are probably working at almost full power and moving rapidly, so if the heating part cannot be cooled sufficiently they will have to be shut down and the run be lost. The rush and roar of the machinery, the tremble of the ship as she is forced ahead by the immense horsepower transmitted by each shaft, the hurry of the engineer's force, each one of whom has constant and important duties to perform, all add to the excitement. Water pours in torrents on the heated parts, and as it strikes the flying engines is thrown in all directions. The engine room floor swims with oil and water, and the oil thus thrown upon the cold water pipes congeals and completely covers them, looking like snow upon the trees after a heavy storm. Lucky now are the men who wear oilskin suits, for nothing else will keep out the flying water; those who are not so prepared are drenched in an instant, and though by the thermometer the temperature may be far from cool there is a chill in the icy water and soaked garments and a discomfort in the oil and salt in one's eyes that are far from pleasant. But let us step into the fire room a moment and note the difference.

As we go through the air lock, with its double doors, one of which must be closed before the other is opened, to prevent loss of air pressure in the fire room, the roar of the engines changes to a rhythmic and steady beat, muffled and deadened into an almost soothing sound. The fire room, as we step in from the light outside, seems dark and shadowy, and dusky figures of men pass here and there across the light from the open ash pits. In the bulkhead opposite us is a small door, and through this shovelful after shovelful of coal is thrown by men in the bunkers beyond; from there it is thrown in a pile against the bulkhead directly in front of the boilers, from whence it is passed into the furnace as occasion requires. The fireman's task is no easy one, and it requires considerable skill to fire a boiler properly, keeping the fuel well and evenly distributed over the grates. The water tenders have to keep a watchful eye upon the water gauges, for fear of allowing the water in the boilers to get too low, thereby causing an explosion. The huge furnaces fairly devour coal; and when for the purpose of feeding in more the furnace doors are opened (throwing a red glare through the room) we can see the white hot fuel heaped clear to the crown of the furnace, and the flames that leap half way up the smokestack rush wildly out, impelled by the 10,000 cubic feet of air per minute furnished by the blowers, which we hear spinning away overhead with a steady whir. The amount of coal burnt by a large vessel running at full speed is almost incredible. Some of the great Atlantic liners burn 350 to 400 tons a day, and some of our cruisers, where they run constantly at full speed, would burn nearly as much. While the blowers are running the fire rooms are generally comparatively cool, though there is a great difference in ships in this respect, some being very comfortable, while the temperature in others gets very high, up to 120 degrees to 125 degrees, say—too warm for comfort.

Yellow Asters Not to be Had.

A certain lady in the city had been reading Mrs. Caffyn's book, "The Yellow Aster," and was so impressed with the work that she went to a local florist and asked for a basket of yellow aster seed. "We can give you China aster seed, single or double aster seed," was the reply, "but the yellow aster is a variety almost unknown, in fact." "Oh!" cried the lady, "but I've read the book." Then the flowers that bloomed in the spring cried "Tra la."

WASTE OF FARMING.

Wealth From the Soil Which Has Been Thrown Away.

When nature is prodigal man is wasteful, says a writer in the Prairie Farmer. Waste has been the rule in American agriculture. Accumulated mold of ages of vegetation was offered at $1.25 per acre. Afterward it was given away subject to official fees for perfecting a title, both to natives and immigrants. With land free to all there was prodigality of fertility and economy of labor. Thus in primitive agriculture rotation, cultivation, diversification were all sacrificed, and fertility was transmitted into net cash. Because wheat could be grown without cultivation on the broken sod and because it was always a cash crop little else was grown; and because there was so much of it and so few farm animals the straw, which is worth as much in England as the whole crop is here, was burned to get rid of it; and because of this repeating of a crop without cultivation, weeds much more than loss of fertility reduced the rate of yield; until at last because of extension of wheat area beyond the needs of consumption price was reduced and profits destroyed. Thus nature which cannot be trifled with safely has been avenged, and the wheat grower is muddled in trying to lay the blame upon the currency, the tariff or anything rather than his own uneconomical and wasteful practice. The same abandon attended early efforts in animal industry. Unimproved breeds were kept four years or more on lush grass in summer, in the lea of a haystack in winter, fattening at one season and existing at another, favoring the production of fat and lean, in layers to be sold at low prices to unsatisfied consumers. The first butter dairies —for instance, Pratt's in New York —required forty pounds of milk to make one pound of butter. He by selection and care reduced the requirement almost one half, and now some Jerseys produce a pound of butter for thirteen pounds of milk. The "hogging down" of corn in feeding cattle and hogs was another wasteful procedure in primitive farming.

It was the same with cotton. The seed was wasted or only used for manure. Sometimes stock was killed by being gorged over a pile of seed, but systematic feeding was unknown. Now $40,000,000, more or less represent the oil of the seed, which was wasted if applied to the soil and almost as much more should be got from feeding the cake with incidental foods to constitute a suitable ration, and costing almost nothing. In this way all the valuable elements of the seed are returned to the soil with additional manurial value of other feeding material. Pork, if not beef, can be produced in the mild climate of the South with cotton seed cake, cow peas and other fall and winter growing forage plants even cheaper than the central West.

In wooded sections the first and largest opportunity for waste was found in the wanton destruction of wood and timber, and it was improved until large areas have become deserts. In every rural industry exploitation has been depletion and destruction. When flax became an auxiliary or successor to wheat a million of acres went into cultivation for seed and the straw was thrown away, though coarse fiber worth $100 per ton had been made of the straw as it lies from the mower, while by a slight change of method of culture and treatment as is done in Europe, far more valuable fiber can be produced. Flax growers will say it cannot be done because they do not know how and will not learn, but it has been done and is done successfully and uniformly in other flax growing countries.

Reduction in price and competition in production are lowering the margin of profit more or less although not equally or by regular gradation year by year. The most careless are pinched fearfully, the more systematic only feel the tightening pressure of reduction, while the most skillful and scientific still find a reasonable profit in agriculture. It is well that these wastes in their primitive recklessness are no longer possible. The richest soil in the world never made an increasing yield or retained a permanent fertility until higher values of land and greater cost of production compelled economy and improved methods. England once made smaller yields than the United States upon soils naturally less fertile. Now its average grain yield is more than double that of this country. Thus there are compensations in reduced profit in agriculture. It is a spur to improvement to the education of the farmer more potent than any he has yet felt, and it is all the more valuable because its rewards go to the energetic and mentally alert, while the laggards fall behind in the race and the slothful vegetate.

Turning Grain Into Horsehair.

When the horse's hair grows long and coarse in winter it is a sign that the stable is too cold. Put a board lining on the weather side of the stalls and leave an airtight space between. Horses that are half frozen will protect themselves with a longer, thicker coat. In Manitoba the horses have shaggy hair, more like that of a polar bear than anything else. But such a coat isn't pretty, and to force a horse to put it on does not half pay for the extra grain.

The capitation or poll tax is believed to have been the earliest form of taxation.

THE average man knows just enough about whist to be abused by his partner when he gets into a game.

IF you want to keep a dog, select one that is homely.

WHEN some men can't act mean, they talk mean.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

Every new pair of shoes usually develops a new pair of corns.

Are You Car-Sick When Traveling?

Car-sickness is as trying to many people as sea-sickness. It comes from a derangement of the stomach. One of Ripans Tabules is an insurance against it, and a box of them should be in every traveler's outfit.

IN THE SPRING

Every one should pay attention to the condition of his health. Nearly every person needs a good spring medicine. The impurities which have accumulated in the blood during the cold months must be expelled, or when the mild days come and the effect of bracing air is lost, the body is liable to be overcome by disease and great suffering follows.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

will purify, vitalize and enrich the blood, create an appetite, and enable the body easily and safely to meet the coming changes in temperature. It possesses precisely those elements of support and assistance which the body at this season craves. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the "ideal spring medicine" and

The Great Blood Purifier.

Health Broken Down

From any cause, finds a corrective and health-restorative in Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier:

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Rich Red Blood

"I had a severe attack of rheumatic fever which left me in bad condition, weak and with kidney troubles and headache. I was much alarmed and knew my condition must be improved or I would never get well. I began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and it did me a great deal of good. My general health is much improved, and the headaches, which formerly lasted three weeks at a time, never trouble me. Hood's Sarsaparilla is a good medicine and I highly recommend it." ELLA C. ELLIS, Roxbury, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

This is why it cures even when all other medicines fail. Insist upon Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

"GENTLEMEN: Regarding prospects for the coming year, would say, *we hope to double our last year's output of Aermotors, or, at least, as we have done in the past, sell twenty-four out of every twenty-five windmills that are sold. Since commencing the sale in 1889,* WE HAVE SOLD ABOUT

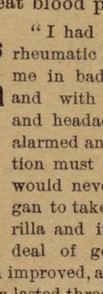
500 AERMOTORS

We do not attribute this fairly good record entirely to our efforts, but to the superiority of the goods which you make. BURRILL & DAVIS, Urbana, Ill., February 18, 1895."

GENTLEMEN: We bought and put up Aermotor No. 2, and out of the first fifty which you made we had thirteen. Since that time we have sold about

400 AERMOTORS

In our small territory is represented the history of the Aermotor and the Aermotor Company from the beginning to the present hour. That history is one of unbroken triumph. Aside from the Aermotor there have been but few other windmills put up in our territory—just enough with which to compare and show the infinite superiority of the Aermotor in design, workmanship, finish (all galvanized after completion), and ability to run and do effective work when all others stand idle for want of wind. We should have sold more, but this region was well supplied with wind power when the Aermotor appeared, it being only 66 miles to Chicago, and had for years been the battle ground for ten or twelve of the largest, best known and strongest windmill companies, all being located within 50 miles of us. MUCH OF OUR BUSINESS HAS COME FROM REPLACING WOODEN AND OTHER UNSATISFACTORY WHEELS WITH AERMOTORS. You say you have during the past year surpassed any previous year's record by about one-half, and that you expect to double your last year's output the coming year. Count on us for our portion of it, for the Aermotor never stood farther above all competitors in reputation and in fact than to-day. SMITH & BALDUF, Marengo, Ill., February 25, 1895."



The next Aermotor ad. will be of pumps. We shall offer for

$7.50 A $15

three way force pump. All dealers should have it or can get it to sell at that price. All Aermotor men will have it. The week following will appear our advertisement of galvanized steel tanks at 2½ cents per gallon. They neither shrink, leak, rust, nor make water taste bad. Aermotor Co., Chicago.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS

In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

TRAINING A COLT.

The training of a colt should begin as soon as it is weaned; indeed, before this time something may be done in a preparatory way to make the training more easy. The first thing to do is to get well acquainted with the colt, and thus remove all fear of the owner. When the young animal has the confidence of the owner the rest is easy, if this confidence is not lost by any rough or unkind treatment. The utmost gentleness and kindness are requisite to maintain the influence over the young animal first acquired. The rest follows by gradual steps, teaching the colt its business little by little. In this way the animal may be put to light work soon after it is a year old. It is a good thing to have a colt go with the mare while it is sucking, as this accustoms it to much of its future work, and uses it to the road.—New York Times.

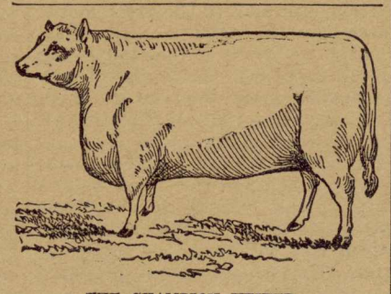
INDIGESTION IN CALVES.

When a young calf is gorged with milk, indigestion follows and the stomach is clogged with a mass of compact curd. The consequence is, says the Mark Lane Express, that the animal becomes dull, dribbles at the mouth and grinds its teeth.

The treatment should be to give a teaspoonful of carbonate of soda or saleratus in half a pint of water, which will dissolve the curd and aid its passage through the intestines. In six hours after give one teaspoonful of raw linseed or castor oil. Offer no food until the bowels are cleaned out, and then give one quart of warm fresh milk at a meal every three hours. When a calf is drinking milk it should be fed slowly and with intervals of rest, and cold milk should never be given, as this chills the stomach and provokes indigestion.

GREAT BRITAIN'S CHAMPION HEIFER.

Here is the heifer that won the champion plate at the London cattle show. The English ideal in the way of a roast beef producer is to breed cattle that shall be as nearly as possible composed entirely of meat, with a minimum quantity of bone. The champion heifer is described as being of the Aberdeen-Angus breed. Her name is Benton Bride, and she was bred by Mr. Clement Stephenson, of Sandyford Villa, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The heifer has won, besides the champion plate at the London cattle show, the special challenge cup offered by Queen Victoria, the President's prize at the Birmingham fat stock show, and the Thorley and Elkington cups, as well as many other minor prizes.



THE CHAMPION HEIFER.

PORK PRODUCTION.

The question of economical feeding in pork production is one that interests all farmers, and much information on that line is being imparted from the different experiment stations. A recent bulletin of the Utah Station gives results from the use of bran fed in four different combinations—bran and wheat, bran and peas, bran and corn, and bran and barley. The grain was ground and mixed with clean water, and fed in such quantities as would be eaten up clean, and in each of the pens was kept a box containing salt and ashes on the ratio of a pint of salt to a peck of ashes. The period occupied by the feeding was a little over five months, and in that time the gain of the sets in the order of the feed named was: 333, 528, 303 and 269 pounds, weighing at the start 106, 111, 112 and 114 pounds respectively, and at the close 439, 639, 415 and 381 pounds respectively; the average gain per pig per day was .69, 1.09, .63 and .56 pounds.

It will be noticed that the pigs fed with the pea mixture made a much greater gain in the whole than either of the other lots, being 200 pounds heavier than those fed on wheat, 224 than those fed on corn, and 258 than those fed on barley. The amount of feed varied, however, on the different lots as follows: 1344.44, 1919.42, 1378.68 and 1243.70; the amount required for 1 pound of grain of less weight was 4.02, 3.63, 4.55 and 4.62 pounds respectively at a cost of 2.51, 3.18, 2.84 and 3.00 cents respectively, being reckoned upon the basis of wheat, 45 cents per bushel, or 75 cents per cwt., ground; peas, $1.25 per cwt.; corn, 75 cents per cwt., ground, and barley, 80 cents per cwt., ground. It is noticed that notwithstanding the greater gain from feeding the peas, the cost of the pork was also greater. It was determined that the feeding value of the grains as compared would be for 100 pounds of wheat, 88 pounds of peas, 118 pounds of corn, and 121 pounds of barley.

It appeared that peas made a rapid growth, and were superior to either of the other grains; the others follow in their order, wheat, corn, and barley last.

On the basis of this experiment, taking wheat as a standard of value measure, peas would be worth 13 per cent. more, and corn 15 per cent., and barley 17 per cent. less, respectively, than wheat for feeding to pigs.—New York Independent.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A grindstone pays for itself every year.

The cockerels should be sold when they attain a weight of about three pounds.

The question of ventilation in winter is not so serious as the question of stopping it.

You are not doing all you can to secure eggs unless you feed your hens cut green bone.

In England large quantities of boiled rice are fed to ducks during the last three or four weeks before marketing.

When you consider that a dozen of eggs are now worth about as much as the hen that lays them it will pay to coax them up to the laying point.

If you haven't given your fowls plenty of litter to scratch among, do it at once. It will keep them moving this cold weather, and they won't mind the cold so much.

When the cow is dry and is expected to come in fresh do not feed her too heavily. It is of no advantage to have her in a very fat condition, as milk fever may result.

On the Boulevards of Paris.

In no other streets in the wide world can one see such varied types as on the grand boulevards of Paris. Why, a trip through them, on top of an omnibus, from the Bastille to the Madeleine—and it takes perhaps an hour—will give you a kaleidoscopic view of life to be found nowhere else. At the Bastille, the Boulevard des filles du Calvaire and du Temple, you meet the laboring classes. On Sundays in their "bestest best," and on week-days in white blouses and cotton jackets. Beyond the Place de la Republique, the picture changes. Here are the little merchants and shopkeepers, and some large ones, too. Farther on, up near Rue Vivienne, new blood enters this great artery of Paris—it is tinged with a golden sheen, for we are in the heart of the exchanges, among brokers and coulissiers; aye, among just such types as Zola drew from, for his book entitled "Money." Now the shops are becoming more gay and beautiful, the cafes more elegant; and the siren voices of Paris make its joys even more alluring and more tempting. To appreciate it, you must do more than view it from an outsider's standpoint. You must take part in it, live in it, and for the time being forget that you ever were anything but a confirmed and hardened boulevardier.

There! follow my advice, and I will guarantee that you will see Paris as Paris is, and not as tourists see or describe it. Sit down with me at the terrasse of yonder cafe, and watch the stream of humanity as it flows by. What a cosmopolitan throng! Rich and poor, merchants and clerks, unmistakable Britishers, blase journalists, fetching-looking actresses, chic little Parisiennes of the petite bourgeoisie, newsboys and beggars; aye, and Americans, too—all "touching elbows," as the French say. Is it not dizzy to look upon, in its whirling activity, it's abandoned merrymaking?—Home and Country.

The Elephant Made Change.

"Anton, the big buff-colored elephant in the Hamburg (Germany) Zoological Gardens, is the smartest elephant I know," avowed the returned tourist to the Mail and Express reporter. "I saw him one morning do a neat stroke of business with his keeper and a group of children who were handing him cakes and tarts.

"He kept stowing away the sweetmeats with small ceremony until the last morsel had disappeared. Then a little girl reached up a copper coin and Anton took it without hesitation. He turned that into the general fund, apparently, and thrust forth his probocis again. It was like taking up a collection. Every child wanted to contribute.

"He must have had nearly a dime in coppers concealed about his person when he trumpeted. His keeper stepped out from behind the board partition and gave him a water cracker. Anton produced a coin from somewhere and offered it in exchange. There was another cracker and another copper.

"They kept up the transaction until Anton's treasury was exhausted, and I noticed that he never gave up two coins for one cracker. Pretty soon the old fellow had all the pocket money of those youngsters, and his little eyes twinkled as he waved his ears gently. I gave him a small piece of silver, and he held out against all temptation to surrender it until his keeper set four crackers before him."—New York Mail and Express.

Caterpillar Pest.

Thirty-six tons of caterpillars and a large number of cocoons were destroyed in the effort to drive the pest from the young plantations of trees on Kong-kong Island, China. They appeared on the pine trees with which the Government is trying to reafforest the island, and lasted for two months. Stations were established where the caterpillars were received and paid for by weight. This method seems to have been successful. It is estimated that 35,000,000 insects were killed.—New York World.

The Irish "Weapon Salve."

The Irish "weapon salve" was an ointment supposed to possess the most extraordinary virtues in keeping with its most extraordinary ingredients. One of these was a powder made from the moss which had grown on skulls lying exposed on battlefields. Unless the skull was of a person who died a violent death the powder was supposed to lose its virtue.—New York World.

MEXICO'S SECRET POLICE.

A System More Complete Even Than That of the French Republic.

The secret service of the French Republic is generally considered the most perfect spy system in the world," said a traveling man to a writer for the Washington Star, "but in my humble opinion the department of private intelligence supported by Mexico surpasses it both in extent and intricacy. A couple of years ago I was accidently permitted to get an insight into its workings, and I was astounded. One would imagine that a great private detective agency would be a necessity only in a country like Russia, where the life of the ruler is constantly threatened, but down in Mexico there is a system of espionage that extends to every part of it. The motives of every public man in Mexico are not only perfectly well known to the government, but every visitor is subject to scrutiny. It was President Diaz who first established the chain of secrecy that now holds all the people to its links. Every now and then one will be surprised to see a body of Mexican troops hurried off to some remote place in a far-off state. None will know the reason, but the fact will soon become known that the government has prevented an embryo revolution from gaining strength and force. A considerable number of Americans residing in Mexico do so because the law will make it unpleasant for them in their native places. The Mexican secret service has the record of each of these, and if any of them shows two much activity in Mexican affairs there is an arrest, the United States authorities are notified and extradition of the prisoner follows. Such a case occurred only a few days ago. A man named John Horley has been residing in Monterey for several years, and is prominent. Some time ago he took a great interest in having Sutler, who was wanted in Austin, extradited. Horley was arrested under orders sent from Mexico City. It turns out that Horley did something out in this country twelve years ago, and is still wanted to answer the charge. Yes, sir, the Mexican secret service is the greatest of them all, and its ramifications extend everywhere over the republic, and a good ways on this side of the border."

A YOUNG GIRL'S TRIALS.

NERVOUS TROUBLES END IN ST. VITUS' DANCE.

Physicians Powerless---The Story Told by the Child's Mother.

(From the Reporter, Somerset, Ky.)

Among the foot hills of the Cumberland Mountains, near the town of Flat Rock, is the happy home of James McPherron. Four months ago the daughter of the family, a happy girl of sixteen, was stricken with St. Vitus' dance. The leading physicians were consulted, but without avail. She grew pale and thin under the terrible nervous strain and was fast losing her mental powers. In fact the thought of placing her in an asylum was seriously considered. Her case has been so widely taked about that the report of her cure was like modernizing a miracle of old. To a reporter who visited the home the mother said:

"Yes, the reports of my daughter's sickness and cure are true as you hear them. Her affliction grew into St. Vitus' dance from an aggravated form of weakness and nervous trouble peculiar to her sex. Every source of help was followed to the end, but it seemed that physicians and medicine were powerless. Day by day she grew worse until we despaired of her life. At times she almost went into convulsions. She got so that we had to watch her to keep her from wandering away, and you can imagine the care she was.

"About this time, when our misery was greatest and all hope had fled, I read of another case, almost similar, that had been cured by a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. Almost in desperation I secured some of the pills and from that day on the wonderful work of restoration commenced; the nervousness left, her cheeks grew bright with the color of health, she gained flesh and grew strong both mentally and physically until to-day she is the very picture of good health and happiness.

"It is no wonder that I speak in glowing terms of Pink Pills to every ailing person I meet. They saved my daughter's life and I am grateful."

The foregoing is but one of many wonderful cures that have been credited to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. In many cases the reported cures have been investigated by the leading newspapers and verified in every possible manner. Their fame has spread to the far ends of civilization and there is hardly a drug store in this country or abroad where they cannot be found.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are now given to the public as an unfailing blood builder and nerve restorer, curing all forms of weakness arising from a watery condition of the blood or shattered nerves. The pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Piso's Cure for Consumption relieves the most obstinate coughs.—Rev. D. BUCHMUELLER, Lexington, Mo., Feb. 24, '94.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

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A Bond of Sympathy.

I was in the saloon of a steamer on the west coast of Scotland last Christmas holidays, and there fell into conversation with a melancholy man, a brother Scot, sentimental, like all the race, and also, as presently appeared, lamentably drunk. "It's a sair warld, this," said he. I said I though there wasn't much the matter with the world, as far as I knew it. "Aye, weel," he said. "but ye ken I'm a plumber, and it's aye a sair warld tae a plumber." I condoled with him, though secretly glad to hear that that perverse and evil race were thus afflicted. "And what's your trade?" he asked. I said I was a schoolmaster. "Gie's yer hand," said he; "I'm fu' o' seempathy; we baith belang tae a puir despised calling."—London Spectator.

THERE are very few women who trust their husbands as much as they trust their butchers.

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Unrest is in the air,
I cannot tell just what it is,
Dyspepsia or despair.

It is dyspepsia,
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A Ripans Tabule

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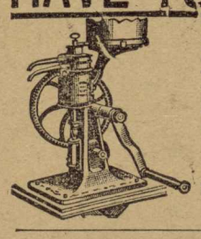

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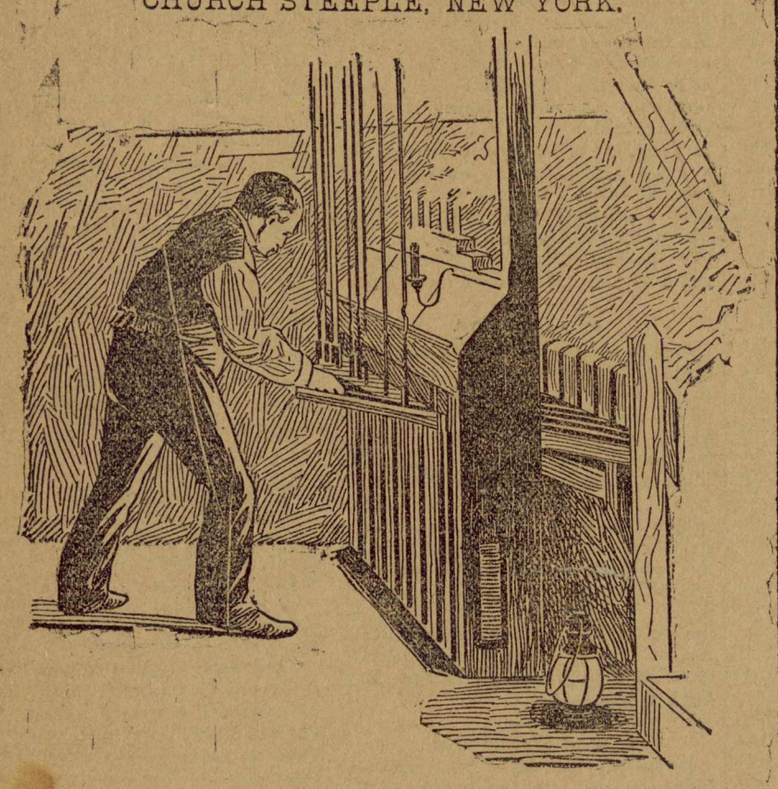
VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1895. NO. 3.

RINGING THE EASTER CHIMES IN TRINITY CHURCH STEEPLE, NEW YORK.

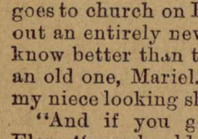


Rejoice! rejoice! the jubilant bells
Clamor and clang in the morning gray,
Ripple and break in the wave-long swells
Of the wind that rises at dawn of day.
Rejoice! they peal from the tall white steeple,
Rejoice! they call to the listening people,
Farther and nearer, higher and clearer,
Sweet with the message of hope and love,
They swing, they ring, unto men they bring
The tale of the life that came down from above.

Rejoice! rejoice! for death no more
Shall hold us captives and chain us fast;
The strain of the reign of death is o'er,
And the tyrant of tyrants is slain at last.
Rejoice, O sea that is brimmed from the river!
Rejoice, O leaves that in sunlight quiver!
Farther and nearer, higher and clearer,
The glad bells ring in the Easter morn;
And over the earth, in its dole and dearth,
The fulness of heaven's own life is born.
—Elizabeth Chisholm, in Harper's Bazar.

HER EASTER GIFT.

BY ANNA E. HAHN.



BOUT everybody in our church will have a new suit for Easter," Elen Lee assured her cousin. "You must not think of wearing an old one, Mariel."

"Certainly not!" said Mrs. Lee, with decision. "Nobody in our set goes to church on Easter Sunday without an entirely new dress. You should know better than to think of wearing an old one, Mariel. I will not have my niece looking shabby on that day."

"And if you go with us," added Elen, "you should be careful that the difference in our costumes is not sufficient to attract attention."

Mariel Earl looked from one to the other of the speakers with troubled eyes.

"I did not plan to buy a new dress while in the city," she said, anxiously. "I still have part of the money I brought with me, but I want to save it for mamma's outing. She needs one, and you know since she lost her money through the failure of that bank, we are obliged to economize."

Mrs. Lee's face darkened visibly.

"You must know, Mariel," she said, sternly, "that I had nothing to do with my sister-in-law's bad investment, and it does not interest me in the least. However, while you are my guest I expect you to dress as becomes your station as my niece."

Mariel was much troubled by her aunt's decision that a new dress was an Easter necessity. When alone in her room, she took from her purse all that remained of the little sum she and her mother had scraped together for her visit to her city aunt. There were only a few of the bills left, and she had meant to keep them for her mother's summer outing.

"She needs an outing, too," mused Mariel. "I'll do without a new dress, and keep this money for her, no matter what aunt says. She knows nothing about economy and self-denial, and will not forgive mamma for that bad investment. But no matter what she or Elen may say, mamma shall have her outing, and one of my old dresses must do for Easter."

And going to her closet, she brought forth a dainty gray silk, showing trace of more or less wear.

All that day and the next was spent in pressing and remodeling, but, although the gray silk looked quite fresh and pretty, it still had something of a "made-over" appearance.

"It looks as if it had come from a pawn-shop," declared Elen. "I can tell a made-over dress as far as I can see it. It is of no use, Mariel. It will not do for St. Paul's on Easter Sunday."

Mariel looked at her cousin with half-tearful, half-angry eyes.

"Very well, Elen," she said. "Then I'll remain at home and not disgrace the congregation of St. Paul's on Easter Sunday."

This decision relieved the mind of Elen, for, as she confided to her mother, she did not care to take Mariel into society oftener than was necessary.

"Her baby face and rustic airs please my gentlemen friends unaccountably," she said, enviously. "I think her both affected and designing; but they think her all artless simplicity."

"Her visit will soon be over," consoled Mrs. Lee. "It will be a long time, I fancy, before she is invited to make us another."

Poor Mariel was not aware of the real cause of her aunt's and cousin's increasing coldness. She did not dream how it galled them to see wealthy and handsome Captain Leland, for whom they had long angled in vain, so attracted by her modest and pleasing face and manner.

She knew that her cousin was prematurely worn and faded by a fretful disposition and much fashionable dissipation. She knew, too, that her own cheeks were fresh and dimpled, her violet eyes like twin stars, and her abundant tresses like burnished gold; but she was too ignorant of the worth of mere physical beauty to set much store by it.

Her mother had often talked about beauty of mind and heart; but had said little about physical beauty, except to quote the old adage, "beauty is only skin deep."

While Mariel thought little about her personal appearance during her visit, she was delighted with the novelty of city life.

Her hearty and innocent enjoyment of everything made her all the more pleasing in the critical eyes of Captain Leland, who was weary of the designing butterflies of fashionable life.

Mariel could not help wishing, as she sat alone in her room on Easter Eve, that after all she might accompany her aunt and cousin to St. Paul's on the morrow.

She would have enjoyed the Easter anthems and decorations. The new costumes would also have been a pleasing sight, for she liked fine feathers as heartily as any city belle.

"But I could not enjoy a new dress procured at the expense of mamma's visit," she mused. "Poor, self-denying mamma! She plans for my pleasure, and I must plan for hers."

Presently the door-bell rang, and she heard the voice of Captain Leland in the parlor. She listened gladly, expecting every moment to be summoned down to meet him; but when a half-hour's waiting brought no summons, she could not repress tears of disappointment.

"Sure, miss, and it's not crying ye are, I hope!" cried the kind-hearted maid, entering with lights. "Faith now, and are ye homesick this blessed Easter Eve?"

"A little homesick and a little lonesome, too, Maggie. But don't mind me. I shall feel better presently."

"Ye ought to be in the parlor with the company," declared sympathetic Maggie. "No wonder you're homesick, all alone by yourself. Didn't Miss Elen send for you?"

"I'm afraid she has forgotten me. But no matter. I'm not much lonesome, Maggie."

"Miss Elen has a trick of forgetting her cousin when the captain's around," grumbled Maggie, going down the stairs. "But never mind, my lady; it's myself will remind the captain of Miss Mariel."

And she stationed herself in the hall to await Captain Leland's departure.

Presently he made his appearance, and smiled at Maggie as she officiously opened the door for him.

"Miss Mariel knew you were in the parlor, captain," she said, glibly. "But she couldn't come down—poor dear—because she wasn't sent for. She's a bit lonesome, too, this blessed Easter Eve, and can't go to church tomorrow."

"Can't go to church?" echoed the captain. "Why not, Maggie? She is not ill, I hope?"

"No, indeed! But she's worn all her dresses—poor thing—and her aunt and cousin say nobody goes to St. Paul's on Easter Sunday save them as has bran new ones."

"Ah—indeed!" stammered the captain.

Then he went down the steps, whistling softly.

Half an hour later he again rang at the Lee's door, and was admitted by officious Maggie.

"Here are some flowers for Miss Mariel. Take them right up to her, my good girl, and tell her there are more churches in the city than St. Paul's. There is one just around the corner here, where new Easter suits are not deemed a necessity. Tell her to try that to-morrow. It is rather plain, to-be-sure, but fashionable churches are not always the best."

And he departed without more ado, leaving delighted Maggie beaming over a basket of violets.

"A basket of Easter flowers for you, Miss Mariel!" she announced, a moment later, standing almost breathless in that young lady's room. "Elegant violets, smelling like the country and the blessed spring. Captain Leland, miss."

"Oh, the lovely, purple things!" cried Mariel. "They remind me of my mother and my country home. How thoughtful of Captain Leland to remember that I'm a country girl, exiled here among brick walls!"

"And he bade me to tell you, miss, that St. Paul's is not the only church in the city, but that there's one around the corner here where they don't need new dresses for Easter. You might try that to-morrow."

"What an odd message! Why did he send it, Maggie?"

"I'm sure I don't know, miss!" declared Maggie.

But she chuckled audibly as she went down stairs.

"Deceivin's a game two can play at, Miss Elen," she muttered mysteriously.

On Sunday morning Mariel watched her aunt and cousin sail forth to church in their beautiful new costumes and "perfect loves of bonnets," and found it difficult to repress a sigh of envy. However, she did repress it.

"Fine feathers are only for those who can afford them," she said consolingly. "The Lees are rich and can dress as they please, but we Earls are poor and must govern ourselves accordingly. I have always been contented with my humble lot, and will be so still. There is nothing gained by envy and discontent. I will do the best I can and be satisfied."

Then she remembered Captain Leland's quaint assurance that there were churches in the city where new Easter dresses were not deemed a necessity.

"I have been acting as if fashionable St. Paul's were the only church in the city," she said, reproachfully. "I will cling to my old faith in simplicity and contentment, and celebrate Easter by attending the plain church around the corner."

And she put on her made over gray silk and pinned a cluster of violets on the lace at her throat.

"Even aunt would admit that violet and gray look well together," she said, smiling, as she set out for the plain church around the corner.

Whether her aunt would make the admission or not, the violet and gray were very becoming; and as she sat in the plain church, listening to the Easter anthem, she reminded a certain observer of the Easter angels he had once seen in a rare old painting.

The observer felt a thrill of gladness when he saw the purple flowers at her throat, and then a thrill of tenderness as he noted the violet eyes and hair of burnished gold curling above the white brow. He marveled, too, at the earnest eyes and thoughtful brow.

"She is much interested in the Easter sermon," he thought. How attentively she watches the minister."

But Mariel's thoughts were not all on the sermon; they turned sometimes to her mother, who was now probably sitting in the country church, clad in her well-worn black merino.

Poor mother, so patient and self-denying! How good Mariel was that she had not been selfish and spent for finery the money that would give her a much-needed rest and outing!

She would be the housekeeper the coming summer, and her mother should have a vacation. It was more these thoughts than the Easter sermon that gave the fair young face and violet eyes the angelic expression so admired by the observer.

As Mariel moved slowly down the crowded aisle after the sermon, some one stepped to her side.

"You have lost something, Miss Earl," said Captain Leland, holding up the cluster of violets.

Mariel put her hand to her throat, and finding her violets gone, blushed bewitchingly.

"I am glad you thought my violets worth wearing," continued Captain Leland. "Your cousin told me that you did not care for flowers and music, and that even the Easter anthems and decorations could not tempt you to St. Paul's this morning."

Mariel blushed again.

"My cousin's mistake was quite excusable," she said, quietly. "She has not known me long enough to be acquainted with my likes or dislikes. Indeed, I had a good and sufficient reason for not going to St. Paul's this morning."

"May I inquire what your reason was?" asked the Captain, gently.

And then Mariel told him how new Easter suits were a necessity at St. Paul's, and how, if she emptied her purse for finery, her mother could not have the much-needed summer outing.

"Somebody had to do without something," she concluded, "and of course when the choice lay between my new gown and mamma's summer vacation, the gown had to go. Now you see just how poor we are, Captain Leland."

And Captain Leland assured himself that the girl who was such a thoughtful, hopeful daughter would make a most excellent wife.

"Poor or not," said he, "you are nearer my ideal than any woman I ever met. Do not turn away, Mariel, but look at me with your truthful eyes and tell me that the fond hopes I have cherished since I first met you are not in vain."

Mariel lifted her violet eyes to his for a moment, and although she spoke no word, he was quite satisfied.

They walked slowly home through the bland Easter sunshine, and when they reached Mrs. Lee's house, Captain Leland went in and asked that astonished lady's permission to marry her niece.

And that was Mariel's Easter gift—an honest man's loyal and loving heart.

Her aunt and cousin wondered how such an inexperienced little country girl could win such a prize. It did not occur to them that Mariel's sweet unselfishness and self-denial and her thoughtful consideration for others could have anything to do with the matter.

They were right in saying that it was her beauty that caused handsome and wealthy Captain Leland to choose her for his wife, but they did not know that it was the beauty of her mind and heart that charmed him even more than did that of her face and form.

Thoughts Inspired by Easter.

The Easter festival has come again and I thank God it has permitted me to again address you on this day. It is a day which to me, you and to all mankind, should open a new kingdom for the following of God's commands and the discovery of God's truths. We do not believe any truth simply because it is so called; we believe it because we realize it is so. Thus each year this festival becomes a richer thing to us, and we realize more the truth of our own immortality. We must realize this immortality. Christ knew Himself, and in His personality, His immortality, He felt throbbing and beating out from His life that immortal, God-given gift which makes itself known in the cry, "Before Abraham was, I am." Christ's work was not a work of the past—it was a work which will ever be that of the present, of this century, year and day—of the omnipresent. "Now." That "Now" which binds us all, in which we are born, in which we shall die; which identifies me and you with this day and year, with this country, with the modern world, and with that spirit of Christian humanity which should unite us all. I thank God I am living to-day; that I am here in this dear old church, with all its associations; that I am here in this city, State, in America and finally in this great world. You are here with me, and from this broad life is an immediate life, and, with it, a Christian one, from whose good element is that divine influence which is permeating humanity. Immortality is nothing less than an admitted relation with the infiniteness of God. And this, our present life, spreads itself over vast regions of existence and comes that great now which embraces all of heroism, of good, of fellowship, of soulful union and of life. Physical existence amounts to nothing. Now it is impossible for us worldlings to know the beauty, the restfulness of that divine and celestial now, which is the true immortality.—From Philips Brooke's last Easter sermon.

A Juvenile View.

"Tell me, mamma," Dolly prays—
At my knees she sweetly begs—

"Is it the Welsh rabbit lays
All these yellow Easter eggs?"

FOR FARM AND GARDEN.

FOR "THAT TIRED FEELING" IN POULTRY.

A tonic for general weakness and moping about may be given with good results by dissolving a teaspoonful of tincture of iron in a gill of water, adding a teaspoonful of quinine, and the same each of spirits of camphor, brandy and tincture of red pepper; shake well and give four or five drops on a small piece of bread to a chick and half a teaspoonful to an adult. For diarrhoea add a drop of laudanum to the dose for a chick and three drops to that for adults. This season after or during molting most fowls droop and look sick; a tonic of this kind is essential in bracing up their run-down condition which comes largely from the painful molt they have just passed through.—New York Independent.

FEEDING WHEAT.

The practice of feeding wheat to horses has grown rapidly, but there is considerable dispute as to the best method of using the grain, so that the following instructions from Armour & Company will be read with interest: Ground wheat should be fed dry, the same as oats. Mix half-ground wheat with half whole oats (care should be taken to weigh and not measure this, as wheat is heavier than oats). Three and one-half pounds to three and three-fourths pounds mixture ground wheat and oats to a feed is a fair feed for draught horses; five pounds would be a full feed, and equal to seven or eight quarts of oats. Two and one-half pounds to two and three-fourths pounds to a feed for light draught horses or driving horses; four pounds would be a full feed. In feeding wheat and oats mixed, it would be well to feed bran mash twice a week.

DISEASE IN SHEEP.

There is a disease common among sheep, and especially among lambs, known as trembles, really inflammation of the spinal cord, by which the animal is paralyzed. Its head is drawn back and its neck is stiff, the whole body trembles, and soon the animal falls, lies on its side, the muscles trembling and quivering until it dies of starvation. It is the reflex action of the disordered digestive functions on the nervous system, of which the spinal cord is the center, and the connection between it and the brain. It is due to the indigestion of the food, either by reason of too rich or too poor feeding; it often appears on a flock fed on limestone land, and on the luxuriant herbage of this kind of soil. There is scarcely a remedy for this disorder, unless at the first occurrence of it, when a dose of two ounces of castor oil to free the bowels be given. On the occurrence of the spasmodic action of the nerves, a teaspoonful of aromatic ammonia soon after, repeated every hour, has been found to afford relief. The ammonia is given in some warm oatmeal gruel, and this food may be usefully continued for some days.—New York Times.

DEFECTIVE FEET OF HORSES.

Speed is so necessary a part of a horse's work, that his feet are all important, and it can well be said that a horse is no stronger than his weakest foot. The commonest deformities in horses' feet are flat feet, club feet and crooked feet.

Dull, heavy horses raised on marshy soil often have flat feet. The weight of the horse falls upon all the under surface of the hoof, as these flat feet have no arch and therefore very little elasticity to break the sudden jar upon the ground. Usually only the front feet are affected, being low-heeled and broad.

In club feet the heels are high, with a nearly perpendicular wall. The fetlock joint is thrown forward so that the toes have to bear the whole weight of the animal.

Many horses interfere because they are pigeon-toed with crooked feet, one side of the wall being higher than the other.

There are many kinds of injuries to the horse's foot, such as cracked hoofs, stone bruises, broken hoofs, punctures, frost bites and corns.

Whenever the slightest limp or irregularity appears in the gait, the hoof should be carefully examined, and if the injury is found there the proper treatment should be applied and the horse no longer worked, though it is not best to tie him up in the stable.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

REPORT ON TUBERCULOSIS.

The New York State Tuberculosis Commission appointed last May has submitted its report to the Legislature. Its investigations showed that tuberculosis is, under certain conditions, congenital, but that its general diffusion is due to contagion, and that a very small proportion of tuberculosis is disseminated by hereditary transmission. In many cases the udders of cows were found to be the seat of extensive disease, and in some advanced cases of this nature, pus was seen to exude from the teats.

As a means of diagnosis, the commission believe that tuberculosis is so accurate that a competent veterinarian can now point out any diseased animal. In corroboration of this the experiments made by the Bureau of Animal Industry at Washington and those of Prof. Law are cited. The commission had experimented with the imported Koch's tuberculin and that made at Washington, and found them equal in value.

During its existence the commission examined 2,417 animals, of which 405 were slaughtered. Madison and Schenectady Counties together contributed 149 diseased animals. Of the total number slaughtered, 287 were common stock, 53 Jerseys, 41 Holsteins. 15 Guernseys and nine Ayreshires. The report also contains exhaustive and interesting papers on the history of the disease, contagion and modes of infection through the blood, through milk and flesh and bowel discharges, and closes with remarks on the state suppression of tuberculosis, which the commission considers unwarrantable if not thorough.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

All barns should be kept as clean as possible.

In fair weather cattle should be in the open air as much as possible.

A lump of stone lime kept in the poultry house will absorb the moisture and do much towards avoiding dampness.

Do not keep manure in the cellar. Better have no celler, but where one exists it should be well drained, well lighted and well ventilated.

The first thing to do in the spring is to apply a liberal allowance of soluble fertilizer on the asparagus bed, as asparagus comes early in spring.

In consequence of the danger to cattle from consumptives expectorating in and around barns, no consumptive person should be allowed to have charge of or come in contact with dairy cattle.

Farmers who figure on their profits should endeavor to estimate the expense incurred in loss of fertility sold in the produce. This fertility must be returned to the soil or the succeeding crops will be lessened correspondingly.

By clearing out the underbrush and rufuse, not only from the fences and other places, but where piles have accumulated in the forest, there will be less liability of forest fires. Green trees do not take fire quickly. It is dry material that causes the damage.

Pure air and abundant sunlight are essential to the preservation of health in animals. Windows hinged at the bottom and dropped slightly inward at the top may be utilized for light and ventilation. In this way the air is directed upward, thereby preventing a current of cold air on the cattle.

Unless a cow is brought up to her milking capacity within forty-five days after calving her possible yield cannot be reached during her period of lactation, or before having another calf. But the forcing process must not be begun too soon nor pushed too rapidly nor should the feed be too rich.

Sow the pansy seed now, in a small box, so as to have large and thrifty plants for transplanting when the spring opens. They are very hardy, and when once they get started, will be able to grow right on. When they begin to bloom keep the flowers plucked off so as not to allow the plants to seed.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - Local Editors.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

It is estimated that the dry season of 1894 left a territory of 200,000 square miles infested with the Russian thistle.

The advance of natural history within the last hundred years has been so great, maintains the New York World, that the science is practically a product of the century. Even as great a naturalist as Linnaeus thought that swallows pass the winter under the ice, and held other beliefs which now seem equally absurd.

The Marine Journal of New York is alarmed at the disappearance of the Anglo-Saxon race from the sea. It is commonly believed that Britannia rules the waves more completely than ever before, but the Journal calls attention to the fact that even England is finding an increasing difficulty in manning her ships from her own people. British vessels, like our own, are worked largely by Scandinavians. According to the Liverpool Journal of Commerce, at least fifty per cent. of the men who furnish crews for the mercantile marine of England are foreigners.

France is the land of politeness, exclaims the sarcastic New York Sun. Within forty-eight hours after President Faure's election the Paris newspapers had described him as follows: Reactionary; choice of the Monarchists, of the lukewarm, of the Clericals; prisoner of the reaction; coadjutor of Leo XIII.; creature of the Vatican; quartermaster for Prince Victor or for young Orleans; suspect; choice of the canteen; a wretched fellow, who is Dupuy's understudy; that wretched Felix; manikin; absurd manikin; astounding Jack in the box; puppet; grotesque log; mean tool; ridiculous jay; vain turkey cock; petty tradesman; Congo trader; President for Congo; Faure, the Congolese. The last four epithets are due to the fact that his son-in-law is Administrator of the Congo Free State.

It is a remarkable fact, maintains the Chicago Herald, that during his term of service on the United States Supreme Bench Justice Field has seen an entire new Court, including a Chief Justice, come and go. He was appointed thirty-two years ago next month, and since that date the following men have made their appearance upon the bench and retired either by death or resignation: Chief Justice Waite and Associate Justices Strong, Bradley, Hunt, Woods, Matthews, Blatchford and Lamar. Including Justice Jackson, who, though still a member of the Court, is not likely to take his seat again, Mr. Field has survived a full Court of Chief Justices and eight associates who became members of the tribunal after he was appointed. In all the history of the Supreme Court it is said there was never before such an instance.

In spite if its adversities agriculture still remains the largest industry in England. Farmers' clubs, having given up for the present any hope of protection from the Government, are now considering how to win back for the home market the millions of dollars spent every year upon the produce of "small cultivation" on the continent. One method suggested is professional instruction in the economics of small farming. More attention is to be given to the cultivation of fruits and market gardening. The light railways, which it is understood will be sanctioned by Government, will bring remote districts into close touch with the markets and enable the home productor to compete with greater ease with the foreigner, who at present has better means of transportation to the great centers of population in the United Kington. "This awakening of the British farmer comes none too soon," believes the Chicago Herald. "He is a stubborn fellow at the best, and has hitherto fought shy of all new fangled schemes for bettering his lot. He finds that he must shake off his lethargy and adopt modern methods of making the most of his holding. There is no doubt that with a little more prodding on the part of his friends he will finally do something for himself and the Nation."

THE LAST LEAF.

I saw him once before,
As he passed by the do
And again
The pavement stones resound,
As he totters o'er the ground
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,
Ere the pruning-knife of Time
Cut him down,
Not a better man was found
By the Crier on his round
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,
And he looks at all he meets
Sad and wan,
And he shakes his feeble head,
That it seems as if he said,
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest
On the lips that he has prest
In their bloom,
And the names he loved to hear
Have been carved for many a year
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—
Poor old lady, she is dead
Long ago—
That he had a Roman nose,
And his cheek was like a rose
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin
And it rests upon his chin
Like a staff,
And a crook is in his back,
And a melancholy crack
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin
For me to sit and grin
At him here;
But the old three-cornered hat,
And the breeches, and all that,
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be
The last leaf upon the tree
In the spring,
Let them smile, as I do now,
At the old forsaken bough
Where I cling.

—Holmes.

HARLEQUIN'S LEA

I AM NOT exactly an artist—not by any means a mechanic—it is hard for me to say exactly what head I come under. I remember there was trouble the last time they took the census, for my wife would not hear of my being described as a "property man," through being afraid those stupid Government officers might think me a man of property and go charging me house duty and income tax, and all sorts of things. A hollow kind of life, do you call it? Well, that's a matter of opinion. Not if it's done conscientiously, I say. That poet I have heard of must have had me in his eye when he wrote "Things are not what they seem." It is my mission to make the unreal appear to be real, and whatever you may think about the usefulness of that pursuit as a help to happiness in a respectably conducted State, the property man is generally more successful in his aim than the actor who looks down upon him. I dare say they never give it a moment's thought, but the British drama would be a poverty-stricken article without the help of the property man.

King Richard having to go on without a scepter would never be able to render Shakspeare true to nature, and what becomes of your classics, like "The Courier of Lyons," if the mail guard isn't shot at the proper moment? Yes, I have known more than one swagger tragedian have his comb cut through offending the property man. Particularly do I mind an Othello who threw himself on a sofa with one of the legs sawn through by a gentleman in my line of business as revenge for the swagger tragedian's bad temper for a whole fortnight. When he and the sofa and the curtain came down altogether I thought the roof would have been lifted with laughter. The property man had gone home before the last act, or I am sure there would have been a real tragedy that night—and without any of the Shakspearean dialogue, either.

A noble occupation, surely, and a strain upon the mind, certainly. You are always in terror of forgetting something, and forgetfulness has led to many new readings of popular plays. I recollect omitting to furnish a Hamlet with his tablets. He dived into his cloak for them, and they were not there. So he had to make his notes on imaginary ones, and the next day the newspapers raved about the magnificence of the new reading. Yet the credit belonged to the property man, who never had any thanks for making the man's reputation. A week of the legitimate is a regular load on the brain, and those historical plays are enough to drive you mad, what with the banners of this army and that, and the spears and the swords, and the rapiers and the banqueting scenes. Did I ever fit up "The Old Toll House"?

You'll be asking me if I ever saw Joe Cave next. Ah, there's a play for you—full of interest and movement, and those last dying orations for Jack Bunnage—as pretty a bit of poetry as you wish to clap eyes on. None of your drawing-room pieces for me—with their letters and lockets, and fans and imitation vases and folderols. Good, honest properties are what I like—something that can be seen from the front with the naked eye, and setting the audience wondering how much they cost. Jealous of real horses and cabs, and saddle bag furniture for the interiors? Not a bit of it. Live and let live, I say. Many a property feast have I put on in my time. The public expects property feeds in the legitimate. Sit Macbeth down to a table and ask his guest to drink out of anything but empty goblets, or pretend to do anything in the eating department except fool about with red-cheeked apples before Banquo comes in, and the public would hiss the play off the stage. No, sir, they will not stand any desecration of Shakspeare, and I pity the first Lady Macbeth who dares from the royal table to eat soup with a spoon. It would never do. The play-goer does not expect real food in a Shakspearean piece. He would object to it as a desecration and a degradation. He will permit no interference with the functions of the property man. On the other hand, provide Mrs. Puffy with anything save an honest hot steaming meat pie for "The Streets of London," and the house would be wrecked.

Yes, it is a discriminating public that I've worked for these three-and-thirty years. Old plays, property grub; new plays, real meat. There's the whole thing in a nutshell. I know my limits, and how far I dare go. Lord bless me, I recollect a piece that was saved by pig's fry and onions. They fried 'em in a garret scene, and the gallery was so delighted with the homeliness of it that I believe they would have called on the pork merchant if they thought he was in the house. It touched 'em in a tender part, and the nose is a tender part. I declare to you the soothing sniffing that went on during the scene could not have been more so if they were playing "East Lynne."

Christmas a busy time with me? Well, I have been hard at it for the last two months. Pantomimes are fast destroyers of a man's natural rest, and what with everything at sixes and sevens, the manager roaming about like a bear with a sore head, the carpenters so touchy you can't speak to 'em, and the scene painter soliloquizing all day long—generally before other people—the place is hardly fit for a decent man to live in. They expect me to have a hundred pairs of hands, like Brier—well, Brier something; no, no, not Bob Brierly, he's in "The Ticket of Leave Man," and had five years; and the masks have got to be so heavy and horrid that the last time I took one home it frightened our youngest nipper into a fit.

My room is more an old curiosity shop than anything else, and it's wearing to the feelings to descend from Adam's staff and the practicable deer in the forest of Arden, and King Lear's jewels and emblems, to come flop upon rows of grinning faces for robbers and palace guards and demon butchers. Fairy queens! Hang me if I know where they pick up those young women. I would rather fit out a Scotch army with claymores any day than provide a wand for a fairy queen. It is either too long or too short, too thick or too thin, too light or too heavy; whereas, well I know it, the fact is these young women don't know how to carry 'em. I haven't been on the boards the best part of my life without knowing what a fairy queen ought to be, or what salary she draws. But the airs they give themselves are worse than the low comedian with most of the "fat" and a half share benefit in the last week of the run. Clowns? No. I don't say anything against clowns. I don't take to 'em, mind you, still I don't say anything against 'em. Harlequins I can't abide. Why have 'em, I say. Better any time put on a harlequina—which sustained the female interest—instead of a fellow who has been playing a sprite or doing the contortion business in the opening. Have I noticed it? Why, I was only saying as much to the missus the other night. He never is clean shaved. I am certain in my own mind there is that in the constitution of a harlequin that you cannot shave him properly. He never comes on with a clean face. I think spangles must have a bad effect on the skin and prevent the razor acting properly.

You understand what it is to be put up with rather than wanted. That accounts for harlequins being such melancholy chaps. They know a pantomime can get along without 'em, and they never draw a sixpence into the treasury, although the public likes to see 'em, and they give the clown time to fetch his wind. I was doing the properties in this very theater—I can show you the bill with my name on it—eight or nine seasons ago, and we had the most fidgety harlequin I ever met. My word! It was as hard to make a frog jump as to induce that man to take the leaps.

You follow me with the leaps? I mean the dives right through the back of the scene, when the clown and the pantaloon go chasing him. He ought to be invisible, I know, for the sake of dramatic unity; but you can't keep him invisible for the whole harlequinade, because the house gets tired of the make-believe, and the poor man has no chance after putting in the sailor's hornpipe with the columbine unless you allow him the dives. This chap was so nervous at rehearsals that it was a full ten minutes before he would look at a jump.

Were we sure the men were there to catch him? Had they got the mattress all right? Were they strong enough to hold him? Were they sober? And a lot of rubbish of that sort. I have seen a few cab horses coaxed on for the wild untamed steed in "Mazeppa," and I'll take my oath they were perfect lions compared to that man. I fancy he must have been let down at some theater or other, and this made him shy. He was a very clean jumper, mind you, if you once got him to go, and on boxing night he went without a hitch. And he could dance. Yes, I must say that for him, although the most miserable chap in private life I ever knew.

Seemed to have something on his mind, which is an awkward thing for a man with little on his body. Why? Because there's no counter balance. I never knew him to give any of our stage hands a pint of beer, and yet, if they had turned nasty, they could have played an ugly trick upon him any evening. His line of business need not have made him down in the dumps. Far from it. Why, I remember a heavy father in our old "stock" for three or four seasons who was so affable "off," and cracked such jokes you might have thought he did nothing but rescue maidens in distress, and had a double call at every performance.

We could not have been running the panto for more than a week, and the harlequin—still melancholy—was jumping in splendid style, yet every bit as cautious about our men catching him, and evidently glad when the job was over. I recollect he had to do the dives through a pawnbroker's shop window, reappear from the wings, rush on and jump again, clown and pantaloon making a show of striking at him, but never hitting him. Finally he bobbed up through a trap and posed with the columbine, just as the clown was being marched off by the policeman for tripe stealing. The jumping went with a rare rattle and was one of the best features in the harlequinade. On the night I have in mind, the poor chap went through his work—including the hornpipe and a twirling trip with columbine—as well as he had ever done it, until the scene I am telling you about came on. You see the pit stalls right behind the orchestra? Well, he was on the stage and flipping his wand before the chase commenced, when all of a sudden he catches sight of a face there, and looks as though he was going to drop. I could see him turn pale under the rouge on his cheeks, and for a minute I fancied he was going to fall down. "Hulloa!" thinks I, "what's up?" Then on comes the clown, singing out "Father!" to pantaloon. They catches sight of harlequin, and points at him, and that was the cue for Spangles to make his first leap through the pawnbroker's window. I must say he went at it like a bull at a china shop.

The gallery applauded, and in half a minute he should have come on again to take the second jump. Clown was waiting with the poker to aim a blow at him,and pantaloon made ready to pretend to be knocked over by his heels as he went through. The band was playing a "hurry," and the two hands behind were on guard to catch him. Half a minute slipped by and no harlequin appeared. But the stage manager commenced to—well, to say things, and ran behind to see what was the matter, wondering whether young Spangles had slipped or lost his shoe, or something. But devil a harlequin could he find.

The audience began to hiss, and the clown, who was no good if he had a wait to fill, was calling out: "Now, then, where are you—how much longer?" At the end of a another couple of minutes—though it seemed a good deal more—the house was shouting out nasty remarks and beginning to make a row. So the stage manager hurries on the swell with the white trousers for the clown to chivy about. The people hissed more than ever. Bless your heart! an audience always knows if there is a screw loose, and we had a duce of a job to finish up the evening without a harlequin. Where was he? Ask me another. Nobody ever set eyes on him from that day to this. It was his last leap in this town.

We discovered afterward that he had bolted clean out of the stage door in his war paint, run to his lodgings—they were only into the next street—changed his clothes, left the place in a quarter of an hour and disappeared forever. You see, the face he saw in the pit stalls was the face of the wife he had deserted four years before, leaving her with three children to bring up. He knew that she had tracked him at last, and his leap was a leap for liberty. A strange story? Lor', the world is full of them. A startling what? I know what you mean, only you didn't pronounce it properly. Yes, it was a startling denouement. I can excuse the poor fellow now for being so melancholy and nervous, but my opinion of harlequins in general is lower than ever.—London Daily Telegraph.

AN AFRICAN KING.

He Laughs Heartily at the First White Woman He Ever Saw.

The following is an extract from a letter, written by a French lady in Senegal and published in a Paris newspaper, referring to a visit to King Behanzin of Dahomey on board the Segond: "The king, followed by five wives and four children, of whom one is a handsome boy, then came forward in a silk mantle striped with black and blue and elegantly draped. His head was bare, and he had on his feet sandals held on by crossed bands embroidered in wools of many colors. He smoked a large ebony pipe, the bowl and shank of which were circled with silver. His French is limited to 'bon jour' and 'ami,' and I am the first white woman he ever saw, and the sight of me astonished him. He at first gazed at me, then roared with laughter, and, when he had laughed till he was tired, looked around and asked where my husband was. The interpreter having pointed him out, he took him by the shoulder and gave him a friendly shake, which was as much as to say, What a lucky fellow you are. One of the five wives cooks. The others stand around the deposed king. The youngest has always in her hand a wooden bowl filled with sawdust. It is his spittoon. She is the favorite. The children are very nice. Behanzin is elderly, about 55, and has a white head of hair. He hardly knows how to walk, because, on account of his rank, he has always been carried."

Strange Beautifiers.

In Persia the women of fashion paint black circles around each eye and ornament the cheeks with figures of various small animals, bugs, etc.

TO KEEP SIDE-BACON.

Smoke and dry the meat in the usual way; pack down in boxes or barrels with pieces of seasoned wood between each piece, so the meat will not touch. We use cedar, but suppose any kind of wood would do. Shut the box so as to exclude the light. It is supposed that the light causes it to become rancid. Pack it down the last of February or the first of March, for a great deal depends on having it packed early. Do not smoke it too much; just so it is dry will do. Pack it some bright day when it is dry. We have packed our meat in this way for years with success.—Home and Farm.

GRIT FOR FOWLS.

Grit is as essential to the health of fowls as teeth are to the human being. It fulfils the same office by grinding up the food and aiding digestion. If the gizzard of a perfectly healthy fowl be examined it will be found to contain a liberal supply of grit or gravel, thereby presenting a striking contrast to the gritless gizzard of a sick bird. A failure to grind up the food properly is responsible for indigestion, bowel trouble and congested liver. The food gets sour, clogs up the passage and, if not relieved, death ensues. Keep your birds liberally supplied with grit at all times.—New York World.

BRAN FROM CORN MEAL.

In the preparation of fine corn meal for the market, the tough skins of the kernels are sifted out in the form of corn bran, which comprises one-eighth of the weight of the shelled corn ground in the mill. The chemical analysis of corn bran, by G. L. Teller, of the Arkansas Station, shows that it contains eleven per cent. of nitrogenous matter, while the whole corn contains over nine per cent. and the bolted corn flour nine per cent. The amount of fat is nearly doubled in the bran, being 8½ per cent. on account of the oil in the seed coats. The corn bran contains a higher percentage of crude protein and ash, four times as much fiber, but less water and much less starchy matter. This analysis indicates that corn bran has a food value nearly equal to that of wheat bran, though the stiffness of the seed coats render the maize bran less palatable for use as a single food. Being less nitrogenous than wheat bran, but containing more fat, corn bran forms a very useful addition to ground wheat or rye, or to middlings, cottenseed meal and ground peas. As a part of a mixed dairy ration, corn bran is better than cornmeal. — American Agriculturist.

FISH ON THE FARM.

Every farmer who can should practice the culture of fish, if it is only that of the carp. The inland parts of this vast country are necessarily deprived of the ocean fish, and must depend on a supply from fresh water. And there is water enough in the lakes, great and small, and the rivers and brooks, to produce an ample supply for every family. If it can be done, the best kinds, as trout or bass, should be grown. But otherwise there is nothing the matter with carp or perch. Carp is a fast-growing fish, and quickly reaches a weight of three or four pounds. It is a far better fish than the well-known sucker, and this is gladly made a substitute for better ones wherever they abound.

Any small stream, the flow from some swamp, if gathered into a pond by digging it out, or the ordinary drainage from some higher land into a puddled basin, will make a good carp pond. This fish will live in water that warms up to eighty degrees in the summer, and will feed on the roots and stems of any kind of aquatic plants that grow in such water. So that a low dam to retain the water, a muddy bottom, in which the fish bury themselves to pass the winter in a dormant condition, and plenty of aquatic vegetation—as the water grasses, water cress on the shallow borders; water lilies, and the yellow caltha, the marsh marigold, the leaves of which make a pleasant table vegetable in the spring---will together afford abundant feeding for the fish, which are wholly vegetarian in their food. The fish will eat small pellets of bread or dough, and will come to the hand for such food, and may thus be easily taken out with a hand net, for as they will rarely take a hook unless with such bait as this, they are not always to be got when wanted.---New York Times.

WIDE TIRES FOR WHEELED VEHICLES.

The narrow tires in common use on farm wagons are very injurious to the surface of the country roads, either cutting it into deep ruts, or grinding it into dust as the weather varies. The width of the tire should increase with the weight of the load; for whatever injuries the road surface increases the draft by this very act. Long, practical experience has caused city vehicles to have wide tires, for use on stone, macadam and asphalt paving. That wide tires are also the most economical for use on the roads around the farm and across the fields is shown by the experiments at the Ohio State University in which the draft of the narrow tires averaged nearly double that of the wide tires. The traction pull was measured by strong coiled spring with an indicator scale, similar to a spring balance. This dynamometer was placed between the doubletree and the tongue bolt of an ordinary farm wagon loaded to nearly five thousand pounds.

The draft with three-inch tires on a dry, hard earth road was 254 pounds, on a meadow 468 pounds, while on freshly plowed land it was 771 pounds. With a two-inch tire these figures were nearly doubled on the softer ground. For every one thousand pounds of his live weight, a horse can draw 150 pounds, so that on soft ground the above load was too heavy for the average span of horses, though the great saving effected by wide tires was apparent. The usual width of the tires on the farm wagon is well adapted to driving with little or no load, over a good road; but with a heavy load the road surface is badly cut up, especially in wet weather. For heavy hauling on the road or farm, an extra set of wide tired wheels can now be bought at a low price, or removable wide tires can be used.---New York Independent.

CARING FOR FARM HORSES.

The first thing in the morning the horses are given hay; then the horses are curried, every one that is in the stable, and all are stabled six months in the year. The colts are brushed over a little and manes and tails straightened out. The work horses are thoroughly cleaned.

This much is done before breakfast every day in the year. Plenty of bedding is used to keep horses comfortable and clean. The last thing before going to breakfast the horses are given their grain. This shortens the time between morning and noon feeds. Give a horse a chance to eat hay a while and he will eat the grain more slowly.

If the horses are to work, after breakfast they are harnessed and watered, after which the work is proceeded with.

As I never bring horses from the field too warm to water, at noon they are watered, fed hay and grain before going to dinner. I want nothing to hurry me after dinner as I usually sit and read a while. The horses are watered again before going to work in the afternoon.

At night they are watered, and in warm weather, if much sweaty, are unharnessed and washed all over before going to the stable, and during warm weather they are washed about twice a week whether they are sweaty or not. And if not washed they are curried as soon as brought in as they are usually drier then than they will be in half an hour. (Shoulders are washed twice a day when washing.) Are fed hay. Grain is given after supper. During warm weather they are watered and turned out just before dark in a small pasture near the barn where they are handy to get in the morning. They usually come for calling. Horses like this kind of treatment and if well fed they have no objections to work.

One mare I got not long since was a cranky, ill dispositioned thing and a bother to catch. Now she will come when called, seems in a good humor all the time and is always ready to do what is wanted.

I always keep my horses fat, it takes no more grain and if it did they should have it. There may be some days the heat bothers the fat horse, but then I want to stop sometimes myself in a hot day. I had rather hold back a fat horse a few hot days than to tail up a poor one the rest of the year. Every one admires a fat horse, while no one wants a poor one, and a fat horse will live much longer than a poor one.

A horse's main comforts are plenty to eat and drink and a comfortable place to stay during inclement weather, so don't neglect these.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The business of horse dentistry is one attracting more and more attention.

To make a sow a good milker breed her early and do not give her much fattening food.

If you are going to buy or sell any bees this year, the time to do it is before the warm weather wakes them up.

It is a fact worth considering that fowls that have a liberal allowance of green bone seldom have the dumps and get sick.

Take the best care of the sows that are due to farrow. See that they do not lay on too much fat and thus destroy their pigs.

When you mix up the morning mash of bran, ground oats, etc., put in a gill of ground flaxseed. It will help tone and smooth them up.

A cow may not know the difference between a good milk-forming diet and a poor one, but her lacteal system makes a sharp distinction in the matter every time.

Do up now all the jobs of mending pasture. fences, gates, stiles and lot inclosures that will be needed when the grass grows. You will gain many days of time thus.

Eggs are still in great demand. The "closed" season for eggs is rather longer than usual this trip. Nothing but continued moderate weather will set the hens laying now.

In the season when lambs are coming thick and fast, it is a good plan to keep hot stones on hand to warm them in case they are chilled and their mothers do not own them.

Capital punishment for ordinary homicides has been abolished in Russia.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. I. Zwingle, Pastor: Services every 4th Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Local and Personal.

The good people of our village were very much mortified to hear of the rude treatment accorded a young gentleman visiting our town a few nights ago. Such things are grave violations of law and if indulged in will certainly sooner or later bring the perpetrators into serious trouble. Be careful, boys; don't imagine you can do these things and not be known.

Why not form a village improvement society and grade and gravel Broad and Depot streets and sidewalks? With such contributions as may be made and our young folks giving some entertainments we can raise funds sufficient to greatly improve our town.

Do you appreciate our efforts to build up a paper? If so, call and subscribe and advertise and encourage. We hope to add to and improve it continually, and we will try to make it a factor for good for all.

The contract for the steel bridge was let to Messrs Hardaway and Watkins of Birmingham on Tuesday last for $2,750. This should insure us a first-class bridge, and we hope our committee will see to it that no shoddy work is put up.

We have a circulation of nearly one thousand. Parties wishing to advertise will find no better medium to reach the people. Call, subscribe and advertise.

An opportunity to get fine chickens by getting your eggs from E T Peter on the French Nabors' place. He has spent time and money to secure the finest strains in the United States. He has the Brahmas, Plymouth Rock and the celebrated Indian Games. Eggs, $1.50 for 15.

We had pleasant calls this week from John T Wilson of Bibb, J M Davis of Randolph, Whitt Thompson of Six Mile and A J Day of Ashby. They are all prosperous farmers and are the bone and sinew of our land.

Mr R Q Curtis and wife were in town Monday.

Mrs T J Peter and her daughter, Miss Jessie, were in the city Tuesday.

Mr William Weaver of Aldrich paid us a visit Monday.

We regret that we are forced to decline the publication of the poems sent us by the young ladies of our town. The obituary of our poet will appear next week.

Mr Chelsea White, a bright and industrious young man of Blocton, spent Thursday in the city.

We regret very much to learn of the illness of Mrs E Finley.

Mr S J Large of Calera came down to see his sister, Mrs E Finley, last Sunday.

Mr James Battle and wife of Six Mile were in the city one day last week.

Don't that 20-cent molasses beat the record? H C and W B Reynolds sometimes retail a barrel a day; it beats buying meat and is a long ways sweeter.

Do you stand in need of corn or flour, molasses, meat or goods of any kind to make a crop? If so, go to H C and W B Reynolds and get accommodated. Cheap for cash or low on a credit. Come along; we are waiting for you.

Do you need a pair of jeans pants, equal to bucksin for wear, cheaper than you can buy the jeans? Then go to H C and W B Reynolds, who have just received a large lot.

If you want a nice spring suit cheaper than Challifoux's or Wannamaker's, go at once to H C and W B Reynolds and you'll find it.

Do you want a suit made to order? If so, tell Lewis Bowden to take your measure and send it to the great establishment of M Bonn & Co, Chicago, and you'll get the best bargain you ever saw.

On the 29th the Walker Est property is to be sold by the administrator. We hope some one with even a small amount of capital will be on hand and buy the mill and wool cards and then add a gin; or, better still, put in a furniture factory. This is a fine point to ship from. Corn could be bought here in car load lots and ground and be distributed. Wood for cheap furniture can be had reasonable. House room is very abundant and cheap.

The Industrial school ought to be located at Montevallo, and if our citizens will go to work with a will and show up our advantages there is no reason why we can't get it. Our advantages in the way of accessibility, railroad facilities, fine buildings, fine water, healthful location, good morals and other qualifications certainly give her a fine opportunity to gain this favor. We are in three miles of the geographical centre of the state. We have a good record and should go boldly forward and present our claims.

In the centre of our town, under one of the highest points in it, flows one of the largest and finest springs in the state, being sufficient in itself if properly utilized to throw a fine stream of water into a stand pipe, from whence every house in the town could be supplied with all the water they could need for every purpose. Why not utilize it?

A very mysterious thing has taken place at the old Indian fort, a place about a mile east of town. Several weeks ago an old emaciated Indian was seen in the woods near there. The party seeing him attempted to get near him, but the Indian fled to the woods and was seen no more. A few days since it was discovered that the earth had been dug up at the fort for a depth of nearly 20 feet. Near by lay an old Bible printed in 1796, and on the fly leaf were some nearly illegible characters and directions for locating some certain point. A lot of bones supposed to be skeletons and the remains of an iron chest about two feet square were lying near the excavations. It has long been believed that there were valuables buried there, but no attempt has ever been made before to find it.

On last Friday evening the beautiful home of Mr S J Perry, two miles north of here, was the scene of great merriment. Quite a crowd of our young people were invited out to spend the evening, and it was one long to be remembered by all who were so fortunate as to attend. All who attended expressed themselves as having had the most delightful time of the season. We hope the day is not far distant when we can again have the pleasure of enjoying ourselves to such an extent. We all join in extending our hearty thanks to the fair Misses Perry and Nichols for their kindness and true "southern hospitality."

Wanted—1000 bushels of shelled corn at 60 cents a bushel, trade. H C & W B Reynolds.

Mrs McCauley certainly has the cheapest and handsomest line of millinery goods ever brought to this section. She has no rents to pay and is at very little expense, consequently her prices are low. Call or write to her, and we guarantee that she will please you.

Miss Fannie McMath went up to Columbiana Saturday.

Mr J L McConaughy left on the northbound Southern train Sunday for Anniston.

Two teams were seen coming up the street at a very rapid gait Sunday. A crowd thinking it was a runaway ran out to head them, but found that it was only John Kroell and John Davis with their girls.

Rev S P West of Talladega preached a fine sermon at the Methodist church Thursday night last. He was here in the interest of the Orphan's Home.

A cloud overspead the faces of many of our young men one day last week when it became known that Miss Sue Shuford, one of our most popular young ladies, was to leave us for Oxford, where she will live in the future. We hope she will remember us and pay our town a visit occasionally.

Some of the locals were received too late for publication last week. Let us hear from you again.

There was quite a sensation at Reynolds' store a few days since. A crowd had collected in the store and not one of the six clerks nor either of the proprietors could be found. Some one stepped in the side room where they discovered the six clerks and both proprietors busily engaged drawing the 20-cent molasses that is creating such excitement here. We learn they have a car load en route.

Miss Lillian Seals, one of Dry Valley's fairest maids, was in town Friday.

Mr Thomas J Perry, the handsome saleman of P H Earle & Co. of Birmingham, spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

A glove grain ladies' shoe, solid inner and outer sole, any size, at 85 cents.

We have secured the greatest bargain on earth in the shape of a beautiful, bright Louisiana molasses, which we bought direct from the makers and are selling at 20 cents per gallon. This is a great bargain.

A good curry comb for only 5 cents.

Best soda crackers at 5 cents per pound.

Best rifle powder at 20 cents per pound.

A No 7 box cook stove, full size, and complete assortment of trimmings for $8, No 8 for $10.

Turkey red oil prints, black figures, at 5 cents.

Taffetta Moire, 36 inches wide, at 20 cents.

Thirty-three yards quilt calico for $1.

Twenty-five yards best shirting prints for $1.

Negligee laundried shirts for 50 cents.

Seven balls sewing thread for 5 cents.

Cotton crepon, a beautiful new dress goods at 18 cents.

Simpson prints at 5 cents.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Dogwood Breveties.

Planting corn seems to be the order of the day.

Mr Shelby Allen of Birmingham spent a few days in town last week with relatives and friends.

We regret to say that Professor Williams has vacated Dogwood and will make his future home in Blocton. Good luck to you, old boy.

Miss Renna Ozley and her mother are visiting relatives in the city of Birmingham. We wish them a pleasant visit.

We are glad to welcome Mr Theo Elliott as a citizen of Dogwood.

Mr B L Johnson and John Batson opened up a rock battle the other day, but Johnson asked to be excused, as his arm was not in trim.

Mr Gallant Jinks is wearing a solemncholly face these bright, sunny days, and, we hope, will wear a pleasant one when his girl returns.

Mooney is a constant visitor near the Davis Falls. Lookout, Charles; don't sleep too long or you might get left, old boy.

Mr W E Harrison was in Saginaw Thursday last dear hunting. Go ahead, Billy.

Mr Henry McBride and wife were called to the bedside of their son at Blocton, who is dangerously hurt with a knife.

Mr Frank Cunningham is wearing a very sad face. You must call oftener, Frank, or you'll get out o' sight—behind Mr Walter Butler.

Vivin.

Striped India linens, regular price 20 cents, now 12 1-2.

Beautiful Melba lawns at 8 cents.

Crepe De Picardie, all colors, at 8 cents.

Beautiful satinnes, black ground, colored figures, at 10 cents.

New style French domet outing cloth, very wide, regular price 12 1-2, now at 8 cents.

Nice style ginghams at 5 cents.

Special thing in dress ginghams at 5 cents per yard, spring styles.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Dry Valley Locals.

All quiet in the Valley.

Preparing the soil and planting the seed seems to be the order of the day.

We learn that the Widow Knowles has finished planting corn, and that she fertilized her entire crop with home made fertilizer.

Kirk Sessions has been fascinated by some of the girls over about Bismark. He says he has to go over once a week, rain or shine.

Our hearts are made glad again on account of the nice spring weather. The forest in its sublime verdure; the flowers bursting with beauty and fragrance; the chirp of birds, and occasionally the cooing of the turtle dove. All these tokens animate us and make us feel like there is something real in life.

Rev C L Herring of Calera held a church conference at the Methodist church known as Session's chapel on last Sunday. It was a special service held according to previous announcement, and was attended by a large congregation. After going through with the regular order of business, he assisted the superintendent in reorganizing the Sunday school. After the reorganization was completed we found on the secretary's register the names of forty pupils who had enlisted in the cause. We are very much interested in the Sunday school work, and believe if the people of our community will give it their hearty support and prosecute the means and advantages afforded them they will be greatly benefited by it.

J.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Brierfield Locals.

Corn planting is the order of the day.

Miss Lucy Rice, who has been attending school at Six Mile, returned home Sunday.

Mr B C Williams of Aldrich spent Saturday and Sunday in our city, the guest of Mr and Mrs Parker.

Mrs Norah Lovejoy, who has been quite sick for some time, is improving, we are glad to say.

Mr Andy Langsoon, one of Six Mile's popular young men, was in the city last week.

Miss Anna Campbell of Burnsville is visiting her sister, Mrs George Moreland. We hope her stay may be both long and agreeable.

If this does not find its way to the waste basket, I will be on hand again!

T. B.

THEY WAITED AN HOUR OR MORE.

'Twas the first of April, in ninety five;
Oh, listen to my tale of woe,
And if all our girls are still alive,
They are feeling very bad I know.

That party of ours was a grand success;
All the girls were invited to go,
But when they found out 'twas only a jest,
It filled their hearts with woe.

They looked so pretty, so tidy and neat,
And waited for the knock at the door;
They thought of the good things they'd have to eat,
And waited an hour or more.

At eight o'clock sharp the door bell rang;
The summons was answered at once;
The door slammed to with an awful bang;
Go bring me the cap for the dunce.

The band came round and took in the town,
And played till half past four,
And there they found all the girls in town
Waiting at the parlor door.

No more will I go with so and so:
Vengeance is mine, say they;
No more can he be my courting beau,
And only with girls I'll play.

The girls should not get mad at that;
'Twas only meant in fun;
'Twas not the fault of your dear Pat
That he did not hear you hum.

"I'll be all smiles tonight, love,"
For I am going to your party, dear;
But your song was turned to tears, love,
For your beau did not appear.

The Boys.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10-inch butcher knife for 10 cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dazen without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3 qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2-bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Sure Cure for Hog Cholera.

Take half a teaspoonful of pure carbolic acid and put it in a gill of sweet milk, having all your hogs in a close pen. Let one man catch a hog by the ears and set it up with its back between his legs, while another person opens its mouth with a stick. Have the dose in a heavy long-necked bottle when it can be easily poured down its throat. Be sure not to dose one hog twice. All hogs should be well sprinkled occasionally with kerosene oil to kill lice, as they kill hogs. H C & W B Reynolds have a drug department where these things can be had; also presciptions filled.

Our 25-cent corset is a wonder.

Good quality white oak sole, full stock brogans, former price $1.15, now reduced to 85 cents.

Wanted—500 bushels of cow peas at highest market price.

Shelled corn wanted.

A beautiful aluminum thimble given with every dress pattern. The thimbles are something entirely new and is something nice.

Four ply linen collars at 10 cents.

Four ply linen cuffs at 20 cents.

All wool challies, pink, blue, lilac, black, at 10 1-2 cents.

Nuns veiling, all colors, at 12 cents.

A nice line of boys' knee pants at 50 cents.

Twenty-six pounds of the best yellow clarified sugar for $1.

Thirty-three pounds of nails for $1.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Aldrich.

On Monday last our Juniors had the pleasure of spending a few hours in the city of Aldrich, and while wandering around we were so impressed with the scenery and hospitality of the people that we cannot resist the temptation of mentioning a few points of interest.

As you all are aware Aldrich has always been known far and near as a model mining town and well deserves its name. Its people are an intelligent, upright, honest, honorable and industrious people, its society is as pure and good as can be found. You never see a drunk man on the streets, nor hear of drunken broils. While there are many things there that are so different from other towns, and many points of interest in and around the place, yet your visit is not complete until you have paid a visit to the ministers of "Rajah Lodge."

We had the pleasure of meeting and being entertained by Mrs W F Aldrich at her beautiful home. Mrs Aldrich is a very interesting and instructive woman, whose charities are scattered far and near, in fact the greater part of her time is spent in looking after the wants of the needy, and never was a truly deserving person turned from her gates empty-handed. Mrs Aldrich is a woman of strong convictions and is pronounced against all forms of intemperance. She especially abhors cigarette smoking and none are allowed to be sold on the place. Never before have we had the opportunity of seeing how much good the influence of one truly good and earnest woman can accomplish. It was through her influence and instrumentality that the "blind tigers" were forced to close, and the brutal and drunken class were forced to leave. It can be truly said of this noble woman, "Thy works shall live after thee." There are a few rules that she has caused to be adopted that are especially good and we wish to call attention to them just here. Any person guilty of wife beating, drunkenness, whipping horses or mules, or selling whisky shall be discharged. It is not with an iron hand that she rules, but rather with love she leads them on to purer, nobler and higher lives. We were shown over the mansion by Mr Mardy, a very pleasant and handsome young man. From the magnificent parlor, with its rich tapestry and costly furniture to the highest and cosiest little nook imaginable, we slowly wended our way, admiring those things which wealth and luxury had placed in that happy home. Then slowly back to the parlor where we were honored with a few lovely songs by Miss Lilian Aldrich, a most gifted and accomplished young lady, and a sweeter singer we have never heard. From thence out into the yard with its tons of beautiful flowers and sweet scented vines, on to the aquarium with its rustic fence so artistically designed.

It was indeed a great pleasure to spend an hour or so there, and we left with our hearts full of gratitude to our charming host and her interesting family for their kindness and courtesy.

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3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

At H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

THEY SAY

That some of our young ladies like onions.

That Burr Nabors says for his sake not to fool the girls any more. Says she won't look at him now.

That "Son" threatens to whip "Brur" if he doesn't keep off the hill.

That W P M tore down his playhouse April 1. Sad.

That the departure of one of our young ladies has caused a certain "fat boy" to look very sad.

John Mc looked "forgotten" Sunday morning when the B B & B train came in and "she" was not on it. Who else was disappointed?

John D says Munford is well represented in Montevallo every Sunday. Put a stop to it, "Bud."

A certain young lady in town says she caught a very large sucker last Saturday, and says that it was the only fish she ever caught that had "foots."

Ladies, did you know that Mrs McCauley would sell you as stylish a hat as you can get in any of the cities without the stylish prices?

The Rock Island Train Robbers.

The Rock Island train robbers are now in the Glass mountain regions, and have set the prairie on fire behind them in order to baffle their pursuers. There being a high wind, the fire has covered an immense area of territory, and the marshal's posse cannot advance

Woman's Suffrage for Utah.

The woman's suffrage clause in the proposed state constitution of Utah passed Tuesday by an overwhelming vote. It now goes to a third reading, but is not liable to be changed. An amendment favering the submission of the clause to the vote of the people was defeated.

The Rage for Quinine.

"The sale of quinine has increased in late years to such an extent, said a druggist who has one of the largest trades in this line, "that it has become a staple article in nearly every drug store. It is being bought in bulk in such large quantities as would surprise you. Quinine has gained a popular reputation by some means or other of being a sort of cure-all. You can hardly imagine the various illnesses which people are now using it to remedy. Some are foolish in the extreme; how the customers get such ideas of quinine's efficacy in treatment of some sicknesses is more than I can say. The sale of the drug has been increasing rapidly during the last few years. The two-grain pill is the one that sells the most. Three years ago our store sold 10,000 of these, while this year the amount will be at least 500,000. The price, of course, has greatly decreased in the last decade. About ten years ago, I remember, it sold for $6 an ounce; now it can be bought in open market in 500-ounce lots for 25 cents and at one time it was down as low as 15 cents.

"People in using quinine should be careful they get a good grade of the article or that they are not being fooled altogether. In many cases an inferior product of the cinchona bark, from which quinine is made, is substituted for the real article. It is a little better than the cinchona bark and has not nearly one-third of the virtue of quinine. This is called cinchonidia, and can be bought for from two cents to four cents an ounce, just a little more than the bark itself. It is is so good an imitation that the customer is unable to tell the difference, except that the results will not be the same. People should be careful to get the pure drug, and the only guarantee they can have is the reputation of the man who sells it to them.

"Winter, when people are catching colds, is the best season for the sale of quinine, although the sale keeps up well during the entire year. A damp, murky day is sure to bring the quinine fiend to realize that he needs some of his favorite remedy, so the sales on these days are always large."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The Adhesive Plaster.

In one family where there are numerous sideahces, backaches, bruises and sprains, the porous plaster has come to be a recognized institution. Its putting on is generally accepted with delight, but when it comes to the taking off, the "oh dears!" "don'ts!" and cries of pain are many and emphatic. Even after the plaster is pulled off, there is a layer of adhesive gum on the skin that is struggled with in all sorts of ways. Sometimes the razor is employed for scraping; sometimes a sharp knife is brought into use, and again a soft warm cloth is pressed over the spot, and when this has firmly attached itself the peeling process goes on. Those who have occasion to use the application will find immediate relief from their annoyance, if they will, after raising one side of the plaster, wet the surface of the skin with alcohol, allowing it to run down as the plaster is pulled a little. If any of the gummy substance remains, a bit of rag wet with alcohol will cleanse the surface immediately. This, also, has another advantage in that the stimulating effect of the alcohol prevents any possible cold that might be taken on account of the removal of the warm plaster. This is but a trifle, but it makes easy something that has always been a bugbear, especially to children, and it is well worth trying.

Alabama, Arkansas and North Carolina are nearly of the same size, being between, 50,000 and 55,000 square miles.

The Noble Six Hundred.

Six hundred striking miners marched to Cincinnati, Ia., Saturday, where men were working and induced them to come out. The Cincinnati men say they will go back to work Sunday, and the visiting miners are camped there and say they will never allow them to do so. Serious trouble is expected and the military company at Centerville has been ordered to hold itself in readiness.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

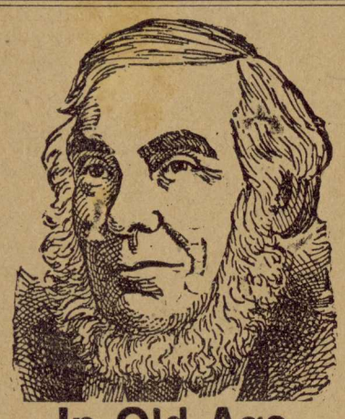
STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O.
☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Eclectic, Ala.
I know Tetterine to be a radical cure for Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all kindred diseases of the Skin and Scalp. I never prescribe anything else in all Skin troubles. M. S. Fielder, M. D. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

"A Fresh English Complexion."
That healthy pink and white might just as well be the typical American complexion, if people would take reasonable care of their health. Ripans Tabules go to the root of the trouble, because a stomach in good order produces good blood.

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.



In Old Age

The vigor so earnestly craved for is given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it restores the vitality and purity of the blood, and thus strengthens and sustains all the bodily organs.

"I could fill a newspaper with words of praise for Hood's Sarsaparilla for it is the best medicine for the blood. I am an old man 79 years of age and I feel very thankful to Hood's Sarsaparilla, for I believe it saved my life. I was troubled very severely with my stomach and from disordered blood, having sores on my cheek. Some thought I had a cancer but Hood's Sarsaparilla cured me. The pains in my stomach left me, it regulated my bowels and that dull feeling was driven away. The sores on my cheek healed I am in every way greatly improved. I cannot find words good enough to praise Hood's Sarsaparilla." ARCHIE MCALLISTER, Young Hickory, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Rich Red Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills cures habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

HIGHEST AWARD WORLD'S FAIR.
IMPERIAL GRANUM
FOOD BEST SUITED TO ALL WEAK CONDITIONS OF THE DIGESTIVE ORGANS
For Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and AGED PERSONS
THE SAFEST FOOD IN THE SICK ROOM FOR INVALIDS AND CONVALESCENTS.
PURE DELICIOUS, NOURISHING
FOOD FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND CHILDREN
THE IMPERIAL GRANUM IS SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
JOHN CARLE & SONS, NEW YORK.

McELREES WINE OF CARDUI.

For Female Diseases.

AGRICULTURAL.

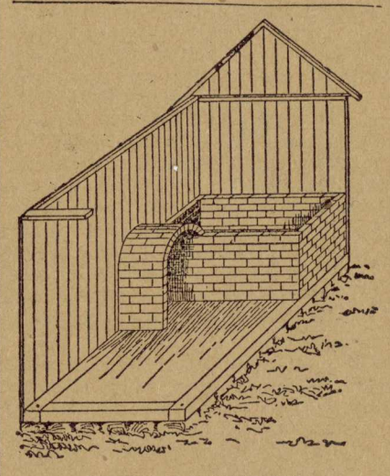
TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

WASHING BUTTER.

A prominent dairyman says that he has found that when cream is churned at a very low temperature--so low, in fact, that the buttermilk will be down to fifty or fifty-four degrees after it is drawn from the churn--the resulting butter does not need to be washed at all. It will have equal keeping qualities with the washed butter, and a better flavor.—New York World.

A WELL-ARRANGED SMOKEHOUSE.

To make a smokehouse fire-proof as far as the stove ashes are concerned is not necessarily an expensive job; all that is required is to lay up a row of brick across one end, also two or three feet back upon each side connecting the sides with a row across the building, making it at least two feet high. As those who have a smokehouse use it nearly every year, that part can



FIREPROOF SMOKEHOUSE.

also be made safe from fire by the little arch built at the point shown in the illustration. The whole is laid up in mortar, and to add strength to the structure an iron rod or bar may be placed across the centre of the bin and firmly imbedded in the mortar, two or three rows of brick from the top. Of course the rear of the arch is also bricked up. In most cases less than two hundred and fifty brick will be all that is required.—American Agriculturist.

FLAX CULTURE.

The fact that foreign flax spinners are looking to the United States as a future source of supply emphasizes the importance of growing flax for fibre in this country, where in so many sections the conditions are advantageous. It has been hitherto grown here for the seed, which is of much value for the oil it supplies and the food it furnishes to farm stock, especially cattle.

Flax itself is easily grown. Its successful culture requires a good soil, well tilled. A good wheat soil is generally considered a good one for flax. It is rather an exhausting crop, and should not be grown on the same land oftener than once in five or six years. To secure fine fibre, thick sowing is preferred, between two and one-half to three bushels of seed. Flax fears weeds, and if weeded early and carefully the crop will not require that operation more than twice. About three months after sowing the flax will be ready for pulling; this stage will be recognized by the leaves assuming a yellow tinge.

Flaxseed is sown broadcast. It was formerly the custom to do this by hand, but the seed is so slippery that very uneven sowing resulted, and it is best done by machine. A broadcast seed sewer is the best for the purpose. The soil should be warm before the seed is sown and should not be wet. If properly rolled and harrowed the seed should be covered to the depth of an inch.

The yield per acre depends largely upon the season at the germinating period. The time of harvesting is a very important consideration. If harvested too soon the quality of the fibre will be very fine, but there will be great waste, while if gathered too late the fibre will be very plentiful, but of coarse quality. If grown for seed flax should not be harvested until the seeds are brown and ripe; if cut beforehand the unripe seed will never mature.

Flax at present is cultivated in this country chiefly for seed, and the straw from it is coarse and woody and deficient in fibre. The seed sown is at the rate of three pecks to the acre. When fibre is desired, bushels are substituted for pecks. Investigation shows that there is no reason why the two should not be combined, and both lint and seed produced by adopting a mean between the two practices of flax culture.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Increase the number of hogs. So long as people eat pork and bacon, some use can be made of the meat.

In feeding grain to sheep feed a small quantity often. Keep them dry, and give them all the salt they want.

The winter evening should be employed in reading aloud and in amusement. That is one way to make farm life pleasant to the children.

Dairy farmers who sell milk in New York City get an average of about ten cents per gallon. This is less than our dairy farmers get in Southern towns.

If at any time you have a spare moment it would be well to look around and see that all the tools and machinery are in good order and ready for the spring work.

Give the hogs the run of a pasture, with good water and comfortable quarters to sleep, and feed ground soaked feed, and there will be a handsome profit on the investment.

Give more attention to the garden and truck patches. Aside from the pleasure derived from eating freely of fresh vegetables, you add to your comfort and save doctors' bills.

Horses may take cold in the stable when brought in very warm, especially if cracks permit cold draughts to enter. The blanket should always be used on very cold days as a protection.

To get rid of weeds it is only necessary not to allow them to produce seed. If this is done every year they are sure to be exterminated, but it must be the object to destroy every one.

Eggs from the large breeds, as Cochins, Brahmas, etc., are not so apt to be fertile in winter as those of the smaller breeds. It is well to remember this when setting for very early chicks.

Famine occurs more in those sections where dependence is placed almost exclusively upon a single crop. There are always some crops that can be secured, although all others may be a total loss.

Feeding the Earth.

It is said by competent authority that the annual increase in value of the forests of the United States would pay the public debt. This at first seems an almost absurd statement, but when one takes into consideration the fruit and nut-bearing forests, the gain in the size of trees and the accumulation of woody matter, to say nothing of the immense value of leaves and decaying wood in fertilizing the earth, it is easy to see that this is by no means an improbable assertion. The value of fallen leaves and decaying wood is not and never has been properly appreciated as fertilizing elements. It is no unusual thing for intelligent persons in prosperous communities to gather together all the sticks, fragments of limbs, weeds and plant-stalks and useless shrubs, pile them up to dry and make a bonfire of them.

That this is a waste of the good gifts of nature, these people will some day learn. Every garden should have a corner devoted to the preparation of fertilizers, and into this should go every particle of vegetable and animal matter that comes within reach in the course of household affairs. Leaves from the forest are worth collecting for this purpose, and all fragments of decayed wood have their uses for plant food. The enormous waste of fertilizers through the sewage pipes of great cities should in some way be stopped for more reasons than one. This waste not only takes from the ground that which rightly belongs to it, but it contaminates and soils the waters of the globe, rendering them unwholesome, and in many instances producers of disease. Turned into large tanks, passed through purifying processes and thrown out upon the adjacent fields, this matter would make desert places bud and blossom like the rose.

All plants have their special preferences in the way of food, and what is not utilized by one is eagerly absorbed by another. There are European Nations that might give us many a lesson in this sort of economy which it would be worth our while to consider. "Willful waste makes woeful want," says the proverb, and there are already in New England wide areas where the soil is practically exhausted. If farmers took better care of the plant food that they now allow to go to destruction the abandoned farm and the unthrifty husbandman would be few and far between.—New York Ledger.

The Market Place.

There is no doubt that the protection which used to be accorded to the market place from the earliest barbarian times has played an important, though not an exclusive, part in the emancipation of the mediaeval city. The early barbarians knew no trade within their village communities; they traded with strangers only, at certain definite spots, on certain determined days. And, in order that the stranger might come to the barter place without risk of being slain for some feud which might be running between two kins, the market was always placed under the special protection of all kins. It was inviolable, like the place of worship under the shadow of which it was held.

With the Kabyles it is still annaya, like the footpath along which women carry water from the well; neither must be trodden upon in arms, even during inter-tribal wars. In mediaeval times the market universally enjoyed the same protection. No feud could be prosecuted on the place whereto people came to trade, nor within a certain radius from it; and if a quarrel arose in the motley crowd of buyers and sellers, it had to be brought before those under whose protection the market stood—the community's tribunal, or the bishop's, the lord's, or the King's judge.

A stranger who came to trade was a guest, and he went on under this very name. Even the lord who had no scruples about robbing a merchant on the high road respected the Weichbild, that is, the pole which stood in the market place and bore either the King's arms, or a glove, or the image of the local saint, or simply a cross, according to whether the market was under the protection of the King, the lord, the local church, or the folkmote—the vyeche.—The Nineteenth Century.

Sweden has 170,000 square miles, 12,000 more than California, or about the size of North Dakota and South Dakota combined, with Maine thrown in for good measure.

BOSTON'S BLIND ARCHITECT.

He Is Also a Printer, and Has Designed a Number of Buildings.

The architect who designed the plans for the library and natural history building, the Howe building, and a number of tenements belonging to the Perkins Institution, and the Massachusetts School for the Blind, Boston, is himself a pupil of the school and totally blind. He also designed the plans for the kindergarten for the blind. His name is Dennis Reardon. Mr. Reardon saw as well as any one till he was 9 years of age. Then his sight failed partially. He attended the school and recovered it in a measure, but, when 29 years of age, he lost it entirely. He is now a middle-aged man, pleasant faced, a singularly pleasing manner and an interesting, well-informed conversationalist.

"First I get the idea of what I want in my head," he said, speaking of his work to a Boston Post reporter. "Then I draw the plan in raised lines. I do not get the correct measurement, but the plan I have assists me in explaining to a draughtsman. I give him the figures and then he draws the plan with the correct measurements."

He showed the reporter a plan for tenement houses. Running his finger lightly over the raised lines, he explained where the bay window was, how far it was to project, the folding doors, closets. Sometimes, instead of raised lines, he uses pins and a string in a pin cushion. He says he does not read as rapidly as those who have been educated to it from childhood. Adults seldom grow so proficient as children who have grown up in the school. Mr. Reardon is also foreman in the printing room which furnishes all the books and reading material for the blind in the institution and also the books contained in the public library in Boston, Fall River, Providence, Portland, and many other New England cities. The only charges made are those for transportation. Their large printing business has outgrown their room and an addition is needed very badly. They are trying to save enough to enlarge their quarters, and no doubt, with a little aid from the friends of the institution, it could soon be accomplished. His next work will be the plan for the annex.

Feathers Plucked by the Wind.

The man with the wisp-broom goatee crossed his legs and remarked:

"I never seed such wind as we had in the State of Kansas last summer."

"Blow your barn away?" asked the landlord, sympathetically.

"Not much. Barn blowed into the next county last April."

"House, mebbe?"

"Lost the house 'long in June. Kited over east about three miles, and lit in Cherry Creek. Didn't mind that so much," he continued, "got 'em back and anchored 'em again all right, but along about July 1 we got to havin' real breezy weather."

The landlord said nothing, and the group around the hotel stove prudently followed his example.

"The 9th day of last July," continued the stranger, after a reflective pause, "there come up the doggondest wind I ever see in the State of Kansas. When it began to blow my bantam rooster was just flapping his wings to crow."

"Did it blow the crow out of him?" inquired the stableman jocosely.

"Gentlemen," said the man with the wisp-broom goatee impressively, not heeding the interruption, "before that bird had done crowing every livin' feather on his body was blowed clean off."

"Leave the pinfeathers?" asked the landlord, skeptically.

"Yes, sir. Left the pinfeathers, and in three minutes along came a streak of Kansas lightning and singed that rooster clean."

There was an awkward pause in the group around the stove. The stableman looked around the stovepipe elbow to get a view of the stranger, says the Detroit Free Press.

Like an open book, our faces tell the tale of health or disease. Hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, listless steps and languorous looks tell of wasting debilitating disease some place in the body. It may be one place or another, the cause is generally traceable to a common source—impure blood, and impure blood starts in the digestive organs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery purifies the blood, stimulates digestive action, searches out disease-germs wherever they exist and puts the whole body into a vigorous, strong and healthy condition. It builds up solid, useful flesh, rubs out wrinkles, brightens the eyes and makes life really worth living.

AM. N. U. No. 15, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS.

You want the Best

Royal Baking Powder never disappoints; never makes sour, soggy, or husky food; never spoils good materials; never leaves lumps of alkali in the biscuit or cake; while all these things do happen with the best of cooks who cling to the old-fashioned methods, or who use other baking powders.

If you want the best food, ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

Work Their Way.

Some of the forty or fifty State agricultural colleges make special provision for students wishing to work their way through college. Such students work daily on the experimental college farm and receive current wages. There are many free scholarships in these colleges, and board and lodging are cheap, so that a working student finds that his labor goes far toward paying his way. Tutoring pays better, however, and very clever men sometimes earn from $1,000 to $1,500 per year in helping through their duller fellows. Such opportunities, however, are found only in the great colleges, and are few. At one of these institutions one successful young lawyer, of New York City, is said to have earned $2,000 in a single year tutoring while yet an undergraduate.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

Notice to Mill Men

And farmers owning small power: The finest and most complete Saw Mill in existence to-day, is manufactured by the DeLOACH MILL MFG. CO., 350 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga. Took first prize at World's Fair at Chicago. All sizes, from 4 h. p. up to the largest. Prices reduced. Send for catalogue showing new improvements; also, of Portable Corn Mills, Baling Presses and Turbine Water Wheels, Pulleys and Shafting and all kinds of mill supplies.

Poor Business Instinct.

Irate Landlady—I want you to take back that folding bed you sold me, and I want my money back. One of my boarders smothered to death in it and he owed me a week's board.

Furniture Dealer—Madame, you have no business sense. If you were in the habit of making your boarders pay a month in advance you would have been away ahead.—Cincinnati Tribune.

Wanted to Use It.

"John," said the man who had been abused by the newspaper, "will you be using your football suit to-morrow?" "Why, of course," replied his son. "Well, hurry up and get through with it. I'm going over to demand satisfaction of the editor, and I think maybe it'll be a good idea for me to wear it."—Exchange.

SIMPLE, CLEANLY, EFFICIENT.

On the Cars, At the Theatre, Anywhere.

IF YOU WOULD BE IN FASHION TAKE A FEW
RipansTabules
ALONG WITH YOU WHEREVER YOU GO.

☞ You can slip them into your pocket, your satchel, your wallet even. To a dyspeptic this means peace of mind under many otherwise trying circumstances.

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$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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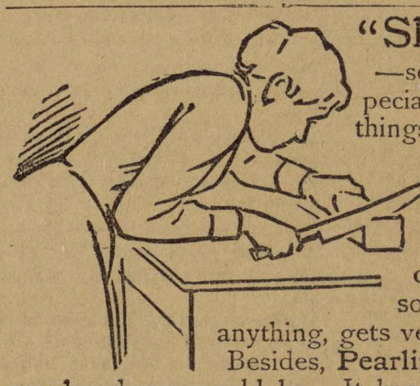
INK FREE To introduce our goods and to secure local and general agents we will send one ounce Red Ink and two ounces Black Ink FREE, prepaid, upon receipt of 6c. postage. KING MFG. CO., D 41, Chicago.



"Shave your Soap"—so the soap makers say, especially if you're washing delicate things. Now, in the name of common sense, what's the use? When you can get Pearline, in powder form for this very reason, why do you want to work over soap, which, if it's good for anything, gets very hard and difficult to cut. Besides, Pearline is vastly better than any powdered soap could be. It has all the good properties of any soap—and many more, too. There's something in it that does the work easily, but without harm—much more easily than any other way yet known.

Beware you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends 392 JAMES PYLE, New York.

USUAL PRICE, $15.00 AERMOTOR Price $7.50

The AERMOTOR ANTI-FREEZING THREE-WAY FORCE PUMP has a windmill shut-off at the above price. Of course, it is better to go to an Aermotor agent for anything you may want which he handles. As a rule he is a first-class, live, reliable, wide awake fellow; that is the reason he is an Aermotor agent. It is doubtful if, in our entire list of thousands of agents, you can find one slow, stupid, behind-the-times fellow. We furnish also a SPECIAL few castings to break, has a very large air chamber, has a very large spout opening, and can be furnished by any dealer this side of the Rocky Mountains Aermotor agent for them. It is always better to go to an Aermotor lever attached.

AERMOTOR FORCE PUMP AT $4.50, BETTER THAN USUALLY SOLD AT $8 OR $10. Send for our Pump Catalogue. Buy nothing but an Aermotor Pump, and do not pay more than Aermotor prices for it. We protect the public. We furnish it good goods at low prices. We have established twenty branch houses in order that it may get goods cheaply and promptly. You consult your own interests by insisting on not only Aermotor prices but Aermotor goods at Aermotor prices. Be sure and see our offer next week of a $40 Feed Cutter at $10. AERMOTOR CO., Chicago.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, APRIL 18, 1895. NO. 4.

What of Our Gold?

What is our gold to us—
Is it wings? Is it lead?
Is it red blood shed
By some tool we employ
For diversion or joy?
Is it lips to repeat
Chicanery, deceit?

What is our gold to men—
Is it blessing or curse?
Is it cord to coerce—
By a jerk of the hand—
Some tool we command?
Is it sweetness or gall
In the drops it lets fall?

What is our gold to life?
Is it weakness or strength?
Is it spread its length
On humanity's trail
To uphold the frail
Through time's vale of revolt
To change, to exhalt?

—GEORGE KLINCLE.

The Brother of a Gentleman.

She was a sweet girl, a pretty girl, every one thought, but these mild terms did not half express Ernest Wilson's opinion of Ruth Adams. She was a perfect woman, in the highest and purest sense of the word, and to a man who looked upon all women as being far superior to men, this meant a great deal. That was what he thought of her; she did not think of him at all, except when she happened to see him, and then he reminded her of his brother Will.

Ruth was engaged to Will; she had been for too years; he had been by far the handsomest man in town, and she was the prettiest girl, and he had been proud of her. That was before he went to the city. Now he thought there were girls galore better looking than Ruth; but he said nothing of the kind to her, for it was pleasant to have some one to make love to when he was obliged to go to the country sometimes, for Papa Wilson had a full pocketbook, and Will had not.

So, in the soft light of an afternoon sun, Ernest Wilson stood and waited for Ruth to pass, and watching her as she approached him, thought with a little weariness of the injustice of fate. Not that he imagined for a moment that he deserved such a woman as did his handsome brother, who was a "gentleman," only he would have loved Ruth tenderly, been very thoughtful of her, very kind to her, if she could have cared for him—and Will was so careless.

Ruth did not pass this time; she paused and looked up into his good, honest face, and then said, a little timidly:

"Ernest, have you heard from Will lately?"

"No," he said, kindly. There was a letter in his pocket from Will, received a few moments before, speaking of hard times and asking for the loan of a few dollars. "No, not lately; he is busy, you know, Ruth; you must not think anything of not hearing from him—he does not like to write."

"Ernest, when he first went away he wrote to me every day."

He looked down at her flushed face with a world of love and pity in his eyes; but she did not see that; she was thinking of Will.

"Are you going home?" he asked. "I will walk with you, Ruth. Are you worrying about it? If you are, then—don't."

"I will tell you honestly that I am. You are one of the people, Ernest, that no one would ever think of deceiving. I am unhappy and I am annoyed; it is not pleasant for a girl of spirit to hear the things people are beginning to say. At the same time I know it is only carelessness on Will's part; he has given me his word; there is no one who could say otherwise than that Will is a gentleman, and a gentleman keeps his word. I would not have him keep his promise against his will," she said proudly. "Never that. If he has changed toward me, then he owes it to himself and me to——"

"To be a man—not a gentleman," he said savagely.

"To be both," she said. But her lip quivered.

They were at her gate by this time, and he opened it and waited for her to pass. Instead, she stood and looked at him.

"Ernest," she said, "tell me just what you think."

"What I think, is this: That no man, and I make no exception whatever, would possibly throw away the chance of winning you if he were in his right senses. If a man is not in his right senses, he is deserving of our pity, not our blame. I wish you good evening." And he left her looking after him like one bewildered.

It may have been a letter she wrote to Will that night, or it may have been one that Ernest wrote refusing the loan, but for some reason Will came home a few days later. He had learned a new way to carry his cane, and his bows were more profound than ever; but his accomplishments seemed to have small effect upon his father and brother. As for Ruth—well, it may have been that she had grown tired of giving admiration, love, everything, and receiving in return indifferent attention. When a woman begins to draw comparisons between her sweetheart and other men things are not as they should be, for love knows no comparisons. She did think, and often, of the way Ernest had spoken to her, and of the manner in which Will talked, as if she were the one favored in their love affairs.

And yet, to her, Ernest was nothing in the world but Will's brother. When Ernest thought of it seriously, he had never been anything to any one, but Will's brother. He had been so unassuming, had cared so little for appearances, and Will had cared so much. Ernest was an excellent business man; he did the thinking, Will did the talking; Will used all of his ideas as if they were his own, and transacted business for his father in an easy, off-hand way, forgetting to mention that Ernest had spent hours of careful thought and study before the line of action had been decided upon. It had been the same when they were children. Ernest read a book carefully; Will read a criticism upon it, combined it with Ernest's opinion, and carried on brilliant conversations upon it with older people, impressing all with his remarkable mind, while Ernest sat by and said nothing.

Ernest had realized this for a long time, but there had never been any reason to care before; he did care now.

"I am not good enough for Ruth," he said to himself. "I do not know any one who is; and I would not for the world make her think less of Will if I thought he loved her or would make her happy; but he would not so I intend to let her see how superficial is his knowledge, and what a shallow man he is."

When Ernest Wilson made a resolution it was as good as accomplished, but this was the most difficult undertaking of his life; for he intended not only to prove to Ruth that she was wasting her affections on a man who cared nothing for her, but to teach his little world to speak of him as Ernest Wilson, not as any man's brother.

He was so accustomed to sit by silently when questions were discussed, knowing all the time that he had more knowledge of the subject than those who were talking, that it produced a surprise that amounted almost to a sensation when he first began to express his opinion in a modest way.

It was very hard for him, as he was not only a modest man, but a timid one as well, and had been long in the background; he succeeded well with the men, however, and with a dogged determination to carry his resolution through, he was not willing to stop until he convinced all his friends that he had a mind and opinions of his own.

They were not so long in finding it out as he had been, fortunately, and soon he began to be spoken of as Ernest instead of "Will's brother," or "Mr. Wilson's other son." Much of the attention he had formerly given to business he turned upon himself, to the delight of his mother, who understood him better than any one else in the world, as is the way with mothers, always, or nearly always. She encouraged him, then she went further; she dropped a word here and there of what Ernest thought; how much they relied upon his judgment, and the like; and all this time Will lingered, wondering why Ernest and his father did not help him pecuniarily, so that he could return to the city.

The climax was reached when somebody gave a ball. Ernest went to the city, returning in garments of the latest cut, and appearing as much at ease as Will had ever done.

Ruth was looking very downcast at this party, and apparently did not notice Ernest's altered appearance, much to his disappointment. He went to her after a while.

"You are not enjoying yourself, Ruth," he said. "Do you want to go home?"

"Yes."

"Then come along."

A few minutes later they were walking together through the moonlight; the wind blew the brilliant autumn leaves about their feet, and they trampled down their red and gold glory into the soft earth. Ernest took the small hand that had been clinging to his arm and said gently:

"Ruth, dear little woman, you are unhappy—breaking your heart over a young rascal who is not worth one thought from you."

"The man who is breaking my heart is worth every thought."

Ernest sighed; he had hoped she had grown more indifferent to Will than this answer proved.

"Ruth," he said desperately, "let me tell you something. Will is a gentleman—I admit that. But he is not the man to make you or any other woman happy. I am not pleading my own cause, for I learned long ago how hopeless that would be; but I have loved you always, and I cannot bear to see you throwing away the best part of your life grieving for an unworthy man."

"I tell you he is worthy."

"What do you women call a worthy man?" What do you call a gentleman? If that is what you consider Will, then break your heart over your gentleman! I have done my best."

"I am not breaking my heart over a gentleman."

"Over whom then?"

"The brother of a gentleman! O Ernest!"

The tone, was it, or the look she gave him out there under the stars? But in some way he understood at last, and he clasped her to his heart, and thanked God with a voice that had tears in it, for this great blessing that had come into his life.

An Emperor's Curious Hobby.

The German Emperor, whose hobbies take various directions connected with engineering—marine, locomotive and military—possesses a splendid working model of a railway, with engines, cars, points, signals and stations. This he works ostensibly for the amusement of his children—in reality, for the pleasure and recreation it affords to himself. The designing and working of small steam or oil launches is another of the German Emperor's favorite pastimes. Of these he possesses a large number. He has recently given an order to a famous Thames builder for a little electric launch, which, when finished, will be as prettily furnished and speedy a little craft as floats. In the palace at Berlin the whole floor space of one great room is frequently the arena for the make-believe manoeuvres of whole troops of toy soldiers, with mimic cannon, artillery, ammunition wagons, tents, fortresses and all the pomp and panoply of modern warfare.—Tit-Bits.

Hot Water for a Cold.

"During dangerous weather of this sort," said the old doctor, "the most careful persons are apt to catch a cold in their chests that will extend swiftly to the lungs if not attended to. It usually makes its presence known by a constricted sensation just under the breastbone, where the flesh is the thinnest. When a person experiences this feeling he can rest assured that he can procure almost instant relief by drinking a cup of water as hot as he can bear to take in the mouth and swallow. There is no better medicine in the world to arrest the progress of a cold than hot water, and, besides its effect upon the stomach and the system generally, it is beneficial in the highest degree. And in sore throat the remedy will be found almost a specific."—Washington Star.

Eloquent Bloodstains.

In the old Allyn homestead, on Allyn's Point, Conn., there can be seen the blood stains of the victims of the massacre at Fort Griswold, in 1781. The victims were boated up the Thames River to the Allyn homestead after the battle was over, by their fathers and brothers who had survived, and were laid in the house to await interment.—New York Advertiser.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

HOME TIES BIND HER.

Mrs. Alice Freeman Palmer, who has been dean of the Woman's College of Chicago University for two years, has resigned. The reason she gives for her action should be very reassuring to all those timid souls who have maintained that home ties lose their charm for women of trained intellects. She resigns simply and solely to be able to accompany her husband, Professor Palmer, of Harvard, to Europe, where he is to spend next year.—New York World.

A NOVEL BUSINESS.

An enterprising young woman who has lately opened an office announces that she is ready to render practical help to men and women of affairs, to save them time and annoyances. She proposes, if people will give her the opportunity, to act as representative, private secretary, and intermediary where discretion, diplomacy and good judgment are required; as a purchasing agent for the household, buying anything from groceries to wedding outfits and bric-a-brac; as a dispenser of charity where investigation is required; in fact, professionally to fill the office of a "capable person" in the community. As in every large city there is a constant demand for just the services that this young woman proposes to render, there seems to be no reason why she should not succeed.—New York Post.

BEAUTIFUL COMBS.

Combs may be said to be the rage, for they are worn in every conceivable form. The high Spanish comb of silver or tortoise shell, such as our great-great-grandmothers wore in Josephine's time are much worn. Some of these are perfectly plain, just a beautiful, curved expanse of polish shell, through which the light shines clear. Others are elaborately carved like the finest filagree lace and frequently picked out with gold.

Gold-tipped daggers are thrust here and there through the hair, and crescents of shell or jewels are caught in every loop possible.

Side combs are seen wherever there is a possible excuse for them. Most of them are made of shell, sometimes plain and again with the top capped with enameling, wrought with gold or set with jewels. Diamond encrusted ones are popular for evening wear and very becoming moreover.—New York Advertiser.

OVER-WEIGHTED GOWNS.

"There is a new complaint that has recently developed among women," said a physician who numbers among his patients some of the most fashionable women. "It begins with a tired, dragged feeling and general lassitude. The patient feels disinclined for exercise, and gradually loses her appetite and spirits, while, as a natural sequence, really serious troubles are apt to develop under such favorable conditions. A patient of mine, who is a prominent woman of the world, came to me a few days ago nearly in tears. 'Doctor,' she said, 'I am either growing old or I am going to be ill. I feel tired and exhausted all the time and have no spirits for anything, and yet there does not seem to be anything really the matter with me.'

"I asked her a lot of questions about herself, and could not see any cause for the symptoms she described, and as I have had several similar complaints during the week I felt quite puzzled. Suddenly an idea struck me. 'Will you step on my weighing machine?' I asked. 'I would like to know your weight' 'Oh, Doctor,' she remonstrated, 'I really have lost a good deal, but with this skirt you could not tell anything; it weighs at least ten to twelve pounds.' 'Ah, that is exactly what I want to get at,' I answered. 'Go home my dear madam take off that heavy skirt and heavy mantle, put on light sensible garments and walk several miles a day—and I will guarantee a cure.'"

WHAT BECOMES OF COLLEGE WOMEN.

The influx of college women is still so recent that statistics of their careers have not ceased to be interesting. Mrs. Sidgwick, the head of Newnham College, England, has lately collected and tabulated information dealing with the occupations of those who have been at the college, the result being reported in The Queen. The total number of students who have left between October 1871, and June 1893, was 720; of this number only 667 need concern us, as of the remainder some have died, and some are foreigners who have returned to their native land. Of these 667 we find that 374 are engaged in teaching 230 are living at home, (of whom 108 are married) five have gone into the medical profession, two are missionaries, one is a market gardener, one a bookbinder, two or three are engaged in charity organization work, and the remainder are said to be "for the most part engaged in secretarial work."

It will be noticed that more than half have taken to teaching, and of these it is cheering to observe only seven set down as "looking for posts." Less than one-sixth have married; the proportion is small and it would be interesting to know whether it is smaller than that prevailing generally among women of the same class and the same age. We do not hear of any writers, but to our knowledge at least three are principally so engaged, one being known as a writer of short stories and sketches, one as a journalist and the third as a remarkably successful translator.—New York Times.

FASHION NOTES.

Nid d'Abeille, or behive effects, are announced among the newest designs in French crepons.

The India silks show less of novelty in their design and coloring than any other of the lighter silks.

There are a greater variety of mohair fabrics brought out this season than have been shown in many years.

Short coats, with the ripple back, are fast becoming the fashion and pushing the long coats into the shade.

Very large loose rosy-purple Parma violets, made of shaded silk and delicately perfumed, are stylish, effective and expensive.

A full dress sword is the latest bonnet pin, the handle incrusted with diamonds and rubies and emeralds are thrust through the hair.

A Sultan-red bodice veiled with black chiffon, with black sleeves and skirt, makes a stylish and yet simple costume for a young girl.

Nacre buttons with buckles to match for collar and belt are among the Parisian novelties. They come in various colors and are very effective.

The fur cape is to be less popular for warm weather than heretofore. In its place we are to have the most dressy capes of cloth, velvet or satin.

A velvet ribbon edged with a tiny single row of cut-jet spangles makes an effective and becoming flat garniture for silk or sheer wool gowns.

Many mousquetaire lengths in gloves are brought out for the spring and summer seasons, when sleeves puffed to the elbow will favor this style.

Among the early novelties in millinery is a very fine felt hat, somewhat in the tourist shape. It has a rolled scarf of velvet and four ostrich plumes on either side.

Most of the short-jacket bodices are made with revers that widen into a deep cape-collar across the back, which in some cases is deeper yet over the sleeve-tops.

There is a handsome variety of colors in gloves this season, and among the evening tints are some exquisite novelties in shades of palest green, yellow and mauve.

To judge by the early offers of summer goods, cotton crepes and crepons will be in great favor. Those crinkly things in any material, silk, wool or cotton, wear wonderfully well.

Many of the plainer camel's hair and serge gowns made by the best of tailors are simply piped or corded at the edge, or only machine stitched, and rely upon the silk shirt-waist for the only bit of brightness about the dress.

It looks as if the old-fashioned shoulder-seam which curved quite over the shoulder would come again into fashion. As this will hold the arm down and impede freedom of motion, it is very undesirable as well as horribly unbecoming.

How Ants Put Up Preserves.

No matter how orderly and systematic the housekeeper, when preserves are to be made great excitement prevails in the kitchen. There is a scouring of brass kettles, a washing of bowles, and all hands are set to work peeling the fruit, or taking out the stones—if it has stones—with a quill, weighing, and stirring, and skimming the pot, and finally dipping the steaming luscious fruit out tenderly, placing it in the jar, labeling these, and carrying them into a dark cupboard.

The tiny, insignificant ant, to whom Solomon referred us to learn wisdom, makes no such ado over her winter stores.

She is very much cleverer than a human being, for she simply walks quietly into the granary, touches the great heaps of seeds and grains, that the diligent workers have put away, with their quivering antennae, and the deed is accomplished. What this queer little creature has done is this: she has put a drop of formic acid, as it is called, upon each of the grains, which arrests the process of germination, and consequently the food in these underground pantries may keep for years without sprouting. It is the same substance which the busy little bee introduces into its honey, dropping a tiny bit of this poison into the honeycomb from the end of its sting.

The famous naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their grannaries the seeds began to sprout, and that this also happened when they abandoned their nests. It was inferred that these insects possessed the means of suspending the action without destroying the vitality of the grain, and the principle of life hidden in the sand; and now it has been proved that this strange power lies in the formic acid just mentioned. A German scien ist went so far as to suggest in 1877 the use ef it for preserving fruit for human households.

One naturalist relates that a kind of Indian ant collects large stores of grass and seeds, and after a severe storm brings out the entire stock within the grannaries to dry it for it seems the excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of this acid. Another tribe of ants which lays up immense quantities of wheat and oats, is so small that eight or ten individuals are required to carry a single grain. They move in separate rows, over rough and smooth ground, up and down steps, often traveling hundreds of yards to place their booty in the common storehouse, where it is preserved according to the means described.—Atlanta Constitution.

How the King Used the Hair Dye.

An amusing story is told of the king and queen of Italy, which shows that there is a keen sense of humor in King Humbert. His hair turned quite white rapidly, and this state of affairs greatly troubled his beautiful consort, and without mentioning the subject to the king, as a gentle hint she caused a bottle of dye to be placed upon his dressing table. The next morning the king appeared at the breakfast table carrying a favorite poodle, which, although formerly white, was as black as ebony, whereas the king's hair preserved its accustomed hue.

Village Amenities.

Mr. Greathead, who keeps a corner store in a New Jersey village, greeted his rival across the street the other day with much courtesy, and said, "Won't you loan me your spiritual level a moment?"

Quick as a flash the rival called to the boy in his store, "John, take Mr. Greathead that old copy of the Bible under the counter."—Harper's Magazine.

Practical dame—How much are these fish?

Marketman—Sixteen cents a pound, ma'm.

Practical dame—That seems very high, but then I know fishing is very hard on the constitution. Every time my husband goes he has an awful headache the next morning.—*Good News.*

PEOPLE who say sharp things often get the reputation of being blunt.

He—I am in love. Will you be my confidante?

She—Certainly. I am at your service.

He—Well, would you advise me to propose to you?—Brooklyn Life.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

An iron monger of Vienna, Austria, has left $65,000 to the Vienna Academy of Science, "partly for the promotion of scientific research both in the heavens and the earth, with a view to physical and chemical discoveries, and partly for promoting the moral and material welfare of mankind."

Business methods prevail in South Africa. Instead of each man's raiding for himself, the plunder taken from Lo Bengula's Matabeles was turned over to a committee, which now announces in the Buluwayo papers that it has finished its work and has distributed $210 among the victors. Two hundred thousand dollars from savages is not a bad showing.

A young French lad named Debrel, who is only 21 years old, has just returned to Paris after spending three years among the Berbes of Morocco. He started out on an original plan of exploration. He determined to learn Arabic, and then to travel from the domain of one chief to that of another depending upon personal letters of introduction for his safety. His scheme worked well for a time, but after several months he was detected and held a prisoner by the Sultan. Despite this he accompanied the court in its travels, and he was thus able to secure a mass of fresh material in regard to Fez and the little known country south of that city. He made drawings and plans of many towns, and the result of his work is given in an elaborato article, in the official paper of the Paris Geographical Society. The boy showed so much skill and courage and was so fertile in resources that, the San Francisco Chronicle believes he is sure of a promising future if he devotes himself to African exploration.

The New York Mail and Express notes that "the college man in business has at last found a defender and an eloquent and able one, too. At the dinner of the Williams Alumni recently our honored townsman, J. Edward Simmons, spoke for him and declared his belief that the time has come when the training of a college to a young man is a potent factor in the forming of his business character. He presented as proof of the advantages of a university education the success of such men as Chauncey M. Depew, Edward King, Brayton Ives, John Crosby Arown, John Claflin, Frederick Tappen and Robert M. Gallaway, and he declared that the supremacy of this country as a producer is largely due to the brains and energy of the college man in business. There is no doubt that the drift of sentiment is strongly in favor of Mr. Simmons' contention. Not only is a young man in business benefitted by the knowledge obtained at a university, but he also finds a decided advantage in the discipline and social features of a college career."

Hypnotism is rather a dangerous thing to play with. At a young people's party at Rockford, Ill., the other evening the conversation turned on the subject, and one of the young men said that he could hypnotize anybody in the room. A young woman offered herself as a subject. In a minute he had her unconscious, but when he attempted to restore her he found he was powerless to do so. The guests became alarmed, shook her, threw could water in her face and shouted frantically, "Right, right," but she would not come "right." Finally another amateur hypnotist happened in and brought her out of her trance. Another lady a night or two ago, at a dance given by the Rockford Rifles, was thrown into a mesmeric condition. She was seized with giddiness and created quite a scene before she could be brought out. South side young men have a hypnotist club, but their practices have become so dangerous that the council will probably be called on to pass an ordinance imposing a heavy fine for exerting this power.

I'M GROWING OLD.

My days pass pleasantly away;
My nights are blessed with sweetest sleep;
I feel no symptoms of decay;
I have no cause to mourn or weep.
My foes are impotent and shy,
My friends are neither false nor cold,
And yet, of late, I often sigh—
I'm growing old!

My growing talk of olden times,
My growing thirst for early news,
My growing apathy to rhymes,
My growing love of easy shoes,
My growing hate of crowds and noise,
My growing fear of taking cold,
All whisper in the plainest voice—
I'm growing old!

I'm growing fonder of my staff
I'm growing dimmer in the eyes;
I'm growing fainter in my laugh;
I'm growing deeper in my sighs;
I'm growing careless in my dress;
I'm growing frugal of my gold;
I'm growing wise; I'm growing—yes—
I'm growing old!

I see it in my changing tastes;
I see it in my changing hair;
I see it in my growing waist;
I see it in my growing heir,
A thousand signs proclaim the truth,
As plain as truth was ever told,
That, even in my vaunted youth,
I'm growing old!

Ah, me! my very laurels breathe
The tale in my reluctant ears,
And every boon the hours bequeath
But makes me debtor to the years!
E'en flattery's honeyed words declare
The secret she would fain withhold,
And tells me in "How young you are!"
I'm growing old!

Thanks for the years! whose rapid flight
My somber muse too sadly sings;
Thanks for the gleams of golden light
That tint the darkness of their wings;
The light that beams from out the sky,
Those heavenly mansions to unfold
Where all are blest and none may sigh,
"I'm growing old!"

—John G. Saxe.

THE JUDGE'S DECISION

"WHEN you really think you're in love, eh?" said Judge Pelham.

He had a queer brown face, this old man, all plowed with a network of wrinkles, and little black eyes, with a scanty allowance of lashes, that looked at you like glistening beads. Not the sort of a man to confide a love tale to, nor to sympathize with the tender outpourings; and how Judge Pelham ever came to be the father of a glorious girl like Kate, with the beauty of Hebe, was a riddle that we leave to those learned in physiology and psychology.

"Yes, sir," said Hugh Kearney, bravely. "I am in love with her, and if I am so fortunate as to gain your permission to pay her my addresses——"

"Stop!" said the old gentleman. "Not so fast. One thing at a time, young sir. What have you got?"

"A strong arm, sir, and a brave heart, together with, I hope, at least, an average amount of brains."

"Very good stock in trade," answered the Judge, still regarding Mr. Kearney with the little hard glistening bead of eyes. "Aha, Mr. Carleton, is that you? Walk in and sit down. I'll be disengaged presently."

"Then you will give my case a favorable consideration, Judge," said Hugh, rising to depart.

"I will, sir."

And Hugh went out—a tall, handsome fellow, with pleasant dark eyes and a firm, squarely cut chin, which betokens no ordinary amount of resolution and will.

Kent Carleton sat in the office, uneasily glancing over the large russet-bound volumes, when the Judge deliberately turned himself round in his revolving chair.

He, too, was handsome, with straight, effeminate features, blue eyes and wavy hair.

"I have called, sir, on very important business," began Kent, hesitatingly.

"Eh! What may it be?" deliberately questioned the Judge. Kent would have given all he was worth if the brown old man would have put on a pair of spectacles. Those beady eyes confused and bewildered him.

"It's about your daughter, Kate, sir," said Carleton. "I love her, and if you have no objections——"

"Ah," said the Judge, "exactly so. Of course you have means to support a wife?"

"As to means, sir, I am yet only beginning the world; but I have expectations, and, added to that, I am about to commence the practice of the profession in which you have reached so brilliant a position!"

He bowed. The Judge was still transfixing him with the beady eyes.

"You may go. I'll let you know my decision to-morrow."

Carleton's footsteps had hardly died away upon the threshold, when the Judge opened a door to the left of him and called:

"Kate!"

Miss Pelham came in—tall, blooming, 18, with eyes of soft liquid blue, damask cheeks and hair of real poet's gold. How strange she looked among the dry old law-books and baize-covered desks, and the packets of legal papers splashed with scarlet seals like magnified drops of blood.

"Well, papa?"

"Do you want to get married, pet?"

"Well, papa, I hardly know whether I do or not!" she answered reflectively.

"Because I've had two young men here asking permission to pay their addresses to you."

"Two young men, papa! Who were they?"

"Both eligible, as far as outward circumstances go; not rich, but sensible, and enterprising I've reason to think; and for my part I don't believe in too much ready-made money."

"But you have not told me yet who they are!"

"Hugh Kearney and Kent Carleton," answered the Judge. "Which do you like better of the two?"

"Why, papa, I like them both. Hugh is a good, solid fellow, and Kent has so much style."

"But you can't marry 'em both!"

"Papa," laughed Kate, coming close up so that her surls fairly overflowed the brown face with the beady black eyes, "you choose for me. I really haven't any actual preference in the matter. I could like either of them; and, after all, it isn't like selecting a lover, because I can make up my mind any time."

"So you want the old dad to select for you, do you? Well, well, I'll think it over and let you know."

The Judge put on his hat and went out for a walk in the summer twilight to clear his brain of the cobwebs induced by his day's work.

"Hallo!" he cried, as he nearly stumbled over a meditative old Irishman, who was standing staring about him with a ragged old waterproof coat hanging on his arm. "What do you mean by obstructing the highway in that sort of fashion, Hannegan?"

"Faith, it's I that axes your honor's pardon kindly, but sorra a bit I knows where I'm goin'. Perhaps your honor could tell me."

"How the mischief do you suppose I can tell you, if you don't know yourself, you Irish blunderhead?"

"They're lawyers like your honor," went on the persistent Hannegan; "and since Biddy Rourke—that's me sister, your honor, that washes for all the quality—hurt her ankle bone, she says, says she—'Terry,' says she, she says, get the money they're owin' me, it's I that'll thank you kindly,' says she, 'and I'll do as much for you,' says she, 'for it's Mr. Carleton and Mr. Kearney——' "

"Oh!" ejaculated the Judge; "Carleton and Kearney, eh? Yes. I know where they live, and I'll go along with you and show you, if you'll lend me your overcoat and just change hats with me."

"Sure, your honor, it's too ragged-like for the likes o' you!"

"That's my business," said the Judge, alertly transforming himself into an old loafer by the battered hat and rusty overgarment of Terrence Hannegan. "Now, look here, if you call me anything but Larry Reirdon I'll send you to the lockup for twenty days."

Terrence started and grinned:

"All right, yer——"

"Stop!" roared the Judge.

"I mane Larry! And is this the door, sir? I would be after saying, Mister Reirdon?"

"This is the door, Terry."

And without knocking the Judge pushed Terry into the hotel reading-room, where he stood with his head drawn in between his shoulders and nearly covered by the Irishman's too-large hat, while Hannegan boldly confronted the young men.

Carleton was writing a letter, Kearney sat tipped back on his chair looking over the paper, and one or two others were lounging about, grumbling at the dismal monotony of the village in which they found themselves becalmed over night.

"Money!" ejaculated Carleton, irritably, as the Irishman made known his errand. "What money? It's but a little while since I settled that bill; there must be a mere trifle owing now!"

"It's five dollars, sir—five dollars and siventy cents; and Biddy, she's laid up wid a broken ankle and five little ones, sir; an' if you'd plase to let me have the money, I've Biddy's receipt, sir——"

"Hang your receipts, man—I've no money to spare! Don't bother me!"

"For shame, Carleton!" spoke up Hugh Kearney. "Pay what you owe the woman. Would you let her and her little ones starve?"

"It don't hurt that class of people to starve," heartlessly answered Carleton. "As for the little ones, the less we have among us to pay taxes for, the better! It isn't convenient for me to settle the account to-day—that's enough."

And he turned away and bent over his writing again, a little uneasy beneath the withering look of scorn darted at him from Hugh Kearney's eyes.

"Come here, my man," said the latter, addressing Terry Hannegan, who stood scratching his head in sore perplexity. "How much do I owe Mrs. Rourke? I ought to have attended to it sooner; but I waited, as usual, for her to send in her bill."

"It's only two dollars and a half, sir, for yer honor," answered Terrence, "but——"

"Well, here's a five-dollar bill. Biddy can work it out when her ankle gets better. And if she's really in want or suffering, tell her to send to me and I'll come and see her."

"Sure, your honor, and I'll do that same; and it's hopin' the blissid saints may make your honor's bed in heaven, and wishin' there was many like you; and Biddy 'll be the thankful woman, that she will, and——"

But at this stage Terry Hannegan's companion, who had stood by the door motionless all this while, shouldered him out, still uttering thanks and blessings as he went.

"Here," said the Judge, as they stepped out once more on the pavement, "take your overcoat, Terry, and let's change hats again; for I begin to feel radical and revolutionary already."

"Feel how, your honor?"

"Never mind. Here give this money to your sister from me, and be about your business."

So the Judge dismissed his ragged companion and returned to the dining-room, back of the law office, where Kate sat by a shaded lamp.

"Well, papa," said Kate, laughingly, "have you decided yet?"

"Yes, I have decided."

"Which is it to be?"

"Carleton is a heartless scoundrel, and will treat the woman who is his wife as no woman would wish or deserve to be treated."

"Papa, how do you know?"

"No matter how I know. I've a way of finding out things for myself, child."

"And Mr. Kearney?"

"If you can get him, take him. He is a fine fellow."

And the Judge sat down to write two brief notes, one of which Carleton read the next morning with contracted brow and savage eyes.

"What does the pedantic old fool mean?" he muttered. "What can he possibly have heard about me which convinces him that I am not the person to render his daughter's life a happy one?"

But that was exactly what Mr. Carleton never learned.

And Kate, the Judge's golden-haired daughter, was married six months from that day to Hugh Kearney.—New York News.

CLOTHES MADE OF WOOD.

One of Things Which the Future Will Probably Bring Forth.

Time was when references to a "wooden overcoat" were understood as the irreverent equivalent of measuring a man for a coffin, but it would seem that suits of clothes made of wood may soon be an accomplished fact.

The writer is indebted to a merchant of the city of cloth—Leeds—for a glimpse of samples of a species of cloth, and also of a sort of cotton, made wholly out of wood fiber, these two woven pieces having all the appearance of attractive articles of their own kind. Both these novel textile fabrics are the result of prolonged experiments with pinewood and spruce, which have been ingeniously torn to pieces in the first instance and then bleached by an elaborate chemical process.

After chemical treatment in many ways the wood becomes a soft, white pulp, which is run through perforated plates, the resulting threads being dried by a steaming process. These threads can be woven, and the material is susceptible of taking readily any sort of dye. The fabric can be made at an astonishingly cheap cost; it looks well, and has a certain amount of strength (experiments in this connection are now being carried out), and its appearance on the market, sooner or later, is absolutely certain, especially in the form of imitation cotton.—Edinburgh Scotsman.

A Desperate Resort.

"I am going to get married," said a young man the other morning. "I haven't a cent, but I know a girl who is fool enough to have me, and I am almost persuaded to try the experiment. I never did make a success of anything that I went at, and I am a desperate and determined fellow. I have had several positions, none of which was worth having, and now I am alone in the cold world. The reason I am going to try the marrying experiment," continued the young fellow, "is because I really know of one case where it proved a blessing to a young man who was in as bad a predicament as myself. The fellow was working for the enormous salary of $5 per week and spending two and three times that much on his credit. He became discouraged and in a fit of despondency ran off with a girl and was married. Almost simultaneously with the wedding the young man was informed that his services at the place where he was working could be dispensed with. Something had to be done. From a reckless and shiftless youth he became a determined and to some extent a desperate man. He opened his eyes for the first time and began to look about him for a position, and soon had a good one. His salary was raised almost every month, and he now holds one of the most important positions in one of the largest houses on Main street. He has a charming wife, who encourages him by her love, and there is no happier man in the city. But," continued the thoroughly demoralized youth, "I cannot get married, for I have not the money to buy the license, and I have no credit at all."—Louisville Post.

The Original Chinese.

Before the discovery of iron, and not less than 8,000 years ago, the territory of what is now China, Corea, and Japan was occupied by a brown race, either Maylayan or Malay-negroid in character. This is pointed out by tradation, by ethnology, anthropology, and archaeology. The brown people bore the same relation to Eastern Asia as did the Iberians and Lapps to prehistoric Europe. While of a low grade intellectually, they had mastered nearly all the primitive arts. They had domesticated the buffalo, dog, cat, monkey, and the barnyard fowls. It may be questioned if they had tamed the horse or cow. They lived in huts, tilled the soil, and understood pottery. As a race they were split up into innumerable clans and tribes. They were perpetually warring among themselves, using as arms weapons made from wood and stone. They worshiped fetiches and devils, practiced polygamy and polandry, offered human sacrifices to their idols, and were altogether pretty respectable savages.—Overland Monthly.

Better than Nothing.

It is well to have more than one string to your bow. So thinks Tommy Smithers, as repored by the Indianapolis Journal.

He was being catechised for his good by a well-meaning visitor.

"Well, Tommy," she said, "do you think you will ever be President of the United States?"

"I dunno," answered Tommy. "Mebbe I'll try for it after I git too old to be a pitcher."

SLOW BUT SURE PROGRESS.

Is the Business of the Country, as Dun's Review See It.

STRIVING FOR BETTER WAGES.

One of the Chief Obstacles to Progress —Some Advances Conceded — Improvement in Retail Trade — Domestic Trade Larger and Exports Increased—Iron and Shoe Markets.

Progress toward better business continues, but it is slow and meets many obstacles. In speculative aspects, and in the wholesale demand for goods, the week shows improvement. Money markets are undisturbed and a little more active. But among the chief obstacles is the anxiety of operatives to secure better wages, even while many manufacturing works are running without profits and others at the risk of loss. In a number of establishments better wages have been conceded, thus increasing the purchasing power of the people, but strikes have largely overbalanced settlements, several having thrown about 12,000 workers out of employment this week.

RETAIL TRADE HAS IMPROVED

on the whole since March, as the approach of Easter brings more business. For the first time in a long period prices of commodities are averaging a shade higher than a year ago, and in Great Britain also owing to different causes a slight advance occurred in March.

DOMESTIC TRADE

shown by payments through the clearing house is 7.9 per cent larger than last year, but 20.2 per cent smaller than in 1893. About this time two years ago retail business began to drop off and mills to close, but half the difference in the volume of business is due to the fall in prices. The last week for exports was especially good, showing an increase of 18 per cent.

THE IRON MARKET.

The output of pig iron April 1 was 158,152 tons weekly, practically the same as March 1, with a decrease of 1080 tons in unsold stocks during the month. The apparent consumption is larger than any other time for some months, and only a sixth less than in March, 1892. Bessemer iron has advanced a little further to $10.75 at Pittsburg, but there is no change whatever in prices of finished products during the week, and while the demand continues good for structural forms and a little better for bar, the marked decrease in the demand for wire, owing to the scant purchases of farmers for fencing, affects the outlook.

The shoe manufacturer continues to lead all great industries with shipments of 20 per cent larger number in cases than a year ago, though not in value, while orders have been more liberal at advanced prices.

SALES OF WOOL

are particularly interesting amounting for the week to 6,030,210 pounds and for five weeks previous to 25,621,200 against 25,277,676 in the same weeks of 1892. No important improvement in prices appears and domestic wool does not respond to recent advances in foreign markets. The low price encourages manufacturers to compete much more vigorously with foreign goods of many kinds than they had expected and for the medium and cheaper grades of goods they have more than the usual demand. The better goods are not so well, foreign competition being more effective, but there is a good demand for dress goods. In cottons continued strength appears, with further occasional advances of ¼ and ⅛ in print cloths, and the aggregate is fair. Many agents are sold well ahead.

Failures for the first four days of April showed liabilities of $1,188,523, of which $445,840 were of manufacturing and $242,683 of trading concerns. Failure for the week were 207 in the United States against 218 last year, and twenty-seven in Canada, against thirty-four last year.

THE STAMP COUNTERFEITERS.

The Canadian Novelty Supply Company at Hamilton, Ont.

The following particulars have been ascertained regarding the Canadian Novelty supply company, charged with counterfeiting stamps:

On April 1, a man giving his name as George Morrison, and who said he was engaged in buying and selling bankrupt stocks, rented desk room in the store of Arthur S. Fish, a painter of No. 22 King street, Hamilton, Ont. Morrison installed in the office as his secretary a woman named A. T. Mack, recently of East Twenty-third street, New York. The woman was given instructions, and then Morrison departed ostensibly for the purpose of opening an office in Toronto. Following out Morrison's instructions, Mrs. Mack wrote out an advertisement which was inserted in Printers' Ink, New York City, offering to sell $115 worth of 2-cent stamps for $100, as the seller had no use for them. The advertisement was identical with the one which appeared in the Chicago Tribune, and both advertisements brought numerous replies from would-be purchasers. Mrs. Mack was arrested and locked up

Very Persuading Preacher.

Lewis Moore, a negro preacher, of Jacksonville, Fla., used a knife on his wife Wednesday morning, inflicting probably fatal wounds. The woman had been ill and refused to go the field to work, as Moore had ordered her. This angered Moore, and he slashed her across the throat with a knife and stabbed her in the breast. The woman's daughter came to her mother's assistance and Moore fled. He was arrested later and is now in jail.

SOME BARGAINS!

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' slippers and can suit the most fastidious. We have an elegant slipper as low as 75 cents.

A large line of neckwear just in. Prices to suit the times.

A beautiful line of colored embroidery.

Our line of dress goods are going fast. They are cheap and nice.

A few bushels of seed sweet potatoes.

A nice suspender for 10 cents.

A boy's suit of clothing for $1.00.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10-inch butcher knife for 1g cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dozed without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3-qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2-bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

Cubans Proclaim a Republic.

Dispatches from Havana, under date of April 10th say:

A meeting was held today in the province of Guytanaro and Combet and Maceo by proxies proclaimed a republic. The proclamation declared that Cuba was a free and independent government. The entire document was modeled after the American declaration of independence. It is expected that within the next week the Cuban government will ask for recognition from all governments, and the names of the new officers will be announced within a few days. Maceo will probably be president. If Juan Gualberto Gomez can in any way get out of Moro castle prison he will hold a high place in the new government. Maceo made a proclamation of a new government some days ago, but it was not the formal action that was taken at Guaytanaro. April 10 is a red letter day in Cuban history.

The first constitution of the rebellion in 1869 was adopted on April 10. The first revolutionary club in the United States was organized April 10, 1875.

Grain Elevator Burned.

The immense grain elevator on Theresa avenue, St. Louis, Mo., owned by the Missouri Grain and Commission company of which John W. Sharpe is president, was destroyed by fire, together with 70,000 bushels of grain Wednesday morning. The total loss will reach $75,000, of which little is covered by insurance. The origin of the fire is unknown.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Local and Personal.

Misses Ida Griffin and Ida O'Hara, two bright and interesting young ladies, spent Saturday and Sunday with Miss Pauline Acker. Miss O'Hara has a large school at Helena. Miss Griffin is the daughter of Mr. Richard Griffin, one of our prosperous farmers.

Mrs Thos Fancher, of Bibb, visited our town on Thursday last.

Mr Will Nolen spent several days at court, where he was engaged as special juryman on a murder case. The negro who was tried was convicted and sentenced to be hung. If the sentence is carried out this will be the first legal hanging in this county for thirty years.

Miss May Harris, the pretty little brunette, is visiting Mrs W E Hampton, of Birmingham, this week.

Mrs E T Peter spent Friday in our town as the guest of Mrs E S Lyman.

We were pleased to welcome Mr N A Graham, of the Sentinel, in our town Saturday last.

The Ashville road is said to be in a terrible condition. We are informed that it is not the fault of the overseer, as he has tried to work it several times but had to suspend on account of the weather. It should be looked after, as parties in that neighborhood go to Calera rather than come over such a bad road.

Dr Jeff Davis left for Mobile on Monday to attend a meeting of the State Medical Association. He is to read a paper on "Puerperal Convulsions.," which we predict will be favorably received. Dr Davis is one of the rising young men of this section.

We are getting up a list of the prettiest girls in town, and if our juniors can ever come to an agreement as to who they are we will publish it.

Mr Pat Kroell, the overseer of the Montgomery road, has just put the hill about a half mile from town in the best condition we have ever seen it before.

We propose at no distant day to get up a history of Montevallo and give it to our readers in sections of from five to ten year periods. We wish to get all the data of all the old residents and prominent people as far back as possible.

We are more than gratified to meet with the encouragement we have in our new enterprise. We propose to make this a paper for all and will be glad to have all points of interest at any time. Parties having friends visiting them will confer a favor by giving us their names. Don't fail to call and subscribe, if you can't pay now we will take it later on. We will take all kinds of country produce in payment for subscriptions.

Mrs P W Hoskins, Mrs T J Hoskins and Mrs W H Cobb, all of Aldrich, were in town last week.

Mr C C Vandegrift has closed a contract with the Southern railroad to supply their engines with coal at Imogen, his new coal mine. The coal supply there is very promising and will no doubt be a considerable mining town in the future. The new place is named after Miss Imogene, Mr Vandegrifts popular daughter.

We call especial attention to the advertisement of Mr F W Rogan, the undertaker, in this issue. He carries a large and complete stock and owing to the hard times has made considerable reductions in his prices.

Mrs A Leonard and Miss Emma McCrary, of Bibb, were in town on Saturday last.

Mrs T S McCauley and her charming daughter of Brierfield were in the city last Friday.

W G Jones of Jonesboro, Ala, spent last Sunday with Mr and Mrs J S Harten of our town.

Some of our young people spent last Saturday at Davis falls.

Two of our young men went blackberry hunting Sunday. Lookout, boys, don't play around Brierpatches; you might have to come home faster than you went.

On account of the "extreme cold weather" Sunday our boys did not rush their $50 spring suits.

Among other communications we received a very original letter headed "Some girls don't understand," which we would have gladly published but for the fact that there was no signature. Let us hear from you again, Sarah; your first was very good.

What is the matter with our Six Mile correspondent? Let us hear from you.

Who was it that saw stars in broad daylight?

Rev F M Woods and wife of Jemison were in town Monday.

Edgar Carey says he has purchased a new hat and wishes us to inform Burr Nabors, Jr, that he may call and get his old derby now.

The members of the Christian Endeavor society held their monthly business meeting at the residence of Mr and Mrs C L Dobbs last Monday night.

Miss Hattie Lyman left for Montgomery last Wednesday to visit Miss Fannie Boyd.

R E H says he has retired from society, and W P M says he has just entered.

We are just in receipt of the Southern Agriculturists, published at Montgomery. This is a journal that should be in the hands of every farmer. It is brim full of good readable agricultural matter.

Mr John Ingram, better known as "Smut," was in town Saturday.

On Pea Ridge, about four miles from town, lives an old man by the name of Wm Mills who is well known to most of our readers. He has been confined to his bed for over two years and can neither talk, see nor hear. He is about 80 years of age and is almost a skeleton. He has lived on this ridge for more than 50 years, and it is said that for 30 years he has never failed to have a plentiful supply of fruit but three times. It is the highest and healthiest point in this section of the country. It is believed that a temperate man, with well regulated habits, can go on this ridge and live to be an hundred years old.

We learn that Major Peter intends to survey a route from Briarfield to the nearest point on the L & N R R. The Major is an experienced railroad builder as well as an iron man, and we hope he will see fit to come in near Montevallo with his new road.

Messrs Cary & Randall who operate the lime works near here are becoming large planters as well as lime makers. They raised last year several thousand bushels of corn and large quantities of hay, and are therefore prepared to make money at even the phenomenal low price of lime.

Mrs Emma Roper, of Columbiana, visited Mrs McConaughy last weed.

It is said that the last legal hanging in this county occurred at Columbiana in 1865. A negro was the victim, and over two thousand people assembled there to witness it. The executions were then public and crowds went from all over the county to see it.

Mrs Mims Walker, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs W B Reynolds, returned home on Monday last.

Little Johnnie Hartin, a bright boy about 8 years of age, is saving all his money for the missionaries. Last week he made 75 cents and put it all in the missionary box. How many of our older people do as well?

A very sad accident happened to one of our junior editors a few days since, by which he was deprived of the black glossy beard which he has been so proudly wearing for the past few months. It has been noticed that it was of a suspiciously black and glossy color, but no one supposed it was artificial. Saturday he was handling some very strong ammonia in the drug department and all at once he discovered it was in his whiskery and they were turning a foxy red. He had neglected to order a supply of hair dye and as none could be had in town, and having an engagement with his best girl for the next day, he was forced to call in the barber and have them removed. We sympathize with you, brother.

Messrs S J Morgan, Forrest Collier and E D Reynolds, all of Blocton, spent Sunday in town.

Messrs Lavender and Cooper passed through the city Sunday on their return from Shelby Springs. We presume they went up to engage board. Look out, Captain.

Mr Hugh Conley, a nice young gentleman of Munford, spent Sunday in the city.

Parties sending in articles or locals will please sign their names to same. We will not publish their names.

Mr H C Davis, representing the Kyser Shoe Co., of Atlanta, spent a day with us last week. Mr Davis is an old Shelby boy and is a hustler when it comes to selling a bill of shoes. He represents one of the best houses in the south.

It is said the railroad section at this place is kept in better order than any on the road. Mr J A Honeycutt is the foreman and no one excels him as a railroad man. There are better things in store for him.

We emphatically protest against changing the bridge contract to allow wooden approaches. The object of the steel bridge was to lessen the wood work to be kept up. If we are to have a great amount of wood work we might as well build a wooden bridge out and out. We hope the contractor will do his work right and well.

Work on our new bridge should certainly be pushed. The old one is in a dangerous condition, and our understanding of the contract is that work should be commenced in 10 days. a great many express doubt as to the contractors complying with the terms of the contract, in which they agreed to take the dirt for the embankments from the hill near the Episcopal church. We feel sure, however, that Mr Hardaway will fulfill the contract to the letter. This is not the last bridge he expects to build, and he will do his best to please us.

They Say

That Poston R R's mustache looks like a kid's eyebrow.

That "Major" has the dropsy. He wants to drop into a chair every time he gets a chance.

That some fellow felt lost Sunday night. What was the matter, "Bill?" Did some one beat you to your taw?

The E L D is trying to purchase a package of love powders. Did she sidetrack you, brother?

That King's Natural Leaf" is all the go since the cigarette law passed. How about it, Burr?

That William Perry is the champion roasting-ear eater of this section. He ate 100 ears and sucked every cob one day last summer.

That our "moon fixer" wants to find a pretty little girl for a summer sweetheart—one who doesn't like ice cream preferred.

That one of our girls is going to advertise for a husband next issue. She says he must have some "cents," not over 95 years old and must drink nothing stronger than lye soap.

That our P M plays on all kinds of instruments, the harpoon not excepted.

That Nat says he had a nice lot of poulry, but the devilish chickens scratched it up.

That "Kitty" says his love powders is no good. He gave his girl some and she hasn't spoken to him since.

That the Montevallo girls looked sweeter than ever in their new spring dresses Easter.

That Editor Bowden wants to see Editor DuBose of Columbiana.

That Bob Hall still goes to Bismarck.

That Ed Davis asked "her" if her heart fluttered.

That the girls have decided to let the "hen party" drop.

That John Kroell's motto is, "If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

That Lee Williams is spending a few days at Mammoth Cave.

That F W Rogan has filled the vacancy on the hill caused by her dropping the little boys.

That Dr B B Rogan is satisfied with eight nights in the week and Sunday afternoon.

That "Brur" wants his name kept out of the News.

That the Juniors are sitting up late at night trying to decide on the pretty girls.

That "Jack" took in the country last Sunday. Wish I was his girl.

That Fred Reynolds wants his many friends to learn through the News that he sprained his ankle, and in this way save answering so many questions.

That R E Hall is our fighting editor. He guarantees to give satisfaction.

Dogwood Breveties.

Tilling the soil seems to be the order of the day.

Mr Pat Harrison filled his regular appointment at Aldrich Sunday.

Say, Pat, you go too often. Please give us a little chance to talk to Miss J A.

Rev F M Woods delivered an able sermon at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Mr R C Jones was in Birmingham last week buying goods.

Mr George Morgan was in town last week on professional business.

Mr Thomas Harris and Dr H W Harrison were in Birmingham one day last week on professional business.

Dr Trammel, one of Montevallo's conspicuous physicians, was in town Friday last on professional business.

Mr Frank Cunningham was seen leaving town Sunday evening, headed east. He says he is only driving out for his health, but we think he is dear hunting.

Prof W O Butler was thrown out of a wagon Saturday evening and hurt very badly, but we are glad to hear that he is not seriously hurt, and we wish him a speedy recovery.

T. A. T. E.

Calera Locals.

Col John B Randall made a flying trip to Columbiana Tuesday.

Mr W E Brinkerhoff of New, Ala, spent several days in the city this week.

Buddie Crim has accepted a position "down on the farm" with his uncle, near Longview, Ala. His many friends regret very much to see him leave and wish him much success.

Capt J M Falkner of Montgomery passed through the city on Tuesday last en route to Columbiana.

Messrs W R Oliver and L G Privett attended court at Columbiana last Monday.

Grey's brass band is progressing rapidly. The band is composed of the best young men of the city, and are so kind in remembering the older citizens while out serenading. They have learned to play thirty-eight pieces to perfection.

The most enjoyable affair of the season was that of an entertainment given by Miss Ettie Holcomb on last Friday night. It was largely attended and all report as having had a delightful time.

Mr A J Jones has resigned as "pumper" on the Louisville & Nashville railroad and has accepted a position as fireman of the Rock City Steam Mills of Calera. His present position is much better than the former one, as he can board at home and only works two days a week.

Mr Ab Oldham, the young man who was run over by a freight train at Clanton last week, died at the residence of his stepfather, Mr James Whatley, on Monday night, aged about 20 years. His remains were laid to rest at Salem cemetery on last Tuesday evening. The bereaved ones have the sympathy of all in their sad affliction

A base ball team is being organized and will, in a few days, be in shape to accept a challenge from any of their neighbors.

Mr F H Hardy of Selma spent last Sunday here with friends and relatives.

Rev W A Whittle filled the regular appointment of Rev B F Giles at the Baptist church last Suday and preached an interesting sermon.

At night Rev W A Whittle delivered a most entertaining lecture on "Jerusalem" to a large and appreciative audience.

Malcolm says he will leave us on the 16th inst for the "Lone Star State," where he will reside in future. We regret to see the old boy go, but he says he knows best.

Mr B E Hill made a trip to Plantersville last week on professional business.

The many friends of D E McLendon are pleased to know that he is able to be on the streets again.

Brierfield Locals.

That time is partly lost which could have better employed.

We regret to say that Dr Whitfield is quite sick with a severe case of la grippe.

Can you tell us why Mr Smith finds the postoffice so interesting lately?

Mr Garrett Tate, who has been in Texas some time, passed through the "city" one day last week en route to Six Mile, his old home.

Mr Clay, traveling salesman for the Fowlks Hardware company of Selma, was in town Thursday.

Why is it that a certain young man of Woodward finds Brierfield so attractive?

Brierfield has a curiosity in the way of a three-legged chicken.

Mr Ed Hoskins, the handsome and polite agent at Ashby, was in town first of the week on business (?)

Wonder why the young man "of town" is wearing such long face these days. "What can't be cured must be edured" you know.

Miss Lucy Rice, one of Brierfield's sweetest and most accomplished young ladies, opened school Monday near Pleasant Hill.

"Judge" Gardner and W L Hubbard have quit their trade and gone to fishing.

Mr R E Alvis of Selma visited his parents at this place Sunday. Come often, "Bob;" we are always glad to see you.

Mr Sleep of Birmingham has been in our town for several days.

Preaching was largely attended at the Baptist church last Sunday.

Easter was celebrated at the Episcopal church Sunday evening.

Mr Charles Oakley of Ashby was in town one day last week. What's so attractive, Charley?

T. B.

Columbiana, Dots

Circuit court adjourned Saturday after a three weeks' session. Judge Brewer will now hold court in the rest of the circuit.

At last it seems as if Shelby county is to have a legal hanging. Walter McAdams, colored, was convicted of murder in the first degree and sentenced to be hung. He killed his wife near Wilsonville. The lawyers for the defence will appeal the case.

J G Harris of Montevallo was in town last week.

Miss Mamie Allen of Birmingham is on a visit to her sister, Mrs Henry Wilson. AT.

The grand jury returned only eighteen true bills. They recommended a water works plan for the court house and jail. Several previous grand juries have also favored this idea.

Quite an exciting event occurred in town Saturday morning. The sheriff and guards were taking the convicted prisoner, Walter McAdams, from the jail to the court house to receive his sentence, when he broke away and made a desperate effort for liberty. He ran through a crowd of ladies so that the officers could not shoot, and in less time than it takes to tell he was half a mile away, with a large crowd armed with guns and pistols closely pursuing him. Although handcuffed securely he outran everybody, but fortunately Mr William Walburn was coming from Shelby and headed him off and pointing his pistol at him ordered him to surrender, which he at once obeyed. The poor fellow undoubtedly broke all previous running records.

Dry Valley Locals.

All cheerful in the Valley.

Farmers have been taking advantage of the nice weather during the past week. They are about done planting corn and are now preparing the soil for cotton, sorghum and other later crops.

Mr Peyton Lucas has a good way of keeping his goats from jumping fences—by fixing a plank so they can walk over.

Mr Louis Randall of Oxmoor spent last Sunday with friends and relatives in the Valley.

Mr and Mrs C C Gentry gave the young an entertainment last Thursday evening. It was indeed an enjoyable occasion, and all who attended express themselves as having had a delightful time.

On last Sunday when Mr William Sessions and wife returned home from church their house was on fire. They arrived just in time to extinguish the flames and save the house and contents, and after a thorough investigation they found that the cause was by carelessly leaving a stick of oak wood burning in the fireplace and by some means it had fallen over the andirons and rolled upon the floor. We should all take warning and never leave our houses exposed to fire.

Aldrich.

The mines are running full time, to the delight of all.

Judge Turner of Birmingham spent Sunday with Hon W F Aldrich and family.

We have a Sunday school of which any place might justly be proud.

Mrs Jennie Jones of Warrior is visiting the family of Mrs P W Hoskins.

Mr George B Monroe, accompanied by his little daughter, Birdie, spent he greater part of last week in Montgomery as a representative of the Grand Lodge of Knight of Honor.

Mr J P Hoskins has a visitor at his home—a boy.

Mr J R Weaver of Blocton spent Sunday with his father, W R Weaver, near this place.

Mr E S Hoskins went up to Warrior Friday night. It is supposed that he went on very urgent business, as he says no one knew anything about it.

Mr Mike Keys and family of Blocton visited relatives here Saturday and Sunday.

Misses Mary and Julia Nash of Blocton are visiting relatives here this week.

Rev L M Shelton, assisted by the pastor, Rev Harvy Grimes, held services at Pilgrim Rest church Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night.

Last Sunday evening the Sunday school gave an Easter service at the Methodist church, where a large audience was delighted with the rendition of a most interesting programme. All honor to the fair ladies, Mrs Lelia Dickens and Mrs W H Cobb, for the successful manner in which the service was conducted, especially since the parts were rendered mostly by the small pupils. The church was very elaborately and artistically decorated. After the regular programme the children were treated to an "Easter egg hunt," in which were gathered several dozen "Easter eggs." The day will long be remembered by both old and young. The following is the programme:

Opening song, by the school.
Prayer, by Supt J R Kennamer.
Address, by J R Kennamer.
Easter Lilies, recitation, Miss Ella Broadhead.
"Dawn of Hope," Master Herman Peters.
"Crocusses for Easter," Miss Birdie Monroe.
"Happy Easter," song, school.
"An Easter Promise," Mr Cleo Peters.
"April," Miss Sudie Fancher.
Recitation, Master Will Hoskins.
"Easter Lessons," song, school.
"Memories of Home," recitation, Miss Lizzie Monroe.
"Something new for Easter," recitation, Master Phil Hoskins.
"One by One," recitation, Miss Eva Lawley.
"Little Blossoms," recitation," six girls.
"Christ is Risen," recitation, Master Robert Broadhead.
"The Resurrection," Miss Annie Gentry.
"Little Brown Seed," Fannie Peters.
"Flower Mission Band," song, nine girls.
Doxology, school.

HOMICIDE IN KENTUCKY.

A Feud Between Prominent Leaders Results Fatally.

On Thursday evening State Senator W. P. Goebel shot and killed John Sanford, cashier of the Farmers and Traders' bank at Covington, Ky.

Senator Goebel accompanied by Attorney General Hendricks of Kentucky, and Frank Helm, president of the First National bank, were en route to the bank. When they reached the door there stood Sanford. He shook hands with Hendricks, using his left hand. Then he asked Goebel if he wrote an article attacking him. Geebel answered: "I did."

Immediately Sanford fired, the ball passing throuhh Goebel's trousers. Quick as a flash Goebel leveled his revolver and fired.

To do so he had to place the pistol beneath Helm's chin. The ball crashed through Sanford's forehead, who fell in the doorway of the bank, blood oozing from his fatal wounds. Helm's chin was badly powder burned.

Senator Goebel surrendered himself to Chief Goodson who placed him under arrest, but allowed him to sit in his private office. At first he refused to discuss the affair, but under the excitement he gave his version of it.

"Here is the reason I killed him," exclaimed the senator, as he showed where the ball of Sanford's pistol had passed through his trousers, tearing away a portion of cloth.

"He was lying in waiting for me," continued the senator. "I saw him when I reached the gas office, about 20 feet away from the steps of the First National bank. I was on my way to the Citizens' National bank with my friend Hendricks. As soon as I saw him reach for his revolver I reached for mine."

President Helm and General Hendricks give similar versions of the tragedy, which was a result of a business and political feud of several years standing and was not a surprise. Both were among Kentucky's best business men, being leaders in politics, business and society.

Trouble in Oklahoma.

Serious trouble prevails in Beaver county, in the extreme western portion of Oklahoma, between homesteaders and cattlemen. The cattlemen have fenced in the homesteaders' farms, and every day brings fresh reports of killings and battles between the warring factions. Many complaints have gone to the secretary of the interior and Special Agent Poe has arrived at Beaver City to make investigations. Only one-tenth of the farms in this large county have been taken by settlers. The warring factions will meet on the 20th to see if a settlement can be had.

Nellie Bly was Fly.

Nellie Bly, who is one of the best known newspaper women in the country, is no longer Miss Elizabeth Cochran. She is now Mrs. Robert Seaman of New York. Her husband is one of the directors of the Merchant's Exchange National bank, and a multo-millionaire. He lives at No. 15 West Thirty-seventh street, and is nearly 70 years old. In business and financial circles he is quite as well known as his wife is to the devotees of the Sunday newspapers.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

STRONG NERVES

Depends upon pure, rich, red, nourishing, strength-giving blood. The nerves derive their sustenance from the blood and when they are weak it is because they do not receive the nourishment needed. The true cure for nervousness will not be found in opiate or sedative compounds. These only allay the symptoms and do not permanently cure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Removes the cause by purifying and enriching the blood, giving to it just those qualities which are demanded for the proper support of the nervous system. Hundreds of people who once suffered from nervousness, write that they have taken Hood's Sarsaparilla and nervousness has disappeared. This was because Hood's Sarsaparilla purified their blood. Read the following:

Weak and Worn Out

Close confinement causes thin, depleted blood, and that tired feeling. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives pure blood, appetite and strength. A well known telegraph operator writes as follows:

Hood's Sarsaparilla Makes Rich Red Blood

"I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and am continuing with it regularly. It does everything that is claimed for it. It is an excellent blood purifier. When I commenced taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I was troubled with impure blood, boils and pimples broke out on my body, but now they have entirely disappeared. Hood's Sarsaparilla is an excellent medicine for that tired feeling. It puts new life into weak and tired out people." MILTON S. BETTIGER, 2371 North Third Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

By purifying the blood, it gives nerve, mental, digestive and bodily strength.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES On this Continent, have received HIGHEST AWARDS from the great Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by samples to the wholesale and retail **trade**; sell on sight to every business man or firm; liberal salary, money advanced for advertising and expenses; permanent position. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. CO., D 41, Chicago, Ill.

200 SAMPLES FLOWER SEED Free We will send to any address our collection of Flower Seed—more than 200 annuals—also a copy of *Woman*, when 10c. to cover postage and packing is enclosed with the request for the seed. Show this to 5 friends, send 50c. and get 6 collections, &c. WOMAN PUB. CO., RICHMOND, VA.

SULLIVAN & CRICHTON'S *Business College* AND SCHOOL OF SHORTHAND

The Best and Cheapest Business College in America. Four Penmen. Time short. Catalogue free. Address Sullivan & Crichton, Pryor St., ATLANTA, GA.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS. 25 CTS.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

CROSSES.

The first cross makes a half blood; the second cross (full blood and half blood) makes a three-quarter grade; the next is a seven-eighth; next a fifteen-sixteenth; next a thirty-first-thirty-second. After this the grade becomes practically a full blood for all intents and purposes.—New York World.

COOKING FEED FOR HOGS.

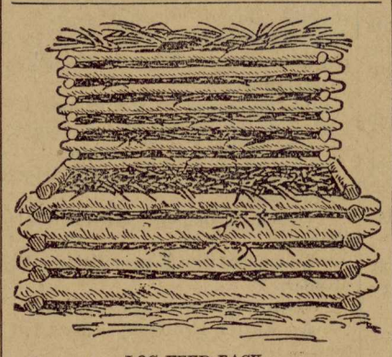
Cooked feed, especially if given warm, will digest more quickly than the same feed uncooked. But the cooking swells the food, so that less can be eaten at a time. Feeding little and often must be the rule if cooked food is given. If it is not thus fed, the pigs will do better to have the food given uncooked. Even the greater facility with which cooked food is digested is not best for continued health. The human digestion is weakened by giving the stomach only what it can digest most easily. It is reasonable to suppose that this is also true of our domestic animals. Outdoor exercise, with plenty of pure air and hearty food, will secure health better than will close quarters and giving food so nearly digested that the stomach will have little to do.—Boston Cultivator.

THE TENT CATERPILLAR.

This destructive insect is best known by its webs, or nests, which it weaves on the forks of the small twigs of the wild cherry, the plum, and the apple-tree, and some others, but chiefly these. These nests are occupied when the caterpillars are not feeding, and are enlarged as the insects increase in size, which they do very rapidly, eating voraciously as they grow so as to wholly denude a large tree of leaves in a few weeks. The insect lays its eggs on the small twigs of the trees on which it has been reared and arranges them in clusters, the eggs being attached by their ends to the bark. It is one of the most effective methods of suppressing this pest of the orchard to search for these eggs now and prune off the twigs on which they are gathered and burn them. The destruction of the nests by twisting them from the trees by means of a long pole, with a few tacks driven in the end, so as to catch the webs, is another good thing to be done. If it is carefully done the whole nestfull of caterpillars may be gathered in at once and crushed by the foot.—American Farmer.

A LOG FEED RACK.

This home-made feed rack can be constructed any desired length. The lower portion is about seven feet wide. The height depends on animals using it. They must reach the bottom easily. The upper part is of sufficient width to allow ample room between the top log of the first part and the lower log of the second part for stock



LOG FEED RACK.

to reach down and get the feed. This method is much more desirable than throwing hay and other roughness upon the ground. Nothing is wasted by being pulled out and trampled underfoot. Put a large load of hay into this rack. The stock eat it from the bottom as needed and the upper portion settles down as the feed is taken from beneath.—American Agriculturist.

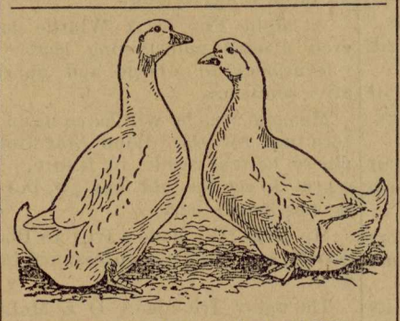
CROPS AFTER EARLY PEAS.

Peas require rich soil to make a good crop, for though the growth of the pea vine adds nitrogen to the soil, it is only late in the season that this process goes on. Early in the spring the pea crop is helped by nitrogenous manure. This nitrogen is not lost, for it advances the pea plant more quickly to the time when its roots will nitrify the air in the soil and thus add to soil fertility. But unless some later crop follows the peas a great part of this supply of nitrogen will be lost. A crop of late cabbage, of celery or of turnips can be grown with advantage after early peas are cleared off. The only difficulty will be in keeping the soil moist enough to give the midsummer crop a good send off. If the pea crop is sold green there should be no waiting until the last run of peas have ripened. Plow the vines under with the last peas while they are still green. This will be about the last of June, and if the vines are turned under then there is usually rainfall enough about the Fourth of July to thoroughly wet the plowed ground down to the bottom of the furrow. If this is done, the pea vines will rot rapidly and make the ground rich and warm, so that any crop planted then will have plenty of chance to grow. To grow a pea crop and plow under the whole crop is really a cheap way to supply nitrogen for late cabbage and celery. But the early peas will sell well, and while the price is high will pay well for picking and marketing. When the price falls below a profitable rate, they should be plowed under as a manure that has more than paid its cost before being used to fertilize another crop.—American Cultivator.

PEKIN DUCKS.

Of the four leading varieties of ducks the Pekins are decidedly the most popular in this country. They were brought here from China about twenty years ago and soon displaced the Aylesbury and Rouen, the English and French breeds, in public estimation. The fourth variety, the Cayuga, has the disadvantage of coal-black plumage. It also requires the vicinity of lakes, ponds or streams, as it is decidedly a water duck.

The Pekin breed matures earlier than the other varieties. The birds are said to be larger at six weeks old than any other breed, which makes them valuable for market at this age. They are hardy, easy to raise, fine for the table and good layers of large white eggs. They grow rapidly, and do well when there is no water. They are not as tractable as the Rouen or Aylesbury, hence a cross with them is often preferred. A flock of common



PRIZE PEKIN DUCK AND DRAKE.

ducks can be greatly improved by using a Pekin drake. Their white, elastic feathers, largely mixed with down, are almost as plentiful as those of the goose, and form an important source of revenue when the birds are raised in large numbers.

Duck culture is a business that is rapidly extending, especially on Long Island, where the duck farms are growing in size and numbers. The circumstance that the Pekin is the favorite breed among all the large duck farmers, being used either pure or crossed with others, proves conclusively their belief in its superior merits.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do you pay attention to the feet of and legs of your horses and colts?

A great deal of wood ashes goes to waste on many farms which would make excellent fertilizer.

In planting a novelty it is advisable not to depend on it for a full crop, as the seedsmen sometimes say too much in its favor.

Market the early chicks when they are twelve or thirteen weeks old, for by keeping them six to seven weeks longer you will gain nothing in price whatever.

You must always be a close observer of the habits of your laying hens to make them lay well. This observation enables you to learn what she needs for her comfort and usefulness.

Turkeys will come home to roost if they are fed regularly in the evening. Grain may be fed entirely, but if mixed with bread crumbs and scraps from the table the turkeys will like it much better.

The earliest green peas come from the dwarf varieties, and the seed should be planted as early as can be done safely. A few days in reaching the market makes quite a difference in the price. The earlier the better.

The asparagus bed should be cleaned thoroughly and 200 pounds of sulphate of potash, 100 of nitrate of soda and 200 of super-phosphate applied per acre. It makes growth early in the season and for that reason the fertilizer should be applied as soon as possible.

Where potatoes are planted thirteen inches apart in the drills, with the rows thirty-two inches apart, about eight bushels of seed potatoes, if cut to single eyes, will be required to the acre. From thirty-two to thirty-six inches is the best distance apart for potato rows.

The time has passed when fruit and vegetables can be sold by the appearance of the specimens on the top. Shippers may rely upon it that all barrels and boxes are inspected by the commission merchants and the customers, as they have been taught by experience to be cautious.

When pruning the old orchard, and removing a large limb, first saw a notch on the under side of the limb; then saw down from the upper side to meet that below. This will prevent splitting the limb. Use gum shellac dissolved in alcohol or a thin, light-colored paint to coat the wound.

Cuttings may now be set to secure plants for summer blooming, while cuttings that are already well-rooted should be taken from the sand and potted or planted in boxes or flats. There is ample time for growing good plants of most varieties by planting time. Get in plenty of fresh sand.

Plants under glass have to be carefully watered and ventilated. All plants in a state of growth or coming into bloom ought to be given liquid manure at least once a week. With the exception of plants in bloom all should be gently syringed occasionally. This, however, should be done in bright, sunny weather, and they must not be kept too wet.

The home garden is now a proper subject for a fireside discussion. As a rule these farm gardens are sad parodies on what good gardens should be. If the wife and mother had entire charge of it, with the necessary material and labor to apply to it, it would be a very different affair. She knows the value of a good garden thoroughly. Men are apt to underestimate it.

READ HIS CHARACTER.

Mark Twain's Humorous Experience with Palmist and Graphologist.

Mark Twain has been made to show his hand, and the result has been published in the new number of Borderland. His hand was photographed and submitted to four experts in palmistry. Their versions of his character were then sent to Mark himself, who thinks they have done some wonderful things with them. One lady made "only three or four errors. Each error," says Mark, "was a compliment to me, so I prize the errors above the facts." Another palmist discovered "a strain of Southern female blood. The strain dates back 240 years; am I to believe that my hands still advertise it?" The third expert made ten hits and fifteen misses; the fourth seventeen hits and eight misses. The last-mentioned hand reader "made one disastrous hit which not even my mother could have made, but it is a true hit, nevertheless. Am I going to point out these things? Not if I can get excused."

But the unkindest cut of all remains to be noticed. Of the four experts who undertook to read his character from his hands only one discovered any sense of humor in Mark Twain. "It may be," he says, "that the three are right."

However, Mark might go further and fare worse. Not content with the verdict of the palmists, Borderland next put him on trial before the "graphologists." He came out of the ordeal "lacking in decision, inconstant, illogical, insincere, absolutely devoid of feeling, merely superficially cultivated, self-conscious, and wanting in moral rectitude." Decidedly, as the editor says, Mark Twain should pray to be judged by his hands rather than by his handwriting.

A WAR ECHO.

EVERY HONORABLE VETERAN DESERVES A PENSION.

And the Lone Limb is not the Only Reason for a Government Reward Either.

(From Journal, Lewiston, Me.)

Samuel R. Jordan has just given the *Journal* an account of his life, which in view of his extremely hard lot for the past few years will be read with interest.

"I am 48 years old and have always lived in New Portland. I enlisted in the army in 1862 as a private in Company A, 28th Me. Volunteers. My army experience injured my health to some extent, although I worked at blacksmithing some part of the time, when suddenly, several years ago, I was prostrated with what able physicians pronounced Locomotor Ataxia. At first I could get around somewhat, yet the disease progressed quite rapidly until I had hardly any feeling in my legs and feet, they felt like sticks of wood and I grew so much worse that I could not move for three years without help, as my neighbors and friends could testify. I employed several physicians in my vicinity, and elsewhere, and they all told me that medicines would not help me, that they could do nothing to effect a cure, and that in time I should become entirely helpless. I became discouraged. I was a great care to my wife and friends. Shortly after I met an old army comrade, Mr. All. Parlin, a resident of Madison, Maine, and he incidentally mentioned how he had tried Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for a severe case of rheumatism and a spinal and malarial trouble, that he had suffered with consequent of his army life, and been greatly benefited by their use. By his earnest recommendation I was induced to try the pills. After taking them for a time I began to feel prickly sensations in my legs and a return of strength so I could move them a little. After a few weeks I began to feel a marked improvement in my condition. I soon was enabled to walk around a little with the help of crutches. After taking for some time I can now walk without crutches, my general health is much improved and I have regained my old-time vigor. I can walk about and enjoy life once more, for which I feel very thankful, and this happy result is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are not a patent medicine in the sense that name implies. They were first compounded as a prescription and used as such in general practice by an eminent physician. So great was their efficacy that it was deemed wise to place them within the reach of all. They are now manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold in boxes (never in loose form by the dozen or hundred, and the public are cautioned against numerous imitations sold in this shape) at 50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Timely Caution.

Clerk (of Western hotel)—I thought it best to caution that old fellow who just came in about blowing out the gas.

Proprietor—Where's he from?

Clerk—From the Greater New York.

The Skill and Knowledge

Essential to the production of the most perfect and popular laxative remedy known have enabled the California Fig Syrup Co. to achieve a great success in the reputation of its remedy, Syrup of Figs, as it is conceded to be the universal laxative. For sale by all druggists.

Another case of typhoid fever contracted from eating raw oysters is reported from England.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.

Not Sick Enough for the Doctor,

but a little out of sorts. Ripans Tabules would serve in your case. It is well to have them on hand for just such occasions.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29 1-2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength
—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.
Absolutely Pure

An Industrious Mole.

Desiring to learn just how much tunneling a mole can do in a known number of hours, we caught a good large specimen, and immediately turned it loose in the middle of a five-acre field of clover. The grass was so thin and winter-killed that the ground was practically bare, but not loose like the soil of a cultivated field. Five seconds after the mole received its freedom, it had burrowed out of sight. This may seem past belief, but the fact is vouched for by the official timekeeper. Sticking a stake at the starting point, we retired and left the digger hard at work.

The start was made at 11 a. m., and the direction taken was eastward. By 6 p. m. the mole had dug 23 feet in a zigzag line, but keeping the same general direction all the time, and without digging any side-galleries. By 11 a. m. of the following day the tunnel had been driven 31 feet farther, with numerous side-galleries, and 4 feet had been added at the extremity, making 68 feet of the main line and 36½ feet of branches, or a total of 104½ feet of tunnels, dug in twenty-five hours. The bottom of the tunnels ran very evenly about 4 inches below the surface. Sometimes the hole was elliptical in shape, measuring 1½ inches in width by 2 inches in height, and sometimes it was triangular, measuring 2 inches each way. The surface of the ground was usually cracked, and raised about an inch along the course of the tunnel.

Unanimous.

A gentleman had been up in a balloon and had taken his little girl with him.

"How did you feel?" asked a friend.

"Why," said he, "when we were up but a short distance my little girl looked over the edge of the basket and cried, 'Mamma!' and I felt that way, too."

Men are either good because they have not been found out, or because they are not married.

The Door of Life.

The fear of pain and the dangers of parturition fill many a woman's breast with dismay. There is no reason why childbirth should be fraught with danger and distress. It is a natural function, and should be performed in a natural way without undue suffering. Nature never intended that women should be tortured in this way.

Taken during gestation Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its dangers to both mother and child, by preparing the system for delivery, thereby shortening labor, lessening pain and abbreviating the period of confinement.

CONFIDENCES.

Yes, Jennie, I have noticed it.
I would not speak of it at all
Were it not for the fact
That I know a remedy.

I had the same experience.
Every now and then,
And always at a time
Most inopportune,
One of those little pimple-like blotches
Would appear on my face
And annoy me
Beyond expression.

I haven't had one for six months now
I have a talisman
That protects me.
I get it at the drug store.

You have seen the advertisement—
I am pretty sure.

Ripans Tabules

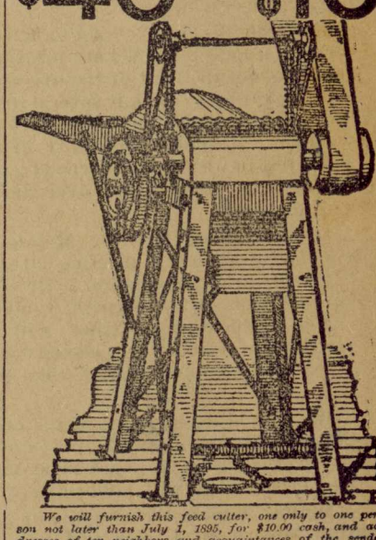
Is the name—three dozen in a box!
Swallow one after dinner,
Or just before bed time,
About once a week and
You will be annoyed no more.
But more beautiful! If you
Would believe that possible.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

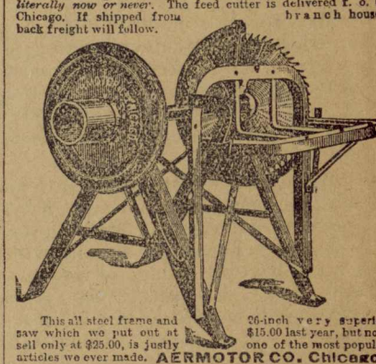
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES.
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,---stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

The Aermotor all Steel Feed Cutter Worth **$40 FOR $10**



We will furnish this feed cutter, one only to one person not later than July 1, 1895, for $10.00 cash, and addresses of ten neighbors and acquaintances of the sender known personally by him to be responsible and influential men in their localities who need and are likely to buy something in our line this year. After July 1, money sent in on this offer will be returned to sender and no attention will be paid to inquiries or letters concerning this offer. It is literally now or never. The feed cutter is delivered f. o. b. Chicago. If shipped from branch houses back freight will follow.

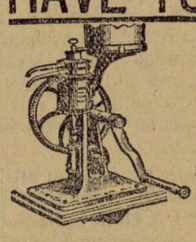


This all steel frame and saw which we put out at sell only at $25.00, is justly articles we ever made. 26-inch very superior $15.00 last year, but now one of the most popular AERMOTOR CO. Chicago.

Notice to Mill Men

And farmers owning small power: The finest and most complete Saw Mill in existence to-day, is manufactured by the DeLOACH MILL M'F'G. CO., 350 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga. Took first prize at World's Fair at Chicago. All sizes, from 4 h. p. up to the largest. Prices reduced. Send for catalogue showing new improvements; also, of Portable Corn Mills, Baling Presses and Turbine Water Wheels, Pulleys and Shafting and all kinds of mill supplies.

HAVE YOU FIVE OR MORE COWS?



If so a "Baby" Cream Separator will earn its cost for you every year. Why continue an inferior system another year at so great a loss? Dairying is now the only profitable feature of Agriculture. Properly conducted it always pays well, and must pay you. You need a Separator, and you need the BEST,—the "Baby." All styles and capacities. Prices, $75. upward. Send for new 1895 Catalogue.

THE DE LAVAL SEPARATOR CO.,
Branch Offices: ELGIN, ILL.
General Offices: 74 CORTLANDT ST., NEW YORK.

A GREAT COUGH REMEDY.

Perhaps you may think that Scott's Emulsion is only useful to fatten babies, to round up the angles and make comely and attractive, lean and angular women, and fill out the hollow cheeks and stop the wasting of the consumptive, and enrich and vitalize the blood of the scrofulous and anæmic persons. It will do all this—but it will do more. It will cure a

Hard, Stubborn Cough

when the ordinary cough syrups and specifics entirely fail. The cough that lingers after the Grip and Pneumonia will be softened and cured by the balsamic healing and strengthening influences of this beneficent food-medicine, namely, Scott's Emulsion of Cod-liver Oil and Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda.

Refuse substitutes. They are never as good.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

AM. N. U. No. 16, 1895.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, APRIL 25, 1895. NO. 5.

I like a cow's breath in sweet spring;
Like the breath of babes, new born;
A maid's breath is a pleasant thing;
But, oh, the breath of sudden morn!

Of sudden morn—when every pore
Of mother earth is pulsing fast
With life, and life seems spilling o'er
With loveliness too sweet to last.

—JOAQUIN MILLER, in Chips.

An Ox Team Elopement.

BY HOMER BASSFORD.

Wandering down through the lumber region of the Ozarks, not far from the Missouri-Arkansas line, I came upon a wagon in which were seated two young people—a man of 24 and a girl of 18 or 19. To their vehicle were yoked two red oxen. The beasts rolled their eyes lazily as they stood still at the command of the youth and the girl blushed and looked off into the trees.

"Lookin' fer us?" the young fellow called out to me, as I appeared through the undergrowth with my gun slung idly across my shoulder.

"Looking for you?" I echoed. "Bless you, no. Where did you get the notion?"

"Dunno," the youth replied, lifting his hand from an old-time rifle that lay along the back of the seat. I'm kinder suspisshus like of every feller I see."

"Why?"

"Well, to git right down to the fic's, we're—Clorindy, here, and me—we're elopin'."

The youth's face had relaxed the expression of sternness that I first noted and he was smiling. The girl's face was very red, but she was smiling, too. Then I smiled.

"Eloping? Well, that's pretty good. You haven't a very fast team there, have you?"

"No," returned the youth, looking at the dusty, tired, red animals. "No," he said again, "but they're stiddy, an' what's more," he went on, with a show of pride, "they're mine."

"How do you happen to be eloping?" I inquired.

"They was two of us after her—Clorindy here—an' I jest went up an' sez I, 'Which'll you have?' She kinder smirked and said as she 'lowed she didn't know. I don't take no stock in dickerin', so I comes right out an' says, says I, 'Ye kin have me now or not at all.' 'Mighty presumin',' says she, but kinder soft like in tone. I knowed I had her then an' I kep' up my blusterin', though my heart wa'n't backin' up all my mouth said. 'Well,' says I, 'we'll go right away if yer ready,' at which she held off like and said it wa'n't fair not to give Jonathan—that's the other fellow's name—a chance at it. I see right then an' there that I'd got to hustle if I was goin' to win, so I says good-bye to her for the minnit an' I goes over home and yokes up. It was jest as I thought. When I got back she—Clorindy here—was all tuckered up ready fer to start."

"When did all this happen?" I interposed.

"Last week," he said, "and then we started to——"

"And you are still eloping? Aren't you married yet?" I asked, stopping him in his excited narrative.

"Bless yo', yes," he exclaimed.

The girl blushed again and pulling the pink sunbonnet over her face, turned away.

"Oh, yes," the youth went on. "Married that day noon at 'Square Harrises, over near Thayer. We was sittin' at the 'Square's table, eatin' when Phil Henry, one of the neighbor boys, kem runnin' in an' says, says he, 'Hank, Jonathan an' Rindy's dad's after you with the black yoke an' they're gittin' all the boys out. Well, all we could do was to git right up an' pike off, puttin' the 'Square's good dinner under the seat. Phil said that Jonathan thought I had tuk a mean advantage of him."

"And haven't you seen anything of them yet?" I asked.

"No, not yet, but I'm skeered of that one of the boys 'at don't like me 'll go to Thayer an' git one of the hotel hosses and come along, but I'm fixed here," and he patted his old rifle. "Our yoke is purty fresh yet an' they're better than their'n any day. Ef they catch us we'll have fun then, shore."

"But didn't you tell me that you were married by 'Squire Harris?" I asked.

"Yes, in course we're all right and jined," the youth responded.

"Then what right have the father and friends of the girl—your wife—to run after you in this manner?"

"Wall, to tell the truth, I hadn't thought of that," the young fellow replied.

The girl's sunbonnet was pushed back at this part of the conversation. She was a pretty thing, a good type of the Ozark young woman. Her eyes were red with weeping, but they brightened up at my words.

"An' don't you think that——"

The girl started to speak, but she was stayed by the hand of her husband.

"What was you goin' to say, stranger?" he asked.

"I was going to say that you are foolish in running away in this fashion. Do you know how far you've gone?"

"About fifty mile, I reckon."

"You've gone across Oregon county." I answered. "You are in Ripley now."

"But they're right after us."

"What of it?"

"They'd take Clorindy."

The girl burst into tears.

"Stuff and nonsense!" I replied. "She's yours for all time. You ought to be ashamed of yourself for running away like this. Where have you been sleeping?"

"In the wagon. Clorindy druv while I slep' an' I druv while she snoozed."

"Well, I'd advise you to turn back and go home."

"An' can't they take Clorindy?"

"I should say not," I replied. "If you have a marriage certificate."

The girl almost laughed aloud.

"Well, I'll be gosh blamed," the groom exclaimed. "Gee about, you leather hided sons of Satan. If we meet them fellers an' they say shoo to us I'll put 'em so full o' holes that they won't hold sand and——"

"Don't be rash," I exclaimed, "just show your certificate. They'll growl, but that will be the end of it."

"Stranger," said the young mountaineer, "you've done me a good turn, so I'm goin' to do you one. You kin s'lute the bride ef you want."

The girl did not hesitate a moment. She pushed her bonnet back and leaned far down from the seat, her red lips puckered and her eyes dancing with merriment. The blush was there yet, but it was more delicate than at first, the rich tan on the forehead blending with the roses on the cheek.

My wife has always wanted to know whether or not I took that preffered kiss.—Detroit Free Press.

The Original Chinese.

Before the discovery of iron, and not less than 8,000 years ago the territory of what is now called China, Korea, and Japan was occupied by a brown race, either Malayan or Malay-negroid in character. This is pointed out by tradition, by ethnology, anthropology, and archaeology. The brown people bore the same relation to eastern Asia as did the Iberians and Lapps to prehistoric Europe. While of a low grade intellectually, they had mastered nearly all the primitive arts. They had domesticated the buffalo, dog, cat, monkey, and the barnyard fowls. It may be questioned if they had tamed the horse or cow. They lived in huts, tilled the soil, and understood pottery. As a race they were split up into innumerable clans and tribes. They were perpetually warring among themselves, using as arms weapons made from wood or stone. They worshipped fetiches and devils, practiced ploygamy and polyandry, offered human sacrifices to their idols, and were altogether pretty respectable savages.—Overland Monthly.

Origin of Ox-Tail Soup.

Dr. Smiles, in his book on the Huguenots, says:

"Before the arrival of the refugees, the London butchers sold their bullocks' hides to the fellmongers, always with the tails on. The tails were thrown away and wasted. The refugees obtained the tails, enriched their pots-au-feu with them, and reveled in the now well known delicacy of ox-tail soup."—Notes and Queries.

The Queensland government has decided to throw open 1,500,000 acres of land throughout the colony for selection as grazing and homestead farms.

Lilliput of Dogs.

A lilliputian dog of a queer breed of wild dogs of Chihuahua, now all but extinct, reached here recently in the pocket of its owner, G. Y. McLure, a picture dealer of the City of Mexico. Mr. McLure takes the twenty-eight-ounce canine wherever he goes, even to the theatre, or on business and social calls. The dog's home is in his pocket, in fact. The dog is no bigger than a small squirrel and is covered with a tawny hued hair as soft as eider down. He rides about in the overcoat pocket, or just inside the vest of his owner, only insisting on his head sticking out. Mr. McLure is a giant of over six feet, and the curious canine relic of a bygone race attracts some attention by comparison in size. When set afoot the small dog can run like a streak of light, but is too small to fight even a mouse. As for a contest with a rat, his owner says that is not to be thought of, for a rat would make mincemeat of him in no time. He barks when playing, but his barks are quite feeble. His owner is teaching him tricks and he can do many things that show remarkable intelligence.

"This dog is descended from a strange race of wild dogs in Chihuahua, now almost extinct," said Mr. McLure. "They have long been worth from $150 to $500 each, but now they are worth a good deal more. I bought this one some time since of a poor peon.

"From all I can learn these wild dogs burrowed in the ground. I was told that this dog was one of a litter found in such a burrow. It is now eight months old and has attained its full size."—San Francisco Examiner.

Losses from the Burning of Grass.

The practice of burning the old and dry grass in unoccupied lands, in order that a younger and more tender growth may give pasture to cattle, is still common in some of our States, and its results, though of benefit to a few, are disastrous to the general welfare. In Florida the cattle men have long been omnipotent. They have sway in the Legislature, which enacts laws to suit their wishes, even to the extent of prohibiting towns and villages from passing ordinances to prohibit the running at large of cattle. A considerable portion of the State is thus annually burned over. Nor is it the grass alone that burns, but fire communicates to the pine trees, thousands of which yearly succumb. Meantime fences must be maintained to keep out cattle commoners, only to be often burned in their turn. Worse than all, the humus in the sandy soil is burned out, and the future wealth and resources of the State are destroyed, to privilege a few, whose entire interests are not a thousandth part in the value of the ruin they accomplish. At this day and everywhere may be encountered tracts of utterly barren and worthless land, in the midst of comparatively fertile, whose fertility has been thus destroyed. In northern California simular aggressions are commited by the sheep-herders, and the Government reserves have to be protected by the army, acting as patrols.—Popular Science Monthly.

Durability of Chalk Marks.

About five years ago an article appeared in one of the city papers stating that when the old city bell was taken down to be replaced by the new one chalk writing was found, plainly written thirteen years before by a young engineer. In the year 1822 the bridge over the Big Gunpowder falls at Ridgeley's iron works, about fourteen miles from Baltimore, was constructed by Robert Burr, considered at that time a famous architect and engineer of New Jersey. When the bridge was erected several persons wrote their names thereon with chalk and they can easily be read at this day and the date "July 4, 1822."—Philadelphia North American.

First London Street Lighted.

The first London street to be lighted with gas was Golden Lane, in 1807. Two years later gas lamps were put up on Pall Mall, and between 1814 and 1820 the entire central district of the metropolis was thus illuminated.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Japan is an Anglicized corruption of Nifong, the name of the principal island in the Japanese Empire.

Hunting the Giraffe.

The bush is horribly dense and thorny, and the thorns are of such a nature that the strongest cord breeches can scarcely withstand their assaults. The old giraffe bulls, with hides nearly an inch thick, care for no thorn in the forest, and plunge through the armed thickets as though they were black currant bushes. There is only one thing to be done—to forget the sickle thorns and follow them. The spurs go in, the gallant pony springs forward, and the chase begins. It is truly headlong. Crash go the tall giants, their long necks rising and falling rhythmically, their heads sometimes bending low to escape a bough which all but scrapes the withers.

It is wonderful how such monstrous game can evade branches and tack this way and that among the interruptions and obstacles of the forest. It is a tough gallop indeed, but in ten minutes the hunter has driven his pony right up to the tail of the nearest bull, and, from the saddle has fired his shot. He falls behind a little, then closes up and fires again. Both bullets, planted close to the root of the tail, have plowed deep into the short body of the giraffe and done their work. The painted giant falters, sways, and then in an instant falls crashing to the earth, carrying with him in his ruin a stout sapling.

Dark chestnut of coat, (almost black with age upon the back), this old bull, measuring nineteen feet from the hoof to the tip of the false horns, forms a noble prize indeed. As he lies there in the long yellow grass, he looks, surely, the strangest of all survivals of the fauna of the Dark Ages; a priceless and pathetic relic left to the modern world by the ravages of time.—Saturday Review.

The Centre of the World.

To successive generations of both Jews and Christians Jerusalem has been the centre of the world, and the temple the centre of Jerusalem. The Talmud gives directions to those who are in foreign countries to pray with their faces toward the sacred land; to those in Palestine to pray with their faces toward Jerusalem; to those in Jerusalem to pray with their faces toward the Mount; to those in the temple to pray with their faces toward the Holy of Holies.

Now this was not because this sacred spot was a ceremonial centre, but because it was regarded as the geographical centre of the earth. According to the Rabbis, the temple was built on the great central rock of the world.

It is written in the Talmud: "The world is like the eyeball of man—the white is the ocean that surrounds the wall, the black is the world itself, and the pupil is Jerusalem, and the image of the pupil is the temple." And again, "The land of Israel is situated in the centre of the world, and Jerusalem in the centre of the land of Israel, and the temple in the centre of Jerusalem, and the Holy of Holies in the centre of the temple, and the foundation stone on which the world was grounded is situated in front of the ark." And once more: "When the ark was removed a stone was there from the days of the first prophets. It was called Foundation. It was three digits above the earth."—All the Year Round.

Instinct Betrayed Him.

A curious story is told by our Vienna correspondent. A young man, the representative of a large firm who carried a large sum of money with him, recently spent the night at a hotel at Presberg. As usual, he remained some time smoking in bed, Suddenly the burning cigar fell to the floor. He bent over to extinguish it, when he saw a hand project from under the bed put the cigar out. It made him very uncomfortable. He lay awhile and then, saying aloud, "How very cold; I shall get my fur coat," he jumped out of bed, flew to the door, and cried for help. The would-be robber was caught. He confessed he knew the occupant of the room had money, which he hoped to get whilst he slept. He had been a fireman formerly, and could not resist the impulse to extinguish the burning cigar.—London News.

It is computed that all the houses in London and New York could be built of the lava thrown out by Vesuvius since the first recorded eruption in A. D. 79.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

About one-third of an egg is solid nutriment.

The busy bee, scientists say, work but three hours a day.

Reliable ornithologists declare that swans, ravens and parrots will live 200 years.

During the Brooklyn trolley strike militiamen quartered in one of the car barns did part of their cooking by electricity.

Peat enjoys certain antiseptic qualities. A dead body which was buried in peat for over 100 years was found in a state of good preservation.

In Holland the fields are often separated from each other by water, and as the canals are higher than the land the use of water for irrigation becomes an easy and simple matter.

The London "Zoo" has secured a couple of specimens of that rare bird, the apteryx, and proposed to solve the mooted question whether it is the male or female bird that hatches the eggs.

California fruit growers are proposing to ship fruit in tight cars with carbonic acid gas. It is claimed that this gas will preserve the fruit in its flavor and is an economy over cold storage.

A Belgian inventor has devised an immense lamp such as probably never been seen before. It is 6 feet high and measures 7.10 feet in diameter. It is fed with lard oil, and the consumption to be very small.

No watch keeps perfectly time, and aven the best chronometers used in observatories and on board ships must be regulated according to tables which are kept to fix the variations to which all watches are liable.

The lens of the new astronomical telescope weighs about 2,000 pounds, rough cast, and will cost when completed about $45,000 dollars. Its diameter is five inches greater than the one at the Lick Observatory.

A new process of casting horseshoes has been recently patented. The whole operation requires but a few seconds and the shoes come out almost perfect, requiring hardly any trimming whatever. James Vernon, of Glasgow, is the inventor.

The movements of air commonly called winds are due to the heat of the sun. The warm air, being, lighter, rises and the colder air flows in to take its place. This principle is beautifully illustrated at the seashore in summer, where the daily sea breezes are due to the air over the heated land being displaced by a current of cooler air from the sea.

Dangers in the Pocket.

If the reports in several papers recently are to be credited there may exist considerable danger, of which the public should be warned, in the act of carrying in the same pocket certain articles which are in popular request, but which together, as would appear to have been demonstrated, may form a firework ready to "go off" on the slightest provocation. Thus it seems that the simultaneous occurrence of a safety match box and chlorate of potash lozenges in the same pocket led to a series of small explosions, setting fire to the clothes of the unfortunate wearer and severely burning his legs. It is a well known fact in chemistry, of course that red phosphorus—one of the constituents of the safety match box rubber—combines with explosive violence with chlorate of potash; but the possibility of such a reaction taking place in a person's pocket has not been foreseen, although, on reflection, we easily see that in these materials there occur two powerful elements—oxygen and phosphorus—which simply yearn, so to speak, to combine. This effected, the lively combustion of the sugar of the lozenge would follow as a logical but very unpleasant sequence. When, therefore, a chlorate of potash lozenge is placed in the same pocket as the safety match box, the pocket is unwittingly converted into a miniature magazine for fireworks, which, if they happen to "go off," cannot certainly be for anybody's "benefit." In any case, a person commits a breach of sanitary law surely when he keeps soothing medicaments in the congenial company of a safety match box.—London Lancet.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Eloquence is vehement simplicity.—Cecil.

Mercy to him that shows it is the rule.—Cowper.

Algebra is the metaphysics of arithmetic.—Sterne.

Good order is the foundation of all good things.—Burke.

What's gone and past help should be past grief.—Shakespeare.

Opposition inflames the enthusiast, never converts him.—Schiller.

Let France have good mothers and she will have good sons.—Napoleon.

Only actions give life strength; only moderation gives it charm.—Ritcher.

Nature is to thin a screen; the glory of the one breaks in everywhere.—Emerson.

The less we parade our misfortunes, the more sympathy we command.—O. Dewey.

The opinions of men who think are always growing and changing, like living children.—Hamerton.

Individuals may form communities, but it is institutions alone that can create a nation.—Disraeli.

Passion, in its first violence, controls interest, as the eddy for awhile runs against the stream.—Johnson.

Modesty is proportioned to the occasions of life, and strongest in youth when passions is so too.—Jeremy Collier.

A proper secracy is the only mystery of able men; mystery is the only secrecy of weak and cunning ones.—Chesterfield.

A fool, indeed, has great need of a title; it teaches him to call him count or duke; and thus forgot his proper name of fool.—J. Crown.

Manners are the shadows of virtues, the momentary display of those qualities which our fellow creature love and respect.—Sydney Smith.

All the molestations of marriage are abundantly recompensed with the other comforts which God bestowed on them who make a wise choice of a wife.—Fuller.

Owns Tecumseh's Hunting Knife.

Mrs. James A. Stewart of Akron, Ohio, possesses the hunting knife of the great Indian war chief Tecumseh, and a well-authenticated history ascribes the scalps of many victims to its keen blade.

The first husband of Mrs. Stewart was George M. Baldwin of Niles, Ohio, who was killed by lightning thirteen years ago. Baldwin, when a young man, lived among the descendants of Tecumseh's tribe, and secured the relic.

The knife is of peculiar workmanship. The blade is about six inches long, and near the hilt are a number of red rust spots, which possibly may be due to the action of drops of human blood. The handle is of carved and polished black walnut. Two silver stars and two crescents are inlaid, these signifying the high rank of the owner.

The only other genuine relic of Tecumseh known to exist is his tomahawk, now owned by Mrs. Elizabeth Skinner of West Point, Ky. It was exhibited at the World's Fair.—New York Times.

Suicide of a Dog.

A number of pedestrians witnessed a strange scene near the Larimer coke ovens recently. It was the unusual spectacle of a dog committing suicide. About 7.30 o'clock a small, sickly looking dog rushed to his death under a west-bound freight train. The animal was evidently under no extraordinary excitement, as he did not even bark at the train, but, with a seemingly premeditated conclusion to end his existence, dashed under the train and was, without a yelp, completely annihilated.—Altoona (Penn.) Tribune.

The Origin of Laws.

Smythe—I intend Harry for the bar; would you advise his beginning on such old works as Coke and Blackstone?

Tompkins—No; I would begin by grounding him further back.

Smythe—Indeed! In what?

Tompkins—The Ten Commandments.—Kate Field's Washington.

It is estimated that the English language is spoken by 115,000,000 people.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

While there are perhaps some places that may offer more money for the Industrial school, we feel safe in saying there are none that can offer the natural advantages that we possess. In point of accessibility and health we stand at the head of the list. We are nearer the geographical centre of the state than any other town. We are within seven miles of the Louisville & Nashville railroad and on the Southern and the Brierfield, Blocton & Birmingham railroad. Our town is noted for its health and good morals. For refined society it is unsurpassed. We offer a large and commodious two-story brick building and ten acres of land. Why then should a few thousand dolars in money that may be offered by some town that does not possess the advantages that are laid down in the act be considered? The building we offer alone cost twenty-three thousand dollars.

We contend that the committee selecting the site for this important institution should look first to the natural advantages. This is a permanent school, and one that is destined to rank of highest importance. Do not then put it up to the highest bidder. The state is able to furnish the means for improving the property from time to time as it may see fit. Should it be located in a sickly, inaccessible place all the money in the treasury could not rectify such an error! A few thousand dollars is soon spent. A central, healthy and accessible location cannot be made with money. We believe we are entitled to the school and invite the committee to come and look before locating.

Every piece of property within ten miles of Montevallo would be doubled in value if we should get the Industrial school.

Thanks, Bro. Graham, for such a compliment as you pay our town. Fact is, we're getting a little vain and have great faith in our noble old town on the "mountain in the valley." We certainly want to deserve something and shall continue to labor to that end. If we sould only get that industrial school for girls how proud we'd be. Situated as we are in three miles of the center of the state, surrounded by a net work of railroads accessible to all points east, west, north and south, fine buildings, fine water, coal at our doors, etc., we certainly ought to succeed, other things being equal. You gave us a blast in your noble paper in regard to it once before, and we are grateful to you. If we could succeed we would put in water works and give the school their water free for all purposes out of one of the finest great big mountain springs Alabama affords. We hear French Nabors, Esq., offers ten acres of fine lands lying near the building, and another citizen says he'll give them his herd of jerseys and they are beauties, solid lemon colors and blacks, all the finest registered stock, to go with the ten acres of land.

Don't grip your pocketbook too tight when the committee calls on you for subscription for the Industrial school. You will not have to pay it unless we get the school. If we do get it you will never regret it.

We notice one or two rock men are at work quarrying the stone for the piers to our new steel bridge. Work seems to be progressing very slowly and we fear some accident will occur on the old bride before the new one is put in. The engineer has, we learn, recommended lumber approaches instead of dirt as originally contracted for. We cannot understand why a contract should be varied to suit the contractor after it was fully agreed that the approaches should be of dirt and taken from the hill. It strikes us that the engineer should look to the interest of the country and allow as little woodwork as possible.

Cotton continues to go up, but we hope our farmers will not become unduly excited by it. The price no doubt will be from 6 to 7 cents next fall, but if it develops that the crop is large it will go down before we can get it in market, and then we will have 4 to 5 cents cotton as in the season just passed.

Why should the committee for locating the industrial school give weight to a money bid? We offer the best location in the state and a $20,000 building.

It may not be known by many of our readers that B. F. Wilson, Esq., of Talladega, is writing a book and the first chapter will open with a scene at Montevallo during the terrible cyclone we had about fifteen years ago. Mr. Wilson is a Montevallo boy of whom we are all proud. He was noted when a boy for his love of literature and we predict much success for his book.

The editorial writer for the Montgomery Advertiser is one of the best in the South. He should be on some of the great dailies of New York city.

Montevallo is nearer the geographical centre of the state than any town in it. What is known as the Base Line runs through it, making half the town in North Alabama and half in South Alabama. The line to which we refer runs through the centre of Dr. Acker's house and thence along through the Walker mill and up by the Episcopal church. It is directly on the Southern East Tennessee, Virginia & Georgia railroad, and within seven miles of the Louisville & Nashville railroad, the two great trunk lines of the state. For health it is unsurpassed. These are the two greatest advantage for the Industrial school. We offer a twenty thousand dollar brick building and one or more good dwellings, together with a large block of land. Why then can we not have it? We can, and will, if we work.

We modestly bow to Editor Graham in acknowledgent of his tribute to Montevallo, which appeared in last week's Sentinel. He was once a resident of our town and knows what we are and who we are. We thank him for his kind expressions of praise.

1. Absolutely certain that we can get the school if we all are willing to try.

2. It is absolutely certain that it will tripple the advantages of the town in five years.

3. It is very probable that we will never have a town unless we take advantage of this opportunity.

4. You are as much interested in the welfare of this town as any one else, unless you intend to emigrate at once.

5. Let us not deceive ourselves as to the natural advantages of the town.

6. No town in the state has superior natural advantages, we all know, but we also well know that Montevallo has had these advantages all these fifty years, and they have done nothing for her yet. We must awake to the necessity of working ourselves if we wish to secure the industrial school.

Corn is coming in daily and finds a ready market. Corn at 62 1-2 cents in exchange for flour at 3 cents is as good trade as our farmers can ask. Flour has lately gone up in price, but our people had a good supply on hand before the rise, so don't fear but you will find all you want when you come to Montevallo.

We were very much pained to receive the following certificate from one of our brother editors last week, after he had read the account of the Indian Fort treasure trove:

The Ancient. Reckless and Independent Order Prevaricators.

LIAR'S LICENSE.

This is to certify that the editor of the Montevallo News is entitled to Lie, from the 1st day of January to the 31st day of December, he being a duly qualified Liar, and having satisfied the A. R. & I. O. of P. that he is a fit and proper person to hold a License.

Witness my hand this 12th day of April, 1895.

Tom Pepper, President.
Ananias,
Sec. of S. to His Infernal Majesty.

A drummer from a large manufacturingh house in South Carolina paid our town quite a compliment this week. He said our town was the busiest one he had seen in all his travels; that he could hardly find an opportunity to drum the merchants they kept so busy; and then, too, he declared to our popular hotel keeper, Mr The Allen that our merchants were the nicest, most wide awake men he had met anywhere, and that we were bound to succeed.

WHERE BRAVERY FORSOOK HIM.

He had tramped the wilds of Africa and
seen the wild giraffe,
And had gazed on lions fierce with greatest brashness;
He had listened with tranquility to the
striped hyenas laugh,
And faced tigers with a courage that
was rashness.

He had scrapped with big prize fighters
in the zenith of their fame,
And had fought a dozen duels with the
greatest of temerity;
He had entered burning buildings and
saved women from the flame,
And had swum Niagara's rapids with
celerity.

He'd played quarter back at football and
had come out safe and sound,
And had waded through gunpowder
with a candle that was lighted;
He had rescued prisoned miners in the
caverns under ground,
And in scenes of slaughter he was
much delighted.

When no one knew just how the cloth
that's bullet-proof would work,
He had worn it while the maker experimented;
There was scarcely a known danger his
courageous heart would shirk,
And the more the risk the more he was
contented.

But one bargain day, while sauntering
past a mammoth dry goods store,
When the weather was a-sweltering
and a-simmering,
And his friends dared him to try to pass
the women round the door,
He refused, for his courage went a-glimmering.

—New York Sun.

HER OLD FOSSIL.

THERE was so much talk about Professor Chesney before he arrived that Larry declared herself sick of the subject.

Larry was the only one of the family who had not met him, and with her usual perversity made up her mind not to like him. He was learned in mathematics, which only scored against him in her eyes.

"The calculating power alone should seem to be the least human of qualities," she quoted, her small nose in the air. "There is something wrong about a man whom everybody likes. My prophetic soul tells me I shall not take to him, at least."

The Wednesday the professor was expected Larry went for a long walk. She met Ned Erskine and Harry Winthrop, two young artists with whom she was good friends, and enjoyed herself very much, getting in barely in time to dress for dinner.

They were assembled around the table when she slipped into her place, and there was a reproof in her mother's voice when she said: "My third daughter, Larinda, Professor Chesney."

If there was anything that her third daughter hated, it was being addressed by her baptismal name. With a pout of her red under lip she bowed hastily, and it was not until she had disposed of her soup that she looked at her opposite neighbor.

A tall, thin man with brown hair and a short brown beard and moustache, thickly streaked with gray, a large domelike forehead, and near-sighted gray eyes that looked kindly at her through his spectacles.

He was a little surprised at the hostile expression in the brilliant brown eyes, which surprise deepened into astonishment when, in answer to a low-voiced remark, the young lady replied also in a low tone, but so distinctly that he heard every word: "I think he is an old fossil."

Notwithstanding this, several times during the meal his eyes strayed to the white-robed figure, the bent, shining brown head, and once, in the midst of a remark from Augusta, he turned quickly to listen to a peal of merry laughter from Larry.

Several of her friends came in during the evening, and she devoted herself to their entertainment, completely ignoring the professor. When she kept up this behavior for nearly a week it attracted the attention of her family as well as that of the visitor, and when gentle hints were scorned Larry was severely reprimanded.

"You are positively unladylike," said Mrs. Austin, "and I insist on at least civility. He must think you an ill-mannered child."

"I dare say I do seem a child to his advanced years," saucily answered Larry.

"You are exceedingly impertinent," answered Mrs. Austin, who was now very angry. "I insist on your being polite to Professor Chesney, and doing your share toward entertaining him, or I shall certainly complain of you to your father. Leave the room, miss."

A little ashamed and wholly angry, Larry whisked out of the room almost into the professor's arms, with such force as to rather stagger him.

With a hasty "Excuse me!" she sped along the corridor and up the stairs while the "estimable gentleman" stood and looked after her.

"An old fossil!" he murmured, with a slight smile, stroking his beard.

Shortly after this, to the surprise of all, Larry suddenly changed her tactics, and at dinner one day addressed the professor. He answered courteously, and very readily joined in the argument between herself and Jim. Her remarks were bright and amusing, if somewhat crude, and the brown eyes and changeful face were very attractive. In the evening she played and sang for him, and was as bright and bewitching as the heart of man could desire, much to the surprise of some and the annoyance of others of her family.

"She means mischief," thought Jim, uneasily. "Are you beginning to succumb to the professor's charms?" he whispered. "You know I gave you a week."

"I am thinking of getting up a collection of fossils," she answered, with a mocking laugh, "and this is too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you dare interfere."

"Poor wretch," rejoined Jim. "He has my sympathy."

Unable to account for the change in Larry's manner, the professor nevertheless found her very agreeable, and, though never neglecting anyone else, it soon became evident that she was the attraction. The other two reluctantly gave way to her, and it was she who went with him to picture galleries and lectures and concerts, who was the life of theater and opera parties—saucy, willful, charming.

With all his gravity and erudition it was plain that he admired this ill-regulated young woman. He had never before been thrown closely into companionship with such a creature. He admired her beauty, her dainty costumes, even her girlish extravagance of speech and saucy disregard of his opinion pleased him better than Augusta's unvarying politeness or Gertrude's cleverness. His eyes followed her every movement, a wistful light in them that sometimes touched Jim.

Larry was curled up in a deep window sill, overlooking the park, basking in the sun, for she was a veritable Persian in her love of sunlight, when Professor Chesney came into the room. He leaned against the side of the window, looking at the picture she made in her quaint puffed and furbelowed gown, the sunlight falling on her brown head.

Larry looked up, nodded with a smile that showed her small white teeth, and settled back in her original position, waiting for him to speak. And so he did after a while, but not as she expected.

"I am going away to-morrow, Miss Larry," he said. "My pleasant visit has come to an end all too soon."

"To-morrow!" echoed the girl, sitting up straight. "I am very sorry you are going."

And, much to her own surprise, she realized that the remark was perfectly sincere.

"I am glad to hear you say that," said the Professor, trying to keep his voice steady. "It makes it a little easier to say something that is in my heart."

Then he told his story in warm, eager words, very unlike his usual calm tones—words that stirred Larry strangely. There was a queer expression on her pale face as she stood before him.

"Professor Chesney," she said, with quivering lips, "I am not worth the love you have offered me. You'll realize that when I tell you that I have only been pleasant and civil to you all these weeks, not for liking for you, but to—to plague the others."

Thoroughly ashamed, she bent her head, unable to meet his eyes.

"You mean that you have deliberately played a part all these weeks? You whom I thought so frank and true? How could you do it? Then you have not the slightest love for me in your heart—that, I suppose, is out of the question?"

There was a hurt, shocked tone in his voice that touched Larry keenly.

"I don't love you," she answered, "but I shall be very grateful if, after what I have told you, you will let me be your friend."

She put out her hand and moved a step nearer to him, but to her mortification her extended hand remained untouched.

"By and by I may be able to appreciate your offer. I shall try, but you've taught me a hard lesson, Larry, one I'm not likely to forget. Perhaps I ought to have known better"—but with a break in his voice—"I'm not used to women. I'm only an old fossil, after all."

And without another word he left her.

Up in her room Larry was still more surprised to find a bit of crying necessary. She could not account for the unhappy feeling that took possession of her as she reviewed the past weeks and realized that the kindly, pleasant companionship she had accepted so heedlessly was at an end.

"I suppose he'll hate me now and forever more," she thought between her sobs, "but how could I say I loved him when I didn't."

Then she sobbed all the harder.

The Professor left the next afternoon while Larry was out.

A box of white roses lay on the table addressed to her, a card attached, on which was written: "From your friend, Roger Chesney." That was all, but she guessed dimly what an effort it cost him to write it.

With trembling fingers she made three parts of the flowers and gave them to her mother and sisters.

"I don't want them," she said proudly, in answer to her mother's remonstrange. "I was only civil to him to please you all."

Jim noticed that the brilliant eyes were full of tears and that she took the card away with her.

"It must be a relief to you to have him gone," he said, as they stood for a moment in the hall. "Association with such a serious man must have been a trial to you."

He was unprepared for the way she flamed out at him.

"Such a trial as makes me more willing to accept the statement that man is made after God's own image and possesses some god-like attributes. Now go!"

And he did, a lurking smile under his mustache and a most emphatic "by Jove!" upon his lips.

One bright morning early in June Jim opened the door of Mrs. Austin's sitting-room. Larry was there alone. She had an industrious fit on her, and with the sleeves of her blue morning dress turned back, displaying two prettily rounded arms, feather duster in hand, she was whisking the dust off some rare pieces of old china.

"Larry, here is an old friend of yours," Jim announced. "Treat him well, for he sails for Egypt to-morrow, never to return. I'll be back in a minute."

He vanished, and there, inside the closed door, stood Professor Chesney, thinner, grayer, but with the old kindly smile on his lips that she remembered so well. Startled out of her self-possession, Larry stood with her duster suspended over gran'ma's hundred-year-old teapot.

"I sail for Egypt to-morrow," said the Professor, taking a few steps into the room, "and I may never return. Won't you wish me godspeed, Larry?"

Crash went gran'ma's priceless teapot in a dozen pieces on the polished floor, and the next thing Larry knew she was crying.

The Professor approached her.

"Are you crying because I'm going away or because you have broken the teapot?" asked the visitor.

"Both!" cried Larry, with a convulsive sob, which was smothered in the folds of the Professor's coat as the arms of that estimable gentleman closed around her.

"How about your prophetic soul?" Jim asked, later on. "I thought you called him a fossil?"

"So I did," answered the young lady, quite unabashed, "but I also said I was getting up a collection of fossils, and recognized the fact that he was too fine a specimen to lose. Don't you remember?"—Bow Bells.

Bible Law.

In the early days of interior Missouri, says the Green Bag, the late Judge E. cut cord-wood, cleared up his homestead farm, and was employed, on nearly every case that came up; for he was for some years the only lawyer in the country. He had no books save an old leather-covered Bible and an odd volume or two of history; he had only read law in Kentucky a short time during his youth.

A young attorney from the East settled in the little country town, with his library of half a dozen new and handsomely bound law-books, and on his first appearance in court, he brought most of his library to the justice's office, in a fine, beautifully flowered carpet-bag. E. was engaged against him, and as usual, had not a book.

When his adversary drew his books from the pretty carpet-bag, E. looked astonished, but quickly recovered his ready resources, and asked the justice to excuse him for a few moments. He hurried to his homestead, half a mile away, put his old Bible and histories into a grain-sack, brought them into court, and laid them on the table.

The evidence was introduced, and the Eastern man, who was for the plaintiff, made his opening argument, and read at some length from his text-books. E. made his characteristic speech in reply, closed by reading from his old Bible a law just the reverse of that by his opponent, and took his seat. His adversary reached over, picked up the Bible, and looked at it.

"Your honor," said he, eagerly addressing the justice, "this man is a humbug and a pettifogger! Why, sir, this is the Bible from which he has pretended to read law!"

The old justice withered him with a glance.

"Set down!" he thundered. "Set down! What better law can we git than the Bible?"

He decided the case in favor of the defendant.

An Invalid Stamp Collector.

Ednee Brower, the 12-year-old Hot Springs, Ark., invalid who was known either personally or through correspondence to people all over the United States, is dead. For seven years she had been unable to walk or move any part of her body except her hands and head, on account of injuries to her spine, received by a fall when she was only 5 years old. She was a bright child and could read and write. For a year or more past she has been collecting canceled postage stamps, and friends from all over the United States were sending them to her. In this way she supported herself by selling stamps to dealers. During the past year she collected 1,000,000 stamps in this way, for which she received $100. She had to lie on her stomach all the time, and in that uncomfortable position she would work day after day, writing letters and counting stamps that had been sent her, but she was always bright and cheerful.

A few days ago the mails brought her a copy of the Washington Post, which contained a notice that she was a fraud, that she was not an invalid. This was an error, which probably grew out of the fact that a Miss Edna Brown, of Illinois, is also collecting stamps in a similar way for the support of an invalid sister. This notice had the effect of breaking Ednee Brower's heart, for she became ill and died shortly after. She talked of the publication all the while, and said she would collect no more stamps, for she would rather starve than be pronounced a fraud. A few moments before she died she opened her eyes and asked the physician, Dr. W. H. Barry, how long it would be before she could go to heaven, then she closed her eyes as though she had only fallen asleep.

Friend from the next street (to happy father)—Halloa, Jills, let me congratulate you. I hear that you have a new boy at your house. Happy father—By George, can you hear him all that distance?—Tit-Bits.

Banker (to applicant for clerkship)—"Have you had any experience in a bank?" Applicant—"Yes, sir; I was a depositor in one, until the cashier ran away with all the funds!"—Harper's Bazar.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

A CHRISTIAN with a long face ought to pray a good deal before he starts for church.

Every coward is somebody's hero.

Jesus Christ was poor, but he never begged.

Remember that the top side of a cloud is always bright.

A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

The best advertisement for a revival is the revival itself.

Controversy in religious matters pays no spiritual dividends.

God never says "Come up higher" to any except the faithful.

The sin that shines the brightest is the one most apt to kill.

Unless we find God to-day somebody else may lose him to-morrow.

If we know how to aim, the bigger the giant the better the mark.

The man who looks through cobwebs will see spiders everywhere.

If the Lord could trust us with money we would all have more of it.

The man gains nothing who loses his character and saves his money.

Rebellion against God turns its back on heaven, and makes its own hell.

The man God helps is the man who is doing what he can to help himself.

The devil may feel proud of his work when he looks at a drunkard's home.

It is always the self-righteous man who wants to know where Cain got his wife.

Some shepherds seem to forget that sheep never stand on their hind legs to eat.

For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we overlook.

The conviction of sinners is sure to be deep when the church is hearing God speak.

The journey to the cross is short when we are willing to go to it with bleeding feet.

The devil can behave himself as well as an angel when he has to do it to gain his point.

One reason why Christ ate with publicans and sinners was that they made him welcome.

The blind would never find out that they were blind, if somebody with eyes didn't tell them so.

The religion that is only seen on Sunday, is not the kind that is going to bring the world to Christ.

When man finds God in peace it is because he sought him as a sinner when he had no peace.

The man who gives as God tells him to, will do himself more good than the one who receives his gifts.

When the devil walks abroad as a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, he never shows his teeth.

God doesn't tell the unconverted man that he is a sinner, but turns on the light and shows him that he is one.

Give some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.

Moses saw the burning bush as he was passing by, but he didn't hear God speak until he turned and went to it.

A revival is as much the result of obedience to certain laws and conditions, as the production of an electric light.

The church would have greater victories if there were no men in her ministry except those whom God has sent.

The sermon that does not have something in it that God has said, will not provoke any opposition from the king of the pit.

It is no doubt easier for God to stop the sun than it is to turn a man around who has always been in the habit of having his own way.

The preacher's spiritual life is more apt to widen and deepen when he is being persecuted for righteousness' sake, than when his salary has been doubled.

The Bible declares that people of wealth and culture are not made out of any better clay than common folks, but bushels of sermons are written which studiously avoid pressing home this truth.

Working Jones for It.

"Smith is a good-natured man."

"Why do you say so?"

"Jones is telling him all the cute things his baby says and Smith is laughing heartily and seems interested."

"Smith wanted to borrow $5 from me just now and I couldn't let him have it."—New York Press.

Begun 300 Years Ago.

In sixteen months the great drainage canal of the City of Mexico will be opened. The canal is over thirty miles long, and the tunnel through the mountain six miles. The total cost will have been $20,000,000, and they have been fooling with the thing off and on for 300 years.

A Kensington youth, who had been told that a certain young lady's father had plenty of dough, proposed to her before he discovered that the old man was a baker.—Philadelphia Record.

When some women entertain they work so hard that you can't enjoy your visit for feeling sorry for them.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Local and Personal.

Rev A F Smith preached a fine sermon at the Episcopal church Sunday evening.

A certain young man of our town, known as "Speckled Beauty" chased one of the editors all over town last Thursday for putting his name in the News. Of course we will not call his name, for that would be sure to cause a fight, but we could call it just as easy as we could say "Brur."

One of our young men has presented the editors with a season soda water ticket if they will keep his name out of the paper.

Mr J E Matison of East Lake is spending a few days in our city.

The Montevallo Juniors and the Calera Seniors crossed bats at Calera last Saturday, resulting in a score of 2 to 1 in favor of Calera. The first nines of these towns will play here tomorrow, April 26.

Our citizens have made up their minds to improve the town, and they are going to do so. The street leading to the town spring has been put in fine condition and we are not going to stop until every street in town is nicely graveled. Let everybody help in this good work.

We were pleased to have with us last week Editor DuBose of the Chronicle. He and Brother Bowdon have made up and the Chronicle will not tell on him any more.

Mr E W Langston and wife and Misses Ruby and Kate Langston, all of Six Mile, came up shopping last Saturday.

Mrs McCauley is having a fine millinery goods trade. She buys direct from the largest dealers in New York and Baltimore, and can certainly save you money on your purchases. Her line of hats and trimmings for this season are beautiful. Why send away for hats when you can get them at home and save annoyance of having to return them?

Mr Sam Cottingham of Six Mile, accompanied by his handsome sister, Miss Jessie, visited Montevallo Saturday.

Mr John Butler and wife have an 11 pound boy visitor at their house. Mr Butler is 48 and his wife is 44 and it has been six years since their last child was born.

Miss Geneva Vest of Woodlawn has been visiting her parents here this week.

Mr W F Aldrich purchased in Kentucky last week a thoroughbred saddle horse for his wife.

Mr Emmet Farrington and wife visited our city last week.

We saw quite a curiosity in the way of a negro boy a few days since. His legs had been ampupated about 4 inches below the knee, and he had shoes made for the stumps and got around as well as any one, except his shoes pointed back instead of front. He could plow, hoe, and in fact do almost any work that came to hand.

FOUND—A silver plated fountain pen. The owner can get same by proving property and paying for this notice.

Mrs Hag Fancher of Brierfield was in town Thursday.

We are glad to learn that Mrs Finly is improving.

Our attention has been called to the fact that by united effort on the part of the citizens here we could secure a passenger depot. This is one of the most important passenger stations on the line of the Southern Railway. It is said more passengers get on and off trains here than at any other depot between Selma and Anniston. Our accommodations are very poor and we hope some effort will be made to have them made better.

Dr Jeff Davis has returned from the Medical association at Mobile, where, we learn, he was honored in being elected to the office of counselor in that body. He had not been a member of the association long enough for the honor, but the rules were suspended and he was elected anyway

Prof Howard Griggs of Talladega visited our town Saturday.

Miss Ada Mulkey was in the city one day last week.

Let all the croakers take a back seat until we get the Industrial school located here.

A pull all together got our steel bridge. See what we can do for the Industrial school.

Rev C L Dobbs preached two fine sermons here Sunday. He is a power for good in any community.

Since "She" has left "Cat" has been undecided as to whether he was in love, or whether it was a case of "fatty" degeneration of the heart.

C T A wishes to inform the public that he is writing an article on the "Movement of Material Objects Without Physical Contact." His attention was called to the matter by seeing an old tomato can move six inches to one side in order to get in front of A J L, who was then trying to learn to ride a bicycle.

Mr C C Vandegrift returned Thursday from a business trip to Meridian, Miss.

Wonder if R E H will ever tell us who "kicked" him last Saturday evening.

A young lady in the park says she is going to ask you to take breakfast, if you ever stay so late again.

John Dill can teach you handkerchief flirtation. Practice makes perfect.

What is the matter with our string band? Let us have a night of each week set apart for practice. This is too good a thing to let fall through. We can get up a band of which our town will feel proud if we only go to work.

Miss Lula Edding, one of Concord's charming young ladies, was in town last Thursday.

We were glad to see our young friend, Forney See, in town one day last week.

Messrs George T and John Butler, living several miles northeast of Calera, were in town buying supplies the past week. Cheap goods and accommodating merchants will draw trade. Come along—flour, corn, sugar, tobacco, furniture, drugs, clothing, shoes, dry goods, in fact, anything you want to eat or wear cheaper than anybody for cash or on a credit at H C & W B Reynolds'.

We are very sorry that the Dry Valley locals were misplaced. Let us hear from you again and we will be more careful.

Mr. Ed R. Eady and his estimable wife of near Randolph were in town Monday. Mr. Eady is one of the prosperous farmers of Bibb county.

Mr. W. E. Fancher, Jr., of Centreville, gave us a call Monday.

Miss Minnie Fulton, one of Saginaw's fair young ladies, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. Jesse Harten, one of our popular young men, left us Tuesday for Demopolis. Jesse is a nice boy and his many friends regret to see him leave.

Prof. Ege of Richmond, Va., has organized a singing class here, and he is meeting with perfect success. He has about twenty-five scholars, and we predict we will have some fine singing here before long. Prof. Ege is a fine bass singer and is a perfect gentleman.

Who Said

That Burr worked the streets Monday?

That E L D went fox hunting last Friday evening?

That the "speckled beauty" was out in a new spring suit Sunday?

That R E H went to Bismarck Sunday night?

That C T A went to Dry Valley Sunday?

That John Kroell's arm flew off the handle sometimes?

That John Davis finds everybody that goes to walk with his girl before they get home.

That John Mc ought to try again; he may get to see her next time.

That one of our young men, who is now away from home, inquires about a certain young lady every time he writes to the boys. She's still living, brother.

That "Son" did too much work Monday for the good of his health.

That "Brur" eats a whole cheese every week.

That Burr always goes up by Lyman Hall now when he goes home. Of course, it is not the hall that is so attractive.

That John Kroell and John Davis have hired Jack Ozley's team to take in the first picnic.

That the Juniors decided that all of the Montevallo girls were pretty and it would take too much space to publish the names. ("Bouquets.")

That the town was full of pretty girls Tuesday.

That one of the editors went all over town trying to find out a certain young lady's name Tuesday?

That W. B. Reynolds was taking singing lessons to prolong his life?

Citizens' Mass Meeting.

There was a largely attended meeting of the citizens Saturday night for the purpose of taking steps to secure the industrial school for girls. H. C. Reynolds was elected chairman and E. S. Lyman secretary and treasurer.

After considerable discussion the following committees were appointed:

Committee on location—W. S. Cary, C. L. Meroney, H. C. Reynolds, E. S. Lyman.

Committee on subscriptions—C. W. Cary, S. S. Allen, William Lyman, French Nabors.

Committee on order of business—W. B. Reynolds, J. M. Reynolds, Dr. Trammell, E. S. Lyman.

Meetings will be held from time to time as occasion may require.

At another meeting on Monday night nothing of importance was done. The committees are at work and we will be in a position to make a good offer to the locating committee, which meets in Montgomery May 16.

Calera Locals.

D W Burke, receiver and manager of the Chattanooga Southern railway, spent Thursday in the city.

Mr Frank Kroell of Montevallo spent a few hours with friends here Thursday.

Mr French Nabors of Montevallo passed through the city Thursday en route to Columbiana.

Messrs Dubose and Leeper of Columbiana visited relatives and friends here last Monday.

Two of our sports left the city last Friday night for the wild west on a special train composed of slide-door Pullman cars. their motive is to seek fame and fortune.

Messrs E N Penick and G W Holcomb made a flying trip to Alpine Tuesday last on "important business."

Ed Aldridge brought his delicate little pedal extremities to town last Friday.

Willie Blevins spent the day in Birmingham last Friday.

Messrs C L O'Neal and J W Ozley visited Birmingham Thursday.

Mr F Hardy of Siluria was in the city a few hours Friday.

Alderman A N Hines wears his aldermanic honors with the ease and grace of a veteran. Dizzy heights do not effect his cool head.

One of our would-be sports addressed an invitation to two young ladies Thursday as Miss ——— and ———. In response the young ladies asked him if he knew how to address an invitation. To them he replied: "You all needn't think I am a fool because I accidentally made a mistake. I knew it should have been addressed 'Messrs ——— and ———. 'Twas an error of the head and not of the heart.'" "Clive" studied chemistry.

Walter Moss, proprietor of the Rock City Steam Mills says he has grown tired of the mill business and is going to use his best efforts in aspiring to something higher. The phrenologist says Walter is talented as a silversmith, but Walter says he doesn't like that profession from the fact that "Jim Lindsey" is a silversmith.

Pea Ridge.

I wish to correct a mistake of some one. William Miles, the well-known citizen of Shelby county, is not as has been represented. He is 87 years old; can walk out and cut wood enough to make a fire; can see out of one eye; can speak some words.

His grandson, Latamer Miles, of Blocton came over Sunday to see him. He shook hands with Latamer and told he was well. He has been living on Pea Ridge thirty-six years last December.

The people of Pea Ridge are expecting to have fruit enough this year to fill all their cans, as the prospect is good at present.

Miss Boonie McBride of Blocton is visiting her sister, Mrs Ella Lucus, this week.

Miss Sue Lowley and Miss Stella Miles gave Miss Boon a friendly call Sunday evening.

Mrs E D Mills will be 77 years old on the 19th of May. She hived a swarm of bees Friday.

The Pea Ridge girls are making ball dresses for the 26th.

Mr Isaac Goggins was caught in a whirlwind last Sunday evening and was carried some distance towards Rocky Branch. Lookout, boys.

The young people are expecting to have a grand time at the picnic the last of this month.

A. E. Miles.

Dogwood Breveties.

Hiving bees seems to be the order of the day.

Mr. Jack Curtis was a pleasant visitor of our town last week.

Mr. Robert McBride and wife of Gacie, Ala., passed through town Saturday en route to Blocton.

Dr. Madison Leonard, one of Longview's conspicuous physicians, accompanied by Mr. Bent Pune, took Dogwood by storm one night last week.

Mr. George Monroe and family of Aldrich spent Sunday last with friends near by.

Miss Renna Ozley returned this morning after a pleasant visit to relatives in the Magic City, and she expressed herself as having had a good time.

Mr. W. C. was in town Sunday dear hunting, but we think he faild to see her.

Mr. C. Johnson came home recently after a very enjoyable visit to Brierfield.

Mr. J. G. Jinks is all smiles now, as his girl has returned.

M. A. T. E.

Owing to the fact that Walton Williams has asked us to keep his name out of the News we will not say anything about him this week, for Walton is a nice boy and we all like Walton ever so much. You know Walton clerks for H. C. & W. B. Reynolds, and Walton is a good salesman. Walton is five feet and nine inches tall, weighs 135 pounds, wears a number 6 shoe, is a brunette, and, in fact, Walton is an all round good boy.

Mrs. W. D. Cox and her little daughter of Gurnee were in town Tuesday.

SOME BARGAINS!

1894 was the yere that tride men's souls. With cotton at four and five cents to pay for corn at 90 cents was enuf to discourage eny man and make him repudiate. What did our people do? Did they falter and say they wouldn't pay? No; like noble men that they are, they paid the last dollar of their debts and went without the necessities of life. Can we forget them now? Never! Shall we then keep goods up at war prices? If U think so, then cum and see. A gret meny of our friends sa you are selling too cheap. How can you do it? You will brake. Well if we brake it will be in a good cause. We will brake trying to help the people. We don't want the erth; we will be satisfied with haf of it. We have been cussed from Rome to Selma for our cheap prices—not by the people, oh no; but by the old regulars, who buy a thing for 25 cents and want 50 cents for it. We used to be the same way but we found it didn't pay. The people are hard run, they can't afford the old time prices, and if there are eny bargains in the United States you can bet your last dollar that H. C. & W. B. Reynolds will get them. Why they say Reynolds is ruining the trade. Well, they may be hurting somebody else's traid, but you bet Reynolds will be there on the home stretch and the peeple are puttin' all their loose change on him for a winner. He hasn't been in the business for a quarter of a century for his helth. We are always in the lead when it cums to low prices.

We have just bought 30 barrels of sugar at a price that wuld surprise you. Cum and see it.

Our car load of 20 cent molasses is here.

Fifty boxes of 25 cent tobacco on the road—the same you always pay 40 cents for.

Did you ever hear of 33 pounds of brown sugar for a dollar? Cum and get it, all U want.

Don't buy till U see us.

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' slippers and can suit the most fastidious. We have an elegant slipper as low as 75 cents.

A large line of neckwear just in. Prices to suit the times.

A beautiful line of colored embroidery.

Our line of dress goods are going fast. They are cheap and nice.

A few bushels of seed sweet potatoes.

A nice suspender for 10 cents.

A boy's suit of clothing for $1.00.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10-inch butcher knife for 1g cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dozed without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3-qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2-bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

OUR COUNTRY'S COMMERCE.

As Observed and Reported by R. G. Dun & Co's Weekly Review.

THE EFFECT OF SPECULATIONS.

Stocks of Cotton Larger Than at Same Date After the Greatest Crop Ever Produced—Present Rises Due to Supposed Reduction of Acreage Beef—Iron—Wages—Failures.

Speculative business is growing, but this is really the least satisfactory feature of the situation. Coal, oil and wheat climbed above the export price, so that the marketing of the products abroad must be checked, and money is absorbed which ought to be employed in productive industry and in the distribution of products to consumers. Everybody knows that oil has not risen 200 per cent because it is intrinsically more valuable, nor is wheat actually worth more than it was two or three weeks ago, but the expansive and uplifting force has fortunately taken to speculation rather than to production, and so we have higher prices in all speculaiive markets without a larger demand for consumption.

There is no evidence that cotton is in larger demand than it was when the price was a cent lower, but prices have been so low for months that an upward movement was easy without much reason, though stocks here and abroad are 300,000 bales larger than they were at the same date after the greatest crop ever produced heretofore, and spinners here and abroad have taken about 1,600,000 bales more than they have consumed. The rise tends to prevent the decrease of acreage, which is its one reasonable excuse.

Outside of speculative markets the most important feature is the rise in the price of beef, but which is largely due to the control of sources of supply by a few strong corporations. The actual decrease in receipts of cattle at the four chief western markets has been 200,000 head during the first quarter of 1895, and the quantity killed has been only 80,000 head less than last year, about 10 per cent. but facts have little to do with prices in this case, as in the case of oil.

The iron and steel situation is rather disappointing, although the output continues large, as the demand for finished products does not seem to increase. Structural forms are in large demand, but sales of wire are about 30 per cent less than last year, and in other branches there is no particular gain.

Some textile mills have advanced wages at Fall River about 10 per cent, restoring the rates. Labor troubles are comparatively less serious this week, and the tendency is towards larger returns for labor, which will increase the consuming power for other products. The cotton mills are encouraged by improving prices and are fairly busy.

Failures for the first eleven days of April amounted to $3,413,765, of which $1,424,238 were of manufacturing and $1,952,537 of trading concerns. Failures during the past week have been 241 in the United States, against 219 last year, and thirty-four in Canada against forty-five last year.

The official utterances of the German War Minister are unusually pacific this year, admits the Chicago Herald, but the fact remains that more than 3000 workmen are kept engaged night and day in making cartridges and other ammunition. Forts along both the eastern and western boundaries have been newly equipped, and, while the Empire is talking of peace, only the button need be touched to bring about a transformation for war.

There is no divorce for parents from the bad bargains their daughters pick up.

ANOTHER STRAND IN THE ROPE.

More About the San Francisco Murders.

The missing shoes and schoolbooks belonging to Blanche Lamont were found in Emanuel Baptist church, San Francisco, Cal., Tuesday afternoon. This find makes one of the most important links in the chain of evidence which the police are forging around Durant. It establishes, beyond the possibility of a question, that the murdered girl went directly from the normal school to the church where she met her death. The statement of Miss Pleasanton and other pupils of the normal school establish the fact that Durant met Miss Lamont just as she left school and that the two went away together. The two, therefore, could have reached the church, so that Durant could have committed the murder and concealed the clothes before he was seen by King descending from the belfry in a state of extreme aggitation.

Late Tuesday afternoon the detectives searching the church also found the missing glove and hat belonging to Miss Lamont and the knob of the door which opened to the belfry. It is believed that somewhere about the church the murderer hid the articles which would incriminate him. The detectives are certain that the murderer concealed about the church the clothes he wore when Miss Lamont was murdered.

A PLASTERER SETS A DEATH TRAP

The Descending Elevator Throws Him Down Sixty Feet.

George Ballman, the Pittsburg, Pa., manager for the Crane Elevator company, was testing the elevator, in a new building, and together with John Reef, who was running the carriage, went up the seventh floor. Wm. Dean, who was a plasterer, ran a board across the elevator opening to finish some of his work. He evidently knew nothing of the elevator being over him. When the carriage started down a scream was heard, "Stop! Stop!"

The next instant the elevator struck the board that Dean was standing on finishing his work in the hatch. Dean was thrown into the cellar of the building, a distance of some 60 feet. His lifeless body struck Harry Goshen, who was working in the cellar, and it is feared Goshen also may be fatally injured. Reef, the elevator man, was injured by jumping out of the carriage. Mr. Ballman the, manager of the Crane Elevator company, said the accident was due entirely to the Dean's carelessness. Dean's neck was broken and his skull crushed in the fall.

Even the Skillfull Fall.

Robert Center, aged 55, club man, man of leisure and one of the best known sportsment in America, was returning from a spin on his wheel, when he crashed into a coal cart. He was thrown under the wagon, the left front wheel of which ran over his face, crushing in the skull. The hind wheel passed over his chest and throat completing his fatal injuries.

The dead club man's devotion to the wheel extended back to its first introduction into this country.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETRA,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

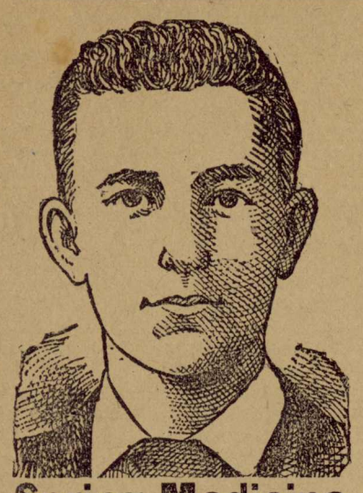
Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROCAN.



Spring Medicine

Is especially important to all who are closely confined in poorly ventilated offices and workshops. Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier, is the standard spring medicine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Vitalizes The Blood

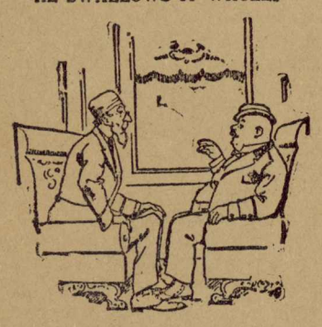
"I am a printer and take a spring medicine because the close confinement and smell of ink cause my blood to become impure, and dyspepsia. Last winter I had the grip, and when I recovered I was a mere skeleton. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla and in a short time my appetite became better, and by degrees I could see I was gaining flesh. I can now say there is not a medicine on the market equal to Hood's Sarsaparilla. I weigh 160 lbs., against 142 when I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla." G. A. HILDRETH, Perry, Mich.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

And Spring Medicine. Now is the time to take it, because now is the time when it will do you the most good. Get Only Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

HE SWALLOWS IT WHOLE.



Better than mineral waters?
Well, I should smile.
Three dozen in a box, and
You can carry six
In your vest pocket.

Take one every night,
After dinner, or at bed time.
It beats Congress water all hollow,
Or Kissengen.

You always have it handy,
The effect is better, and
When you travel *it saves freight.*

I am an old traveler
And I get things down fine.

A • Ripans • Tabule

Is worth more
Than any spring in existence
—except a door spring—
I hate a draught!

McELREES WINE OF CARDUI.

For Female Diseases.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. • EXTRA FINE •
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
• LADIES •
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75 BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE W. L. DOUGLAS. BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

DON'T SCRATCH
TO AVOID THIS USE TETTERINE
The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp. Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

Notice to Mill Men
And farmers owning small power: The finest and most complete Saw Mill in existence to-day, is manufactured by the DeLOACH MILL M'F'G. CO., 350 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga. Took first prize at World's Fair at Chicago. All sizes, from 4 h. p. up to the largest. Prices reduced. Send for catalogue showing new improvements; also of Portable Corn Mills, Baling Presses and Turbine Water Wheels, Pulleys and Shafting and all kinds of mill supplies.

FARM AND GARDEN

REMEDY FOR RATS AND MICE.

These small but greatly destructive vermin of the farm may be kept in subjection without much trouble if the right methods are taken. First, the buildings should be constructed with special reference to them; this, however, is rarely thought of by builders. No hiding places should be permitted under the floors or behind the fittings; the floors should either be on the ground and made of concrete, through which rats cannot burrow, or raised so high above it that cats and dogs can go everywhere in pursuit of their natural game. Three or four good cats, preferably emasculated ones, and one good terrier—a fox terrier is the best—or all of these, will, if well fed, spend the greater part of their time in hunting, and so very soon exterminate the vermin. Otherwise poison should be used in such a way as to avoid danger to other animals. This may be done by mixing a very little powdered strychnine with some fat in which cornmeal is mixed; and putting small quantities of this in holes bored in blocks of wood, so that the vermin can get at it and other animals cannot. These traps are scattered about where the vermin will be likely to get at the bait.—New York Times.

HOW CREAM IS RIPENED.

The cream is best skimmed when rather thick, that is, when it may be almost rolled up on the pan and lifted in a sort of cake. It will then contain about twenty per cent. of milk, and some milk must then be poured into the cream jar with the cream, and the whole stirred to mix the two intimately. This stirring is done every time the cream is added, and the third milking should be the last before the cream is churned. The cream will ripen of itself if it is kept in a warm place all this time, not less than sixty degrees of temperature. At the end of this time the surface will glisten like satin when it is stirred, and this is a good indication of its full ripening for the churning. Otherwise, the cream may be set on the addition of the last cream, by mixing half a pint of the buttermilk from the last can, churning to five gallons of the cream and stirring it well; then, at a temperature of sixty or sixty-five degrees, the cream will be ready for churning in twelve hours. This will yield the finest flavored butter, that is fit for the table in a few hours after it is made, or for some tastes it is churned for every meal, and eaten as it is churned. Cream thus ripened will make a very delicately flavored butter.—American Farmer.

HOW TO RAISE YOUNG CHICKS.

When the chicks are all hatched leave them under the hen undisturbed for one day. They are tender and delicate and need the vitalizing heat of the mother. Let them remain without food until the second day. When the hen is taken from the nest dust her thoroughly with fresh insect powder. Grease her legs lightly with melted lard and apply two or three drops to the back of her neck. Do not put any under her wings, as the chicks are apt to get it into their eyes, causing blindness. Lice pass from the hen to the chicks, so if there is one louse on the hen it is one too many. The first four or five days feed stale bread or cracker crumbs moistened with sweet milk. Do not make it too sloppy. The principal food should be bread made of equal parts fine oatmeal, bran, shorts and corn meal. Add enough soda and salt to season, and three teaspoonfuls of ground bone. Mix with sweet milk and bake in the oven. Crumble the inside of the bread and feed it dry. Take the crust and moisten with a raw egg until the whole is a stiff dough. Young chicks will keep healthy and grow fast on this food. Egg is the natural food for young fowls and should be given once or twice a day. Raw egg will prevent bowel trouble, while too much hard boiled egg will produce it.

Feed regularly every two hours until the chicks are a week old, then four times a day will do. Give them all they will eat up clean but do not leave any in the trough to sour. As soon as chicks require food they require water. Milk may be given, but it should be sweet. If the weather is cold have the water tepid. Construct the drinking dishes so that the chicken can drink without getting wet. Never feed raw corn meal to chicks. Bran is better than corn meal, as it contains more mineral matter and is one of the best bone-forming foods that can be given to growing fowls; but it should always be scalded. As they grow older feed grain, either whole or cracked. Table scraps and garden greens may also be given. Keep pulverized charcoal and fine gravel within their reach all the time. The young chicks must be kept warm and dry until they are six weeks old; a single night's exposure may bring on bowel disease. When this appears it is generally attributed to the food, but the real cause is cold.

Do not keep the hen confined in a coop unless it is a large one, and then only in bad, wet weather. It is almost impossible to keep a confined hen free from lice. If she has her liberty she will dust daily and rid herself of the pests, and the little chicks will learn at an early age to wallow in the dust. Let them roam over the garden and fields and they will gather a large part of their food, and benefit the farm and garden by ridding them of insects.—American Agriculturist.

CARE OF ORCHARDS.

Extracts from a very interesting paper read by J. H. Fishell before the Indiana Horticultural Society: The care of orchards for best results is a subject which concerns all of us. There is too much lack of horticultural knowledge among farmers. They are not as well posted on fruit-growing as they should be. It certainly would be to the advantage of every wide-awake farmer and fruit-grower to join and attend regularly the interesting meetings of such societies as this. Those who make a success in fruit growing do so by intelligent industry. It has been said "if a man would know anything he must think; if he would have anything he must work." Now if he will do either, all things are so arranged that he may receive rich rewards.

From the earliest times men have turned to the soil for their support. The products were few because their wants were few. In process of time agriculture was divided into departments. The man who cultivated field crops on a large scale was called a husbandman or agriculturist. Others that cultivated fruits, roots and vegetables were called horticulturists, and one branch of the latter is my subject. Fruit is the poor man's friend, the rich man's luxury, the laborer's physician, and the foe to quack doctors. There is no more royal road to health than that lined by trees of ripened fruit. The growth of trees, whether in the forest, or in the orchard, takes from the soil the necessary nutriment both for the formation of wood and the development of fruit. To secure the most satisfactory development of fruit requires health and vigor of wood. But the growth of trees in a soil continually cropped in soil exhaustion, and if continued for a term of years with no restoration of fertilizing material, the conditions become unfavorable to any healthy growth of wood fibre. It is under such conditions as these that fruit rapidly deteriorates or fails of production.

The orchard set in young trees should be cultivated annually and some fertilizing material applied for the benefit of the trees as well as the vegetables or small fruit raised, until the trees come into bearing; then the cultivation should cease for a time. Fruit trees require care and nutriment, and without these the results are not satisfactory. Healthfulness is indicated by a vigorous growth and a foliage of dark green, and when these conditions exist the fruit will be found smooth and of good size. Orchards may be fertilized by spreading manure over the surface of the ground, especially that portion of it through which the roots of the trees extend. Potash is a valuable fertilizer for all kinds of fruit and can be applied in the form of unleached wood ashes, and being largely soluble are easily conveyed to the roots and immediately appropriated to profitable use.

We would lay down these rules in commencing: Select a situation best adapted for the purpose, taking everything into consideration. If not well drained see that it is. Scatter well composted manure over the ground, plow deep, and then if you can get them scatter wood ashes over the ground and work them well into the soil with a harrow. And depend upon it there is no amount of pains which you can take in this respect that will not amply repay you in the end. We look upon it as of the utmost importance to the future welfare of the tree that it should have a good start in the beginning and make an early and rapid growth; this will enable it to resist the attacks of disease and insects the better.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Charcoal is a good corrective of bowel disorders in poultry.

Save the poultry droppings. Store them where they will be kept dry.

Wheat and oats mixed in the proportion of two to one, and then ground, is reported to be an excellent food for milch cows.

Diversify, diversify. That is not the only secret of success, but is essential when no special crops will pay, as is the case at present.

The first thing to do in the spring is to apply a liberal allowance of soluble fertilizer on the asparagus bed, as asparagus comes early in the spring.

It is said that watermelons will keep nicely until Christmas if they are cut from the vine with the stems on and buried in sand out of the way of frost.

Buy farm machinery as cheap as possible, but do not buy cheap machinery. The poorly constructed machine bought at a low price is often the most costly one in the long run.

Farmers who figure on their profits should endeavor to estimate the expense incurred in loss of fertility sold in the produce. This fertility must be returned to the soil or the succeeding crops will be lessened correspondingly.

Potash is essential to land bearing fruits, and, therefore, ashes is a valuable fertilizer for such ground. In using ashes use it alone, for it has wonderful power of liberating some of the most valuable elements in nitrogenous fertilizers.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Women smugglers are the pest of the Mexican borders.

The wedding of Princess Beatrice cost more than $250,000.

Miss Anna Gould, now the Countess Castellane, had her wedding trousseau made in this country.

Mrs. Clara Brett Martin, the leading women lawyer in Canada, has been nominated for School Trustee of Toronto.

Miss Alberta Scott, of Cambridge, Mass., is the first colored girl to enter the Harvard "Annex," or rather Radcliffe College.

The fashionable new Lady Campbell violet is said to be a shoot of the old Neapolitan violet. It is hardy and of delicious perfume.

Bagdad cushions, with a fringe of their own raveled threads, are making inroads on the insecure reign of lace and chiffon sofa cushions.

Picture frames, especially for prints and photographs, can be made by covering plain pine frames with soft folds of cream, white or amber India silk.

French women have taken to catching their very full sleeves on the outside of the arm with a rosette of velvet matching the girdle and stock collar.

Mrs. Burton Harrison is said, on good authority, to be the best paid woman writer in the country. The Century pays her 13½ cents a word for all her stories.

It is agreed that kissing is not only unhygienic, but, when practiced in public, is unpleasant evidence of invidious social discrimination and hence improper.

There is now a crape paper craze, and flowers, photograph frames, lamp shades and hats attest the possibilities of the flimsy fabric in the designing fingers of woman.

A Michigan newspaper, in recording a marriage the other day, added that "the bride is a member of eight secret societies, several clubs and one or two missionary bands."

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt and her family can easily walk a mile any day by taking a tour of all the rooms in their house in New York City, which falls not far short of being a palace.

The propriety of women holding office was recognized by Mayor Perry, of Medford, Mass., when he appointed Miss Charlotte Benn and Miss Agnes Hellen as weighers of coal, grain, hay and straw.

Barnard College for Women, New York City, has just received from a woman anonymously a second gift of $100,000 toward erecting the college building in the neighborhood of the new site of Columbia College.

Miss Minnie Gilmore, the writer, and daughter of the late Bandmaster Patrick Sarsfield Gilmore, is a tall, prepossessing young brunette. She has written two novels and a number of short stories and poems.

Ear piercing has so much gone out of fashion now that special devices to enable women to wear earrings without submitting to the drill have some vogue. They bear the trade name of ear vises and cost $5 or $6 a pair.

Ladies who kiss their lap-dogs will be glad to know the authority for the assertion that dogs are one of the great agencies in spreading diseases, especially consumption. It is Dr. Megnin, of the Paris Academy of Science.

Signorina Labriola is the first woman to receive the degree of doctor of laws from the University of Rome, Italy. She is a mere girl as yet, only eighteen years of age, and the honor conferred upon her is as flattering as it is exceptional.

Miss Bilgrami, the first Mohammedan girl to try a university examination, has just passed a first examination in the arts at the Madras (India) University with honors. She was not allowed to attend lectures, and had to pursue her studies at home.

Mrs. Cleveland is very fond of flowers, and blossoms grow in every apartment in the White House. There is also a conservatory which the Clevelands have greatly enlarged and improved, and here the lady of the executive mansion spends much of her time.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.
WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

To Enjoy Life

the physical machine must be in good running order. A little care—the use of Ripans Tabules—will give you every morning the feeling that you are "glad to be alive."

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL, Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

ROYAL BAKING POWDER is the purest and strongest baking powder made. It has received the highest award at the U. S. Gov't official investigation, and at all the Great International Expositions and World's Fairs wherever exhibited in competition with others.

It makes the finest, lightest, sweetest, most wholesome bread, cake and pastry. More economical than any other leavening agent.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

The Secret of Fascination.

The secret of fascination is one which many a woman would sacrifice a good deal to learn. To cultivate a charming and an attractive manner one must begin at home; and surely a better school could not be devised, for the training is, in its way, perfection. Here one is sure to find each day little rubs which must be soothed with skillful touch; there is a constant mind-friction going on among even the most devoted members of the household. It is a painful fact, though none the less true, that one's family acts as a constant counter-irritant. A steady effort to smooth over the rough places, minister to wounded hearts, and with deft touches erase unpleasant memories is called for, and the woman who obeys the summons is pretty sure to find herself fully able to cope in the most agreeable fashion with the outside world. Few women, however, realize that a fascination of manner is not born, but cultivated. It begins to bud in the nursery, develops under the skillful training of painstaking instructors, and blossoms forth into complete beauty in the society of well-bred women.

First family man—"Why, Jones! do you carry home your own purchases? That doesn't seem very well-bred." Second family man—"It isn't; it's loafer bred."—Judge.

No one "owes" you a letter until they feel like writing it.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by samples to the wholesale and retail trade; sell on sight to every business man or firm; liberal salary, money advanced for advertising and expenses; permanent position. Address, with stamp, KING MFG. CO., D 41, Chicago, Ill.

Sure Enough.

On one occasion, when Von Moltke was in a South German town, the news leaked out that the great general had arrived. Sitting in the dining-room of a hotel, somebody addressed him, saying that he had heard that Moltke had arrived and that he wondered what he looked like. To which Moltke ingenuously replied: "What should he look like? Why, like one of us."

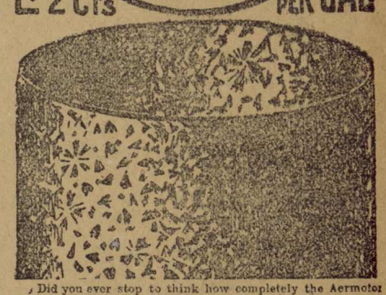
What an ordinary man eats and the way he eats it would be enough to give dyspepsia to an ostrich—unless the ostrich were wise enough to assist his digestion from time to time with an efficient combination of vegetable extracts. Such a preparation is Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets. They are the pills par excellence for those who sometimes eat the wrong things and too much. They stimulate action in all of the digestive organs. They stop sour stomach, windy belchings, heartburn, flatulence and cure constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, indigestion, sick headache and kindred derangements.

Once used they are always in favor.

STEEL TANKS

We furnish steel tanks with covers, all galvanized after completion, in nests of ten, 8 to 12 feet high and 30 to 36 inches in diameter, at 2½c. per gallon. They do not rust, shrink, leak, give taste to water, nor allow foreign substances to get in. They can be put in garret or barn and thus are protected from freezing. They take no setting up, are cheaper than wood. Tank substructures of all sizes made to order. Send for price list and designs for substructure and ornamental water supply. AERMOTOR CO. CHICAGO.

2½ CTS PER GAL.



Did you ever stop to think how completely the Aermotor Co. made the modern windmill business? How it has monopolized this entire line of manufacture because of its ideas, inventions, designs, qualities and prices, or forced others to be literal and servile imitators? Witness the steel wheel, the back geared pumper, the high geared power mill, the steel towers, fixed and tilting, the galvanizing of work after completion, the grinder centrifugal feed, the improved irrigating and other pumps, the all steel pole saw—one of the most popular things we ever put out—the steel storage and stock tanks. Everything we have touched we have bettered and cheapened. It is the thing we have delighted in and it has paid. We have established a score of branch houses, so as to have all these goods near those who want them. The Aermotor Co. has but one more ambition. It wants to build and fill one more new building. It has 2 acres of land at its present location unoccupied by buildings. It expects to commence in June to cover that 2 acres with a single building, 7 stories high. This will give it 14 more acres of floor space. Then when the public demand requires more goods than can be produced with this added space, it will refuse to extend further, or make any effort. It will have done its share to supply that demand. It will then turn away all new comers, UNTIL THAT TIME IT EXPECTS TO CONTINUE TO SUPPLY THE WORLD WITH THE GREATER PART OF ITS WIND WHEELS, TOWERS, GRINDERS, FEED CUTTERS, PUMPS, STEEL FRAME BUZZ SAWS, STEEL STORAGE AND STOCK TANKS, STEEL SUBSTRUCTURES, ETC., ETC., GALVANIZED AFTER COMPLETION. IT WILL CONTINUE TO DEAL MOST LIBERALLY WITH THE PUBLIC, FURNISH REPAIRS AT A LOW PRICE, AND BE THE GREAT MODEL SQUARE-DEALING WIND POWER AND WATER SUPPLY HOUSE OF THE WORLD. AERMOTOR CO., CHICAGO.

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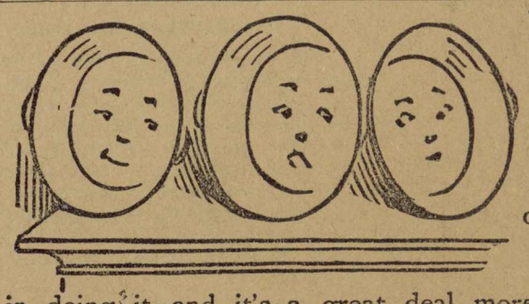

Milk Pans,

and pails, and cans, and bottles (even baby's)—or anything that you want particularly clean, ought to be washed with Pearline.

You'll save work in doing it, and it's a great deal more thoroughly done. Dairies and dealers use Pearline extensively. Just try it once, on your milk-ware or butter-ware—and then say if it isn't the most satisfactory way of cleaning. Pearline is the most economical thing you can use, too. You get so much more out of it.

Send it Back

Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 285 JAMES PYLE, New York.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, MAY 2, 1895. NO. 6.

Time's Up.

Time's up for life and laughter;
We've drained the banquet cup
But now the dark comes after,
And lights are out. Time's up.

O lovers in sweet places,
With lips of song and sigh;
Come forth with pallid faces
And kiss your last goodby!

O sweet bride at the marriage,
Impatient at your gates,
Beside a sable carriage,
The ghostly footman waits.

O statesman, crowned and splendid,
The laurel leaves your brow--
The long debate is ended,
The halls are voiceless now.

Time's up for wooing, winning,
For doubt and ream and strife,
For sighing and for sining—
For love, for hate, for life!

Time's up! The dial mark is
On the last hour—complete;
Lie down there where the dark is
And dream that time was sweet!

A CUR'S CONSTANCY.

Bobo was a poor old dog, and Max Wilber was a poor young artist. Everybody had kicked the dog out, and so Max took him in.

Max was shabby. One could guess that he had no money in his pockets, but Bobo had not the keen appreciation of such a fault.

"Have they all shut their doors against you, Bobo?" said Max. "Come home then and share my sausage."

Bobo comprehended the invitation, and without more ado followed Wilber up the staircase of his lodgings, and stretched himself before the empty stove, with as evident an intention of never more departing as that manifested by Poe's Raven.

A little room with a north light and an easel, with a screen which fancied that it hid a bid, with furniture worth in the bulk five dollars; with traces of a Bohemian supper—a pound of sausages and a loaf of rye bread.

He had an opera-glass, and a meerschaum which was the pride of his soul; but he had no place to put them but the mantlepiece. He had an income, and he painted pictures. When the income came due, and no picture was sold, he lived on sausage, and grew shabby.

When the sausage was cooked, he gave a scrupulous half of that and of his bread to Bobo, and the two ate heartily.

But supper over, Max sat down and thought rather bitterly that that day Flora had driven past, not seeing him at all, and in the carriage with her, beside her mamma, was a young gentleman, handsome, dashing, elegantly dressed, and Flora was looking at him, and—

"It must come sometime," he said, "All the love in the world is worthless without money."

Then he started to his feet and looked at his pictures, and hope came into his heart—he might make his fortune some day, to be sure. In three weeks the quarter's income came in. He would try to wait and buy a new suit and call again on Flora.

He would tell her of his love, and they would wait together for fame and fortune.

From that hour Max and Bobo were inseparable. Max grew fond of the ungainly beast, and Bobo worshipped Max. Under the Bohemian changes of living at the studio he partook of everything, from pate de fois gras to dry ruck, but he fared as well as his master in every case; and what more can a dog ask?

Meanwhile Max still adored Miss Alibi; he was her shadow as long as his new gloves lasted; and he vanished from her sight when mid-quarterly shabbiness overcame him. At last his emotions overcame his common-sense, and being all alone in the drawing-room with his angel, he told her he adored her; and she gave a little sob, and turned her face from him; and he caught her hand and kissed it, and in a moment more had kissed her lips, and it was done. Whatever happened afterward. Max never could forget that blissful moment. She promised to "wait for him" forever, and was so sure of his coming fame that he grew sure of it also; and but one thing more remained—the speaking to Mr. Alibi. That Max dreaded. When he did speak, that worthy gentleman listened in amazement, and proceeded forthwith to browbeat him, as though he had been in the witness-box. In the end he proved to him that he was too poor to marry, and ended by assuring him that the idea was out of the question.

Poor Max, into whose ideas of matrimony the "leaving" of his wife, with or without money, did not enter, found no answer, and was politely bowed out.

The climax came in an interview with Flora, in which she wept, but declared that she must obey her father.

That evening Bobo waited in vain for a word or a whistle, and the next, and the next, and the next also. Max stayed at home and painted nothing and smoked and drank instead. In a week the state of his mind was something terrible; he was more than ready for any desperate deed, and he decided that, since he could not share his life with Flora, he would get rid of it altogether. To this end, he went out in his slippers to a neighboring shop and bought a hook and a piece of clothes line.

He returned and locked the door and drew the table to the middle of the room and drove the hook into the centre beam carefully. Then he made a slip-knot in the rope, and arranged it to fit his throat. Then he jumped down and found pen, ink and paper, and wrote a farewell note to Flora and climbed to the table again,

Bobo by this time considered it his duty to ascertain exactly what was going on. His master's face wore an expression of despair, and dogs can understand expression. Moreover, there was something very wrong about the whole complication. Bobo put both paws upon the table, turned his nose upward, opened his great yellow eyes to their full width and gave vent to a prolonged and woeful howl. Max was just about to kick away the chair when it struck his ear. He looked down.

"Farewell, old dog," he said; "my only friend, farewell. You are constant; you are true. You love me, I know. You will mourn me."

And then it came into his mind that Bobo would have cause to mourn. That once more he would be homeless, friendless, kicked from every door, abused by children, barked at by well-fed dogs, scratched by angry cats, and carried at last perhaps to the pound. To this he left his faithful dog, his last friend.

"And, by George, I won't do it," said Max still on his perch with the rope about his neck. "You've been true to me, Bobo, and I'll bear my misery rather than leave you to suffer. Bobo, old dog, it's a great thing to die for any one. I'm going to do more for you; I'm going to live for you."

And Max unknotted the rope, jumped off the table, and flung himself down upon the floor beside Bobo, who licked his face, and danced in ecstacy.

That night Bobo slept with his master before the fire. Sometimes Max roused from the feverish half-sleep in which he lost himself, and felt the rough paws on his breast, and patted them.

By dawn he fell sound asleep, and never awakened until a quick, light rapping at his door startled him to the consciousness that it was high noon. He started to his feet and opened the door. Without was Flora.

"Great Heavens!" cried Max. "You here!" And he drew her in, forgetful of his rumpled hair and disordered cravat.

"Oh Max!" she cried, "it is so strange for me to come, I know—but I have such good news. Of course, I'm sorry Uncle William is dead; but I never saw him in my life, and he has left me a fortune, and I am of age to-day; and, Max, darling, I may do as I please, and papa says so. And, oh, Max——"

And Max took her in his arms and kissed her.

Whereupon Bobo, quite sure that matters had reached a happy climax, leaped about in ecstacy.

Whether Max ever told Flora how he came to be alive on her arrival, instead of hanging from the hook in the ceiling, it is impossible for us to be quite certain; but one thing we do know, and that is, that, to the end of his days, no pet poodle, or glossy King Charles or graceful greyhound was ever more tenderly cherished by master and mistress than was grim, ill-favored, ill-bred, faithful Bobo by Max and his little wife.—New York News.

The latest boy preacher who is spoken of as a wonder is seventeen years old, Mark Sexton, of Missouri.

The Stature of Mankind.

Dr. Theodore Gill, when asked by the writer at the Smithsonian whether he was starteled by Professor Donath's examination, expressed his opinion that man is now at the maximum in the scale of health and stature. Various theories, he says, have been promulgated by anthropologists trying to prove that man's prehistoric ancestors were races of giants and that the human race has been on the decrease ever since; but he has no respect for such doctrines. As proof of this, he says most of the ancient armour worn by the best physical types of men many centuries ago is too small and too short for the average man of to-day.

Professor W. J. McGee, the well-known ethnologist, says that Americans need have no fear that any such condition may result from their mental vigor. When Herbert Spencer visited this country he prophesied that our Nation would soon develop into a stunted, unhealthy race, because in their struggle for intellectual and commercial superiority our citizens were burning the candle at both ends; but since this prophecy was made the statistics have continued year by year to prove that we are the tallest and the healthiest Nation on the globe. A decrease in man's stature, the Professor continued, would be brought about by improper nutrition or neglect of exercise. As an example of the effects of insufficient food, the Indian tribes which have existed for centuries in our arid regions are much thinner and shorter in stature than those whose fathers enjoyed the abundant game of the prairies. Greatness of stature indicates the maximum of health and strength. The Americans or rather the citizens of the United States, stand at the top of the ladder, and the half-starved dwarf races of Africa at the bottom.—Boston Transcript.

The Tongues of Birds.

Although the form of the tongue of birds usually corresponds to the shape of the bill, there are exceptions to this rule, as, for example, in the waders, kingfisher and hoopoe, which, in spite of their long bills, only possess small cartilaginous tongues. In the pelican, indeed, the tongue is altogether rudimentary. In most birds whose food consists of seeds, the tongue is dart or awl shaped; in others spatulate; rarely vermiform or tubular. In some birds, such as the owl, which swallow their prey entire, the tongue is broad and serves as a mere shovel. In the hedge sparrow, nuthatch, woodcock and others the tongue if bifid or trifid at its apex, while in the humming birds the tongue is split into two branches almost to its base, and is used for actually gripping the small insects on which these resplendent little creatures subsist. In a family of parrots the tongue is provided at its apex with a brush of some 250 to 300 hair-like processes. In the parrots, the tongue is thick and fleshy, devoid of horny barbs or papillæ, and is even suspected to possess sense organs of taste. It is interesting to note that the parrots, the form of whose tongues most closely resembles that of man, are able to imitate his language more clearly than any other birds.

Kitchen Inspection.

Every dish used in a public restaurant of Paris, either in the kitchen or for the table—every pot, pan and utensil in the bakeries, and every beer faucet in the wineshops—in stort, everything used in preparing or serving foods is under the care of an inspector. The law forbids the use of lead, zinc and galvanized iron in the manufacture of cooking vessels. It orders that all coper vessels be tinned and kept in good condition. It directs that pottery which is covered with a glaze containing enough oxide of lead to yield to a feeble acid be seized. It orders that tin cans never be soldered on the inside, and that the materials used in manufacture be conformed to a certain standard. It is the inspector's business to look after all these things. Great restaurants employ a skilled tinner regularly, and their utensils are always in order. In many little shops kept by women the coper vessels are the pride of the estabiishment.

Glass furnaces in Hungary are built in the forests, which are used for fuel. When the nearby timber is gone, a new furnace is to be built.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Always listen to an honest reason.

Cupid is the only genuine optimist.

The seed dies into a new life, and so does man.

Labor to show more wit in discourse than words.

A smart man can learn a great deal from a fool.

Employment and ennui are simply incompatible.

It isn't every rich man who earns an honest living.

The man who wins the fight dosn't mind the scar.

What are our faults to some are our virtues to others.

In daily living it is as wise not to know as to know.

No woman should marry a man who ill treats his horse.

Deceivers trifle with the best affections of our nature.

A woman's "common sense" is not located in her heart.

Death has nothing terrible which life has not made so.

It scares a man to death when he is arrested the first time.

There are a great many promising people who never pay.

Some men will find their way into a trap even if it isn't set.

Those who hope for no other life have death even for this.

Courtship is seldom a training school for what comes after.

Cultivation to the mind is as necessary as food to the body.—The South-West.

The Newfoundland Famine.

The people of the island of Newfoundland are in a state of famine.

Newfoundland's story is a sad one. Among the earliest spots discovered on the north Atlantic coast, it became a prize for French and English domination. Lord Baltimore first settled his colony there, but finding the weather too severe, he sailed further south to Maryland. Newfoundland then became a fishing station, and under the inspiration of the English fish merchants, who did not want a local population to take their business, the British government forbade the presence of women in Newfoundland. But women were smuggled in, nevertheless, and the population began to grow.

In the negotiations following the English capture of Canada from the French, the latter were given the right of not only monopolizing the codfisheries, but of landing on Newfoundland territory to cure the catch. With wealth right on their beach, the helpless Newfoundlanders must witness its enjoyment by the French, who will not even allow them to compete. The waters around are patrolled by British warships, defending the French claims.

The local government, composed of men who are adventurers, has bankrupted the people of such possessions as they had, and now they are appealing to the world for bread.—Atlanta Constitution.

Skate vs. Bicycle.

Skates were tested against the bicycle recently at Copenhagen. W. Henie, a Norwegian champion skater, who is also a bicyclist and won the 100-kilometre world's championship at Antwerp last August, raced against the Danish champion, Svend Hansen, on a safety. At 500 metres the bicycle won in 55 3-5 seconds, Henie making 61 seconds. In a race of five miles Henie won in 16 minutes 31 seconds, but Hansen had broken his rear tire.

The Smart Boy Was Satisfied.

Teacher—Yes, children, the hairs of our heads are all numbered.

Smart Boy (pulling out a hair and presenting it)—Well, what is the number of this hair?

Teacher—Number one, Johnny, and (pulling out several more) these are numbers two, three, four, five and six. Anything else you want to know?

Smart Boy—No—no, sir.

The Siberian newspapers announce the discovery of rich and extensive gold fields along the upper reaches of the Rivers Beya, Nena and Uibat in the province of Yenescisk, East Siberia.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Chicago is to have electric railway mail cars.

Rev. Dr. Breed of Pittsburg has invented a new way to color lantern slides.

It is said that subcutaneous injections of salt have been found useful in the treatment of some forms of insanity.

The researches of two French physicians—Verneuil and Roux—incline them to regard pork as a frequent cause of cancer.

The New York, New Haven and Hartford Railway Company has determined to equip two of its branch lines electrically.

Southern Pacific officials have interested themselves in using oil for fuel. A locomotive has been fitted up with an oil burning device, which will be thoroughly tested.

Electrical methods for beet juice purification are gaining in favor. It is claimed that purer juice is obtained in less time, with greater facility and at less cost, than by the ordinary way.

It is said that an alloy formed of ninety-five parts of tin and five of copper adheres to glass with such tenacity that it may be employed as a solder for connecting tubes end to end.

After a long series of experiments the British admiralty have decided against the adoption of oil fuel in the navy. They contend that coal is preferable to oil fuel on her majesty's ships.

A scientific writer suggests that electricity is simply a mode of motion, just as heat, light and sound are, but at a different rate and, perhaps, in a different manner from either of these forces.

Scientists now consider the existence of a new element, argon, as proved beyond a doubt. It is an inert gas, forming somewhat less than 1 per cent of the air, and has as yet no useful task assigned to it.

A trombone player in the orchestra of the Savoy Theatre, London, placed his instrument in a corner on leaving the theatre. Next evening he found the trombone fused through contact with some of the electric wires.

A novel sensation was recently provided at the Royal Aquarium, London. A man was put into a trance and allowed to remain in the hypnotic condition for eight days. During this time he was subjected to various tests to prove that he was really hypnotized.

During growth there must be ample sleep if the brain is to develop to its full extent, and the more nervous, excitable or precocious a child is the longer sleep should it get if its intellectual progress is not to come to a premature standstill or its life to be cut short.

A Five-Thousand-Dollar Error.

The Norwegian ship Saga was the victim of a serious mistake recently while on a voyage to South America. She was lying in the harbor of Rio Janeiro. One day her master received from the owners of the vessel in Norway a cablegram message consisting of the single word, "residence." Now, you understand that in order to save the expense of long cable messages, owners usually furnish their captains with a code in which a word means a whole sentence. The owners of the Sago had neglected to put the word "residence" in the code given the captain of that vessel. The captain, not finding it, examined another code, which gave the definition, "Come home at once." The owners intended that the vessel should proceed to another port and load cargo. The Sago set sail, and sixty days later had crossed the Atlantic and surprised the owners by arriving in Norway. Then the mistake was discovered. It cost the owners £1,000.

Lunar Halo of Curious Shape.

A strange sight in Louisville the other evening was a lunar halo of curious shape. It seemed as if the moon were melting and spreading all over the sky. A great yellow band, fully as wide as the moon itself, extended above and hung below it. In the center of this straight perpendicular band of glowing light the outlines of the three-quarters full moon could be plainly seen.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Vine for Every Home.

A lady lately asked for the name the "best all round vine." It is impossible to say which is the best without knowing what is expected of the vine; whether it is intended to train over a slender frame or to cover a high fence; whether it is wanted for its flowers or simply for its foliage; whether an annual or an evergreen is preferred.

For all general purposes I know of nothing superior to the white passion vine, Constance Elliott. It will lend itself to all uses, meekly trailing over a low frame or quickly mounting a wall if given anything in the way of support. If neglected it will crawl over the ground and bloom in apparent contentment. If cared for it will soon shade a large veranda. Several years ago my first vine, a tiny scrap of a plant, small enough to be covered with a pint can, was bought and planted out in the spring. Within a few months it covered a frame twelve feet high and fifteen wide, making a dense shade for a south porch. This vine is hardy everywhere and an evergreen except in very cold climates. It has one peculiarity appeciated by all housewives, and which makes it valuable as a climber for the porch—it is never attacked by insects of any kind.

The greatest objection to most vines around the house is that they harbor spiders, caterpillas and other insects. I have often been obliged to remove pretty vines on this account. But on a white passion flower shading our long southern "gallery" for several years none of these troublesome pests ever appeared.

The flowers are large, creamy white of beautiful form and delicate fragrance, appearing in profusion during the spring and summer.

Like all robust growers it should have a large space by itself. No rose, no shrub of moderate growth can thrive in close proximity to any strong growing plant, which drinks the moisture and absorbs all the richness from the soil. But for a place where there is plenty of "foot room" nothing in the way of a hardy flowering climber surpasses this passion vine.—Detroit Free Press.

"Present But Not Voting."

In the British House of Commons members when present must vote on one side or the other. One night last week some question was before the House on which Mr. Chamberlain the leader of the Liberal-Unionists, did not want to take sides, either with the Liberal Government forces or the Tory opposition. When a "division" vote is demanded the doors are closed and the members present must line up in one lobby or the other. Mr. Chamberlain stayed a moment too long, and when he tried to go out the sergeant-at-arms refused to allow him to pass. The Liberal-Unionist leader was now in a pretty plight, but he bethought himself of a little closet just back of the Speaker's chair. He went there and locked himself in till the division was over.

The members were surprised the next day not to find his name in either list, and one raised a point of order to discover why he was omitted. The Speaker intimated in guarded language that he knew what had become of the member for Birmingham, but he declared that it was too late to call him to account. The House roared, and Mr Chamberlain looked uncomfortable. The story is now being told all over England. Mr. Chamberlain will probably not wait so long next time.—Washington Pathfinder.

Everything In a Name.

"How do you like my cake?" fluttered Mrs. Newlie, when they had been married only a little while.

"It seems to be pretty good," her husband answered, looking at the peice on his plate.

"It's marble cake," she explained, with considerable pride.

Mr. Newlie turned the piece over on its back and tapped it smartly with his knife.

"It is an excellent name," he responded, after a thoughtful pause.—Rockland Tribune.

Changed Circumstances.

Maud—Is Mr. Merton still paying attention to your daughter?

Mr. Goldbug—Why, good gracious, no! He's not paying her any attention at all now. They're married.—Judge.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

We are in receipt of encouraging letters in regard to the Industrial School and our prospects are daily growing brighter.

Montevallo is situated immediately on the boundary of the coal fields. What a blessing to the mining class to have the Industrial school located almost at their doors.

We should have a live, aggressive committee at Montgomery on the 16th and push our claims for the industrial school. We can get it if we all put a shoulder to the wheel. According to the act creating this school we are entitled to it and we must have it.

The mass meeting Saturday night was a veritable love-feast. Such unity of action and determination of spirit was never seen here before. One of our most prominent citizens who believes in signs says he knows we are going to get the Industrial school. We can if we work.

Shelby county has never yet secured any public state institution. Remember, gentlemen of the committee, that there are places offering for the Industrial school which have been favored in this line already. Let the state's schools be scattered and produce a healthy competition. Don't bunch them all in one or two places.

Away back in the forties a committee was appointed by the legislature to select a place for the state university. They came to Montevallo, and seeing the grat natural advantages made their report in favor of this place. When it came to the selection of the place by the legislature itself we lost it by one vote, and Tuscaloosa secured the prize.

Montevallo has the honor of having been the home of many distinguished men. Among them may be mentioned Gen. Levi W. Lawler, Frank Bowden, Gen. John T. Morgan, Ex-Gov. Rufus W. Cobb, Daniel Watrous, Col. John S. Storrs, Judge George D. Shortridge, Burwell B. Lewis, Judge M. T. Porter, Edmond W. King, Dr. W. C. Cleveland. The very surroundings here seem to inspire greatness. If the state wants a grand success for the Industrial school send it to Montevallo.

Our picturesque hills, beautiful springs and streams, and pure mountain air have been the inspiration of many in years gone by, who have gone out to the world and become famous. The committee can make no mistake in locating the Industrial school here. The large, two-story brick building we offer has been pronounced by architects to be one of the finest pieces of brick work in the state. The original cost of the building alone was $21,000. In addition to this we offer three comparatively new and comfortable dwellings and ten acres of ground, which are worth at the least calculation $5,000. Putting all this with the healthfulness and accessibility of the town, we claim that we are entitled to the prize.

It has been reported that Governor Oates has said that the place offering the most money will get the school. We are slow to believe that the governor has said this. The act creating this school says it shall be located at the place offering the most advantages. Suppose some place in a well-known malarial district should offer the most money, can it be possible the committee would locate such an important institution in a sickly and inaccessible place? We think not. It cannot be denied that Montevallo is the most centrally located town in the state. No one can say Montevallo is sickly, to the contrary is noted far and near for its health. No one can say it is an inaccessible, out of the way place; to the contrary, we are practically on the two great trunk lines of the state. No town can boast of a nicer, more refined and cultivated people. Where can be found purer water and more wholesome mountain air? Can all these advantages be compared to money? We do not believe the committee will let this great institution to the highest bidder.

NEW COATS.

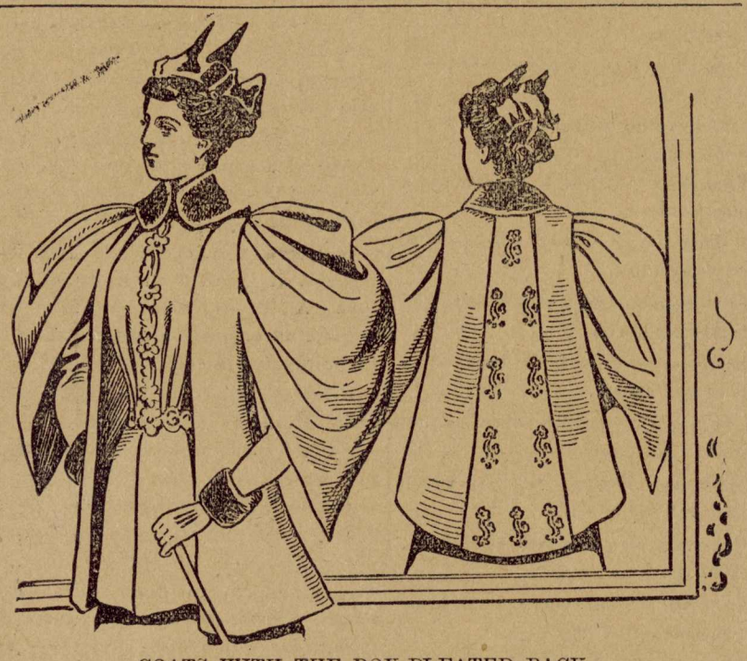
JACKETS ARE SHORT AND SKIRT PART IS OFTEN IN FLUTES.

Either Double or Single Breasted—A Coat and Skirt En Suite is Invaluable—Jabots and Collars.

IT has been reed, says Ella Starr in the New York Recorder, that the applique of cloth upon cloth shall distinguish many of the tailor-made costumes of the season.

This does not imply simply an applied pattern of cloth upon a plain surface, but the idea is elaborated in a dozen and one different and charming ways. One delightful example recently displayed is in faced cloth of the new brown, with revers of biscuit-colored cloth, covered with applique designs in dark brown velvet. Broad, flaring turn-over cuffs are made to correspond.

The new coat is easy enough to



COATS WITH THE BOX-PLEATED BACK.

make when the cloth is thick enough to dispense with lining, and then one length of silk will be sufficient, if cut down the centre, to face the fronts and make a nice, neat finish. Sometimes the fullness at the back is set in two box-pleats, cut in one length with the coat, as in the double-column illustration. The sleeves are of moderate size, with the fullness collected well round the top of the arm, and not spreading all down the armhole, as this gives a broad effect and shortens the figure. The cuffs are mounted on stiff canvas, and the lapels are also stiffened and lined with silk.

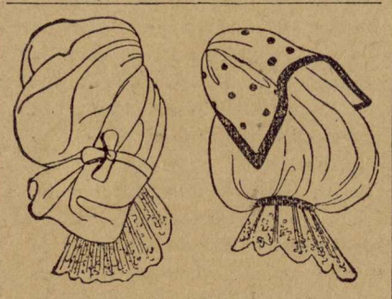
A large number of the new jackets and coats display bishop sleeves and very large revers. In most of these it is noticeable that the revers are double, the upper one being made of cloth, and the under one of lighter silk or cloth, white being used to a very large extent. The object of these double revers is, of course, obvious; for should the light ones become dirty, as they probably will, they can be easily removed to be cleaned, for they are made separately and buttoned on underneath.

Jackets are short, and while the skirt part of the backs are almost invariably in flutes, the fronts vary to a wonderful degree. A great many have loose fronts, either single or double breasted, with pockets inserted in the sides, with or without lapels, and another graceful shape is slightly fitted in to the figure at the underarm seams, and is caught together at the breast with a single button.

For this season's wear, a coat and skirt en suite is surely invaluable in every wardrobe, and as the warmer days approach, the skirt is of the greatest service to wear with shirt waists and blouse bodices. All kinds of faced cloth are largely used for these costumes, as well as Amazons and habit cloths, coarse-ribbed serge, and the delightfully soft zibelines, with silky hairs strewn over the surface. These are all sown in the new tints, which are dull and artistic, and simply repeat old colorings in softer and more subdued tones. Tweeds are also popular, but covert coatings will not enjoy that extreme popularity which was bestowed upon them last season.

SOME NEW EVENING SLEEVES.

The sleeve on the left of the diagram is intended for gauze or chiffon,



TWO PRETTY DESIGNS.

and it takes two whole widths of forty-three inch chiffon, or one and one-half widths of gauze. This is gathered up very full all round the armhole, and left nearly double the length of the sleeves. The lower edge is gathered along and sewn to the bottom of the sleeve, and a ribbon strap collects and holds some of the fulness about two-thirds of the length from the top.

The short sleeve on the right of the same diagram is suitable for two materials, such as satin and brocade, or satin and velvet, the epaulette being always of the heavier fabric. The full puff is first arranged on a foundation of less size, and over this comes the epaulette edged with trimming, and left loose at the edge and ends. Broad bands, covered with jewels or bordered with passementerie, are equally as fashionable as frills, but require a well shaped and full arm to prove becoming.

SASHES.

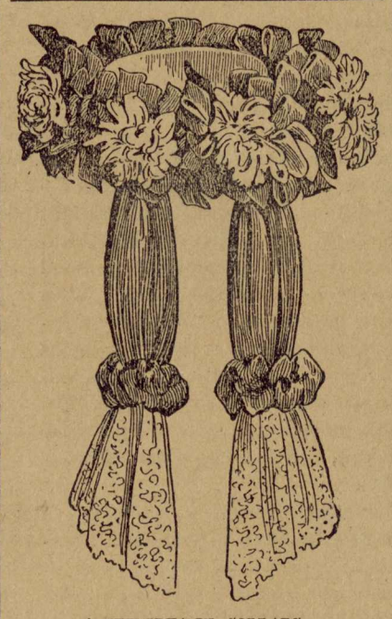
Sashes are to be worn with most the inexpensive dresses, and some very pretty ones are made of long lengths of fine grenadine, either in colors or black. These are finished with fringe of knotted silk or fine strands of beads. One extremely handsome sash of grenadine has a fringe of black cord silk with alternate strands of very fine jet tipped with arrow-shaped beads. With this sash is worn an adjustable yoke of black velvet and grenadine. The yoke is cut square across the front and back, and at the corners of the front next to the sleeves there are rosettes of the grenadine with long tassels of silk and jet to match the fringe of the sash. From beneath these tassels there are velvet straps that extend to the waist line, meeting in a point in front. These are fastened under the sash. This makes an exceedingly pretty and stylish trimming for an otherwise simple dress.

JABOTS AND COLLARS.

For half-long jabots, says the New York Press, de chine and mousselaine chiffon are much used, principally without the addition of lace. Paris makes these articles in plisse, finished with a collar or thick ruche with flowers intermingled, principally daisies, the jabot itself being open in the middle, where it leaves free space for their display.

Novelties are plaited black tulle collars with ribbon arrangement and a ribbon bow or several colored rosettes where it fastens in the front.

A flower collarette is shown herewith which differs materially from styles hitherto produced. A stiffened lining forms the foundation, on which are sewn loops of satin ribbon with artificial flowers arranged at regular intervals in their folds. On either side of the centre front hang two softly plaited ends of chiffon, which match the rib-



A NEW IDEA IN COLLARS.

bon in color and are finished with a double self-shirring edged with fine net-top applique lace.

A band of satin ribbon overlaid with closely clustered stemless blossoms, finished with a large outstanding bow in the back where it fastens, constitutes more simple style.

OVER THE EYES NOW.

The latest hats are not perched on the extreme back of the head as they have been all winter, with an effect of being about to glide off backward. On the contrary, in the present headgear the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme, and the dainty little confections of lace and jet are tipped down over the eyes.

TAILOR MADE SUITS.

Tailor made suits of wonderful variety are being displayed in the New York shop windows. These are of new shades and principally of tweed, whipcord or cheviot. The short jackets of the suits to be worn this summer are very natty, some buttoning almost to the collar with a fly, and others opening in front, and finished on each side with a large pointed rever.

The city of Charleston, S. C., has concluded the purchase of 500 acres of land on the Cooper River, five miles from the city, for a public park. It has a vigorous natural growth of pine and oaks. An avenue 100 feet wide will be constructed.

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

STORING BUTTER.

If butter is properly kept it will not deteriorate in six months if it be perfect in quality when it is made. Everything depends on these two conditions, for if it is not good at the first it will contain some elements of decomposition, due to milk left in it, or the oversourness of the cream, or other faults that will tend to further decomposition during the time it is stored. But the manner of storage too must be unobjectionable, that is, the place should be clean, cool and dark, and the packages must be airtight and perfectly clean, too. Then the slow internal change in the butter, due to the chemical alteration of whatever unavoidable impurities still exist in it, and the effect of these on the butter fat, will go on so slowly as not to injuriously affect the quality, and it may be six months before there will be any appreciable deterioration. But as butter is a perishable substance it is always best to dispose of it while it is in good condition, and not to keep it, even in a cold storage, longer than can be helped. As a rule, money is lost by depreciation of quality when butter is kept longer than a few weeks. —New York Times.

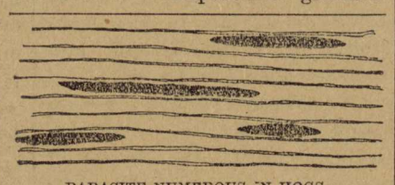
CLIMBING VINES.

Climbing vines have many different methods of attaching themselves to their support. Some encircle a branch of the host by twining their main bodies around the support. A hop vine is a familiar illustration of this. More delicate ones cannot twist around their stakes, but have to have string or some similar material to cling to. The ordinary morning glory is an illustration of this class; but there are some which simply climb by twisting the leaf stalk around the support. This is especially true of the different kinds of clematises, yet it is not unusual in some gardens to see stakes as thick as walking canes put for the clematis to run up on; but, as it is unable to do this, they have to be tied to this pole by twine, while the leaves go on twisting themselves in order to find something to cling to, and as a consequence the vital powers of the plant are exhausted. In many cases the clematis, especially the variety known as Jackmanni, will die completely and suddenly from the attack of a minute fungus; but it is more likely that this occurs oftener in cases as described for want of the proper means of support. Thread or twine for the leaves to twist around, or even a little brush wood, such as we would give to a crop of peas, is much more likely to produce healthy and vigorous clematises than when they are deprived of all means of using their leaf stalks as tendrils.—Meehan's Monthly.

A PARASITE VERY NUMEROUS IN HOGS.

During the four years in which I had charge of the inspection of hogs for the United States Government my attention was drawn to a parasite which was so numerous that it was found almost daily during the search for Trichina spiralis under the microscope, writes Professor John Michels.

This parasite, shown in the cut which accompanies this article, has the appearance of an elongated worm with a blunt point at each end. It assumes many forms, sometimes being narrower and longer than shown in the drawing, and sometimes broader and shorter and even almost round. The interior is composed of granular



PARASITE NUMEROUS IN HOGS.

matter, which with a high power proves to be embyros, the worm-like body being only a sac.

These sacs are sometimes very numerous in the muscle, while each sac contains many hundreds of the embyros; taken together the number existing in some hogs must be counted by the million.

This parasite, which is considered to be harmless, is called by the United States Department of Agriculture "Tarcosperidium," and by the Germans "Psorospermien," and it is remarkable, considering their great number in a food product, that little appears to be known of their life history.

I have made preparations of the sac for microscopical examination, and expelled the embryos from the sac, which proves to be the shape of half moons.—Scientific American.

EGGS FOR HATCHING.

How to pack them for shipping in a manner that insures their safe transportation, and how to make the package as light as possible that express rates may be likewise, are topics of present discussion and interest to all, says Nellie Hawks in Practical Farmer.

With the coming of each shipping season new methods are proposed and the old ones talked over. As it is a something that new beginners seek all possible information relating thereto, the intent of this article is to make known some of the methods of packing employed by those grown old in the poultry business—also one or two of the newer methods—and to give my own way, which has proven very satisfactory all around, ever since adopted. Experience has taught me many an expensive poultry lesson; but they were thoroughly learned, and will perhaps stand me in stead in a most profitable way.

The basket method of packing and express method of transportation is the plan most universally employed; but experiments are occasionally tried. Express rates are generally out of all reason, and shippers of both eggs and fowls have grown justly indignant at the extravagant prices charged, and are constantly seeking some plan whereby this wrong may be righted somewhat.

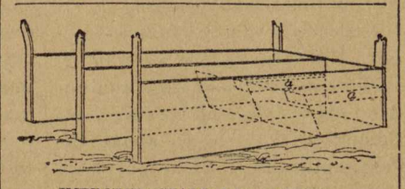
Last season a setting of eggs was shipped from Nebraska to New Jersey by mail, by way of experiment. It did not prove a perfect success; but the experiment will be repeated by the same parties this season, and probably by several breeders throughout the State and the United States.

The setting of eggs sent by mail transportation was very carefully packed in a light basket just as they would have been to send by express, properly labelled, postage prepaid and classed with registered mail, if I remember right. However, upon that point I will not be positive. So far as breakage of eggs was concerned, the venture proved successful, but not so with the hatching of the eggs.

It is not thought the plan will ever be universally adopted for several reasons. First, the present way of rushing mail through, and the rough handling of the same, will prove detrimental to the life germ of the eggs. They get too thoroughly shaken up. Then the postage costs as much as expressage, at least such was the case in the instance cited. Another thing, postage must be prepaid, and the shippers of thoroughbreds can not afford to pay postage on eggs to their customers.

RAISING DAIRY CALVES.

Dairy farming in this part of Wisconsin (Jefferson County) is practiced to the exclusion of almost all other kinds, a few hogs of course being kept for the purpose of consuming the skimmilk, says F. H. Everson. To be successful the farmers must have good cows, and to have good cows they must begin with good calves.



IMPROVED STALL FOR CALVES.

We select the calves produced by the most profitable cows, taking into consideration not only the quantity of milk, but the quality also as determined by the Babcock test. Our herd, consisting of forty-six thoroughbred cows, is headed by a full-blood bull. When a calf is born that we wish to raise, we allow it to run with the mother one day only unless the cow's udder is in bad condition. In that case we believe it is best for the calf to suck. After the first day teach it to drink, giving the milk from the mother. Give about eight pounds night and morning for a month. The past season after the first month we began giving ten pounds of skimmilk in the morning and about the same amount of sweet milk at night. At this age also begin to feed a little fine hay.

At about two months of age they are put into winter quarters, where they are fed skimmilk entirely with a good supply of hay and grain. Begin with eight or ten pounds at a feeding, and gradually increase the amount until it reaches fifteen pounds. Feed regularly and heat the milk to ninety degrees before giving it to them. Always treat them kindly. The exact amount and kind of grain feed will be governed by circumstances largely and by the capacity of the individual animal. Our calves are given ground oats with a sprinkling of old process oilmeal; probably no two receive the same amount. In feeding grain be careful to not overfeed at first. Begin with a light ration and gradually increase it. Some farmers in my vicinity give calves constant access to grain feed after they have become accustomed to it.

We stable our calves in a warm barn, each one having a separate stall, two of which are shown in the accompanying illustration. Each stall is two and one-half feet high, two feet wide and four feet long from manger to drop. In front of the calf is a manger for hay two feet high, one and one-half feet long, and just as wide as the stall. In one corner, a a, is a little box in which to place grain feed. At the back end of each stall parition is a two by two inch timber running from the ground to the ceiling, for support. At the front every four or five feet is a two by four answering the same purpose. A strap on which is placed an iron ring is fastened around each calf's neck. A rope with a snap at one end is tied to the manger and by it the calf is secured. In spring when the grass is started the calves are turned out to pasture and not again taken up until they are yearlings.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Anything green from cabbage to apples will be acceptable to the hens just now.

Brown Leghorns seem to hold their own against all comers, and anybody who has once kept the pure stock, hankers after them forever after.

If you have no pigs slop should be given to cows or horses. Either can be taught to drink it if you will be patient. But always keep some pigs.

This is a busy month on the farm. Planting should begin in a small way. However, it is better to wait until the ground becomes warmer before you plant much seed.

It is a waste of time and money to undertake to grow profitable crops on lands which have been impoverished, without putting into the ground something to enrich it.

SOME BARGAINS!

1894 was the yere that tride men's souls. With cotton at four and five cents to pay for corn at 90 cents was enuf to discourage eny man and make him repudiate. What did our people do? Did they falter and say they wouldn't pay? No; like noble men that they are, they paid the last dollar of their debts and went without the necessities of life. Can we forget them now? Never! Shall we then keep goods up at war prices? If U think so, then cum and see. A gret meny of our friends sa you are selling too cheap. How can you do it? You will brake. Well if we brake it will be in a good cause. We will brake trying to help the people. We don't want the erth; we will be satisfied with haf of it. We have been cussed from Rome to Selma for our cheap prices—not by the people, oh no; but by the old regulars, who buy a thing for 25 cents and want 50 cents for it. We used to be the same way but we found it didn't pay. The people are hard run, they can't afford the old time prices, and if there are eny bargains in the United States you can bet your last dollar that H. C. & W. B. Reynolds will get them. Why they say Reynolds is ruining the trade. Well, they may be hurting somebody else's traid, but you bet Reynolds will be there on the home stretch and the people are puttin' all their loose change on him for a winner. He hasn't been in the business for a quarter of a century for his helth. We are always in the lead when it cums to low prices.

We have just bought 30 barrels of sugar at a price that wuld surprise you. Cum and see it.

Our car load of 20 cent molasses is here.

Fifty boxes of 25 cent tobacco on the road—the same you always pay 40 cents for.

Did you ever hear of 33 pounds of brown sugar for a dollar? Cum and get it, all U want.

Don't buy till U see us.

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' slippers and can suit the most fastidious. We have an elegant slipper as low as 75 cents.

A large line of neckwear just in. Prices to suit the times.

A beautiful line of colored embroidery.

Our line of dress goods are going fast, They are cheap and nice.

A few bushels of seed sweet potatoes.

A nice suspender for 10 cents.

A boy's suit of clothing for $1.00.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10-inch butcher knife for 1g cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dozed without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3 qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2-bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Professor Ege has a flourishing school in vocal music. He is an accomplished gentleman and a fluent and entertaining speaker. He was a Confederate soldier, and we wish him success.

Mrs. McCauley has sold out her first stock of millinery goods, but is daily receiving fresh lines from Baltimore and New York. She has been compelled to employ an additional milliner owing to her increase trade. It pays to advertise in the News.

Mr. P. L. Lucas was in last week and subscribed for the News. He is too enterprising to be left behind in the procession.

Miss Sue Shuford, one of our most popular and handsome young ladies, returned after a visit to Oxford. She was accompanied by her mother.

At the administrator's sale of the E. G. Walker property the following parties became purchasers: The Walker residence sold for $1075 to S. A. Latham, the Walker store house to Fred Rogan for $750, the mill and machinery to Frank Kroell for $600, the Dill house to Dr. J. D. Trammell for $350. Eighteen acres of land near Robert Wooley's sold to Robert Wooley for $54. The store on corner occupied by Dick Taylor and two houses in rear to H, S. Latham for $350, and the two tenement houses in the rear of Canterberry lot to Frank and Pat Kroell for $100.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds left for Montgomery Monday.

Mr. Nash of Dry Valley, we learn, is quite ill. He was 88 years of age last Friday.

Dr. A. W. McGaha preached two of the finest sermons last Sunday we ever listened. We are indeed fortunate in securing his services.

Editor Allen visited Blocton last week.

We would like to have a correspondent in every town in the county.

Mrs. A. J. Day of Ashby was in town last Thursday.

Mr. French Nabors, Sr., visited Anniston last week.

Mrs. Annie Fulton of Elliott'sville was in town last week.

Mr. E. L. Cottingham of Six Mile visited the city last week.

Miss May Harris returned from Birmingham last week.

Miss Ada Hunter, one of Brierfield's charming young ladies, visited Miss Mary Kroll last week.

Miss Hattie Lyman returned from Montgomery Friday.

We are very glad to learn that our friend Nat Nabors is improving.

Miss Linnie Suttle of Centreville, accompanied by her nephew, Julius Henry, visited her sister, Mrs. A. E. Davis, last week.

F. J. Kroell visited Birmingham last week.

Mrs. Thomas J. Williams leaves for Munford one day this week to visit her mother.

Mr. Frank Vest and wife are visiting their parents here this week.

We have been told that the hail was so heavy on Thursday night that it destroyed the greater part of Mr. Wm. Prestridge's fruit.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Thomas Alexander of Elliottsville lost his house and furniture by fire last week.

F. J. Fitts of Centerville was in town a few days since.

Miss Mauda Rotenberry of Six Mile paid our town a visit last week.

We are glad to know that Mrs. Finley is still improving.

The editors extend thanks to the young ladies for the beautiful flowers.

The Christian Endeavor society appointed delegates to represent their society at the Christian Endeavor association to be held in Birmingham May 10, 11 and 12. Messrs. F. W. Rogan, W. H. Lawrence and others from here will atlend.

Miss Nanny Curry, one of Chilton's accomplished young ladies, has been visiting Miss Ella Latham for several days.

Mrs. C. W. Carry attended the Christian Endeavor convention at Columbiana last Friday and Saturday.

Don't forget the grand musical concert that is to be given next Tuesday night for the benefit of the Industrial School. The people of Briarfield, Calera, Centreville, Six Mile, Aldrich and the surrounding country are invited to attend.

Don't fail to come out and Hear Prof. Pickens on his Straduarius violin, which is 223 years old. His music is simply marvelous. Come early and get a good seat as the house will be crowded. Concert begins at 8 o'clock promptly. Admission 25 cents, children 10 cents.

Did some one say we were going to have a steel bridge next year?

The Montevallo base ball team is anxious to wipe up some diamond dust with Columbianna's team.

Mr. S. A. Latham has decided to remain in Montevallo and will not move to his farm near Tuscaloosa, as he has all along intended.

Now for a big cotton gin at the walker mill. It would pay handsomely.

When Montevallo gets her new steel bridge, the industrial school, a cotton factory and several new stores, she will begin to put on airs and want water works and electric lights. It's all coming.

Mrs. J. T. Brown, of Birmingham, passed through the city Tuesday morning enroute for Selma.

MASS MEETING.

The most enthusiastic mass meeting that has taken place in Montevallo was held at the Baptist church Saturday night. It was in response to a call sent out during the day asking that the citizens meet there and discuss propositions relative to the location of the Industrial school for girls. The meeting was called to order by H. C. Reynolds, chairman, with E. S. Lyman as secretary. Rev. C. L. Dobbs led in prayer, after which the assembly listened to some fine selections by the accomplished Professor Ege and his assistants. The meeting was then opened for business and the report of the committee on location was heard. It was learned from this that we were in a position to offer the Griggs property, the C. C. Vandegrift house and lot, the Strong house and lot and tend acres of land immediately in the rear of this, which has been generously donated by French Nabors, Esq. The report was dicussed by Rev. C. L. Dobbs, W. S. Cary, E. S. Lyman, C. C. Vandegrift, H. C. Reynolds and C. W. Cary.

The committee on subscriptions made a partial report and asked for further time, which was granted.

A motion was made and carried that a committee of ladies be added to the soliciting committee. They were appointed by the chair as follows: Mesdames C. W. Cary, G. W. Morgan, E. S. Lyman, C. C. Vandegrift, Lawrence and Misses Pauline Acker and Hattie Lyman.

A motion was made and carried that a fund be raised then and there for contingent expenses and that the fund should be $100 and placed in the hands of the treasurer to be used by direction of the finance committee. The following as that committee: W. B. Reynolds, F. W. Rogan, S. A. Latham, C. W. Cary, L. N. Bowdon. The committee then canvassed the house and reported cash subscriptions of $71.25, which has since been raised.

H. C. Reynolds and E. S. Lyman were then chosen as a committee to go at once to Montgomery and ascertain everything necessary for the accomplishment of our purpose.

The following committees were then appointed:

Correspondence—J. M. Reynolds, C. L. Meroney, W. B. Reynolds.

On Deeds—W. S. Cary, E. S. Lyman, J. M. Reynolds.

On Reception of Visitors—William Lyman, W. B. Reynolds, S. A. Latham, George Morgan, George Kroell, Pat Kroell and H. C. Reynolds.

W. B. Reynolds was chosen as a committee of one to write a succinct history of Montevallo and publish same.

After a vote of thanks to the musicians, the meeting adjourned subject to the call of the chairman.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

Monte Pickens.

In speaking of Mr. Pickens, who was selected to be violin soloist at the recent Georgia Chautauqua, the Albany Herald says:

"Mr. Pickens' violin solos were rendered with a daintiness and sympathy which won for him an enthusiastic encore, and he was compelled to respond to a second one. The violin used by Mr. Pickens on this occasion is a genuine Stradivarius, and is 223 years old."

This accomplished gentleman will appear in the concert next Tuesday night at Lyman's hall.

In a few days after the choral concert Profs. Agee and Pickens will give a concert of their own, which promises to be one of the finest ever had in our town.

GRAND PATRIOTIC CONCERT

Given by the Montevallo Choral Society, Assisted by Professors Ege and Pickens, at Lyman Hall, Tuesday Night, May 7th, for the Benefit of the State Industrial School.

Note—Professor Pickens is a graduate of the Boston Conservatory of Music.

PROGRAMME.

Part I.

1. Montevallo string band.
2. The Star Spangled Banner, Francis Scott Key. Full chorus.
3. Cornet solo, Prof. W. T. Ege.
4. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, David T. Shaw.
5. Quartette—C. W. Cary, A. J. Lee, Pat McConaughy and chorus, Dr. Trammel.
6. Old Sexton, vocal solo, Prof. W. T. Ege.
7. Reuben and Rachel, Miss Acker and Mr. Lyman.
8. The Watch on the Rhine, Carl Wilhelm. Full chorus.
9. Violin solo, Professor Pickens.
10. Gently Sighs the Breezes, duet, Mrs. Corbett and Professor Ege.
11. Montevallo string band.

Part II.

1. Cornet solo, Prof. W. T. Ege.
2. I Don't Want to Play in Your Yard, H. W. Petrie, Miss Pauline Acker.
3. Medley, mandolin, Miss Mary A. Kroell.
4. Angel's Serenade, soprano solo, with violin obligato, Mrs. Corbett and Professor Pickens.
5. Freedom, Our Queen, O. W. Holmes. Chorus and orchestra.
6. Violin solo, Professor Pickens.
7. Comin' Thro' the Rye, Scotch ballad, Miss Rhoda Latham and Mr. Pat McConaughy.
8. Spring Dance, vocal, waltz, Emily J. Mercer. Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. Trammel, Miss Acker, Miss Latham, Miss Canterberry, Miss Eunice Latham, Misses Della and Rhoda Latham.
9. Montevallo string band.
10. America, S. F. Smith. Full chorus and orchestra.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CALERA LOCALS.

A beautiful shower fell last Friday and the gardens and crops look fine. Fruit of all kinds is abundant. Strawberries are getting ripe.

The many friends of Miss Lottie Duran are glad to have her with them again. She returned home last Tuesday from an extended visit to friends in Texas, and reports a pleasant trip.

Miss Helen Oliver of Shelby is visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. Elwood Gunn, who has spent several days on Cahaba river fishing, returned last week, accompanied by an unusual large load of tbe nicest fish to be had.

Dr. C. C. Oliver of Shelby spent a few hours with his many friends here last Friday.

Mr. L. L. Thallaheimer of Selma, representing the New York Life Insurance company, spent several days in the city this week writing insurance.

Willie Doak returned from the baseball grounds last Wednesday evening bringing with him a beautiful "blue portico" under his right eye.

Rev. Perry Sams, colored, says, "These negroes that have growed up since freedom ain't worth a cent. Nearly every one of them wants to be a lawyer or hack driver.

Mr. George Branch of Bessemer passed through the city Thursday en route to Mudtown.

Mr. A. S. Bristow has been elected secretary and treasurer of the school board of the Calera school district. Our citizens always exercise good judgment in their selections.

Mr. L. F. Dial has accepted a position on the L. & N. railroad between Birmingham and Montgomery. He is an estimable young man, and one possessing qualifications which render him sesviceable in any position of trust.

Miss Julia Cook of Alpine is visiting relatives here.

The days are getting long; the nights are short. Dutch Adkins says he wishes every night was Saturday night and every day was Sunday.

Tom Parker is making his headquarters at Columbiana now (on Sunday).

Potts wears two suits of overalls at once.

Mr. W. H. Moss is studying for the ministry.

"They say" one of our sports will visit friends at Trianna soon—if the weather is suitable for walking. "The long-looked-for letter never came."

Mr. F, C. Potts spent Sunday with his parents at Clanton.

Malcolm says everything is all right.

Dutch carried several of our young men to Columbiana Sunday to learn them "the ropes." Upon their arrival Dutch learned that all the young ladies had a previous, and he says when he goes to Columbiana again the sheriff will accompany him.

The Chrietian Endeavor convention at Columbiana was well represented by members of the Calera society.

Mr. L. N. Bowdon of Montevallo spent Sunday here with friends and relatives.

Potts says he would enjoy a trip to Columbiana again some Sunday, but it will be impossible to "get off."

AVO.

BRIARFIELD.

Mr. Chas. Lewis, salesman for Cawthorn & Coleman, Selma, Ala., spent Friday in our city. Mr. Lewis has friends and relatives in Briarfield who are always glad to see him.

Misses Annie and Maggie Jemerson were visiting in town last week. They have a host of friends who are always delighted to see them.

Handsome Deans Barber, of Selma, was visiting in the city several days last week.

Mr. Thomas, of Six Mile, was in town last week.

Miss Lonie Burk is visiting in the city, the guest of the Misses Morelands.

Capt. Pratte, of Six Mile, was in the city Saturday.

Miss Ada Howton, one of Briarfield's most popular young ladies, visited Montevallo Tuesday.

One of our jolly little brunettes looked very much the reverse last Sunday. "One week longer" isn't long to wait, Miss J.

Mr. Campbell, of Blocton, was in town Saturday.

Who was it who wore a smile as big as the "new moon" Friday afternoon whon the B. B. B. train came? Such lovely flowers, Miss O.

Mr. Jemes McCarney, of Bessemer, has been in Briarfield several days with his mother, who has been quite sick.

Rev. L. S. Dobbs preached an excellent sermon at the M. E. church last Sunday to a large and appreciative audience.

Mrs. R. C. Parker, Misses Jennie Lewis, Annie Wilson, Viola and Ona Hubbard, and Dr. Deans Barber spent Saturday evening fishing, and reported plenty of "bites" and a fine large time.

ALDRICH LOCALS.

Judge Turner of Birmingham spent Sunday in town.

Quite a number of our people took in the picnic at Blocton Friday.

Mr. T. J. Hoskins. our gallant superintendent, spent a few days last week with friends and relatives in Birmingham.

The M. C. & T. Co. is building a barn near store.

A small party went seining Friday evening and caught a nice lot of fish.

A certain young man failed to get home Sunday night.

Mick Nash and George Kuffner went over to Gurnee Monday evening to be at a birthday dinner Tuesday.

The marriage of Mr. George W. Kline and Miss Fannie Thompson is announced for Wednesday night at the residence of the bride's father' L. S. Thompson.

There is to be a memorial service at Pilgrim Rest church the fourth Sunday in May in memory of the former pastor, Rev. John H. Baker, who died in Perry county recently. A programme is being arranged and an all-day service will be held.

H.

PEA RIDGE.

Bro. N. Jarvis preached the funeral of Jack Pickett Sunday to a large congregation.

Miss Bonnie McBride is on the ridge again. She and Miss Stella Miles left Friday on the evening train for Blocton where they expected to enjoy themselves with friends and relatives. They returned Sunday morning and expressed themselves as having had a most delightful time.

We are having a fine shower this afternoon, which will be a great help to our gardens.

Mrs. Miles set out 186 cabbage plants after the shower Friday evening.

Miss Lena Mills, formerly of Gothite, paid her uncle and aunt, Wm. and Mrs. E. D. Mills, a visit Saturday last. We hope Miss Lena will stay longer next time.

Miss Lucy Lawley has returned home from a stay of several weeks at Helena with her brother. We were glad to see Miss Lucy, as she is one of the Ridge's sweetest little girls.

Everybody wants to go to the picnic Tuesday. Wonder if Mr. Mc. will be there.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Health of town excellent.

Quite a crowd attended church at Spring Creek yesterday.

George Monroe, Jr., and some of Aldrich's fair damsels spent Sunday evening near town with friends.

Sam Vest and his best girl passed through town Sunday.

Rev. W. O. Butler delivered an able sermon to quite a large audience at Spring Creek Sunday.

A very large crowd from town and vicinity have gone out fishing. We wish them much success.

Mr. Walter Harrison failed to fill his regular appointment at Aldrich Sunday.

We wish to inform a certain young lady of Aldrich that Mooney is a nick name for her best fop.

Frank Cunningham went out dear hunting Sunday, but we think from his looks that he failed to see his dear.

Dogwood's fruit inspector has got his teeth on edge.

Vivin.

DRY VALLEY LOCALS.

All quiet in the Valley.

Farmers are very much elated with the prospect of a good farm and fruit crop. Corn, gardens and other forward crops look quite promising. The fruit trees are loaded with their luxuriant dainties. Oats are a month in advance of last year.

Mr. P. L. Lucas, who has been quite sick is recovering.

Mrs. E. H. Butler of Birmingham is visiting friends and relatives in the Valley.

Rev. C. L. Herring of Calera filled his regular appointment at the Methodist church here last Sunday Notwithstanding he has only been pastor of this church a short time his courteous manners and able sermons, replete with practical thought and gospel truth, is fast winning the hearts and confidence of his congregation.

Mr. Charlie Ambrose of Bismarck visited one of our fairest maids last Sunday.

Jim Sessions still goes to Terrace Hill. He says he means business.

Wonder what Kirk Sessions is planting so much sorghum and goobers for.

Mr. Walter Knowles says he wrote his girl a billet deaux, and of course he expects her to retaliate.

Mr. Lewis Reynolds and wife of Jemison attended church at this place last Sunday.

AMBUSH AND SLAUGHTER.

An Officer and Posse of Three Men are Waylaid and Shot.

In a remote section of Titus county, Texas, last Saturday Constable Oliver attempted to arrest a man named Belcher for some minor offense Beleher resisted, and, in the shooting which followed, Constable Oliver was shot through the hand.

Oliver withdrew and secured reinforcements in the persons of three men named Cooper, Frye and Ritchie. Returning to make the arrest, Belcher and the male members of his family ambushed the party at Black's ridge, White Oak river, just at dusk, pouring a heavy fusilade into the posse from rifles and revolvers, mowing down the party.

Latest reports from the scene state that Oliver and Cooper were instantly killed and Frye and Ritchie mortally wounded. The Belchers mounted their horses and fled, leaving the dead and dying officers in the road where they fell. Posses are on the trail, but it is not believed the Belchers will be captured alive.

A River Steamer Goes Down.

A telephone message from Carthage, Tenn., states that the steamer I. Rhea, engaged in the upper Cumberland river trade, sank Saturday afternoon fifty miles above that town during a heavy wind. She had a large cargo, was bound for this port and the loss is heavy. No lives were lost.

JOHN BULL TO NICARAGUA.

"Stand and Deliver 'n' be Quick About, It 'r I'll Punch Y'r 'Ed".

A dispatch from Managua, Nicaragua, says: "Commmander Stokes of Her Majesty's steamship Royal Arthur which is at Corinto with the Satelite and Wild Swan, arrived here Tuesday evening and at the end of a conference, which only lasted ten minutes handed the Nicaraguan Minister of Foreign Affairs, M. Matus, Great Britain's ultimatum. The substance of the ultimatum, is as follows:

It gives the government of Nicaragua three days in which to settle the claim made by Great Britain, failing settlement, England will blockade the port of Corinto and also land troops and occupy the the city. A meeting of prominent Nicaraguans is being held now to decide upon a plan of action. The general opinion is that Nicaragua will arrange to pay the indemnity demanded by Great Britain. Everything is quiet at the capital. Men anxions to serve in case of resistence to English demands are offering themselves in large numbers.

In Defiance of Law.

In a fight last Tuesday night at Mountain View, Mo., between Deputy Sheriff Simmons and posse and J. E. Williams and a number of followers, James Sheppard, one of the latter, was instantly killed. Simmons was wounded in the face and Matt Smith was shot in a number of places. An unknown woman was shot in the abdomen and probably fatally wounded. Williams, for whom the deputy sheriff had a warrant, was shot in the shoulder but escaped. Williams was indicted by the present grand jury for selling liquor unlawfully.

Fatal Dynamite Explosion.

Near Grass Creek, Ind., Friday night the barn of Emanuel Rans was set on fire by an unknown person and completely destroyed. A grainery near by, in which seven pounds of dynamite was stored, also caught, and the explosion which resulted demolished all the buildings on the premises and dangerously wounding Mr. Rans and his wife.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Plum-Tree Gum.

Amber is the gum which exuded from trees in geologic times and has become hardened and fossilized by the lapse of ages.—Jeweler's Age.

It is believed that the new penny party, which is so popular, really means a penny ante.

If you want to retain a man's respect, don't read poetry to him.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

Keep your husband's love letters, and whenever he gets cross read one of them to him.

Chicago, Ill.

From personal knowledge, having used it myself and in my family, and from the enthusiastic commendation of numerous customers, I have no hesitancy in pronouncing Tetterine to be unmeasurably superior to any remedy known to me for skin diseases, and I have tried all the well known ones. I write this, the only testimonial I have ever given to a remedy, because I am deeply impressed with the extraordinary merits of Tetterine. C. H. McConnell, Mngr. Economical Drug Co., 126 Clark St. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

A Bright Eye

is the sign of good health and an alert mind. Strange that it should almost always depend on the state of the digestion, but it does. A Ripans Tabule taken after meals gives the little artificial help most grown people need.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., May 4, '94.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Spring

Is the season of hope and of promise. It tells of coming days of sunshine, and of returning life and beauty. But there are thousands of people who will find no pleasure in the return of spring because of suffering, due to

Impure Blood

which is the cause of untold misery. They will find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because this great medicine has power to make pure blood and thus prevent and cure disease. Hood's Sarsaparilla renews the wasted vital forces, creates an appetite and builds up the strength. Be sure to get

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Whole Families

Often find relief in Hood's Sarsaparilla, because, being the great blood purifier, Hood's Sarsaparilla cures many forms of disease. Following is a striking illustration of this fact:

"I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla for stomach trouble and catarrh. I felt a change after taking the first bottle. Each bottle following made a decided improvement. The almost total deafness in one ear, the buzzing, roaring sounds in the head and the stuffed up feeling went away. I raised less and was more hearty at my meals. Good sleep followed my day's work and I am entirely free from any symptoms of the trouble. My mother has taken Hood's Sarsaparilla with benefit, and my father, who had tumor in his stomach, has been helped so much that he is able to be about and do light chores. A neighbor who was confined to his bed with poisoned blood, has also been cured by it." L. D. B. SEARL, West Hartland, Connecticut.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

This is why it cures even when all other medicines fail. Insist upon Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

AM. N. U. No. 18, 1895.

MAKE FARM LIFE ATTRACTIVE.

Give the boy or girl something in which to take an interest on the farm. Remove the young stock off the farm and much of the pleasure of stock-raising will be gone. A few bantam chicks will create an interest on the part of a child that owns them, and the stepping-stone to a more active interest in all classes of animals in the future will be laid. Boys and girls will stay on the farm without invitation if their early days are made pleasant and farm life attractive.—American Farmer.

GREEN TOMATOES.

Among the many plans that have been proposed for saving the tomatoes which remain unripe at the coming of frost, we have found the following the most satisfactory, says a recent bulletin of the North Carolina Station. When sharp frost is imminent gather all the green tomatoes. Wrap each separate in paper—old newspapers will do. Now pack them in boxes and store in a cool place, just warm enough to be secure from frost, but not warm, the object being to keep, not to ripen them. Bring out a few at a time as they are wanted, and place in a warm place to ripen a few days in advance. In this way we have for several years had sliced tomatoes on our table up to the middle of January.

THE LAW OF DIFFUSION.

In the application of manure to the soil, one thing is to be fully considered. This is the extreme diffusibility of all soluble substances in the soil, when it is in a fine condition of division. Necessarily, this diffusion is effected by the action of the water in the soil, by which the plant food is dissolved. It is this solution by which the original diffusion is effected, and as the matters dissolved in water are almost immediately diffused through the liquid, and this is distributed among the particles of soil by capillary and molecular attraction, it is very quickly brought into contact with the roots of plants and absorbed. And as the water of the soil is thus absorbed, the place of that which is taken in by the roots is instantly filled by a new supply. Thus the more soluble the plant food is, and the finer the particles of the soil are made by good cultivation, the better the crops are supplied with food.—American Farmer.

CASTOR BEANS A REMEDY FOR PEST.

Moles dislike castor beans, as do gophers, and they have both given my garden a wide berth since castor beans were planted, although they had previously destroyed many valuable bulbs and plants, writes E. M. Lucas in the New England Homestead. In 1893 moles were unusually troublesome. A few beans were tucked in my bulb bed, a favorite haunt for moles, others in the rose border, some near the violet bed and wherever the pests were most troublesome. A few moles had runs here and there, and I at once dropped a bean in their path. Last year I planted only a few beans to keep them at bay, and not a mole has been seen. My moss roses were being laid in a state of devastation by the red spider, but since the castor vines have overshadowed the bushes this tiny pest has also absented itself, therefore I believe it detests the castor beans as all the animal world seems to do. A noted horticulturist writes: "There is hardly an instance in natural history of a plant so universally detested by the animal world as the castor-oil plant. No sort of bird, beast or creeping thing will touch it. It seems to be a rank poison to all the animal world. Even a goat will starve before biting a leaf, and a horse will sniff at it and turn up his under lip, as though it had the most detestable odor on the face of the earth. Army worms and the locusts will pass it by, though they may eat every other green thing in sight. Even the tobacco worm will refuse to be fed on its leaves." As an exterminator of moles and gophers, I never saw their equal. I never had healthier or better-looking plants with so little trouble as since I discovered the virtues of the castor bean.

Castor beans form beautiful and stately plants. They thrive in sunshine or shade, and in any kind of soil, but like all plants respond quickly to good treatment. Some varieties attain a height of fifteen feet; others grow three and four feet tall. They are very decorative and rapid-growing plants, with their large palmate leaves, beautifully veined and colored, and gorgeous-hued seed pods. They are extra fine for sub-tropical effects and will transform any dim corner into a bower of beauty. Four varieties are especially handsome, and when grouped together are very effective. Ricinus sanguineus has fresh green foliage, veined with dark red stalks and stems and very brilliant red seed pods. R cambogiensis has dark bronze-like leaves and seed pods, the stems almost black. R macrocarpus has almost white leaves, with dark stalks and pods. R gibsoni is of dwarf habit, has very dark, purplish-red stalks and leaves. These plants are worthy of a place in any garden, not only for beauty but for their great beneficial properties.

VEGETABLES NOT COMMONLY GROWN.

The family to which we belong are all very fond of vegetables fresh from the garden, says E. G. Fowler. With this pronounced taste, one may safely and correctly assume that our table is very well supplied, all the season through, with almost all the vegetables that can be grown in our latitude—Southern New York. Of course, we cultivate all the standard vegetables in great variety and we manage to have a succession of them, as long as the season will permit. We write this brief article, not to talk of the ordinary garden, but to call attention to a few products that are not generally grown.

The first of these is okra. In the gardens of the South it is as common as any other growth and our Southern friends have well learned its worth. But in Northern gardens it is seldom seen. It is as easy to grow as a hill of corn, and it will grow wherever corn grows. The edible pods are the part used. They are valuable for stews, for soups, for pickles, ragouts, etc. They are very delicate in flavor, readily assimilating themselves to any more highly flavored product, and are quite mucilaginous in character. So long as the pods are kept cut off, others will come and a half dozen plants will bear all through the season, sufficient for an average family.

Brussels sprouts is a vegetable rarely seen in our farm gardens. They are as easily grown as a head of cabbage—their cultivation is the same. They, like the cabbage, are troubled in some sections with insect pests, but they are so delicate, to our taste fully equaling cauliflower, that we should be loath to leave it out of our garden. One advantage this vegetable possesses is that it can be kept late in the winter and thus prolong the season while adding to the variety for the table.

In the list of material for salads, those appetizing and graceful adjuncts to a meal, we should not be content with lettuce, either the cabbage or cos type, but should add fetticus, vetticost or corn salad, as it is variously called, and endhive or chicory. Both of these, when blanched white, are admirable constituents in a salad and are as easily grown as a turnip.

Spinach has of late years become quite generally grown and is a most desirable article for "greens"—that good old word which means so much and recalls so many pleasant memories. We have found dandelion a most wholesome and palatable addition to the list of greens. It must be planted in the spring and cultivated through the season. Early the next spring you can have a rank growth of leaves for "greens" or you can cover with straw and blanch them, making of them excellent salad material.

Kohl-rabi, to our taste, is the best for the family. The hardest thing to find in our market is a really good turnip, and they are really not an easy thing to grow. But the kohl-rabi, which is much the same in flavor, is easy to grow and is invariably delicate and sweet. With us it has almost supplanted the turnip at our table.

Sorrel we used for the first time last season, and we think highly of it, both as a soup constituent or when cooked and served like spinach. It is very popular in France and is growing in popularity here.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Cut off all masked, broken and bruised roots and ragged ends when transplanting a tree.

All through winter especially the heaviest feed of every kind of farm stock should be at night.

If your hens are not laying now, there must be something radically wrong in the condition of things. They are probably too fat.

One point in favor of turning up the soil in winter is that the cutworms are brought to the surface and exposed, which destroys them.

Leave a slight basin around the new tree and mulch with any coarse dead vegetation available to retain moisture. In dry spells water freely.

If your hens lay soft or thin shelled eggs, they need lime in some form. They must, like other workmen, have material to work with, in order to turn out first class goods.

There are always a few warm days when the frost comes out of the ground, and on some lands plowing can be done. If land is plowed, and the frost penetrates, the lumps and clods will be broken, and, if preferred, the land may be cross plowed in the spring, which will permit of thorough harrowing.

Cut off all large limbs and head back of the body of a transplanted tree to the height at which it is desired to branch. If there are small twigs near the top after heading back, leave them to furnish early leaves. These will aid the vegetating functions of the tree and especially promote root formation, while advetitious buds are being produced.

The holes in which trees are set out should be dug large enough to admit the roots in their natural position and deep enough to admit of one foot of rich top soil mixed with thoroughly rotted manure below the roots. Sift fine soil amongst the roots, press it firmly to them, pour a pail-full of water in to settle the soil naturally around the roots, and fill only as high as the soil stood around the tree in its natural home.

In New York women may have their debtors imprisoned to force a settlement.

A bicycle with a patent saddle specially adapted to fat women is the latest.

There are no gifts which pleases Queen Victoria more than photographs.

Some of the swagger girls of New York have taken to wearing the monocle.

Thirteen girls of the ninety-eight in the present senior class at Vassar College have been awarded honors.

Many extreme things in sleeves are brought out this season. A novelty shows the sleeves and shoulder cut in one.

Silk and wool moire is a modish fabric for walking dresses. It is woven in changeable effects and is very stylish.

An effort is being made to bring the old-fashioned buttoned Oxford in again, but it is doubtful if it will succeed.

On several of the newest evening dresses the floral arrangements come from the shoulder to the hem of the dress.

Tadasu Sugie is the name of a Japanese young woman who has been studying in Wellesley College for three years, and who is now teaching in Osaka in a Christian school for girls.

A Copenhagen (Denmark) young woman who held a thief until the police came was presented with a diamond brooch and a letter of thanks from the Director of Police.

From all present indications, the coming season is to be characterized by the use of an amount of diaphanous material entirely without precedent in the history of fashion.

It is to be one of the peculiarities of this season that the dainty accessories, the little fixings and cleverly devised trimmings are to give a dressy character to plainer and more standard models.

Women who are positive wrapper cranks can almost be excused for their devotion to this bit of apparel since so many attractive patterns have appeared in French flannels intended for this purpose.

Forty Dundee women, near Elgin, organized a society for the prevention of gossip. It lasted two weeks. By a series of expulsions for violation of the cardinal idea only the President is now left in the society.

The "new woman" is beginning to assert herself even in conservative Germany. Four mass meetings were recently held in Berlin to demand woman's suffrage, both for the German Reichstag and the Prussian Diet.

The Empress of Austria has not had a portrait taken for thirty years. She wants to be remembered as the brilliant beauty who was almost six feet tall, whose hair came below her knees and whose waist measured seventeen inches.

The wife of Field Marshal Oyama, commander of the Japanese military forces at Wei-Hai-Wei, was for a number of years a resident of Connecticut, and lived in the family of the Rev. Dr. Leonard W. Bacon, of Norwich. She is a graduate of Vassar College and was chosen President of her class.

A good quality of black crepon, surah or bengaline makes one of the best "standby" gowns that a woman can possess, and in these days of separate waists and of separate adjustable velvet stock collars, collarettes and dainty lace neckwear, the black dress can be changed in effect as often as desired.

The modest violet has been brought into such prominence within the last two years that it no longer justifies its old-time reputation. Little bunches are tucked here and there on hats, neck ruffs, fur boas and muffs with great effect, and tiny blossoms are so delicately perfumed that they outdo nature.

The craze for English open-work embroidery has attacked the ribbons, and some of the new varieties have a pattern of very open embroidery down the centre. Colored ribbons are worked in black, and also in the same shade. But novelty is all that recommends them, for they are not pretty.

In the death of Worth, the famous Parisian dressmaker, society loses a most efficient servent. His sense of color and proportion was so thoroughly developed and so true that it amounted almost to genius, and his honesty and courtesy led to a strong personal friendship for him on the part of those he served.

Hair-dressing has taken a turn backward, one might almost think, for heads seem now dressed in the modes of our great-great-grandmothers, which a few years ago we should have called "really very horribly old fashioned." The front hair on most of the modern coiffures for indoor and evening toilet is brought down low over the forehead and at the side of the face so that it covers almost or completely the ears.

Immigrants Coming.

In addition to the tract of 100,000 acres in Georgia to be taken by western colonists, a telegram to the Southern States Magazine announces the sale of a 15,000-acre tract of farming land in Twiggs county, Ga., to another colony, supposed to be Pennsylvania; while a Dakota company reports that it has completed arrangements for settling 5,000 people on a 50,000-acre track in Texas. This company writes that a great many farmers in Datoka and the adjoining states are preparing to move south.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Easily Settled.

The Chicago man who had gone on a business trip to Omaha had started home again. He had been compelled to run several blocks to catch the train and was somewhat overheated. The temperature of the car was over 100 degrees and still climbing. He stood it for about five minutes and then tried to open a window.

It was one of those car windows that are not built for opening purposes, and it didn't open.

He tried another window, with the same result.

The third window stuck equally tight, and he raised his foot and kicked a large hole through the plate glass.

The conductor heard the crash and came running into the car.

"Who broke that window?" he demanded threateningly.

"I did," said the Chicago man.

"Well, sir, it will cost you just $5!"

"Here it is," said the other, handing him a $10 bill.

"I—I haven't change for that," said the conductor, somewhat taken aback.

"Never mind the change," replied the Chicago man. "Keep it."

He raised his foot again, kicked out another window, took a newspaper out of his pocket, sat down, and went to reading as if nothing had happened.

He Knew Too Much.

"Mr. Smarte," said the head of the firm, "I happened to overhear your criticisms, this morning, of the manner in which business is carried on here. You appear to be laboring under a mistaken idea. As a matter of fact, we are not running this house to make money. Not at all. We carry on this business simply as a school for the instruction of young men. But as you seem to know so much more about business than we do, it would be only wasting your time to keep you here. The cashier will settle with you. What is our loss is your gain."—Boston Transcript.

THE SECOND LIFE.

PURGATORY AND PARADISE COMPARED BY A MAN WHO HAS SEEN BOTH.

A Miracle Worked in the Rural Recesses of Borodino Creates a Sensation.

(*From the Evening News, Syracuse, N. Y.*)

Albert Applebee was a very sick man. He had been ailing for months and had been compelled to remain home, unable to attend to his business. His friends stood or sat about the few small stores in the village of Borodino and discussed his sad condition. Applebee was a carpender, and a good one too, but since his strange malady overtook him he had not shown any dispotion to do any work. Life had lost its charms for him, he became a misanthrope and lost in everything. His friends advised him and the local doctors tried their skill on him but it was of no avail. Although they no doubt diagnosed his case correctly, he grew worse despite their efforts.

But he recovered and it has made such a stir in the small town that a *News* reporter was sent out to Borodino to investigate. He drove over and found Mr. Applebee hard at work on the roof of a house he was building.

"Well, it was just this way," began the carpenter, who is a good-looking man of about fifty summers. "In the fall of 1890 I had a siege of grip. It was a pretty rough time for me as I was very sick and I never expected to go out again except feet first in a coffin. But I recovered after a long sickness but was left with an ailment which was quite as dangerous and infinitely more painful. I had scrofula in my head for two years and a half or over and there was a sickening discharge from my right ear. I took about every medicine known to the medical fraternity but could get no benefit.

"I was also troubled with a severe pain in the stomach and indigestion, which made me feel that life was not worth living. Last fall I began taking a medicine known as Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, which were recommended by a friend whose wife had read of them in some of the country papers. But I gave it a trial and was surprised to find that it benefited me. I tried more and persevered and at last, thank God, I was cured. My ear has discontinued discharging and for the past three months I have been perfectly well. I make these statements merely because I think the world should be acquainted with this remarkable remedy."

Several of Mr. Applebee's neighbors were seen by the reporter and they in turn expressed their confidence in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills after seeing the wonderful change they had wrought on him. One said the cure was simply wonderful as the man was a total wreck.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contains all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50c. per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Why He Had Plenty to Sell.

"For quickness of repartee commend me to an auctioneer," said a Maine traveler. "I once attended a sale where under the hammer things were being rattled off at a great rate and at low figures. In the crowd close to him stood a sedate old man who watched for a long time. At last catching the eye of the auctioneer, he asked: 'Say, sir, how is it you can afford to sell these things so cheap?' Without an instant's hesitation the salesman reached down and patted him on the shoulder, while his face beamed like a rising sun. 'Bless your soul, sir,' he answered, 'I have a father and three brothers, and I keep them stealing all the time to furnish me goods.' Then the sale ran right along."—Lewiston Journal.

Consumption kills more people than rifle balls. It is more deadly than any of the much dreaded epidemics. It is a stealthy, gradual, slow disease. It penetrates the whole body. It is in every drop of blood. It seems to work only at the lungs, but the terrible drain and waste go on all over the body. To cure consumption, work on the blood, make it pure, rich and wholesome, build up the wasting tissues, put the body into condition for a fight with the dread disease.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery fights in the right way. It will cure 98 per cent. of all cases if taken during the early stages of the disease. Its first action is to put the stomach, bowels, liver and kidneys into good working order. That makes digestion good and assimilation quick and thorough. It makes sound, healthy flesh. That is half the battle. That makes the "Discovery" good for those who have not consumption, but who are lighter and less robust than they ought to be.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

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Medical Discovery.

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Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

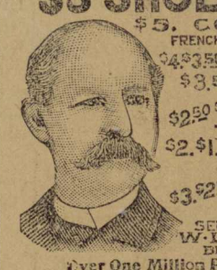
A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.



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$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S. EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
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SEND FOR CATALOGUE. W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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is not a secret remedy. It is simply the purest Norway Cod-liver Oil, the finest Hypophosphites, and chemically pure Glycerine, all combined into a perfect Emulsion so that it will never change or lose its integrity. This is the secret of Scott's Emulsion's great success. It is a most happy combination of flesh-giving, strengthening and healing agents, their perfect union giving them remarkable value in all

WASTING DISEASES.

Hence its great value in Consumption, wherein it arrests the wasting by supplying the most concentrated nourishment, and in Anæmia and Scrofula it enriches and vitalizes the blood. In fact, in every phase of wasting it is most effective. Your doctor will confirm all we say about it. *Don't be persuaded to accept a substitute!*

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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, MAY 9, 1895. NO. 7.

Three Ships.

Three ships there be a-sailing
Betwixt the sea and sky;
And one is Now, and one is Then,
And one is By and By.

The first little ship is all for you—
Its masts are gold, its sails are blue,
And this is the cargo it brings:
Joyful days with sunlight glowing,
Nights where dreams like stars are growing.
Take them, sweet, or they'll be going!
For they every one have wings.

The second ship it is all for me—
A-sailing on a misty sea
And out across the twilight gray.
What it brought of gift and blessing
Would not stay for my caressing—
Was too dear for my possessing,
So it sails and sails away.

The last ship, riding fair and high
Upon the sea, is By and By.
O Wind be kind and gently blow!
Not too swiftly hasten hither,
When she turns, sweet, you'll go w'th her—
Sailing, floating, hither, thither—
To what port I may not know.

—HARRIET F. BLODGETT in St. Nicholas.

A Wolf's Point Episode.

BY EUGENE TRAUGHBER.

Rose McClanahan was the acknowledged belle of Wolf's Point. I say "acknowledged," because nobody in that isolated section of country, two days' travel up the Missouri River by steamboat from St. Louis, would have had the temerity to dispute the fact, especially in the presence of her father. When Rose was seven years old, the governor of Missouri, en route from Jefferson City to Boonville upon one of the magnificent steamers that then navigated the swift running waters of the "Big Muddy," stepped upon the shore while the boat was "wooding up" at the landing, and catching the child in his arms, kissed her, and declared that she would some day be the handsomest woman in the old State.

So it was that when Rose was sixteen years of age, and the governor's prediction was fast emerging into a reality, her father, Jim McClanahan, was wont to swear by General Joe Shelby, his hero, that the girl would some day marry a member of the Legislature or a circuit rider.

The people of Wolf's Point were primitive in their ways, rude in manner and speech, and happy in their ignorance. Indeed, the great arc light of civilization, which now sheds its refulgent rays over a prosperous and enlightened community, was at this time spluttering like a tallow dip and continually threatening to go out.

Now and then a wandering Methodist preacher would reach the "Point" on his circuit and hold a revival. He would warn the people to free themselves from the "hip lock" of Satan, and as a rule his advice would be kindly received, and everybody would join the church. But when the preacher departed, their religious zeal rapidly subsided, and fell as low as before his arrival. Sim McClanahan was always among the first to turn away from the beckoning of Satan at the yearly revival, and to "backslide" after its close. But as he remarked on one occasion, when he was cut off from membership on account of drunkenness, "They could turn him out of the church if they had a mind to, but they couldn't keep him from being a Christian!"

During the summer months the residents of the "Point" would raise sufficient truck to last them through the winter; in the fall they hunted 'possums; and in the winter they chopped cord wood and attended "breakdowns." In their estimation, physical prowess was the crowning trait of character, and every man was measured by his ability as a fighter. Next to fighting came fiddling, and the man who could reel off the "Arkansas Traveler" or "Chicken in the Dough Tray" occupied a position in some respects even more enviable than that of the "bully." But the man who was both a fighter and a fiddler—who can tell rightly of his fame?

Such a man was Jim McClanahan; but he had a rival in young Bud Henshaw, who was closely "crowding" him for the championship both in music and in pugilism. Notwithstanding the fact that he had set his heart upon a member of the Legislature, or a circuit rider, for a son-in-law, Jim had given it out that any man who would best him in a rough and tumble fight could thereby secure his consent to marry Rose. The challenge was one which none of the young men of the neighborhood had cared to take up, until Rose reached her sixteenth year. Then it was that Bud Henshaw, who had been "keeping company" with her for several months, suddenly sprang into prominence by knocking an ox down with his fist.

One afternoon, when Jim was sitting in the shade of his log house, Bud Henshaw shuffled into view.

"Hope I see you," said Jim.

"'Pears to me there ain't nothing the matter with you eyesight." replied Bud.

"Better brush off your breeches and set down," Jim suggested.

"Ain't got time," Bud answered quickly. "Fact is, I came over to ax you for Rose."

"Air you a member of the Legislature, or a circuit rider?" asked Jim, with rude but biting sarcasm.

"Wall, not thet eny one knows on," was the angry reply. "But I'm the best man in these diggin's, and kin prove it. Air ye going to face the music?"

"You bet," replied Jim, jumping up.

Both men were strong and tough, and it was nip and tuck for a few minutes. Finally Bud landed a terrible blow on the point of his adversary's jaw, and Jim went down. When he got up he calmly shook hands with his conquerer, and said, "The gal's yours."

"Thanky," briefly replied Bud, as he hurried away.

The young man's victory made him the hero of the hour at Wolf's Point, and Rose readily agreed to marry him a year later if he held the belt for that length of time.

Late in the fall Jim McClanahan received a visit from a sister who lived at Boonville, and whom he had not seen for many years. When she was ready to return, she insisted upon taking Rose with her. "I will send her to school," she said to her brother, "and when she returns next summer she will be a fine lady."

The father finally consented, and Rose left her home, with its rude but happy memories, to enter upon a new life.

Rose was naturally bright, and had vaguely longed for a better education than could be obtained at the winter school which she had attended in the "Point. She applied herself earnestly, and made rapid progress. Her aunt kept boarders; and one of them, Bob Curtis, a manly young fellow who was in business for himself, soon fell in love with the girl. His love was reciprocated, but Rose was unhappy, believing that Bud would be so enraged if she "sacked" him that he might come to Boonville and scatter the form of her city lover over the pavements. Finally she told Bob of her fears, and of the peculiar customs of her native place.

"Why, is that all?" said Curtis. "Well, I have been thinking a few days' holiday would do me good. I will just drop down to Wolf's Point and settle the matter."

Two days later, as Jim McClanahan and Henshaw were grinding a scythe blade under a tree in the former's front yard, a stranger jumped over the low rail fence and walked rapidly toward them.

"Am I addressing Mr. McClanahan?" he said politely to the older of the two men.

"You air if the court knows herself, and she thinks she do," replied Jim.

"Thanks," said the stranger curtly. "My name is Curtis, Robert Curtis, Mr. McClanahan, and I am a resident of Boonville. I met your daughter there some months ago, and I recently asked her to be my wife. She told me of a peculiar custom that prevailed among your people, and that a Mr. Henshaw had gained the promise of her hand in marriage by whipping you. I am here now for the purpose of meeting Mr. Henshaw. I am in a hurry, and if you will tell me where he can be found I will appreciate your kindness."

"Don't hafter be found," Bud savagely interposed, instantly comprehending the situation. "I'm him. Look out for me! I'm coming!" And he rushed at Curtis.

The latter quickly stepped to one side, and planted his clinched right on the other's ear. The blow did not fell young Henshaw, but raised his anger to the highest pitch.

"Drat you," he said, "I'll show you what——"

But he never finished the sentence. Curtis' fist landed on his jaw, and the bully went down. When he got up, his antagonist upset him again, and repeated the performance several times. At length Henshaw failed to rise, and lay senseless. Curtis stood by with folded arms

In a minute or two Bud recovered consciousness, and when he learned that he hadn't even touched Curtis during the fight, he darted out into the brush and was soon lost to view.

"Well, that gits me, as the coon said when he stepped into the trap," ejaculated Jim McClanahan. "How'd you do it?"

"Oh, it was easy," replied Curtis, laughing. "He depended on brute strength, while I relied on science. By the way, have you a fiddle about the place? I always like to play something after a fight."

The fiddle was brought, and Curtis played as he had never done before. When he concluded, there were tears in Jim's eyes as he grasped Bob by the hand and said, "The gal is yours, an' I'm just as happy as er—but say, you ain't a furriner, are you?"

"I should say not," replied Curtis. "My father was with Joe Shelby for four——"

"Don't say another word," continued his father-in-law elect, "or I'll bust with joy! How I wish Rose was here——"

"Well, here I am," said some one; and, looking around, Jim saw his daughter running from the house. "Bob and I came down together," she said, "and I slipped into the house from the other side while he was talking to you and Bud."

Jim McClanahan is now an old man, and while he still reveres the memory of General Joe Shelby, he doesn't swear by him any more. He swears by his son-in-law, Bob Curtis.—Munsey.

A Gray Rabbit's Nest.

Just as small boats always keep near shore, the short-legged rabbit is never found far from a hiding-place of some sort. Nature gave the gray rabbit a coat with a color that is a very great protection to him; and when he furls his ears and lies close to the ground, one can sometimes actually step over him without seeing that he is there. The ways of this little creature have surprised me many times; but he never actually paralyzed me with astonishment until one fine spring day when the mowers in the Smithsonian grounds were cutting the grass on the lawn, not over a hundred feet from the National Museum building. And there, on a bit of ground utterly without shrubs, bushes, or even flowers, covered with nothing but lawn grass, at that time only four inches in height, with a busy roadway and walk circling round on three sides, with the office of the curator of mammals in easy stone's throws on the other, a shop full of deadly taxidermists and osteologists looming up on the east, and dogs and bad boys literally smarming all about—there, on that naked lawn, was the nest of a gray rabbit, containing four young ones already so large that they filled the nest as full as it would hold. —St. Nicholas.

A Question Making Much Noise.

A discussion is raging in Erie over a question propounded by a school to her class: "If a tree located in a forest should fall, and no one should see it, would it make a noise?" The question has created much discussion among the pupils to whom it was presented, and it has spread into older and wider circles. The debate turns upon the theory that sound exists only in the ear, and that there can be no sound where there is no ear to receive and respond to the atmospheric waves.—Oil City (Penn.) Blizzard.

A Change.

Old Boarder—What's for breakfast? Hope not ham and eggs again.

Waiter Girl—No, sir; not ham and eggs this morning.

Old Boarder—Thank the stars. What is it?

Waiter Girl—Only ham.—New York Weekly.

Double flowers are unnatural. Petals are sometimes added at the expense of stamens. Completely doubled flowers become sterile and unable to perpetuate their kind.

How Ants Put Up Preserves.

No matter how orderly and systematic the housekeeper, when preserves are to be made great excitement prevails in the kitchen. There is a scouring of brass kettles, a washing of bowles, and all hands are set to work peeling the fruit, or taking out the stones—if it has stones—with a quill, weighing, and stirring, and skimming the pot, and finally dipping the steaming luscious fruit out tenderly, placing it in the jar, labeling these, and carrying them into a dark cupboard.

The tiny, insignificant ant, to whom Solomon referred us to learn wisdom, makes no such ado over her winter stores.

She is very much cleverer than a human being, for she simply walks quietly into the granary, touches the great heaps of seeds and grains, that the diligent workers have put away, with their quivering antennae, and the deed is accomplished. What this queer little creature has done is this: she has put a drop of formic acid, as it is called, upon each of the grains, which arrests the process of germination, and consequently the food in these underground pantries may keep for years without sprouting. It is the same substance which the busy little bee introduces into its honey, dropping a tiny bit of this poison into the honeycomb from the end of its sting.

The famous naturalist Moggridge repeatedly observed that when the ants were prevented from reaching their grannaries the seeds began to sprout, and that this also happened when they abandoned their nests. It was inferred that these insects possessed the means of suspending the action without destroying the vitality of the grain, and the principle of life hidden in the sand; and now it has been proved that this strange power lies in the formic acid just mentioned. A German scientist went so far as to suggest in 1877 the use ef it for preserving fruit for human households.

One naturalist relates that a kind of Indian ant collects large stores of grass and seeds, and after a severe storm brings out the entire stock within the grannaries to dry it for it seems the excessive moisture destroys the preservative power of this acid. Another tribe of ants which lays up immense quantities of wheat and oats, is so small that eight or ten individuals are required to carry a single grain. They move in separate rows, over rough and smooth ground, up and down steps, often traveling hundreds of yards to place their booty in the common storehouse, where it is preserved according to the means described.—Atlanta Constitution.

How the King Used the Hair Dye.

An amusing story is told of the king and queen of Italy, which shows that there is a keen sense of humor in King Humbert. His hair turned quite white rapidly, and this state of affairs greatly troubled his beautiful consort, and without mentioning the subject to the king, as a gentle hint she caused a bottle of dye to be placed upon his dressing table. The next morning the king appeared at the breakfast table carrying a favorite poodle, which, although formerly white, was as black as ebony, whereas the king's hair preserved its accustomed hue.

Caterpillars by the Ton.

Thirty-six tons of caterpillars and a large number of cocoons were destroyed in the effort to drive the pest from the young plantations of trees on Hong Kong Island. They appeared on the pine trees with which the government is trying to reafforest the island, and lasted for two months. Stations were established where the caterpillars were received and paid for by weight. This method seems to have been successful. It is estimated that 35,000,000 insects were killed.—London Public Opinion.

Village Amenities.

Mr. Greathead, who keeps a corner store in a New Jersey village, greeted his rival across the street the other day with much courtesy, and said, "Won't you loan me your spiritual level a moment?"

Quick as a flash the rival called to the boy in his store, "John, take Mr. Greathead that old copy of the Bible under the counter."—Harper's Magazine.

A Link Extinguisher.

On the first block from Fifth avenue on West Thirty-ninth street an elegant balustrade of hammered iron work had just been put in place on a flight of brown-stone steps leading up to a handsome house. The balustrade is one new in the process of "restoration" which the residence has undergone, and is of excellently carried out colonial design. One rail ends in a plain newel post, but the other is carried up and finished high in the air in the shape of a huge extinguisher, an exaggerated form of the little conical night caps which people used to pop over their candles just before they popped into their four-post beds. The folks who live and who pass on the block look curiously at the great extinguisher, and one old gentleman who knew what it meant soon had an interested little crowd around him.

"Those extinguishers," said the old gentleman, "used to be quite a common ornament on the iron railings of fashionable houses in New York long ago, but I never remember them being used for anything except as ornaments. They are called link extinguishers, and were used originally for putting out the links or torches which were carried by the waiting men at night before a gentleman walking through the streets, or in front of a sedan chair in which some fine lady sat. But that was before our streets were lit at all, or lit so badly with a few oil lamps that one could not see a hand's breath ahead on a dark night, and when the streets were a series of mud holes after a good heavy shower. When the gentleman or lady arrived at the house the servants pushed their links up into one of these extinguishers and put them out, very useful, but very dirty, I should think. I've no doubt they were in use here in colonial New York, and I remember seeing some of them still standing in front of the old houses on the east side when I was a boy. The gentleman who owns this house has evidently put up the big old extinguisher as an ornament that shall be in keeping with the other colonial revivals of his house, but I must say it seems curious to see it here, with an electric light opposite and with an electric button up there in the door post."—New York Sun.

The Eve of All Hallows.

The 31st day of October is All Halloween, on which night, so the Scotch superstition says, imps and fairies, witches, sprites,, and even Belzebub himself, hold sway over the matters of earth.

"Who is to marry whom?" is the great question that is to be settled on Hallowe'en, and it probably originated in the good-natured sallies of the Scottish "Jeans" and "Sandies" who gathered on this night of the harvest festival to bob for apples or crack the newly gathered nuts. The means used in different countries in old times to answer this great question are quaint and curious. In a book of folk-lore, a very old one, is found the following:

"If a maid would know ye name of ye man she is to marry, let her on All-Halloween steal out to a lime-kiln and throw therein a clue of blue yarn, still holding to ye other end. Presently ye end in ye kiln will be sharply pulled. Then ye maid must say 'Who holds?' Whereupon ye voice of her future husband will pronounce his name—both Christian and ye surname."

Water, nuts and apples bear a prominent part in these superstitions. By placing a sliver of wood in a glass of water at your bedside before retiring you are certain of dreaming that you will fall from a bridge into a river and your "future intended" will rescue you. This charm is alluded to by the English poet, Gay:

Last Halloween I longed my love to see,
And tried a spell to call her up to me.
With wood and water standing by my side
I dreamed a dream and saw my own sweet bride.

But notwithstanding the witchery and weirdness of the night, Halloween is conceded to be a time when all misunderstandings should be explained away, and a common remark was: "They'll mak' it a' up on Halloween."

It is, indeed, a night of good fellowship and peace, and acquaintanceships begun that night ought to ripen into life friendships.

No one is useless in this world who lightens the burden of it for another.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The black ostrich stands seven feet high.

The Espinella farm in Texas contains over one million five thousand acres.

The empire founded by Napoleon comprised at its greatest extent about 7000,000 square miles.

Neibuhr the historian, read with ease twenty different languages, and could converse in ten or twelve.

New Orleans has a vestibuld train to San Francisco that covers the distance in less than seventy-eight hours.

The inhabitants of Arran, where the maiden-hair fern grows plentifully, employ it as a substitute for tea.

The church collection was once taken in a bag at the end of a pole with a bell attached to arouse the sleepers.

Gus Teeler of Kirwin, Mo., fell ofi a wind-mill tower and saved his life by falling on his two porkers. It killed the hogs.

Siberian peasants clean, stretch and dry the skin of the turbot for leather bags and as a substitute for glass window panes.

October 28th, 1779, Monsieur Jacob took his seat as a member of the French Assembly, at the age of one hundred and twenty.

A man in Thomaston, Me., has a hobby of collecting callendars, and he has some from China, Japan, Cuba and Alaska.

Pisciculture is by no means a new art. It has been practiceh for ages by the Chinese and the Egyptians knew something of it.

Mrs. Dold, of Sellersburg, Ind., imagined she heard burglars in the house, and was so frightened she died three hours later.

In a tree cut down on the Faulconer place in Spottsylvania, Va., three pistol balls and a carbine ball were found embedded in the heart.

James Chandler, of Lyon County, Kentucky, who is seventy-nine years old has forty-seven grand children and thirty-eight great-grand children.

The favorite Japanese vegetable is the "Daikon," a huge radish. Rice would scarcely be termed a vegetable, as it takes the place of wheat flour with us.

Above the doorway of the Gankiro music hall in Yokohoma Japan. years ago was printed in English: "For the amusment of foreigners. No dogs or Chinamen admitted."

The standard Chinese work on coinage is in twenty volumes, and the Chinese money itself is not less bulky, as a string of cash weighing five pounds is worth less than twenty-five cents.

Fewer Locomotives Built.

One flourisning American industry which the pressure of hard times has deeply injured is locomotive building. There are five cities in the United States in which locomotive building is carrie on so extensively as to be an important local industry. These are Philadelphia, Paterson. Schenectady, Pittsburg and Troy. In each of these cities there is at least one large locomotive works, the total number in the United State being thirteen. In 1893, which was a good year in the business on account of the extra traffic caused by the World's Fair, 2,011 locomotives were built in the United States. In 1894 the total number fell to 695, of which eighty-three were built for use in other countries. Three big concerns filled no orders whatever in 1894. In 1890 the total number built was 2,300; in 1891, 2,165; in 1892, 2,012.

The railroad companies of the United States have now a greatly diminished volume of business, and some of the large systems are sailing so close to the financial wind that they are buying no new equipment. With a practical cessation of railroad building has come the decrease in the orders for locomotives, though the foreign trade keeps up fairly well, the United States exporting locomotives to several of the South and Central American countries.—New York Sun.

Travers City, Mich., claims the champion record for her citizens as taxpayers. Since the village was organized, in 1881, there has never been a single piece of property advertised for taxes.

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F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

WHAT SHOULD DECIDE.

In locating the Industrial school the Board of Trustees should look first at the healthfulness of the proposed sites; second, at the moral and religious sentiment pervading the community; third, at the aid proposed by the community, and fourth. at the accessibility of the place. Montevallo possesses these qualifications in a most striking degree. The death rate for this section is the lowest of any community in the state; there is absolutely no local cause for disease, and few die except from accident or old age. Our town has a natural drainage system, from which Waring himself might take pointers.

For moral and religious culture our little city is noted far and near. We have vigorous church organizations, and the Episcopal, Baptest, Methodist and Presbyterian denominations each have commodious and convenient houses of worship. Montevallo is now and has been for years a prohibition town, and our people will never consent for liquor to be sold here.

To show that no other place can excel us in the aid offered to the school we have only to mention the fact that we offer real estate well worth at a low estimate $15,000 and a large cash bonus. As to accessibility and convenience we stand facile princeps. At the junction of the Southern and the B. B. & B. railways, with direct lines to Anniston, Birmingham, Mobile, Talladega and Selma, and with first-class connections to Montgomery and other points on the Louisville and Nashville and Georgia Pacific railroads, this place seems destined, both by the handiwork of nature and of man, to be the center of the state. It really appears as if some unseen force working hand in hand with nature had said in time past, "There will come a day in the progress of civilization when the mighty state of Alabama shall, through its delegated agents, realize the importance of establishing a practical university for girls, an industrial school. Let us then labor in conjuction to provide an ideal location. We will choose the joining of the lowlands and the highlands, the meeting place of the black belt and the mineral district, the center of that fair state and of its population, and there will we so adorn the earth and to that point will we so direct the mightiest agencies of progress, the railways, that there can be no mistaking our intention."

And the result is that Montevallo comes and offers to the trustees every inducement and asks them to consider carefully, and then confirm our manifest destiny.

We print by permission an extract from a private letter from the gifted pen of Mrs. Fannie V. King of Scottsboro, whom we all know and love so well. She says: 'In my journeyings from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes on the north to the gulf on the south, I never saw a town with the natural advantages of Montevallo. Then your people are the most refined and hospitable I ever knew, I love Montevallo and Montevalloans, and I would rejoice from my heart over any good that may come to the town. Hygeia herself would choose your hills for her abode; and a very fountain of health is that grand spring under the cliffs. It seems to me Montevallo would present the classic repose, the purity of air and water, the cool shade, the refining and ennobling influences of a cultured, Christian people—all the ideal environments of a great school. God speed you in your aspirations." In regard to our paper enterprise she also says: "I hope the people will rally to your side, for nothing upbuilds a town like a newspaper. I hold that the press is the railroad over which the cars of progress must come; but the people must give you right of way and lend a helping hand."

We are on the eve of success. Shall we let bickerings and strife, envy and jealousy creep in and defeat our own efforts? Little things have paralyzed efforts made in the past to upbuild the town. A game of cards lost us the L. & N. railroad, one vote lost us the State University. Can we, with the light of the past, deliberately throw away the only hope we have left? Can it be possible, when the destiony of our dear town hangs in the hands of a few, that they will be so unmindful of their own good and the welfare of their friends as to resolutely turn deaf ears to their entreaties and snatch away a victory almost won?

WILL COME TO BIRMINGHAM.

Mr. Charles D. Walcott, director of the United States Geological survey, is due to arrive in this city the latter part of this summer to locate for a time, with a view to investigating the mineral wealth of the state.

The followlng special to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat from Washington explains the object of his coming:

Mr. Charles D. Walcott, director of the United States Geological srrvey, is engaged with Prof. Yates of the Georgia State Geological survey in field work in the Coosa valley in that state. After several months spent in this work Mr. Walcott will make headquarters at Birmingham, Ala., and supervise the work being done by the government survey in that region.—Age-Herald.

We had the honor and pleasure of a visit from Mr. Walcott, who has been in our town sor the past few days with Dr. Eugene Smith. He expressed himself as being surprised to find that our town possessed such great natural advantages. He said: "For health, beautiful scenery, fine water and elevation it cannot be surpassed. Lying in the very center of the state and so accessible from every point it certainly is an admirable location for educational purposes." He said the state could make no mistake in giving Montevallo the industrial school.

Crime has been steadily on the decrease in this community since the sale of intoxicating liquors was prohibited in 1892.

A criminal prosecution is rarely known even in the justice courts. There is not a law-breaker or a drunkard in the community, and an intoxicated person is seldom seen.

The records of the county are open to inspection and we court an investigation.

The growth of morals in this community since 1882 is a mighty arguement in favor of prohibition. Whisky drinking has grown to be disreputable. What better place could be had for the Industrial school? We can and must have it.

We were very forcibly struck with a remark we heard not long since, when some one said, give Montevallo a week's time and she can accomplish anything, give her a month and she becomes so divided she can do nothing. Shall the whims and prejunices of a few persons blast the prospects of a glorious future? Let there be no Judas in the camp to betray us at the last hour "United we stand, divided we fall."

Shelby county unites with us in asking that the Industrial school be located here. Bibb and Chilton are our next door neighbors and they offer aid to us and will be delighted for us to have it.

Mr. Walpole, the Talladega architect, pronounces our location for the Industrial school the finest he ever saw. He said he had no idea we possessed such advantages as we offer.

Talladega withdraws from the race for the Industrial school and will lend us a helping hand. We will get it if we are true to ourselves.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

Montevallo with her beauties of nature—
Two springs with their water so cool,
With her mineral wealth and culture,
Is the place for the Industrial school.

Her advantages and her offer is great,
Her people hospitable, courteous, as a rule,
Being the geograpical center of the state,
Is entitled to the Industrial school.

Birmingham, Talladega and Jasper
Are all on the alert, and wise;
But we heard a genle whisper.
We are going to get the prize.

E. S. Lyman. H. C. Reynolds,
Committee elected to use
Their influence in Montgomery,
Have returned with good news.

We are situated on
The greatest trunk line;
So you may count on the "Southern"
Getting there on time.

Work on the new bridge has begun,
The new paseenger depot to follow;
Oh, won't we have a glorious town!—
Three cheers for Montevallo!

So let us work every day,
Pull together and keep cool—
After the 16th day of May
We'll see who gets the Industrial school.

—Spring Poet.

THE OLD FRIENDS:

The old friends, the old friends!
We loved when we were young
With sunshine on their faces,
And music on their tongues!
The bees are in the almond flower,
The birds renew their strain!
But the old friends, once lost to us
Can never come again.

The old friends, the old friend
Their brow is lined with care;
They've furrows in the faded cheek,
And silver in the hair;
But to me they are the old friends still
In youth and bloom the same,
As when we drove the flying ball,
Or shouted in the game.

The old men, the old men!
How slow they creep along.
How naughtily we scoffed at them
In days when we were young!
Their prosing and their dozing,
Their prate of times gone by,
Their shiver like an aspen leaf
If but a breath went by.

But we, we are the old men now,
Our blood is faint and chill;
We cannot leap the mighty brook,
Or climb the breakneck hill.
We maunder down the shortest cuts,
We rest on stick or stile,
And the young men half-ashamed to laugh
Yet pass us with a smile.

But the young men, the young men!
Their strength is fair to see;
The straight back and the springy stride,
The eye is falcon free;
The shout above the frolic wind,
As up the hill they go;
But though so high above us now,
They soon shall be as low.

O weary, weary drag the years
As life draws near the end;
And sadly, sadly fall the tears
For loss of love and friend.
But we'll not doubt there's good about
In all of humankind;
So here's a health before we go.
To those we leave behind!

—Spectator.

WHAT A BREAKFAST DID.

"You love her, my son."

"I do."

"And have told her so?"

"Never in words, mother."

An expression of relief escaped Mrs. Hawley's lips. And putting her hand caressingly on her son's shoulder, she said:

"Herbert, when your brother married, having no daughter of my own, my heart was gladdened with the thought that my boy's wife would fill the vacant place in both heart and home. You know how terribly I was disappointed. Oh! my boy, with this, Albert's dreadful mistake, ever before you, I fear you will do likewise. Louise Delmar is not the girl to make you happy. The petted favorite of such a woman as Mrs. Courtney, her aunt, whose whole life is devoted to fashion, what can you expect of Louise? Promise me you will proceed no further in this matter until you know better; that is, until you find out she is different from what she seems."

"Oh, mother, how can I ever know her better unless I become something more to her than a mere acquaintance? Do not bind me with such a promise."

"I must. Promise me, my son! Your happiness is my only aim. If she is worthy you will find it out some time."

"After another man has won her, perhaps," said Herbert, gloomily.

"No, I think not. I do not ask you to withdraw entirely from her society; and if you have made a favorable impression on her heart she will not readily transfer her kindly feeling to another."

Mrs. Hawley won the promise she sought. Poor fellow! The bright hopes which filled his heart were suddenly dashed aside.

He believed Louise thought more favorably of him than any of the other young men who sought her society. He had determined, after speaking to his mother on the subject, to tell his love and win her promise to be his. So, of course, the interview with his mother, and the result, was a severe disappointment.

A few evenings after Mrs. Hawley was seated in the parlor with Herbert. Vainly she had endeavored to draw him into conversation. He remained in gloomy silence. And his mother was wishing someone would come in, to make it necessary for him to throw off the depression, and exert himself to be a little agreeable. when the door opened, and the servant announced "Mr. Mayo."

Tom Mayo was Herbert's chum and class mate. Mrs. Hawley gladly welcomed his coming. As he acknowledged her cordial greeting, he said:

"My call is especially for you, Mrs. Hawley; to solicit your influence with that obstinate son of yours. I've been pleading with him for a week past to promise he will go home with me to Baltimore, and spend the Easter holidays. My sister has written me to bring a couple of friends. She is going to have some of her school mates, and we expect a very pleasant time. But Herbert insists that he cannot. Will you help me?"

Mrs. Hawley was delighted with the prospect, and earnestly joined her efforts with his friend's to induce him to go.

At length they were successful. And the next morning Tom, Herbert and another friend left town for the former's home.

Three days after Mrs. Hawley received a letter from her son, bringing this information:

"On my arrival at Mayo's I received a surprise which would have been a very happy one had I not been bound by that hard promise. You, perhaps, will think it all a concerted plan. But I tell you, and you will believe me, I never dreamed of meeting Louise, when I stood before her in Mrs. Mayo's drawing-room."

Notwithstanding the barrier against any further progress in Herbert's wooing, he spent a very pleasant week. New hope was in his heart. In daily intercourse with Louise, his love grew greater. He was convinced life with her would be such as to make him the happiest of mortals.

A proof to him of her worth was, the children lingered near and clung about her while she listened with interest to their prattle, and busied her fingers with little articles for their amusement.

It was the last evening of their stay. Tom and his friend had prolonged the pleasant visit to the last hour. Herbert's business had not been so pressing as the others, and he would gladly have remained longer; but of course he felt bound to return when they did.

It was a terrible night. The rain, which had had been falling during the afternoon, came down in torrents. There was no prospect of anything better in the morning. Nevertheless they must leave on the early train.

Herbert had accompanied Tom down to the basement, in a hunt for sundry rubber coats and overshoes. They were about to enter the kitchen to make inquiries of Bridget, when a wail, as of the greatest grief and despair escaped that worthy's lips. Herbert started back with a look of much anxiety. Tom whispered:

"Nothing of much consequence. Something has gone wrong with her. Stand back a little and be quiet; we shall soon know the trouble."

And soon it was as Tom predicted. Bridget groaned forth:

"Tin o'clock! Oh! bad luck to him! an' he'll not come to-night! An' it's Bridget O'Grady's riputation as a cook will be ruined by a baste of a butcher."

Just then the listener's attention was directed from Bridget by the sound of light footsteps coming down the stairs. Further back into the shade they drew, as the kitchen door opened, and they heard the pleasant voice of Miss Delmar, asking:

"Can I have some hot water, Bridget."

Bridget immediately poured out her grief to Louise, who at once undertook to help get breakfast which should sustain the reputation of the kitchen; out of the scanty materials on hand, and ended by saying:

"We will give the gentlemen a very nice breakfast, Bridget."

"It strikes me, Tom, we are learning some secrets in the culinary art in a rather questionable way. I think we had better retire," said Herbert.

The next morning when Herbert entered the breakfast room, he felt a little curiosity to see the result of Miss Delmar's debut in Bridget's domain.

As he had hoped, the object of his thoughts that morning, and dreams the night before, was waiting at the table to preside at the breakfast, which, to Herbert's mind, was the most delightful in his life.

Louise was charming in her simple morning toilet. Bridget was the picture of good humor. And how could she be otherwise? The breakfast was a perfect success. The fragrant coffee; the rice cakes, so light and crisp; an omelet beautiful to look at, and delicious to taste; a dish of delicate and tempting looking little articles, which the young gentlemen seemed to relish very highly. Louise laughingly called them "wonders," and Herbert was sure they were the result of Bridget's attack on the much abused "ham bone."

The time for leaving came. It was a severe trial for Herbert, to go without whispering a word of tenderness. There was such a wistful earnestness in his eyes, as they lingered so long gazing into hers, that Louise knew he loved her, and wondered why he did not tell her so. In the hall the young gentlemen called Bridget, to thank her for the very nice breakfast she had given them at such a very unseasonable hour.

Bridget, looking at the notes that were placed in her hand, hesitated a moment and then exclaimed!"

"Yes, it's your dollars I'll take, for she's not wantin' for them, an' thank ye. But it's the riputation and credit that Bridget O'Grady will take from no one. The breakfast was none of me doin'. Miss Louise it was; and all out of a ham bone and a bit of nothing she made the illegant breakfast. It's a jewel she is! Sure, an' it's a lucky man that gets her, it is!"

Herbert's heart fully responded to Bridget's praises.

Immediately after his arrival home, he gave his mother a full account of his visit. But I think most likely she made full allowance for a lover's enthusiasm.

That evening, after business, Tom called.

Hunting for something in his pocket, he drew forth a letter, and said:

"There! I declare this is too bad! I promised Miss Delmar to deliver this to-night. I forgot all about it. It's too late now, and it is fully a mile from here."

"To Mrs. Courtney's?" asked Herbert.

"Oh no! Mrs. Agatha Foster's, 50th street."

"The name is very familiar," said Mrs. Hawley. "Ah, I remember; I knew her several years ago. Once, I have heard she was in very comfortable circumstances; but meeting with sad reverses, she became housekeeper in the Courtney family."

A bright thought came to Mrs. Hawley then. From Mrs. Foster she could learn all about Miss Delmar.

"Mr. Mayo," she said, "if you have no objection I will deliver this letter to-morrow morning. It is many years since I met Mrs. Foster, and I should like to renew the acquaintance."

Tom acquiesced. Herbert's eyes sought his mother's. Instantly he knew the object of the visit.

The next morning found Mrs. Hawley in the humble home of Miss Delmar's friend. The old lady delighted in talking of Louise. She brought forth numerous articles of comfort, the work of her favorite.

"You know her in the fashionable world; I in the humble home. With her high position, beauty, grace and accomplishments, she will likely make a brilliant match. But I often think what a blessing she would be to a poor man."

When Mrs. Hawley returned to Herbert, she smilingly said.

"Mrs. Foster is not an impartial judge, for she is as much in love with Miss Delmar as you. But I give you back your promise, Herbert: win her if you can!"

Herbert hastened to make up for lost time, and so, under plea of pressing business, he again visited Baltimore.

Much surprised was Louise when, less than a week after parting with him, the servant handed her his card.

An hour after, he was happy. He had told his love, and won her promise to be his.

Mrs. Hawley was a just woman. She fully acknowledged her error in pronouncing Louisa unfitted for domestic happiness. And ever after declared, "Herbert's wife is a real treasure."—[New York News.

Electricity for Railroad Trains.

The announcement that the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad has made a contract with a prominent electrical company for the first part of its equipment with electrical motors has a significance which can hardly be overestimated. It means that the march of electricity on the domain of steam in railroading has reached a stage from which many of the vague generalities and apparently wild theories of electrical engineers are looming up into distinct and startling possibilities. The operation of electric locomotives on railroads of fifty and one hundred miles is now under consideration, and electrical experts are already reducing to the level of a business discussion the question of electrical traction of heavy trains. The ideal system has yet to be evolved; but the direct current three wire system of not less than 1,000 volts on a side, using the rail as a balancing conductor, is freely advocated. For traffic requiring frequent stops, single cars, each equipped with its own motor, according to present practice, could be used. Professor Anthony is convinced that even now electrically propelled trains, deriving current from central stations equipped with the best high duty engines, can be run more economically than trains driven by steam locomotives, and any improvement in the maintenance of high efficiency with varying speed will give electrical propulsion a still greater advantage. The greater flexibility of the electric, as compared with the steam service, is always a great point in its favor. Single cars running at frequent intervals accommodate the public far better than long trains at long intervals. And, as Professor Anthony shows, such frequent single cars are possible from each car becoming its own locomotive, the operating appliances occupying no room available for passengers.

Squelching a Nuisance.

Speaking of the young man who talks in public places, I heard a retort made to him last Thursday night which was so good I was surprised never to have heard it before. It was at the theater, and the young man had seen the play before. He let everybody for four seats around know that, and he kept telling just what was coming and just how funny it would be when it did come. He had a pretty girl with him, and he was trying to amuse her. At length he said:

"Did you ever try listening to a play with your eyes shut? You've no idea how queer it seems."

A middle-aged man with a red face sat just in front. He twisted himself about in his seat and glared at the young man.

"Young man," said he, "did you ever try listening to a play with your mouth shut?"

And the silence was almost painful.

For Hypnotic Criminals.

A good story is told of a Judge who lately had the hypnotic plea raised before him by a burglar. The prisoner claimed that he did not know that he was "burgling;" that he did it automatically and unconsciously, under the direction of a hypnotist. The Judge said that he would give him the full benefit of the law and also of his hypnotic misfortune. He thereupon sentenced the man to ten years in State prison, but told him he could, if he chose, send for the hypnotist and have himself made unconscious for the entire term of his imprisonment.

"The same power." said the Judge, "which enabled you to commit burglary, and not know it, ought also to enable you to suffer imprisonment, with hard labor, and not be aware of it. At any rate, this is the best I can do for you."

WOMEN AND CRIME.

Few of the Fair Sex Among New York's Prisoners.

In the official reports made by the Police Department a separate record is kept of the felonies. These form a relatively small percentage when compared with the total number of arrests, and a peculiar thing about them is that very few women are among the prisoners. According to the official report of the last quarter, of 1,681 arrests in New York for felonies only 92 were women, while 1,589 were men.

Of the ninety-two women, fifty—more than half—were charged with crime of larceny; fourteen were charged with an offense which is made a felony by statute, attempted suicide; eight were charged with felonious assault, usually against another woman; three with burglary, one with bigamy, one with perjury, and one with forgery, rare among women.

In the total of arrests thirty-six different crimes are represented, and in the case of twenty-two of these there were male offenders only. At the head of the list was the odious crime of arson, and lower down were blackmail, bribery, counterfeiting, extortion, passing counterfeit money, robbery and embezzlement. In respect to the last charge it has became a fact so well known as to be universally admitted that with the increasing number of girls and women employed in stores, shops, offices and public departments in New York there has been no corresponding increase in the number of financial breaches of trust. Embezzlements by women are so rare as to be practically unknown, and the standard of honesty has been greatly raised by their employment in offices and business houses generally.

There are some things about the felony record of the police department which do not appear upon the surface. Thus the number of arrests and prosecutions for bigamy are four times more numerous among men than among women. If novelists are to be believed, duplicity and deceit are much oftener characteristic of women than of men. Yet for the statutory legal crime of false pretenses there were no arrests among women in the last quarter, and it is fondly to be hoped that there was no occasion for any.

The homicide record of the last quarter was not so large as usual. It included thirty-four male and four female prisoners. There were no arrests for murder, and it is very rare in New York that a woman is charged with that offense, in its highest grade, though the victims of premeditated murderous assaults are in the great majority of cases women, not men.

Last English Decapitation.

The last occasion of decapitation for high treason in England was, I fancy, that of Thistlewood and his four companions for the Cato street conspiracy. I take the following from Thornbury's "Old Stories Retold":

"Exactly a quarter of an hour after the last man was hung the order was given to cut the bodies down. The heads were then haggled off with brutal clumsiness with a surgeon's knife. The mob expressed loudly their horror and disgust, more especially when the turnkey who exhibited the heads dropped that of Brunt. 'Hallo, butter fingers!' shouted a rough voice from the rolling crowd below. The day had gone by for such useless brutality." This horrible scene was enacted on May 1, 1820.

The American Eagle.

The probabilities are that in the near future the officers of the United States Army will take on another designation of rank in the shape of metallic eagles, to be worn on the front of their hats. The question is under advisement among the head officials of the War Department, and it is understood that the project is very favorably regarded by many of them. Some of the army officers are urging it on the ground that in European countries the officers wear on their hats the colors of their sovereigns. They hold that it is a plain and unmistakable evidence of nationality, as well as of rank and military service, and that as the eagle is the national American emblem it can be adopted to the benefit of the service.

Composer and Organ Grinder.

Mascagni, the Italian composer, recently had an experience with an organ grinder who was playing the intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana" under his window at so rapid a pace that the writer of the music was driven frantic. Rushing into the street, Mascagni seized the handle of the instrument and turned it at the proper tempo, explaining to the astonished grinder that he was the famous composer and ought know how to render his own work. The next morning the organ grinder appeared with a huge placard on his back inscribed: "Pupil of the celebrated Mascagni."

Her Explanation.

That was a delightfully ingenuous and budlike remark that a certain young girl made at a reception the other evening.

"You say you don't know who any of those young men are," some one said to her; "but I notice they seem to know who you are."

"Oh" said she, "that's easy enough to understand—there aren't so many of me to know as there are of them!"

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. E. L. Mulkey was in town Friday.

W. H. Cobb of Aldrich was in town Friday.

Dr. L. M. Latham visited his parents Sunday.

Hugh Conley of Munford was in the city Saturday.

S. W. Powlin of Longview was in town Friday last.

Mr. E. S. Lyman spent Sunday and Monday in Talladega.

Mr. E. T. Peter and wife attended the concert Tuesday night.

Thomas J. Perry of Birmingham spent Sunday with home folks.

Hello, "Jack," what do you mean by going out driving so often?

Dr. F. F. Snedecor, our popular young dentist, is again in the city.

Dr. Moore and his handsome wife of Six Mile spent Friday in our town.

Mrs. R. S. Allen of Birmingham is spending the week with relatives here.

Mr. Henry Busbee and wife of Randolph were among our visitors Saturday.

Mr. Frank Nelson, president of the Anniston bank, spent Saturday in our town.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs preached two able sermons at the Methodist church last Sunday.

Hon. Francis L. Pettus of Selma passed through the city Sunday on his way home.

Quite a number of distinguished men and fair ladies visited our town the past week.

Dr. Frank Snedecor is spending a few days with us and pulling teeth without pain as usual.

Miss Fannie Davidson of Centreville was married to Mr. Archie Lotspeich of Corsicanna, Tex., last week.

Boys, what were you turning up your coat collars and pulling your hats over your eyes for Thursday night?

A postoffice has been established at Imogene, and the first letter that came was addressed to C. C. Vandegrift, Esq.

We will not have much local news this week, as all our editors are too deep in love to spare the time to get up anything.

Quite a party of our young people expect to attend the Christian Endeavor convention which meets at Birmingham Saturday.

Lost—"One Gosling." The finder will be rewarded by returning same to News office. It was last seen over near the bridge.

Mr. H. C. Reynolds has returned from Montgomery and brings encouraging news about our chances for the Industrial school.

The Methodist Sunday school will give a picnic Saturday week. The place to be selected next Sunday. The Baptist school is invited.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs and Messrs. C. W. Cary and C. C. Vandegrift expect to attend the district conference, which meets at Kennedy Tuesday next.

Our fighting editor is in good training now and says we must get him some work to do. Lookout; next week you will have your hands full.

Misses Ida O'—ar and Ida Griffin of Helena passed through Sunday on their way to Columbiana. Miss O'Hara's school at Saginaw has closed.

Dear "Fatty," why do you drive your horses to death going to Six Mile, when there are so many pretty girls in town who like to take rides?

Miss Ozley of Dogwood, a most charming young lady, visited Miss Lucy Vest this week. There was but one objection to her stay: 'twas only too short.

Mr. J. M. Reynolds spent Monday in Centreville and reports that the people there are all in favor of the Industrial school being located here and will work to that end.

Married at Aldrich last week, Mr. George Kline and Miss Thompson. Our correspondent failed to get in his locals in time, hence we cannot give a more extended account.

There was a terrific hail storm down in Chilton county, near the Brantly place, last Sunday. Hailstones fell as large as pigeon eggs, and did considerable damage to the fruit.

We were pleased to meet Dr. Eugene A. Smith, our state geologist, in our city this week. The doctor is out on a prospecting tour. He is favorably impressed with Montevallo as a location for the Industrial school for girls, and says no better place for it could be found. He was accompanied by Chas. D. Walcott, the director in chief of the United States geological survey.

Miss Mary Nichols, a very pleasant and interesting young lady of Birmingham, is visiting her cousins, Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen, of this place. Miss Mary has many friends here who are always glad to see her and we hope her visit will be a long one.

We are very glad to see that our friends in neighboring towns are interested enough in our paper to send us news from their section. Let us hear from you often, as this is the way to build up a paper. The success of the paper depends as much upon you as it does upon us.

Quite a nice crowd of young people came down from Calera to the concert, among whom were Mr. George Holcomb and Miss Sarah Francis, Mr. Tom Sessions and Miss Onderdonk, Mr. Walter Moss and Miss Lula Bowdon, Mr. Beanland and Miss Lutie Blevins. About fifteen couples had arranged to come, but the rain interfered.

The third nines of Calera and Montevallo played a very interesting game of ball on the Montevallo ground last Saturday, resulting in a score of 11 to 7 in favor of Calera. The home boys did some very poor playing. The special feature of the game was Calera's one-armed right-fielder. His right arm was off at the shoulder and he could beat any man in the team batting and catching. The first nines will play in Calera Friday.

Capt. E. W. Booker and his handsome and entertaining daughters, Misses Pattie and Marion, came down from Shelby Springs Tuesday to attend the concert. Capt. Booker had been invited by the citizens also to be present at a mass meeting held in the interest of the Industrial school. He is heart and soul with us, and is a power when he puts a shoulder to the wheel. We know no more clever and genial gentleman and hope to have him oftener.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SHELBY LOCALS.

Mr. and Mrs. John T. Hall have a fine 10-pound boy at their house. They think he is the finest and best boy in the county. Mrs. A. F. Smith is not ashamed to be called grandma by her first grandchild.

Bob Hall says he is now uncle and feels honored.

Our little town is quiet at present, but hope soon to have another big boom.

The people of Shelby are well pleased with our minister, Brother Wilson. He is popular with all his churches, four in number. Columbianna gave him a good "pounding" not long since.

DRY VALLEY.

The people of Dry Valley are well-wishers for the Industrial school to be at Montevallo, as that is the place for it.

Mr. Henry Fancher of Montevallo was in the Valley Tuesday last.

We regret very much to learn of the illness of Mrs. Frank Randall and hope she will soon recover.

Miss Lilian Seale has returned home from a week's visit to friends and relatives in South Calera and reports a glorious time.

Mr. Walter Knowles is on the carpet now and says that he is a real good fellow and would like the Valley so much if there were any pretty girls in it. We are all sorry for him.

W. T. S. is a busy bee in his crop. He has a nice crop of corn, cotton and melons. Hurrah for the bachelar.

Friend.

ELLIOTSVILLE ITEMS.

The accommodation slipped her bridle and left her passengers to foot it home. She left Sunday at 8:30 o'clock in the evening.

Mr. G. H., from Birmingham, is down in search for him a third wife. The Elliotsville girls say he must find another field. He is too old for them.

Mr. Frank Harper went south Saturday. He thought a warmer climate would help his heart disease.

Capt. E. L. J. went to the well and back to the church door and asked to be excused. He said, "By George she wouldn't talk.

Mr. Frank Cunningham has found him a new girl.

Everybody is getting ready for the picnic.

BISMARCK ITEMS.

Everything is still alive down here.

Mr. Robert Arnold of Blocton spent Saturday and Sunday with relatives and friends at this place. Come often, Bob.

Miss Sallie Thompson, one of our most popular young ladies, returned home from Six Mile Sunday, where she has been visiting relatives and friends for two weeks.

What is the attraction to one of Blocton's young men at Bismarck now-a-days?

T. N. Austin of Selma spent several days with friends here last week. Tom has many friends here who are always glad to see him.

A Sunday school was organized here last Sunday, conducted by J. M. McDonough.

Miss Ada Mulkey, a charming young lady of Chilton county, visited friends here last week.

J. S. Little visited friends near Gurnee several days last week.

Phoenix.

THEY DO SAY.

That Calera's base ball nine could beat the state in a foot ball game. They are such kickers.

That the "Bums" are very anxious for a picnic. They want a square meal once in awhile.

That "major" is kept very busy reading postal cards. He thinks of taking in a partner to help him keep up with the news.

That A. J. Lee is dead in love, but his landlady says it don't effect his appetite. He still drinks a gallon of pot-licker three times a day.

That Burs' girl says she has learned him a new way of getting the crease out of his pants. All he needs now is the pair of pants.

That R. E. Hall is thinking of getting married soon.

That F. W. Rogan can't decide which one he is in love with.

That John Davis wants to know if love lasts forever.

That R. R. Robinson is an excellent nurse.

That Pat McConaughy thinks the way of a man in love is hard.

That Dr. B. B. Rogan said time flew Sunday night.

That all our spring needs to make it complete is, for one side of it to run a stream of ice cold lemonade or something else.

That J. C. S. wants to know who broke the lock on his hen house door.

That L. N. B. is going to sue M. Born & Co. for damages for putting his photo in their advertisement without his permission.

That one of our boys is preparing an article on "How to Live Without Work," or The Personal Experience of a Bum.

That "Dub" had an eye to business when he fixed the sidewalk leading from the steps to the foot bridge.

That "Son" is falling off rapidly, and some one must do something for the love sick boy or he will soon pine away and die.

That John Mc wants to find a girl that can tell him good-bye without the use of a step-ladder.

That Will Lawrence is saying, "It might have been."

That Ed Davis is going to put 20-cent molasses on his mustache and use it for a fly trap this summer.

That all "Brur" needs now is a "speckled derby" and he will then be strictly in it.

That John Kroell keeps his girl supplied with "Kiss Me" chewing gum.

That Lawrence gives the girls candy kisses with the sweetest verses imaginable.

That A. J. L. looks very sad since hearing the latest Centreville news.

That the "speckled beauty" is slightly disfigured, but still in the ring.

That the Montevallo boys can play "mumble-peg." We don't know about base ball.

That Dr. Snedecor will have some teeth to put in for himself if he does not let "somebody's" girl alone.

That Burr reminds them of the last rose of summer.

That the Methodist Sunday school is to have a picnic Saturday week.

That the Montevallo girls were like stars on a cloudy night Tuesday evening.

That "Son" will shine like the morning star next Sunday; better get you one like it, Burr, and an almanac, too.

That we are to have a minstrel show in town soon; gotten up by Mr. Carlile of Talladega. In order to save the expense of a costume and mask he has secured Mr. R. E. E. H. to take the part of Sambo.

That George Moore is supplying the Bessemer beef market with soup bones. How about it, George?

That P. O. W. raised a fine crop of onions this year. This accounts for his girl refusing to let him call.

That the "dummy" has no conductor now.

That Bogardus is very fond of violin solos, so he says.

That Dr. J. S. D. is going to enter society again as soon as "she" comes.

That the Columbiana city council has ratified the treaty between China and Japan.

CUBANS FOR LAW AND ORDER.

They Arrest Murderers and Surrender Them to Spanish Authorities

Cuban advices are that a married woman and her paramour murdered her husband at Campechula, secreting the body in a closet. They fled to the insurgent camp, where General Maceo instructed Captain Vega to arrest the murderers and deliver them to the Spanish authorities. Four men were detailed to deliver them to Campechula, in the province of Manzanillo.

Two Cuban soldiers who outraged two women were promptly court martialed and afterwards hanged.

Captain Castillo, of the Cuban forces, is under arrest for having allowed his soldiers in attacking a town to commit some depredations.

Authentic advices state immediately after the landing of Maximo Gomez the yacht which conveyed him returned to San Domingo for Gomez's son, who had fifty veterans with him. These were landed safely on the 19th at the river Jako, south of Baracoa.

Good Credit Commands Cash.

The state authorities of Georgia have opened bids for a special issue of twenty years 3½ per cent coin bonds, and they were sold to the Columbus Savings bank, which bid a premium of 11-100. The issue is $290,000.

SOME BARGAINS!

1894 was the yere that tride men's souls. With cotton at four and five cents to pay for corn at 90 cents was enuf to discourage eny man and make him repudiate. What did our people do? Did they falter and say they wouldn't pay? No; like noble men that they are, they paid the last dollar of their debts and went without the necessities of life. Can we forget them now? Never! Shall we then keep goods up at war prices? If U think so, then cum and see. A gret meny of our friends sa you are selling too cheap. How can you do it? You will brake. Well if we brake it will be in a good cause. We will brake trying to help the people. We don't want the erth; we will be satisfied with haf of it. We have been cussed from Rome to Selma for our cheap prices—not by the people, oh no; but by the old regulars, who buy a thing for 25 cents and want 50 cents for it. We used to be the same way but we found it didn't pay. The people are hard run, they can't afford the old time prices, and if there are eny bargains in the United States you can bet your last dollar that H. C. & W. B. Reynolds will get them. Why they say Reynolds is ruining the trade. Well, they may be hurting somebody else's traid, but you bet Reynolds will be there on the home stretch and the peeple are puttin' all their loose change on him for a winner. He hasn't been in the business for a quarter of a century for his helth. We are always in the lead when it cums to low prices.

We have just bought 30 barrels of sugar at a price that wuld surprise you. Cum and see it.

Our car load of 20 cent molasses is here.

Fifty boxes of 25 cent tobacco on the road—the same you always pay 40 cents for.

Did you ever hear of 33 pounds of brown sugar for a dollar? Cum and get it, all U want.

Don't buy till U see us.

We have just received an elegant line of ladies' slippers and can suit the most fastidious. We have an elegant slipper as low as 75 cents.

A large line of neckwear just in. Prices to suit the times.

A beautiful line of colored embroidery.

Our line of dress goods are going fast. They are cheap and nice.

A few bushels of seed sweet potatoes.

A nice suspender for 10 cents.

A boy's stiit of clothing for $1,00.

A large lot of crayon chalk for school use—shipped here by mistake—we are selling it out four boxes for 25c. It usually retails at 15c a box. Each box contains 144 crayons.

Our Bon Ton Needle Package is the greatest bargain ever seen for 10c. The package contains 4 papers Sharp's needles, 1 fine steel bodkin, 1 long cotton darner, 1 extra long darner, 3 shawl pins, 2 toilet pins, 4 bonnet pins, 1 coarse wool darner, 1 yarn darner, 1 worsted needle, 1 motto needle, 1 carpet needle, 1 coarse button needle—the complete assortment for 10 cents—think of it!

Did you ever buy this entire assortment for 10 cents? 1 quire extra fine note paper, 1 bottle Sanford's best black ink, 1 package (25) envelopes, 1 pen staff, 1 pencil with rubber tip, 1 pen—all for 10 cents.

56-inch Turkey Red Table Damask at 20c a yard. You have been paying 50c all your life.

Pure Linen Damask, red bordered, regular price 75c, now reduced to 35c.

A good 10 inch butcher knife for 1g cents.

The improved mouse trap catches a dozed without setting or baiting, at 10 cents.

Cake pans at 10c each.

Improved Fountain Syringes, 3 qt. sizes, each in a wooden box, for $1.00 each; regular price is $2.00.

Liquid Glue, for wood or china, 10 cents a bottle.

Our brass U. S. Pad Locks, with two keys, at 10c each is creating a sensation.

A 3-quart covered Sauce Pan, 10c.

Save your old chairs and get perforated chair bottoms at 10c each.

7, 8 and 10 inch nickel-plated shears for 10c a pair. Did you ever hear of such a thing?

A 2 bladed highly polished pocket knife for 10c.

3 papers Adamantine Pins for 5c.

2 boxes blued steel jet heads mourning pins for 5c; usually sell for 10c a box.

A large assortment of garter webb, best grade all colors, for 5c a yard; regular price 10c.

The improved covered noiseless slates, all sizes, at 10c.

Our Ten Cent Counter is again opened up with more bargains than ever.

From a 4 to 10 quart milk pan for 10 cents.

A galvanized wash pan for 10c.

A dozen rubber tipped lead pencils for 10c; 6 for 5c.

A nice hat rack for 10c.

Our steel hammers at 10c are ahead of anything ever seen.

Best quality sewing machine oil at 5c a bottle.

3 cakes of Oat Meal and Glycerine soap, nicely wrapped and highly perfumed, at 10c a box; 3 cakes to the box.

Come and see us. We guarantee to save you money.

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

The Concert.

In spite of the inclement weather the concert Tuesday night was a grand success.

Long before 8 o'clock the hall was filled to overflowing by an appreciative audience.

The Star Spangled Banner was sung by a full chorus and was well rendered.

Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean, a quartette, was sung by Dr. Trammell, A. J. Lee, W. P. McConaughy and Cary. It elicited much applause.

The only soprano solo of the evening was sung by Miss Pauline Acker. She has a sweet, musical voice, of which she may well be proud.

The Watch on the Rhine was sung by a full chorus.

Professor Ege gave us the "Old Sexton." It is useless to attempt a description of his fine voice. He was encored time and again and delighted the audience with a variety of selections.

One of the attractions of the evening was a medly on mandolin and guitar by Miss Mary Kroell and Charles Acker. They were applauded to the echo.

Coming Thro' the Rye, the familiar old Scotch ballad, was sung by Miss Rhoda Latham and W. P. McConaughy. Their rendition w s perfect, and the audience was not satisfied until the sang it again.

The programme originally designed was much more extended and complete, but unfortunately it could not be carried out.

Miss Lilian Aldrich, whose rich soprano voice is noted in this section, was unavoidably detained at home on account of the weather.

The selection, "Stella the Star," is said to be beautifully sung by her, and every one regretted her absence.

Mr. Carlisle of Talladega was not down on the programme, but being present he was called for and gave us in his own inimitable way two beautiful ballads.

The concert was under the management of Miss Hattie Lyman, to whom much credit is due for its success.

What a gem the Industrial school would be nestled in the shade of the grand old oaks on the hill—"A thing of beauty and a joy forever."

Mail Carrier Murdered.

Emilio Saens, mail carrier between Rio Grande City, Texas, and Brownsville, was found murdered about twenty miles from the former city Tuesday afternoon. No further particulrs yet A detachment of United States troops from Fort Ringgold has gone to the scene of the murder.

STARTING OFF A NEW PAPER.

A Blooming Advertisement of the Paper. Grand Scoop by the Sheriff.

The initiate number of the Harriman, Tenn., Progress contained a leader bitterly attacking W. H. Ladd, sheriff of Roane county. The vocabulary of vituperation was well nigh exhausted. Adultery, default in office, suborning of witnesses in a recent celebrated murder trial and other equally wicked charges were made against Ladd. Tuesday the sheriff and a number of his deputies made a clean sweep of the Progress office, carrying the editor, George H. Freeman, W. H. Sanborn and S. W. Williams, proprietors, to jail at Kingston, on the charge of criminal libel. Two office employes, including the typo who set the obnoxious editorial, were arrested. This is the greatest sensation Harriman, the Magic Town, has ever experienced, the citizens arrested being influential.

Fight With Train Robbers.

A Chicago and Alton passenger train was boarded by robbers at Carlinville, Ill., who at a place one-half mile north of there, attacked the trainmen and ordered them to hold up their hands. The engineer and fireman refused, and a desperate fight began, Six shots were fired, and Engineer Holmes was killed. One of the robbers was captured, and the other two escaped. A posse was organized and started in pursuit. Engineer Holmes' body was taken to Carlinville. He was one of the oldest engineers on the road. The robbers secured nothing. Later: The other robbers were captured by the posse.

G. A. R. Hall Damaged.

At Elyria, O., the G. A. R., hall was almost demolished Monday morning by a terrific gas explosion. A gas jet was in some way opened without being lit and filled the place with gas. When Janitor Martin Aider struck a match in the hall the next morning an explosion followed.

According to the most recent census the population of the United States wholly or in part of African descent aggregated 7,470,040 souls, or 12.2 per cent of the total population of the country.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Scrofula Taints

Lurk in the blood of almost everyone. Even in its worst form, however, scrofula can be cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla. This is proved by the following and hundreds of other cases:

"I write to tell what Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me. My case was scrofula in its worst form. A large tumor gathered under my chin on the left side and continued to grow until it was as large as a hen's egg. I had it lanced and had to keep a poultice on it all the time. I had tried many remedies, but my trouble lingered and I had about given up when I happened to read about Hood's Sarsaparilla. I concluded to try it, and after taking almost seven bottles I am again enjoying the best of health. The sore is completely healed, Hood's Sarsaparilla effecting a permanent cure." CLARENCE ALLEN, Oil City, Kentucky. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Purifies

The Blood

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. This is the season when such a medicine is most needed, because at this time the blood is full of impurities. Get Only Hood's.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

J. Ross writes in the Engineering and Mining Journal that since the diamond discoveries in South Africa the Brazilian diamond-mining industry has fallen so low that the annual output is now not over $150,000, when thirty years ago it was upwards of $2,500,000. Brazilian diamonds are so much smaller than the African that it does not pay to mine them against African competition.

Chicago, Ill.

From personal knowledge, having used it myself and in my family, and from the enthusiastic commendation of numerous customers, I have no hesitancy in pronouncing Tetterine to be unmeasurably superior to any remedy known to me for skin diseases, and I have tried all the well known ones. I write this, the only testimonial I have ever given to a remedy, because I am deeply impressed with the extraordinary merits of Tetterine. C. H. McConnell, Mngr. Economical Drug Co., 126 Clark St. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah. Ga.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., Props. of Hall's Catarrh Cure, offer $100 reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for testimonials, free. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Health in Your Vest Pocket!

A box of Ripans Tabules can be stowed away in your vest pocket. It costs you only 50 cents, and may save you as many dollars' worth of time and doctor bills.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS. New York, ★

FARM AND GARDEN

PREPARING LAWNS.

In preparing lawns, says Meehan's Monthly, much will depend on the locality. In districts where the summers are hot and dry, very deep soil is of importance; but where the grass will not die out, in the more moist regions, this point is not so essential. A heavy clay soil requires different treatment from a light soil, as heavy clays dry out rapidly in summer time. Any care given to making the under-stratum deeper will be an advantage. Manures must also be studied in connection with the soil. In light soils, stable manure is as good as anything; in stiff soils, the artificial fertilizers will do quite as well.

A GOOD INSECTICIDE.

A good general insecticide, or, perhaps, more correctly speaking, a preventive or repellant for the ordinary insects which attack cucumber and melon vines, may be made by dissolving two ounces of saltpetre, four ounces of alum, and one pound of common brown bar soap in six gallons of water, and apply the solution to the vines with a common watering pot. The soap should be shaved up and dissolved in a gallon or more of hot water over a fire, then, when cool, added to the five gallons in which the saltpetre and alum have been dissolved. There is nothing poisonous about this solution, and it is also a fertilizer, besides being offensive to most species of insects. Try it the coming summer.—New York Sun.

WHY THE CHURN CHURNS.

The most plausible theory for the separation of the butter fat in cream by the churn, is that the fat globules in milk and cream being surrounded by a thin layer of liquid milk serum, the concussion of the churning causes the usually round, uniform, floating globules to harden into irregular shapes, which results in their adhering to each other until the enlarging granule of butter can be seen by the naked eye. For some time before the butter "comes," or the cream "breaks," the fat globules have been massing together, and the usually rapid increase in size after they are visible is due to the greater surface exposed, just as a rollihg snowball grows fastest at the last. The factors which affect the completeness of the churning are stated by Director J. L. Hills, of Vermont, to include the food of the cows, the period of their lactation, the creaming and ripening, the size and kind of churn, with the heat and density of the cream. There seems, however, to be no relation between the sourness of the cream, the temperature, the curd in the butter and the time needed for churning.—American Agriculturist.

BREAKING A KICKER.

At an institute a farmer said: "It would seem unnecessary for me to say that an animal so valuable and of so good disposition as the old cow ought to be treated with kindness, but I know that many treat them very ill. If she is frightened and starts they send a club after her, or if she has a sore teat and kicks they whack her on the ribs with a three-legged stool (I don't use a three-legged stool, I use a box, which is unhandy to chasten her with). I will tell you how I managed to break a heifer to milk. I had a little scrubby-looking cow which I traded with one of my neighbors for a large, fine-looking heifer with a fine calf six weeks old. He said that he had never milked her except to relieve her bag of what the calf could not take. I put her in the stable and tied up her calf; she was a little wild and large and strong and could kick me across the stable with little effort. I concluded the reason my neighbor traded with me was that he did not like to wrestle with her, to break her to milk, and if he reads this he will learn how I did it. I tied her head up pretty short to the manger as quietly and gently as I could. She could not run, but she could kick. I then strapped up her right foreleg and had her at a great disadvantage. I petted her and rubbed her bag a little while and then milked her. I went through the same operation a few times, till I could put the strap on without tying her up. After she got used to that I put the strap on in the yard; after a while I could milk her without putting the strap on, and had no trouble with her after that. It is better to handle the heifers and gentle them before they have calves."—Farm, Field and Fireside.

HOW TO PROTECT APPLES.

In the course of an interview on the subject of the Paris green treatment for "coddling moth," Secretary of Agriculture Morton said: "The demand for apples grown in the United States has always been in excess of the supply. The United Kingdom of Great Britain alone during the nine months ending September, 1894, paid the orchards of the United States $2,500,000. The greatest enemy to our export apples is the 'coddling moth.' But the entire crop can be made wormless if the orchards of the United States will use the following recipe: Use Paris green at the rate of one pound to 150 gallons of water. Weigh out sufficient portion for the capacity of the tank used, and make it into a thin paint with a small quantity of water and add powdered or quicklime equal to the weight of the poison used, mixing thoroughly. The lime takes up the free arsenic and removes the danger of scalding. Strain the mixture into the spray tank, taking care to pulverize and wash all the poison through the strainer. During the operation of spraying see that the liquid is agitated with sufficient frequency to prevent the settling of the poison.

"Let the first spraying follow within a week after the falling of the blossoms of either apple or pear, and follow this with a second treatment just before the fruit turns down on the stem, or when it is from quarter to half inch in diameter. The first spraying reaches the eggs laid by the moth in the flower end of the fruit, shortly after the falling of the blossoms, and the second the later eggs laid by belated moths. Don't spray trees when in bloom, and if a washing rain immediately follows treatment, repeat the application."

DISEASES OF THE HORSE.

An extract from an address delivered by Dr. J. H. Wattles, before the Kansas City Humane Society: Let us consider a few of those diseases that are liable to affect the horse when being ridden or driven:

In the well-cared for horse, in constant service, the amount of food consumed is balanced by the amount of exertion employed and an equilibrium is maintained. If this same animal is placed in the stable for a few days, and given working rations, the blood becomes overloaded with nitrogenous elements. Exercise, when in this condition, produces an increased heart action, and forces the blood through the renal arteries faster than the kidneys can filter out the effete material from it. The result is impeded renal circulation with the retention in the blood of the injurious product, which is carried on to the first large channel through which it can pass, and is distributed to the muscles of the gluteal region, producing a spasm of these muscles and prostrating the horse. This is the disorder commonly called paralysis. It is not properly paralysis, as the animal can move its limbs and has sensation. It is simply unable to rise owing to the tonic spasm of the muscles. Having the history of the case in mind, you will remember that the preventive treatment is to decrease the amount of food during periods of idleness. The general symptoms are: Remarkable activity when first taken from the stable, soon followed by perspiration which begins about the ears, extends down the neck, over the entire body, and literally pours off the animal; a peculiar stilty action with its hind legs, sometimes supposed to be produced by a nail in the foot; and shivering. Unless the horse is stopped at once he falls, unable to rise. As soon as any of the symptoms detailed are observed, stop the animal at once, remove the harness and prevent the horse from lying down by tying his head in an elevated position; apply hot cloths to the loins, and lose no time in sending for a veterinarian, as this is a very serious disease that does not yield to simple remedies.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Sow either with a drill or seeder about two bushel and a half of oats to the acre and you will hit it about right.

Every poultry keeper of skill and ambition would do better in the long run in disposing of his eggs at store prices.

A large number of pigs die from overfeeding the sow during the first week or ten days after farrowing. Avoid stunting and give pigs a good, dry bed.

Don't feed young pigs upon corn exclusively. Growing animals must have a variety. Plenty of exercise, with care and promptness in feeding, are necessary to good results.

It is generally conceded that it is not best to pasture before the autumn of the second season, but the third mowing the first year will likely furnish some hay. The first should be allowed to remain in the ground as a mulch.

An increased percentage of fat in milk gives an increased yield of cheese, though not always in the same proportion. There need be no more waste of fat in the whey from rich milk than from that which is much poorer.

A word of caution to potato growers: Don't plant too large an area. There is such a thing as producing too many potatoes. They are profitable when the largest crops are obtained at the least expense, but don't overdo a good thing.

In every community there are always some people who will pay top price for a superior quality that they can depend upon. Aim to furnish the best in every respect to such customers; their confidence in you will be constant capital and profit to you as long as you do what is right.

Crimson clover was endorsed at the [illegible] meeting of the Western New York [illegible]ticulture Society as marking an [illegible] in the horticulture of the State. [illegible] three years' tests with it, Dr. [illegible]well and Professor Bailey unite in their opinion and said crimson clover is valuable, as it can be sown between other crops for plowing under.

NEWS AND NOTES FOR WOMEN

Hindoo women are forbidden to read or write.

The Queen of Madagascar always dresses in European fashion.

It does not take much material these times to make an evening bodice.

The first Berlin gymnasium for women has opened with sixteen pupils.

The Dowager Duchess of Sutherland is the "director" of a mining company.

There are those who say it is only a question of time when colonial wigs will come.

It would seem to be the fashion for women to wear white kid gloves upon all occasions.

Lady Frederick Cavendish has taken the field as a lecturer against Welsh disestablishment.

Russia has five female astronomers who have submitted papers to the Academy of Science.

Parisian hats increase in size from day to day and are laden down with flowers of all kinds.

There is a rumor afloat in the world of fashion that long, heavy earrings are to be worn again.

The Empress of Japan is using all her influence to have her countrywomen adopt the American costumes.

Girls of the period hide their ears with straight hair and curls as if those features of the head were malformed.

The Bank of Genoa, Neb., got into the hands of the examiner after running for one week with a woman as President.

Having saved up 600,000 crowns since 1890, the women of Norway are going to present their Government with a torpedo boat.

Some of the Boston beauties, who are fond of athletic exercise, array themselves, just after breakfast, in half gymnasium costume and run foot races.

The idea is being considered to unite all the women's clubs in Kentucky in a stock company for the erection of a handsome woman's building in Lexington.

Miss Edith Van Buren, a New York girl, won the first prize for carriage decoration in the parade at this year's mid-Lenten flower festival at Nice, France.

A colored women in New Orleans is about to take her degree in medicine, and will be the first woman to practice in that city with a degree won in Louisiana.

The emblems of royalty of the Queen of Madagascar consist of four scarlet umbrellas, which are held over Her Majesty when she sits in her palanquin of State.

Mrs. Gilder, wife of the editor of the Century Magazine, never pays calls. She entertains a great deal and she says she would be killed if she had to make formal calls.

Kate Field says she thinks that Worth made her the only dress that he ever made of American material. It was American satin, and it took coaxing to get him to touch it.

The Queen of the Belgians is usually attended when on horseback by one of her favorite dogs, of which she has a dozen, with a preference—just as Queen Victoria has—for Spitz terriers.

Mrs. Frances Klock, of the Colorado Legislature, has introduced a bill in the House providing for an industrial school for girls and appropriating $15,000 for its establishment and maintenance.

According to Mr. Cross in his memoir of his wife the reason she took the name of George Eliot was as she explains it, "because George was Mr. Lewes's Christian name, and Eliot was a good, mouth-filling, easily pronounced word."

Mrs. W. B. Brown, of Washington, N. C., has given to the State Council of King's Daughters a beautiful home, which is to be used as a home for imbecile children. The Legislature of the State will be asked to make appropriations for its support.

It is computed by a statistician of the curious that Queen Victoria's hand, which is said to be a handsome one, has signed more important State papers and been kissed by more important men than the hand of any other Queen that ever lived.

There isn't any Sunday-go-to-meeting frock nowadays. A lady wears the same outfit to church that she does shopping or traveling. There is really just one way for a gentlewoman to dress when she goes on the street, and that is in a tailor-made suit.

The late Lord Randolph Churchill had six sisters, each one of whom married remarkably well, although they were by no means beauties. There is, perhaps, no record of six sisters, and plain girls with extravagant tastes and no money, having been thus happily married.

The late Parisian dressmaker, Charles Frederick Worth, is described as "a tallish man, with a big, clever head, brown eyes and very prominent forehead." He used to say: "If I had my way all women should be slight, graceful and pretty. Then dressing them would be an artistic pleasure."

Mrs. Wayne MacVeagh, wife of the American Ambassador in Rome, whose residence is the magnificent Palazzo Plombino, is extensively quoted for the magnificence of her wardrobe. At a recent reception at the Embassy she appeared in a gown of lilac brocade with ornaments of diamonds and black pearls combined. Mrs. MacVeagh has quickly won favor at court, and has the social background of the several American women of title in Rome.

James Profft, a farmer, of Elkland, Tuscola County, Mich., has a sow which recently gave birth to ten pigs, one of which has seven perfect feet, two heads with perfect teeth and tongue, three ears, three eyes and two tails. It is a peculiar-looking animal.

Popular Styles in Hats.

The continued liking for large sleeves has made popular and harmoniously effective the wearing of large hats, writes Isabel A. Mallon in the Ladies' Home Journal. Advance notes from Paris tell of the popularity of large hats in black straw, and with them feathers that are also black. Much care is taken in the arrangement of these tips, and the hats are so shaped that they permit an artistic arrangement of trimming, and yet are comfortable on the head. These large hats are narrow at the back and flare in front, while the brims are bent in fantastic ways to suit the wearer.

Very often a hat is seen that has a crown of close and a brim of open straw, a very good contrast being formed in this way. In the straws, the colors most popular are, first of all, black, then all the browns from golden to seal, light green, dark and light blue, gray, light yellow and the so-called white which comes very close to yellow. Elaborate hats, intended for driving or garden party wear, have lace brims formed of the very coarse white lace and crowns either of straw or velvet. Trimmings incline toward the side, either to the back or the front as is becoming.

Dr. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION FOR WEAK WOMEN.

On first introducing this world-famed medicine to the afflicted, and for many years thereafter, it was sold under a **Positive Guarantee** of giving entire satisfaction in every case for which it is recommended. So uniformly successful did it prove in curing the diseases, derangements and weaknesses of women that claims for the return of money paid for it were exceedingly rare. Since its manufacturers can now point to thousands of noted cures effected by it in every part of the land, they believe its past record a sufficient guarantee of its great value as a curative agent, therefore, they *now* rest its claims to the confidence of the afflicted *solely* upon that record. By all medicine dealers.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

"Do you think a girl ought to learn to cook before she gets married?" asked the practical man. "Yes," replied his dyspeptic friend. "Either that, or else she ought to be willing not to try."—Washington Star.

Madge—Oh, dear, it's so hard to decide. Alice—What? "Why, whether Charlie ought to save his money to build us a home in the spring or take the money to go sleigh riding this winter.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Lawyer—You say the prisoner stole your watch. What distinguishing feature was there about the watch? Witness—It had my sweetheart's picture in it. Lawyer—Ah! I see. A woman in the case.—Truth.

McELREES WINE OF CARDUI

For Female Diseases.

W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE IS THE BEST. FIT FOR A KING.

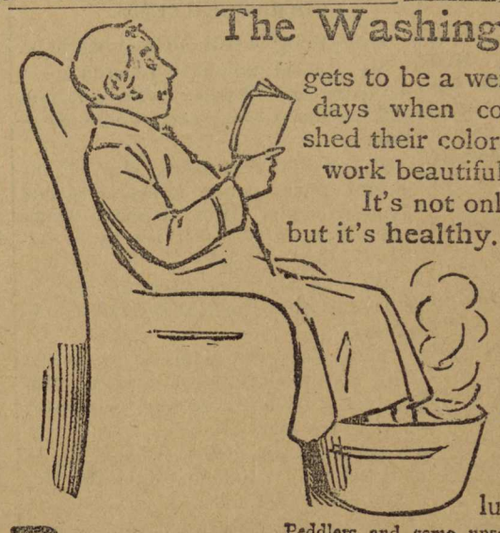
$5. CORDOVAN, FRENCH & ENAMELLED CALF.
$4. $3.50 FINE CALF & KANGAROO.
$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLES.
$2.50 $2. WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
$2. $1.75 BOYS' SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES
$3. $2.50 $2. $1.75
BEST DONGOLA.
SEND FOR CATALOGUE
W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

Over One Million People wear the
W. L. Douglas $3 & $4 Shoes
All our shoes are equally satisfactory
They give the best value for the money.
They equal custom shoes in style and fit.
Their wearing qualities are unsurpassed.
The prices are uniform,—stamped on sole.
From $1 to $3 saved over other makes.
If your dealer cannot supply you we can.

AM. N. U. No. 19, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

The Washing of the Feet



gets to be a weighty matter, in these days when colored stockings will shed their colors. Pearline does this work beautifully.

It's not only thoroughly effective, but it's healthy. Doctors recommend Pearline as a soak for rheumatism.

Try it in the bath. It will give you a new idea of cleanliness. Bathing with Pearline is a perfect luxury.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 432 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Judge of Probate

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, MAY 16, 1895. NO. 8.

Three Kisses of Farewell.

Three, only three, my darling,
Separate, solemn, slow;
Not like the swift and joyous ones
We used to know
When we kissed because we loved each other,
Simply to taste love's sweet,
And lavished our kisses as the summer lavished heat.
But as they kiss whose hearts are wrung
When hope and fear are spent
And nothing is left to give except
A sacrament.

First of the three, my darling,
Is sacred unto pain;
We have hurt each other often,
We shall again.
When we pine because we miss each other,
And do not understand
How the written words are so much colder
Than eye or hand.
I kiss thee, dear, for all such pain
Which we may give or take;
Buried, forgiven before it comes
For our love's sake.

The second kiss, my darling,
Is full of joy's sweet thrill;
We have blessed each other always;
We alway will.
We shall reace until we feel each other,
Past all of time and space;
We shall listen till we hear each other
In every place.
The earth is full of messengers,
Which love sends to and fro;
I kiss thee, darling all for joy
Which we shall know.

The last kiss, O, my darling,
My love, I cannot see
Through my tears, as I remember
What it may be.
We may died and never see each other
Die with no time to give
Any sign that our hearts are faithful
To die, as live.
Token of what they will not see
Who see our parting breadth,
This one last kiss my darling, seals
The kiss of death.

—Saxe Holmes.

RIDING TO DEATH.

My name is Morgan Grenoble and today I have reached the turning point of my thirtieth year.

People say that I look "odd," with almost snow white hair, and wonder how it came to be thus to one so young.

Eight years ago, come the 29th of this very month, I stood at the altar with Laura Comstock.

I was a telegraph operator and was stationed at Wayburg, a station twenty miles from Stockton, and at the terminus of the then D. G. & C. R. railway.

Returning from our honeymoon I left my wife in Stockton and proceeded to Wayburg, intending to remain at my old post until relieved, which I thought would be in a few days, as my offered resignation had been accepted at headquarters.

The engineer on the "up" train was Mark Moore, a rather handsome young fellow, who had been my rival for the hand of the woman I called my wife.

When the train stopped at Moreland's I alighted from the passenger coach and walked forward to the engine. Mark was busily engaged oiling the machinery.

"How are you, Morgan?" he said, as he espied me, and held out his hand.

His disappointment seemed to have left him and he was very pleasant.

"Going to Wayburg?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Just get in with me, then," he said.

I replied that I would do so, and when the train moved away I was occupying a seat in the engine, chatting with the engineer.

"One hardly notices the ascent, but the descent is an entirely different thing. I was thinking, Morgan, what a terrible thing it would be if an engine, with full power on, were to become unmanageable at the top of the grade and dash away."

I shuddered.

"And if a man bent on revenge were to place a fellow creature bound on the engine, what a terrible death he would hasten to, with almost lightning rapidity."

"Suppose the engine should encounter the C—— passenger?"

"Then death would spread his wings over the spot of the collision."

I had no desire to pursue the conversation further, but he persisted in it, and I was greatly relieved when the train ran into Wayburg.

The following night was dark and tempestuous, and I alone occupied the station, watching the little machine before me.

That day a new engine had arrived and Mark Moore had been put in charge of it.

From two o'clock in the afternoon to five I saw him moving about the engine.

Until ten I watched the little machine. Then Mark opened the door and stepped into the small apartment.

"Are you receiving a despatch, Morgan?" he asked.

"No, Mark; why do you ask?"

"Because if you are not I wish you would leave the clicker a bit and come and look at my Red Bird by lantern light. I am going to run down grade to Chalmers, reverse the engine and run back. The train will not be due here for an hour, and I can go to Chalmers and return within twenty minutes."

We walked into the great temporary shed where the new and beautiful engine stood, ready to run off at the command of its master.

"I dare not be so long absent from my post at this hour, Mark."

"Pooh, man, there's no danger. You must go with me."

"But I cannot, Mark."

He put his lantern on the ground and then sprang erect.

"You shall, Morg Grenoble!" he cried, and before I could answer him, he dashed me to the earth and planted his knees on my breast.

"Not a word out of you, Morg," he said, fiercely, producing a rope. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do. You know we were discussing the consequence attending the rush of a maddened engine down the grade. I reckon I won't go to Chalmers, but will send you clear to the bottom of the grade."

"Mark Moore, you are mad,"

"Would you murder me in cold blood and others who are coming up on the 11.10 passenger?"

"Yes," he said coldly.

I might have resisted, but resistance would have availed me nothing, for I was constitutionally weak while he was a lion.

"Now for the ride to death!" he cried, lifting me up and bearing me into the little engine room.

Again I pleaded for mercy; but as well might I have pleaded to stone, for he met my prayers with taunts.

"What will it profit you, Mark," I asked, "to wreak your vengeance on me? The hounds of justice will run you to earth, and you will suffer for your crime."

"What care I?"

"There!" he said, at last, as he closed the furnace door. "Everything is ready for your ride. You'll go right through Stockton; but I reckon you won't have time to stop to speak to loving Laura. Goodby, Morg; write when you get to the foot of the grade."

The engine was moving and he leaped off.

"May heaven have mercy on your soul, Mark Moore!" I shouted after him.

The grade between Wayburg and Chalmers was quite steep, and before I reached the little town the speed of the Red Bird and its tender seemed to rival that of the telegraph.

The towns, with their glimmering lights, appeared and were gone in a flash.

The manner in which I was bound permitted me to look out of the window.

I did so, and Stockton, the home of my wife, greeted me with its many lights.

Ahead, I saw many people waiting for the 11.10 passenger.

The next moment I was carried past them.

I saw their astonished faces, and heard a piercing shriek.

I recognized the voice as my wife's.

There was one hope for me—just one.

Perhaps the operator at Stockton had telegraphed down the grade, and, thus warned, the coming train would switch, and save its passengers from death.

Looking out, I saw far ahead the glaring headlight of the southern train.

To me it looked as though it stood on my track. Evidently the train had not been warned.

Suddenly I heard a man shout, "Stand back!" and then, crash!—all was dark!

"Is he injured much?" somebody asked.

Sympathizing faces bent over me, and a surgeon was examining my wounds.

The ties stopped the engine," said the surgeon. "We received a telegram from Stockton, informing us that the new engine was rushing down the grade. The southern train was switched off upon its arrival here, and we set to work to pile innumerable ties on the track, which, thank heaven, checked your mad career."

"Telegraph to Stockton," I said, "to my wife."

It seemed as though every bone in my body was broken, and I cannot tell how I ever survived through the prostration that followed.

But I did, to find my hair rivalling the spotless purity of the snow, and crow's feet on my youthful forehead.

My rival was never tried, for the third day following his arrest he was conveyed to an asylum, a hopeless maniac.—Boston Globe.

Lesson From the Far East.

In Japan there lives a native scholar and writer than whom no one has done more toward introducing education and civilization into his country. Repeatedly he has refused both titles and remunerative offices.

This man had never sought for wealth, but he had acquired during a long life of usefulness a moderate sum for his support in later years—about ten thousand dollars in our money. When the war with China broke out, he at once gave this money to his government as his contribution toward the war expenses, saying that individuals must make sacrifices for the cause of patriotism.

This splendid example of love for the native land illustrates the intensity of the patriotic spirit in Japan. The general absence of this unselfishness in China has been one cause of her defeat. Office has been used to satisfy personal greed. The government has been feared and cheated, not loved and strengthened.

A Japanese student in this country, talking with an American, said naively,

"In Japan I was a Christian; here I do not know what I am. I do not understand your young men. They do not want to do anything for the country. They want to make money, or get in Congress, or marry rich widows and go to Europe. In Japan every young man wants to do something for the country."

Devotion to the general good, earnestness in advocating what is for the interest of all rather than for that of the class or individual, willingness to give one's own time and trouble to advance needed reform—these are qualities that should be universal. In them lies the hope of the future.—Youth's Companion.

A Canine Doll Lover.

The latest sensation in Birmingham (England) is the doll snatching dog. The animal is the property of a lady who resides at Small Heath, and some time ago one of her little girls was very fond of inducing the dog to carry her doll, and the animal acquired quite a passion for relieving the child of her precious charge. The dog would carry the doll about for hours, and often times take it to his kennel and lie down beside it for the greater part of the day. He never harmed the doll, always gripping its clothes, and not defacing it in the slightest. Up to a certain point its tendencies were productive of unadulterated fun, and so popular did the dog become that the children of the neighborhood frequently came to its owner's house with the query, "Please, Mrs. —, can your dog come and take my doll for a walk?" But by degrees the animal's healthy affection for dolls developed into an absolute passion, and now a more unpopular quadruped does not exist in the whole suburb. Not content with carrying a doll when requested to do so, the animal commenced to prowl about the neighborhood and forcibly deprive stray children of their treasured pets. Whenever and wherever he saw a doll in a child's arms he would stealthily walk up to her, seize the prize and run off with it to his kennel. On a single day he has been known to bring four captures home, and the maternal indignation of the neighborhood is something terrible to contemplate.—Birmingham Daily Mail.

How They Love Each Other.

Maude—Ethel, how can I stop Tom's infatuation for me?

Ethel—You might marry him.

Manufacture of Eyelets.

An interesting business is that of making the little eyelets so necessary in lacing shoes. To one who does not understand their manufacture, the labor of making them is complicated. A certain firm does not make those which turn yellow and brassy with age, but their specialty is to make the so-called "fast-color" eyelets which does not wear yellow nor old age make brassy. This is accomplished by a patent process by which the eyelets are covered with a preparation of celluloid which never wears off, and the firm have also patented a process by which hooks over the upper holes are made so as not to cut the strings. This celluloid preparation is not expensive, adding only 2½ cents to the cost of a pair of shoes.

The plant was started in a modest way nearly two years ago in the basement of the building. The basement of the building is used to make the eyelets, and they turn them out by the millions during the year. In the next floor are the skilled machinists, who are engaged in cutting the dies which cut out the eyelets from the copper. These are cut and countersunk to a great degree of nicety. In another room there are the dozen or more young women who patiently and with great care pick over and sort the little eyelets and throw out all imperfect ones. This requires bright eyes and more patience than the average mortal possesses, as the eyelets are assorted one by one and the slightest imperfection in any one of them condemns it.

The eyelets are made in several colors, black for the most sedate go-to-meeting shoes and brown to match the gaudy russet.—Springfield Republican.

The Vanilla Plant.

The vanilla bean, says Dr. F. H. Knowlton in Popular Science News, has no connection with the bean family, but is the product of a sweet-scented, climbing orchid, vanilla planifolia, a native of Mexico and tropical America. It climbs over trees and shrubs, while retaining connection with the soil, has a thick, fleshy stem and leaves, and a short spike of greenish-white, sweet-smelling flowers. It is propagated by cuttings set in a well drained and prepared soil, eighteen inches deep composed of rich loam, sand and leaf mould in equal parts. The flowers are fertilized by a peculiarly constructed moth which visits the flower for the nectar, it being impossible for the pollen to reach the stigma without aid. When the plant was first introduced into the West and East Indies, although growing vigorously no pods were produced, this moth being absent, and artificial pollenation was resorted to with success. The vanilla plant flowers the second year, and matures the third or fourth. The pods reach full size in a month, but require six months to ripen. In curing, they are allowed to ferment slightly, exposed to the sun between woollen blankets and kept in tight tin boxes at night sometimes pressed with oily fingers, and dried again in the sun. The process varies in different countries, but when completed—in two or three months—the pods are of a rich chocolate color, dry and pliable. In bundles of fifty they are packed in air-tight tin boxes. The essence is extracted by prolonged soaking in alcohol—a half-pound of pods to a gallon of sixty per cent alcohol. New York, London and Paris are the vanilla markets of the world.

A Queer Club.

One of the queerest clubs in this city is called "The Sunrise." It holds its meetings in a French restaurant, and the diners speak on social and political topics after the coffee has been served. The membership fee is 50 cents. There are many Anarchists among the members, but there are also Socialists, single-taxers and a few conservatives.—New York World.

Up and Down.

Wingle—There's only one trouble with the meals my cook gets up.

Wangle—What's that?

Wingle—I can't get them down.—Detroit Free Press.

By brushing shoes with a soft brush, rubbing a little glycerine well into the leather and polishing with a very clean, soft brush, no blacking will be required.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Nothing is so brave as love.

Between two evils some folks choose both.

Whatever duty has to do, love likes to do.

To be without faults is to be without friends.

An opportunity missed may be an eternity lost.

Angels would weep if men had to be judged by each other.

Hiding a sin isn't a bit safer than handling a rattlesnake.

Hate would overcome by killing; love conquers by dying.

The truly wise man will never worry about what he can't help.

Putting a crown on the head puts nothing kindly in the heart.

Whenever a faultfinder opens his mouth he tells everybody what he lives on.

A fool is always burning his fingers because he cannot remember that fire is hot.

Some people have to stay poor because they will not believe it is blessed to give.

The man who becomes a successful hypocrite has to work at every day in the week.

It will puzzle posterity to make out why some of her forefathers were given monuments.

When you can't get the closet door shut, try oiling the hinges with the oil of praise.

If we would but stop looking toward the wrong place, we would be more apt to stay in the right one.

If we will make it the habit of our lives to look on the bright side, we will always have a bright side to look on.—Ram's Horn.

A Geological Puzzle.

A few miles east of Youngstown, Ohio, in the township of Coitsville, which makes the northeast corner of Mahoning county, is a freak of nature of an entirely exceptional character. Rising above an otherwise rather level surrounding is an irregular elevation composed almost wholly of smooth white pebbles, such as one sees in the sand-pumpings after torpedoing "pebble rock," and which may also be seen conglomerated in some localities where certain rock strata are exposed. The peculiar bank under consideration consists of several acres, with the highest point perhaps ten or twelve feet high, and gradually thinning out into the common plain. There is nothing anywhere in the region to suggest anything of the kind, no trail of such material to show where it came from, but when the thin soil is recovered it is simply one mass of these peculiar and evidently water-worn stones, ranging in size from a common pea to a marble. The deposit must amount to tens of thousands of tons.

It would be most interesting to have an explanation of this pebble bank from some of the authorities on geology on the accepted hypotheses of glaciation. It would indeed be worth listening to, to have it explained how this mass was slowly shoved perhaps 2,000 or 3,000 miles, dumped bodily in Coitsville, without a trail of detritus by which it could be traced to its lair.

The surrounding region is singularly free of this kind of material, and how came so large a quantity of this rock, so rarely seen in strata, all smoothed and polished off into these myriads of pebbles, to be resting here? Without a doubt these little white pellicles are eloquent with a marvelous history, both as to origin and method of transportation, but who is it that is equipped to discern "the still small voice," that comes through the interminable ages, and to give us the interpretation?—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Meaning of Railroad Colors.

When boys and girls travel they are always interested in the flags which are waved at the crossings and switch boxes along the lines of the railroads. Three colors are most seen—white, green and red—and a little couplet which railroad men all know will fix the meaning of these signals in your minds:

"White's for right, and red's for wrong,
And green's for gently go along."

—Philadelphia Times.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Cold hands are oftentimes an indication of nervousness.

Mackerel pass the winter in the sand or mud in deep water, and immerge in spring.

A scientific expedition from the University of Pennsylvania has left for Central America.

Boston is to have sterilized school-books. The books are simply baked to kill disease germs.

The wings of the owl are lined with a soft down that enables the bird to fly without making the slightest sound.

The largest refracting telescope ever constructed is that which is to be presented to the University of Chicago by Mr. Yerkes. It has a forty-inch object glass.

Lettuce and dandelions mixed, cooked as "greens" are not only nutritious but a good purifier of the system. They should form a liberal diet every spring.

A tornado in eastern Oregon last June was attended by hail in the nature of sheets of ice, which averaged from three to four inches square and from three-fourths of an inch to an inch and a half in thickness.

Fifty years ago a horse power cost six or seven pounds of coal per hour. To-day a good compound engine will produce a horse power at one and one-half pounds of coal per hour. Water power costs nearly as much now as then.

The leaves of American related trees have larger, thinner, and more deeply serrated leaves than their European prototypes. The coloring of American trees in the fall of the year is more brilliant than that of similar European trees.

England has just adopted the Bertillon system of minute anthropometric measurments for the indentification of criminals, in addition to Herschell's finger-print system. which Francis Galton has made generally known.

It is a wonderful thing that oysters, after they have been brought away from the sea, know by instinct the hour when the tide is rising and approaching their beds, and so of their own accord open their shells to receive their food from the sea, as if they were still at home.

Charles B. Hassen writes that at the Jeddo Tunnel in Pennsylvania all the drilling was done by means of compressed air, conveyed some ten thousand feet through a seven and three-quarter inch pipe with very little loss. He thinks that compressed air is now being used for a greater variety of purposes than any other motive power.

Facts About Pekin.

Charles Denby, Jr. secretary of the United States legation at Pekin, China, has spent ten years in the Orient, and is thoroughly familiar with Chinese affairs. "Pekin," he said, "is a city without waterworks, gas or electricity, and yet everybody likes to live there, this being especially true of the Chinamen. Pekin has but an imperfect sewage system, and the sanitary conditions are very bad, yet there is little disease there, Pekin is at the same time one of the dirtiest and healthiest cities in the world. In striking contrast is Tokio, Japan, where there are waterworks, gas, electricity and modern improvements, with good sanitation, yet which has frequent cholera epidemics and is far from being healthful. In time there is little doubt that the advantages that go to make up a progressive city will gain a foothold in Pekin, but at present there is little inclination for change."

A Harmless Joke.

Place a spool of cotton in the inside pocket of your coat and having threaded a needle with the beginning of the cotton, pass the needle through the front of the coat; unthread the needle and leave about two inches of the cotton hanging as if it were only a stray piece. The first person you meet will be sure to pick it off for you, and his astonishment, when he finds there is no end to it, will give plenty of innocent amusement.

In preparing his father's biography Lord Tennyson will be obliged to read about 50,000 letters.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

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L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The owner of sheep is justified in killing a dog to stop him from mangling them, but he can't kill the dog afterward. Then the law gives him other redress. So decides a Maine judge.

It looks to the Hartford Journal as though somebody was trying to give woman's rights a black eye when the stockholders of a Nebraska bank elected a woman President two weeks before the bank suspended.

The number of students at the German universities this term is 28,158, of whom 2150, or 7.6 per cent., are foreigners. Philology and history, mathematics, science and medicine are the specialties of the great majority of these foreigners.

From 1493 to 1520 an ounce of gold was equal in value to 13.3 ounces of silver. From 1521 to 1544 silver held its highest value since the discovery of America. Between the years last named 11.2 ounces of silver brought one ounce of gold. Now it requires 19.50 ounces of silver to buy an ounce of gold.

A Cambridge (England) lady has determined, the Chicago Times-Herald announces, to start a lodge of Free Masons on her own account, and she states that the number of applications she has received from sisters anxious to become acquainted with the ancient secrets of the mystic order testify to an earnest desire on the part of many women to assist men in the working of the craft. From what quarter she is to receive her warrant does not appear.

Torpedo boats have come to take a very important part in naval warfare. France has 217 torpedo boats in service and forty-two authorized and building; England has 165 and sixty-four respectively; Italy 178 and eleven; Russia 163 and fourteen, and Germany 119. The comparison between the United Ststes and foreign navies is significant, thinks the American Agriculturist. At present the United States has three torpedo boats and three building.

In the latest official report concerning the Paris Monte-de-Piete, or Government pawnbroking establishment, it was shown that on an average 350,000 watches are pawned annually. Of these it is reckoned that about 5000 had been stolen, and only 250 could be traced to the robbers, and restored to their owers. It is shown also that the stolen watches do not remain long in the hands of the thieves, but are pawned within from one to eight days; only one watch was taken to the Mont-de-Piete one year after it had been stolen.

Mr. Benjamin Doblin, a gentleman as yet unknown to fame, but who seems likely, to the New York Times, to acquire it, advises that "able-bodied men who can't get work should get a gun and go out against society." Now, whatever else society may lack, it is certainly well supplied with guns, and is too well skilled in their use to make Mr. Doblin's scheme a hopeful one. Whoever adopts it is likely to find work, indeed, but of a kind so unpleasant and under conditions so painful that on the whole a temporary lack of employment would seem preferable.

A TRAIN'S FATEFUL PLUNGE.

The Floods Sweep Through a Town. People Saved in Boats.

A cloud-burst near Massillon, Ohio, late Friday night washed out a number of bridges on the Clevdland, Loraine and Wheeling and Wheeling and Lake Erie railways, swelling rivulets to rivers and inundating the lowlands. People in Summit and Erie streets, Massillon, were removed from their houses in boats. The damage will be heavy.

The wheeling and Lake Erie wrecking train left Massillon to go to Dalton to repair trestles. One mile and a half west of the town a bridge had been washed away, leaving only the unsupported track and ties. The train plunged into the water below, with all on board.

George R. Gibson, trainmaster, is missing and is suppose to be buried under the wreck. Four others were seriously hurt.

THE OLD SCRAP BOOK.

When the days begin to darken,
And the rolling stone has stopped,
When an actor's travel's over,
And from the list he's dropped,
He seeks for consolation,
And knows just where to look.
For they treat him very kindly in
The Old Scrap Book.
What memories it awakens,
As he turns its pages o'er—
He feels himself a boy again,
As in the days of yore.
It brings to mind companions,
Firm friends both good and true;
It speaks of him as handsome—
And he believes it, too.
It brings him back to "Old Stock Days,"
When acting was an art,
When every man was tested
Of his worth to play a part.
It tells him of the "hit" he made,
One time as "Richelieu,"
And how he set 'em crazy
One night in Kalamazoo.
It speaks of him as "Romeo,"
And says he played the part
As though each line to "Juliet"
He meant with all his heart.
No truer words were ever penned,
The Old Scrap Book speaks true—
He loved her—loved his "Juliet"—
She loved him dearly, too.
He married her, now settled down,
In a cozy little home,
He's happy and contented,
And no more he'll have to roam.
They call him of the "Old School,"
But if you care to look
You'll find that he has "won his spurs"
In The Old Scrap Book.
—New York Clipper.

MELISSA opened the old book one day, and this was the paragraph that met and held her eyes:

"The beauty, the refinement, the truth and the poetry of life all spring from one source—simplicity."

At first the passage was meaningless to her, but books came not often in the girl's way, so she read it over and over, until some of the words began to stand out with misty meaning. She knew in an unlearned way what beauty meant; of its deeper sense she had no conception; that a flower or a sunset was "purty" was enough for her. As for refinement, poetry, simplicity, their deeper truths were as dead letters, for poor Melissa, with her red hands and faded gown, had only a poor excuse for what we call education.

"Wish dad 'ud come!" she mused, thoughtfully. "Like's not he's found some 'un to talk 'ith!"

As she gazed two figures separated themselves from the wooded field beyond and approached the clearing where the Hadden home stood. Melissa watched them attentively, wondering audibly "who dad had in tow this time."

Even at this distance there came to her a sudden sense of the contrast between old man Hadden, slouching along with the typical gait of the backwoodsman, and the quick, firm tread of the stranger.

"Hello, Meliss!" hailed Hadden, as they entered the rude gate. "Here's a man wants supper an' lodgin'."

Melissa, with a little nod, entered the house, and they saw her no more until she placed the smoking meal on the table and called them to it. There was neither napery nor silver there; indeed, cutlery of any kind was at a premium, but the supper was palatable and very acceptable to the hungry and tired traveler.

Melissa sat, silent and shy, pouring out the black coffee, and furtively watching the stranger while he ate; his refined manner struck her with peculiar force. Did he know about beauty, and refinement and simplicity? She rather opined that he did; once on looking up, she found him regarding her with a steady, curious gaze.

Thorne Halloway arose the next morning as the first streaks of dawn were straining the east. It gave promise of being a perfect day, and he congratulated himself on a long day's sketching.

But if the artist was abroad early that fateful morning, some one was up before him—some one in a faded print gown, poring over a battered book.

He lingered at the doorstep a moment with a word about the day; the girl attracted him by her innocent although uncultivated nature, even while her rough speech jarred upon him. He watched her face as he talked, seeing the glint of the morning upon it, its newly-risen brightness in her clear eye.

Now, in that interval of ten little minutes an odd thing had happened; a slight thing it was, yet it changed the whole current of Melissa Hadden's life. When she dropped her book on the step, and hastened within to prepare the breakfast, the volume had fallen face upward and open to the place where she had been reading.

Half quizzically Halloway picked it up and glanced at the paragraph marked, I must confess, by the constant friction of Melissa's fingers. He read it over slowly:

"The beauty, the refinement, the truth and the poetry of life all spring from one source—simplicity."

A slow, curious smile crept around his lips as he hurriedly penciled a word across the paragraph, and laid the book down again.

Thorne Halloway had found many a sweet flower growing amid a mass of ugly weeds, and they appealed to him in behalf of all that was modest and beautiful. Here was a soul-flower groping among the weeds of ignorance and vulgarity; he saw it in her face; he guessed it by the light in her eyes; did the darkness of that soul appeal to the light in his own?

Melissa Hadden was like hundreds of other girls who have had no educational advantages, neither better nor worse; simply an ordinary girl with a natural craving for better things. When she took up her book again, with a grim determination worthy of her cause, lo! one word written here by an invisible hand had solved the problem—that one word, so full of meaning even to Melissa, was "knowledge."

A few weeks later a generous package of journals and magazines found their way to the Hadden home, and their contents were literally devoured by Melissa.

"That artist feller's bound ter pay his way in some fashun," commented the old man.

What that miscellaneous bundle of journals did for Melissa it would be hard for the cultured reader to understand. They found her, as Thorne Halloway had, an ignorant girl; they left her with the seeds of a new understanding implanted in her nature.

She read of what women in the world are doing, what girls no older than herself had done for their own advancement, and she longed to do likewise—longed so intensely, that one day she suddenly said to old man Hadden, "Dad, I'm goin' ter school!"

"Wh-a-t?"

"School"—laconically.

"Wall," he said, meditatively, "wher'll you get the money?"

Melissa made a rapid calculation.

"It's just four months till September; four months means about sixteen weeks; there's Mrs. Telney down to the village'll give me six shillings a-week to mind the children afternoons and evenin's; that's nearly five pounds; then I can do up my work here of mornin's, and pick strawberries for Mr. Morrow, who ships 'em to the city, that'll be one pound; and I've about two pounds in my box. Dad, you'll have to make up the rest."

"I'll do it, Meliss. By Jove! yer grit clean through! Git ready, an' I'll see that yer don't stick!"

And so when B—— Seminary, a really refined school for young women, reopened that golden September, Melissa, clothed in a neat, new dress, a modest hat—a gift from the wealthy Mrs. Telney, who admired her "grit"—and much pertubation of soul, embarked upon the sea of its life.

Let us skip over the months that followed and touch her once again at the end of the term.

The exercises were over, and the young ladies were receiving their friends when a strange occrrence happened to Melissa Hadden. As she chanced to look across the hall, she encountered the gaze of a pair of steady, familiar eyes.

"Mr. Halloway!" cried a dozen girls, each desirous of obtaining attention from the rising young artist.

But Halloway, with a courteous smile here or a jest there, was making his way slowly but unmistakably to the spot where Melissa, clad in a straight white dress, with a bunch of violets in her belt, stood.

"It is Meliss—Miss Hadden, is it not?" he said, hesitatingly.

And Melissa, with a little flush creeping up to the waves of her dark hair, held out her hand with unconscious grace.

"I am Melissa," she said quietly.

"I have been out your way again, sketching. I saw your father, and he talked of you."

Melissa grew a little confused under his persistent gaze.

"Are you studying me for a subject?" she said, with a sudden gay laugh. "Because, if you are, I warn you—well, I owe you too much to——"

"What?" he said, eagerly.

But with a saucy smile and nod she was gone, swallowed up in the crush.

Somewhat disconcerted, Halloway gazed after her.

Melissa had grown graceful and cultured since he saw her last, and many thoughts tangled themselves up in his brain.

Was this the thing that had been bothering him since that early morning in spring, when he caught the light from a pair of flashing gray eyes, and whose solving had drawn him back to the Hadden clearing to "sketch?"

A flush crept over his face at a sudden thought, and he turned on his heel and walked away.

A year later. It was the day of Melissa Hadden's graduation, and all nature had put on royal robes apparently to do her honor.

A superb bouquet of flowers had been brought to her early in the day. In their midst nestled a card, with a few written lines upon them. A portion of these flowers she carried when she received her honors.

As her eyes wandered over the sea of friendly faces they encountered again, as once before, the face of Thorne Halloway.

For a fleeting moment the brown and the gray orbs met, and in that instant the truth stood confessed. Halloway knew that he loved the girl.

Melissa, who had worn a faded print dress, and said "mornin'" to him once on a time, but whose serious eyes met his own so sweetly and steadily to-day; for on her brow was written the light of knowledge, and the grace of simplicity and the beauty of truth. These things had crowned her with their changeless glory.

Beginning Early.

He—Darling, I am getting into economical habits. I saved my luncheon to-day.

She—Yes; father told me you called on him at noon.—Exchange.

CHILDREN ON THE STAGE.

Occasionally They Are More Amusing than They Are Meant to Be.

Another child playing in "Driven from Home" is asked the question in the play, "How old are you, my child?" The lady playing her mother is to answer: "She is 4." The child had been borrowed for the performance, and when the lady answers "She is 4" the little girl proudly corrects her, "No, I am not; I am 7."

A baby borrowed one evening for a scene in which she was to be brought to her mother in a dying condition, having just fallen from a high veranda, is brought on by the old man, who is just about to hand the dying child to her mother, when the baby vigorously springs up, jerks off the old man's wig, and, laughing loudly, holds it aloof.

A little girl was asked if she would like to go to the theater one night and play with the company. The child was delighted with the idea, so she was engaged to play little Willie in "East Lynne." It was not necessary to give her a rehearsal, as she was only required for the death-bed scene. She accompanied one of the ladies of the company to the theater that evening and was taken into the dressing room. She had never been in a theater before, and thought the proposition was to play games. She was elated at finding such a large, nice place for playing, and jumping up and clapping her hands together she gleefully exclaimed: "Oh, this is a lovely playhouse! What will we play first?" Then, noticing the ladies beginning to undress, she cried in a distressed tone: "Oh, you told me you were coming here to play, and now you are all undressing to go to bed."

She was quieted by the assurance they gave her that it was necessary for them and also for her to change their dresses before beginning the play. So she was kept in the dressing room. She did not guess what was going on on the stage until her scene came. She was placed in the cot to die. When the curtain rose it revealed Lady Isabelle bent over the dying child. Underneath the cot was a very stout lady to speak little Willie's lines. She was concealed from the audience by the long drapery of the couch. When the curtain was up and the little girl strained her head around and saw that there was an audience there she sprang from the death-bed, taking the drapery with her, ran from the stage, and all that was left was Lady Isabelle, looking in surprise after the vanishing little figure, and the fat lady lying under the couch with the book of "East Lynne" in her hand.

Bill Stumps, His Mark.

Mr. Pickwick's pleasant incident of finding the stone at Cobham, with the Bill Stumps inscription, was, I have always suspected, an actual incident that occurred during the year 1836 or 1837. He says, indeed, that it was submitted to the Royal Antiquarian Society—or Society of Antiquaries. One of the same kind was described in Scott's "Antiquary," where Edie Ochiltree explains the mystery of the letters. It is, however, a "common form" of jest, and we find an instance in the Memoirs of Bachaumont, which Dickens may have seen. There was once dug up in the quarries of Belleville, near Paris, a stone with these letters:

I. C.
I.
L
E
C. H
E. M.
I. N.
D. E.
S. A. N. E. S.

It was taken to the Academicians, who could make nothing of it. Savants were consulted without result. At last the beadle of Montmartre chanced to see it, and at once read it off: "Ici le chemin des anes"—that is, the path for the donkeys who carried away the sacks of plaster from the quarries.—The Gentleman's Magazine.

Odd Preferences in Plows.

Manager Frank M. Whitney, of the New Castle Plow Works, makes a curious assertion. He says: "Plows are made differently for certain counties and States. The tendency of a son is to use the same kind of a plow used by his father. In Lawrence County the use of the left-handed plow is almost the rule, but in Mercer County the right-hand plow is used, and this unaccountable difference in the kind of plow used extends to other States in the Union. In central and eastern Pennsylvania the left-handed plow is used, and wherever the Amish German farmers have emigrated from this county the sons are almost sure to use the left-handed plows. We would never dream of sending a left-handed plow to Michigan, neither would we to Ohio. Among German people only left-handed plows are used, while the reverse is the case with people from Mexico and Italy. I cannot tell why this is so, but it is."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Newspapers of the World.

The total number of newspapers published in the world at present is estimated at about 50,000, distributed as follows: United States and Canada, 20,934; German, 6,000; Great Britain, 8,000; France, 4,300; Japan, 2,000; Italy, 1,500; Austria-Hungary, 1,200; Asia, exclusive of Japan, 1,000; Spain, 850; Russia, 800; Australia, 800; Greece, 600; Switzerland, 450; Holland, 300; Belgium, 300; all others, 1,000. Of these more than half are printed in the English language.

Whenever you buy or sell, let or hire, make a definite bargain, and never trust to the flattering lie, "We shan't disagree about trifles."—Anon.

About all that a college education does for a young man is to inflate his conceit.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Gam's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

TREASURE laid up in heaven is the only kind that is absolutely safe.

When you give others advice, take some of it yourself.

The sermons of Christ were all to sinners in the church.

No man backslides while he is praising God with all his might.

Love never complains that the price it has to pay is too high.

Infidelity never wrote a line that was comforting on a death bed.

In the drunkard's home the devil don't try to hide his cloven hoof.

It is because God loves us that he tries so hard to tell us that sin will kill.

When God gives us a cross it is a proof that he will also give us grace.

The bolt which fastens the door of the heart against Christ is unbelief.

The devil is still buying souls very cheap for the promise of spot cash.

A baby sin has no more right to live than one that is old enough to vote.

No matter how much religion we profess, all that counts is what we live.

Keep the Bible open and the door of the poorhouse will have to stay shut.

No matter what kind of a house truth builds, it always puts it on the rock.

The best thing to do when we feel weak is to think how strong Christ is.

If our joy comes from God there is no reason why it should not always last.

No matter who has the floor, self-conceit will always find a way to speak.

The man who makes his own god has one that drives him with an iron whip.

All truth is nonsense to the man who has let a lie make its home in his heart.

There is no land flowing with milk and honey that does not have giants in it.

The Bible is the only book ever written that tells man how to become truly rich.

There is no good pasture anywhere in the devil's country for the Lord's sheep.

Those who are sure of going to heaven want to take the whole world with them.

The devil is proud of a grumbler, no matter whether he belongs to a church or not.

The man who knows that God is with him, will always be very careful where he steps.

When God gives us a burden to carry it is to show us that we need his strength.

Keep the devil away from the children, and he will soon have to give up the saloon.

Our neighbor sees our faults, but he hasn't seen the bitter tears they have made us weep.

We hate our own sins most when we see them walking around in the shoes of somebody else.

As long as the devil can have his way about the saloon he will have one claw run through the church.

All lies have the smell of brimstone on their garments, no matter whether they are black or white.

Every time the devil makes a hypocrite he has to admit that love is the greatest thing in the world.

If the devil ever rubs his hands with satisfaction, it is when he gets a good man to oppose a good cause.

God often shows the sinner that he is wrong by bringing him in contact with somebody who is right.

Look into the drunkard's home, if you would see the tracks that have been made by the cloven hoof.

There are people who seem to think that God only expects them to keep the ten commandments on Sunday.

Going out on a wet night to hear election returns is one thing, and going to prayer meeting in the same kind of weather is another.

The Woman in the Case.

One very warm day in the mountains of Tennessee I rode up to a house where there was a woman drawing a bucket of water with an old-fashioned well sweep, and asked if she would give me a drink. She was only too glad to be hospitable, and brought me out a gourdful. As I drank it slowly and with evident relish, she watched me curiously.

"Purty good critter you air ridin'," she ventured.

"Thank you, yes; he belongs to a friend of mine."

"Purty nice looking yerself," she added, in quite the same tone she had used in speaking of the horse.

"Thanks," I responded, surprised into blushing, but she never noticed it.

"Air you married?" she went on.

"No; I'm a bachelor."

"Reckon yer erbout ez well off that way; p'raps a leetle better. I'm married myself."

"Well, I think it would have been a great improvement over my present condition if I had married some good, sensible girl ten years ago and settled down. I'm sure I should have been a much happier man."

She thought for a minute before answering.

"Likely," she said, at last; "but how'd the woman be feelin' by now?"

Of course I had an argument to offer, but when I went away ten minutes later I could see plainly she was thinking about the woman in the case.

The first condition of human goodness is something to love; the second is something to reverence.—George Eliot.

A VEGETABLE PYTHON.

The Wild Fig Vine Binds Big Trees With Bands as of Iron.

Woe betide the forest giant when he falls into the clutches of the clusia or fig. Its seeds being provided with a pulp, which is very pleasant to the taste of a great number of birds, are carried from tree to tree and deposited on the branches. Here it germinates, the leafy stem rising upward and the roots flowing, as it were, down the trunk until they reach the soil. At first these aerial roots are soft and delicate, with apparently no more power for evil than so many streams of pitch, which they resemble in their slowly flowing motion downward. Here and there they branch, especially if an obstruction is met with, when the stream either changes its course or divides to right and left.

Meanwhile leafy branches have been developed, which push themselves through the canopy above and get into the light, where their growth is enormously accelerated. As this takes place the roots have generally reached the ground and begun to draw sustenance from below to strengthen the whole plant. Then comes a wonderful development. The hitherto soft aerial roots begin to harden and spread wider and wider, throwing out side branches which flow into and amalgamate with each other until the whole tree trunk is bound in a series of irregular living hoops.

The strangler is now ready for its deadly work. The forest giant, like all exogens, must have room to increase in girth, and here he is bound by cords which are stronger than iron bands. Like an athlete, he tries to expand and burst his fetters, and if they were rigid he might succesd. The bark bulges between every interlacing—bulges out, and even tries to overlap, but the monster has taken every precaution against this by making its bands very numerous and wide.

As the tree becomes weaker its leaves begin to fall, and this gives more room for its foe. Soon the strangler expands itself into a great bush almost as large as the mass of branches and foliage it has effaced. If we look carefully around us we see examples of entire obliteration—a clusia or fig, standing on its reticulated hollow pillar, with only a heap of brown humus at its base to show what has become of the trunk which once stood up in all its majesty on that spot.

A Remarkable Pulpit.

The Mechlin Cathedral pulpit is regarded as the second finest in the world, the finest having been done by the same artist for the cathedral in Brussels. The writer, who has seen both, while admitting points of superiority in that of Brussels, prefers this, which is in the cathedral at Mechlin. It is made of oak and the figures of Christ and the women are life size. The sounding board is formed by oak leaves twined with those of a grapevine. The stem of the latter rises naturally from the ground at the entrance to the pulpit, which is apparently hewn out of a rock. The preacher stands under the shadow of the leaves, the cross at his right hand. Below him and in front of the pulpit, forming a part of the base, is a horse which has thrown its rider. It looks as though some impious horseman had approached Calvary heedlessly and had been hurled to destruction over a precipice. The explanation of the design is not given by the guide at the catherdral nor in any book, so visitors and regular worshipers are at liberty to interpret it to please themselves.

Alliance of Gas and Electricity.

The alliance between gas and electricity is already assuming large proportions in the aspect of one as a means of motive power for the production of the other, says Industries and Iron. A curious and somewhat unexpected application of electricity as an assistant to gas in its turn is afforded by the patent recently taken out by the Societe Hermes, of Stockholm, for simultaneously lighting ranges of gas burners by the electric current. In addition to its application to the ordinary fishtail burner, the system is specially adapted for the ignition of the Auer incandescent light. It has received a practical exemplification at Leipsic, but as its working appears to involve a great number of separate batteries whenever any considerable distance is to be covered, it does not seem probable that the system will attain any considerable practical value.

Elephants Block a Train.

A railway train on the Darjeeling line in India was recently stopped by an unusual obstacle—a herd of wild elephants. The beasts would not stir from the rails, disdaining to be frightened by the whistle, and the driver was obliged to back the train out of their way. When at last they left the passage free, and the train ran swiftly past, one of the biggest elephants tore after it, trying to charge the carriages.

Walking Backward.

Walking backward is the latest pedestrian feat for a wager. A young Belgian recently walked from Antwerp, Belgium, to Brussels in two days, going backward the whole time. Practice made him progress as rapidly as by the ordinary mode of walking, but he was obliged to wear special shoes, with a kind of heel underneath the toe.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays, Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Curtis, of Elliottsville, visited our city last week.

John B. Wilson of Selma spent a day in town last week.

Mr. Walter Ozley, of Longview, was in town a few days since.

E. D. Reynolds of Blocton spent Sunday with home folks.

Eat, drink and be merry to-day, for to-morrow you may cry—(school).

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Eldery, of Six Mile, was in town a few days since.

The prettiest black folding Japanese fan for ladies at 10 cents at Reynolds.

Miss Mary Mulkey, one of Six Mile's fair young ladies, was in town last week.

If the Industrial school is not located here smiles will be at a premium tomorrow.

Boys, do you want 25 beautiful colored marbles for a nickel? if so, go to Reynolds and get them.

Girls, do you want a nice folding Japanese fan, fresh from Japan, for 2 cents? Go to Reynolds.

S. S. Dill spent a few days with relatives this week. Seems like old times to have him in our midst again.

As Sam Allen could not attend the picnic to-day he asked his brother editor to fill his pockets for him.

Don't forget that Reynolds is selling 2 spools of thread for 5 cents; each spool warranted to contain 200 yards.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cory went up to Birmingham Sunday to attend the closing exercises of the C. E. convention.

Miss Jennie Lenoir, one of Brierfield's popular young ladies, spent several days with Mrs. Dr. Trammell last week.

We received a good many communications last week too late for publication. Let us have the news by Monday so as to be sure to get it in.

Quite a crowd of young people will spend the day at Falling Rock today. The falls is a beautiful place and we are sure they will have a nice time.

Miss Pauline Acker, one of our most popular young ladies, left Thursday for Marion, where she is to make a lengthy visit. Her many friends here wish her a very pleasant time.

There's one thing certain, we have an expert walker in our town in the person of R. E. Hall. He went walking with a young lady last Sunday evening "and she hasn't done anything since."

Miss Ida Griffin of Helena passed through our city Sunday on her way home from Columbiana, where she has been visiting friends. Judging from the number of young men who met her at the train she must be very popular here as well as in Columbiana.

Reynolds is selling a large, beautifully tinted folding fan with silk cord and tassel for 10 cents. "Did you ever hear of such a thing!" every one exclaims when they see them. "How can you sell goods so cheap?" Do you wish to know the secret, brother? They under buy and they under sell.

Everybody looks forward to the union picnic for next Tuesday with great pleasure. Spring creek was selected as the place to have it and all seem to be pleased with the place. We will all have a nice time if the Industrial School is located here. If it is not, the ladies needn't carry much dinner, for appetites will be very poor.

The other day when Reynolds commenced selling thread for 2½ cents a spool and 25 marbles for a nickel and beautiful folding Japanese fans for 2 cents apiece everybody thought the sheriff would close their doors the next day, but by consent of their creditors they are enabled to sell at these figures for ten days only come early and avoid the rush.

Mr. Weaver, a photographer from Columbiana, was in town Monday to take pictures of the buildings and grounds donated to the Industrial school. He also made a picture of the two fine springs. A crowd of young men and ladies, of course, had to be in the picture to make it perfect, and as "Son's" smiling face was in the crowd the committee will be sure to give us the school.

If the man with the big stick and the one with the loud whistle are at the next concert and make as much noise as they did at the last one, we are going to publish their names in white type. Now we are aware of the fact that all people like applause, but would much prefer it in a milder form, so if you should attend another concert be sure to leave your stick at home and don't make so much noise as to cause everyone to leave with a headache.

The young men of our town will give a minstrel performance at Lyman hall tomorrow night, May 17th, the proceeds to be devoted to benevolent purposes. Under the direction of Mr. Carlisle, an experienced man, a very interesting programme has been arranged, and we feel safe in saying that no one will regret attending. Doors open at 7 o'clock promptly, performance one hour later. Admission, 15 and 25 cents; reserved seats, 35 cents. Mr. Puckett of Talladega, a fine violinist, will furnish us some fine music.

A quiet wedding took place at the home of Mr. Jack Perry, two miles from here, this week. The contracting parties were C. L. Killough and Miss May Harris. Charlie formerly resided in this place, but for several years has been in Alpine, where he has made quite a reputation in railroad circles. He is one among the many industrious and deserving young men that Montevallo feels proud of. Miss May is one of our sweetest girls, in whose praise enough cannot be said. The News extends congratulations and wishes them a happy and prosperous journey through life.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.
Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.
Lemon squeezers for 10c.
3-quart coffee pots for 10c.
Horse brushes, 10c.
Good hair brushes, 10c.
A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.
The following assortment—
1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil
all for 10 cents.
1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.
Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.
6 papers of needles for 10c.
Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.
3-pound can peaches for 15c.
7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

THEY DO SAY.

That the concert was a perfect success.

That the Calera brass band gave us good music Friday night.

That Mr. Puckett is a fine violinist.

That Montevallo will either be all smiles or wear a long face after today.

That the industrial school is on its way here on wheels.

That Ed Davis looked worried last Sunday night.

That R. E. Hall is to sing a solo in the minstrel tomorrow night.

That Burr went to the picnic today to get a square meal.

That they are going to make Major go in the back way when they close Highland and Vine streets.

That John McMath is to furnish the girls with flowers this season.

That Puckett says "Brur" is the toughest "bed-fellow" he ever saw.

That land is worth $500 a front foot in Montevallo today. What will it be worth tomorrow?

That a certain young lady in town told a young man that she had rather be a young man's darling than an old man's slave. She purchased a cook book the next day.

That if Rogan doesn't stop going to a certain place he will have to use one of his own coffins.

That the speckled beauty left for Falling Rock this morning in Ben Campbell's cart.

That the committee which left for Montgomery yesterday wants us to meet them at the depot with wheelbarrows to roll them over town when they get back.

A Negro Killed.

Last Friday on the steps of the company's store at Aldrich Ed Johnson, colored, shot another negro, who is generally known here as "Squire Bud."

The difficulty came about from a transaction between the two gentlemen a few days previous, in which "Squire Bud" relieved Ed of a dollar in change. Ed having been asked by Squire Bud to change a dollar for him, pulled out the change and handed it to Bud, and Bud reached back in his pocket for the dollar, but instead of getting the dollar he brought forth an ugly looking dirk knife and coolly informed Ed that if he made any fuss about the dollar he would carve him up. Not wishing to be disfigured, Ed submitted, but quietly getting him a gun, bided his time.

Friday they met for the first time at Aldrich. When they saw each other both reached for their "weepins," but Ed was too quick, and today "Squire Bud" lies under the daisies, Ed immediately disappeared, and as Squire Bud's previous record had been so spotted, no effort was mad to capture. him.

Squire Bud lingered until the next day, when the physicans were to perform the operation of laparotomy, but he passed away before they could do so.

Over 50,000 acres of forest land was burned by incendaries in the Punjubi, India, last year.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EBENEZER ITEMS.

Health of community very good.

Mr. Maddox filled his regular appointment last Sunday.

Mr. Forney Leo went down the road Sunday. He had a smile on his face like a wave over a slop tub.

J. A. Harper spent Saturday at Saginaw with his best girl. He expressed himself as having had a very nice time.

W. A. McBride spent Saturday at the pinic with his best girl. He returned home rejoicing after so long a time, but he looked very sleepy Sunday.

Capt. E. L. Johnson promised to carry his best girl to the picnic, and by George! he never carried her.

J. W. Mills went to see his best girl today for the first time in fifteen months. Go more regular, Walter; if you don't, Joe will outdo you.

Willie Taylor of Jefferson paid his sister a visit last week and we hope he had a good time.

S. E. Johnson and C. W. Mills went on another cow hunt today; they are good cow boys now.

W. H. McBride failed to fill his regular appointment at Siluria on account of being secretary of Ebenezer Sunday school.

W. L. Butler is talking of leaving soon for the grand and glorious west. We wish him a long stay and a good time.

L. A. H.

DOGWOOD BREVITIES.

We were blessed with a refreshing shower on last evening and the gardens look promising.

Mrs. C. Johnson has been very ill for a few days, but we are very glad to hear she is convalescing.

Walter Perry and wife of Blocton have been visiting relatives and friends this week.

Jack Curtis of Elliottsville spent a few hours in town Sunday.

Miss Lucy Vest, one of Montevallo's damsels, accompanied by her brother, James, spent Sunday here.

Mrs. R. C. Jones visited relatives and friends near Ellottsville one day last week.

Quite a number of our young people were over at Ebenezer Sunday and expressed themselves as having had a good time.

The Dogwood base ball team is eager to wipe up some of the diamond dust with the Camp Branch team.

T. A. T. E.

BISMARCK ITEMS.

Miss Sue Shepard of Montevallo visited friends here Thursday.

Wesley Little and his charming sister, Minnie, spent several days in Bessemer last week.

The railroad officials have made quite an improvement to the office here by adding a new veranda.

Mrs. J. S. Butler of Selma visited friends here Wednesday and Thursday.

We understand that N. T. has been shaving and W. W. L. says he is going to do likewise soon.

One of our young ladys is struck on brown eyes.

Lige Mc can't see why his letters don't come oftener. They only have to come a short distance.

C. C. H. is a frequent visitor to Dry Valley of late. Do you mean business, brother?

Mrs. R. O. Camp left Thursday for Cave Springs, Ga., where ahe will spend several weeks with relatives.

Phoenix.

DRY VALLEY LOCALS.

Health as good as usual in the Valley.

Mrs. Frank Randall, who has been quite sick, is recovering.

We have two Sunday schools of which any community might be justly proud.

C. C. Gentry's horse was killed by lightning last Friday.

A certain young lady in the valley says she wants Mr. Walter Knowles taken to an occulist to have his eyes operated on.

One of our young men went cow hunting last Sunday, but, as luck would have it, he found him a dear.

Wonder where J. S. S. is going next Sunday. Lookout, old boy, there is some one plotting against you.

Charley Reynolds of Jemison called on one of our fair maids last Sunday.

Messrs. J. M. Reynolds and W. S. Cary of Montevallo passed through the valley one day last week en route to Jemison to attend to professional business.

Tom Randall wants the question discussed, "Which is doing our country the greatest damage, wheat birds or Texas ponies."

S.

SPRING CREEK.

Crops are looking well in this community.

There has been a great deal of rain here the past week, and the farmers are looking blue on account of the grass.

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt preached an excellent sermon here Sunday. He has been laboring in the Lord's vineyard for several years; and, like wine, improves with age.

Quite a number of young people attended church here Sunday from the Ebenezer settlement.

Miss Bamma Harrell is going up to Norallo this week to attend the closing exercises at Professor Hall's school. If she don't get back by Sunday some of the young men will be like lost sheep.

The church was beautifully decorated last Sunday through the kindness of Misses Bamma Harrell and Lena Tell.

F. W. Lee, better known as Spot, is a great friend to the orphans. He says he will start an orphans' home as soon as he can get her consent.

Observer.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Rev. T. F. Sessions preached an able sermon to a large congregation on last Sunday.

There seems to be much interest taben in the industrial school in our community, and when we can lend a helping hand, we are at your service.

Crops in our community look prosperous, and everyone seems cheerful and hopeful.

Who said George Moore was supplying Bessemer beef market with soup bones?

Mrs. Kemp of Clanton has been here spending a few days with friends and relatives the past week.

J. M. Wooley and wife of Jemison spent Sunday with his parents, R. L. Wooley and wife.

Oscar Harrison of Aldrich visited one of our fairest ones last Sunday.

Charley Ambrose called on his best girl last Sunday. Charley says he means business this time. Luck to you.

Charley Reynolds, Esq., of Jemison, visited all of our girls last Sunday.

Tom Lucas attended church at Concord last Sunday. Wonder what is to happen.

The friends of T. F. Sessions wish him a pleasant trip out west. We hope it may prove a blessing to him spiritually and temporally,

P. O. W. says Reynolds' cheap onion setts has deprived him of lots of pleasure with a certain young lady until recently.

We would like to have Aldrich to send us over a few young ladies, but we can run our business without so many of her boys.

Jim Sessions' motto is, "If you first don't succeed, try, try again."

J. B. Wiggins was so unfortunate as to lose a very fine young mule last week.

Ex-Sheriff Hays was in our community last week on important business.

The public debate at this place was well attended, and Prof. Moore deserves much credit for his interest taken in training the youth of our country.

M.

PEA RIDGE.

Rev. T. Lucas preached a good sermon to a good audience Sunday.

The people of Pea Ridge invite their friends to join them in a fishing trip on the 21st of this month.

Glad to see Veller McDonough in our town last week.

Jim G. of Blocton, when are you coming over?

Marble playing is in order now.

Ed Honeycull will be very sweet for a while, as he has just found a bee tree containing 60 pounds of honey.

William Miles of Blocton has returned this old home very unwell Monday. Hope he he will soon recover.

Rosa.

IS HE MAD?

Dr. B. B. Rogan's Chattanooga Friends Alarmed at His Strange Antics and Want Information Concerning Him.

We were very much surprised to receive the following letter from Chattanooga last Sunday. It seems that our young friend, Dr. Rogan, didn't go in society much while in Chattanooga. Well, boys, we can't blame him, for his part of society was in Montevallo and he spent his spare time in "thinking." Barney says he will let you know whether he is crazy or not:

Chattanooga, Tenn., May 11, '95.

To the Editor of the Montevallo News:

Dear Sir: We, the undersigned friends of Dr. B. B. Rogan, are much alarmed about him. When he was here he ran at the sight of a pretty girl. We have read through your splendid, newsy paper that "time flies with him Sunday nights" (which must mean he stays long and late), and that he goes to see a dear charmer only "eight nights in the week and twice Sunday afternoon." This causes us much worry and anxiety. What is the matter with him? Has he gone crazy or is he simply a lunatic? Please let us know what is the matter in your next issue and oblige

Claude C. Pierce, M. D.,
Fred C. McIsaacs, M. D.,
A. Augustus Ellis, M. D.,
Karl R. Biese, M. D.,
Ernest Reyber, M. D.,
Will W. Long, M. D.,
Clarence Cobleigh, M. D.,
William W. Palmer, D. D. S.,
Z. Taylor, M. D.,
George F. Cope, M. D.,
John Ellis, M. D.,
John S. Fletcher, M. D.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

THE CONCERT.

The concert was repeated Friday night and a good crowd was in attendance. Several songs were added to the programme. Among which were "Stella the Star," which was beautifully sung by Miss Lilian Aldrich; "Merrily I Roam," by Mrs Lawrence, elicited much applause; "Reuben and Rachel," sung by Miss Canterberry and Mr. McCanaughy, loud and long was the applause; "Angels Serenade," sung by Mrs. Corbett and won for her much praise; "I Love the Night," sung by Mrs. Dr. Trammell in her rich soprano voice, took the house by storm. The Calera brass band furnished us with some fine music.

Mr. Puckett won many admirers with his violin solos.

Following is the programme in full:

PROGRAMME.—PART I.

1. Selection.....Calera Band
2. The Star Spangled Banne, F. S. Key
   Full Chorus.
3. Selection, Montevallo String Band
4. Baritone Solo.....wProf. Ege
5. Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean—
   David T. Shaw.
   Quartette { Dr. Trammell / A. J. Lee / Pat McConaughy / C. W. Cory } and Chorus.
6. Merrily I Roam (Waltz Song) Geo. Schleiffarth, Mrs. Alma Lawrence.
6. The Watch on the Rhine, Carl Wilhelm.....Chorus
8. Vocal Solo.....Mr. Carlisle
9. Cymbeline—Piano Duet—A. G. Robyn—Mrs. Corbett and Miss Lyman.
10. Selection.....Calera Band
11. Reuben and Rachel, Miss Canterberry and Mr. McConaughy.

PART II.

1. Angels' Serenade, Soprano Solo, G. Brage.....Mrs Corbett
2. Selection..Montevallo String Band
3. Mayline Waltz, Cornet and Piano, W. T. Ege—Mrs. Corbett and Prof. Ege.
4. I Love the Night, Soprano Solo, Mrs. Trammell.
5. Violin Solo.....Mr. Puckett
6. Whisper Love, (Waltz Song) Harry A. Saxton.....Mr. Carlisle
7. Freedom Our Queen, O. W. Holmes Chorus.
8. Stella the Star.....J. Faure Miss Lilian Aldrich.
9. Comin' Thro' the Rye, Scotch Ballad, Miss Rhoda Latham and P. McConaughy.
10. Spring Dance, (Vocal Waltz) Emily J. Mercer.....Ladies' Chorus
11. "Gently Sighs the Breezes" (Vocal Duet), Mrs. Corbett and Prof. Ege
12. Selection.....Calera Band

It Was Adjudged Libelous.

Robert Sherard, an Anglo-American newspaper correspondent, at Paris, obtained 40 pounds damages and costs in a suit brought by him against the British consul who spread the report that Sherard was Oscar Wilde's intimate friend and was guilty of equally disgusting vice. The consul was condemned also to pay a fine of 12 pounds. The Englishmen and Americans in court applauded the decision.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

When Traveling

Whether on pleasure bent, or business, take on every trip a bottle of Syrup of Figs, as it acts most pleasantly and effectively on the kidneys, liver and bowels, preventing fevers, headaches and other forms of sickness. For sale in 50 cents and $1 bottles by all leading druggists.

India has 180,000,000 square miles, or nearly two-thirds the size of the United States.

Which Man Wins?

The one with steady nerves and a clear brain. That means, in nine cases out of ten, the man with a good digestion. A Ripans Tabule after dinner may save to-morrow's business.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is Popular

for good work. Suffering, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

M. L. Thompson & Co., Druggists, Coudersport, Pa., say Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best and only sure cure for catarrh they ever sold. Druggists sell it, 75c.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

What a Sense of Relief it is to Know that you have no corns. Hindercorns removes them, and is comforting. 15c. at druggists.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Rich Red Blood

Is the Foundation of the Wonderful Cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

That is Why the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla are CURES.

That is Why Hood's Sarsaparilla cures the severest cases of Scrofula, Salt Rheum and other blood diseases.

That is Why it overcomes That Tired Feeling, strengthens the nerves, gives energy in place of exhaustion.

That is Why the sales of Hood's Sarsaparilla have increased year after year, until it now requires the largest Laboratory in the world for the production of

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Life is a Burden

With many women who are afflicted with impure blood, which causes debility and a variety of diseases. The following is a sample case of prompt relief by Hood's Sarsaparilla:

Hood's Sarsaparilla Purifies The Blood

"I have received more benefit from Hood's Sarsaparilla than from all other medicines or remedies. For years I suffered terribly with a cankered stomach, indigestion, dyspepsia and general debility. Life was a burden. On taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, together with Hood's Pills, my health began to improve. Formerly anything I ate caused me great distress. Now I can eat heartily and am greatly improved in flesh and health. I most cheerfully recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." MRS. GRACE PARRISON, Cazenovia, New York.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

It creates an appetite and overcomes That Tired Feeling. Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and

AGED PERSONS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

BASE BALL Spalding's official Base Ball Guide, the authority of the game. NEW RULES. How to SETTLE ALL DISPUTES. Valuables statistics. Pictures of all leading players. Postpaid, 10c.

Lawn Tennis Spalding's Lawn Tennis Guide. NEW RULES. How to Play. How to Lay Out a Court. Pictures of Leading Players. Valuable book for all. Postpaid, 10c.

FREE Handsome Catalogue of all Sports—over 1000 illustrations—sent free to any address. Ask for Catalogue No. 15

A. G. SPALDING & BROS.
New York. Chicago. Philadelphia

$16 For this first-class High Arm Machine delivered, freight paid to your nearest railroad station. The Pearl is not a cheap made Machine, but a good one at a low price, equal to any Machine on the market, and for material, finish, workmanship and sewing qualities has no equals. No. 3, same as cut, $16; No 4, five drawers, $17; No. 5, seven drawers, $18. CATALOGUE FREE. JNO. H. GRANT, 216 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

AM. N. U. No. 20. 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

FARM AND GARDEN

APPLE TREES FOR LAWNS.

There really is no handsomer tree in the world than an apple tree, considering flowers, fruit and general homeliness. (Queer that we call a disagreeable thing homely.) But our apple trees are not grown right to make them suitable for ornamentation. Try heading them in when young, and let them branch as low as two feet from the ground. You will have to thin a little to let the sun in, when the tree will give you a great globe of good fruit. But what a vision in flower; nothing can be finer. I, of course, do not recommend this plan for orchards; but for large lawns it is very effective. Still easier is it to grow roundheaded dwarf apple trees. These should be headed very low, and make minature trees about ten feet in diameter. Some of the best trees for round heads are Astrachan, Jonathan, Swaar, Fameuse. If it is desired to get much good fruit from such trees the apples should be thinned sharply.—New York Independent.

PREVENTING THE GROWTH OF HORNS.

There is no doubt that the absence of horns from all except thoroughbred cattle is very desirable. From adult animals they can be removed by the use of the saw or some of the clippers made especially for the purpose. While these methods are not injurious it is not denied that they are very painful. Preventing their growth is the most humane method as well as the one most easily applied. When the calf is a few days old, clip off the hair over the horn button. Rub this button with a stick of caustic potash the end of which has been moistened with water. Continue until the embryonic horn begins to appear inflamed. It will dry up in a few days and no scar be left. Do not allow a particle of the caustic to touch any other portion of the skin, as it burns intensely, but is not so painful on the horn buttons, though it may cause the calf to be dumpish for a few days. Wrap paper about the stick of caustic to protect the fingers. A number of prepared applications are on the market, most of which are effective, but the caustic potash in sticks can be had at any drug store. The advisability of dehorning need not be argued. All who have tried it indorse the practice. Attend to it now when the calves are being dropped. This method of preventing horn growth has proven effective in thousands of cases.—American Agriculturist.

BLACK LEG OR MURRAIN IN CATTLE.

"Black quarter," "bloody murrain," "black leg" and malignant anthrax are all one and the same disease, but it sometimes assumes different forms, or is more virulent is some seasons than others, hence receives different local names. There is usually swelling of the shoulder, quarter, neck, breast or side, but sometimes only one limb will appear to be affected, the animal being but slightly stiff and lame at first, then a swelling will appear, the skin become hard, cracking open, and yellow or bloody matter issuing therefrom. This disease usually appears among well fed and thriving stock, attacking the youngest and fattest animals, but it runs its course so quickly that there is little time or an opportunity to attempt the use of remedies, even if any of much value were known, which, unfortunately, is not the case. After the disease runs for a while in a herd, it sometimes assumes a milder form, and then remedies may be used with fair success. These consist mainly of medicines that will clear out the bowels and eliminate the poisons, such as sulphate of soda, tartrate of potassa, common salt, and turpentine and local applications to the swelled parts, freely bathing in spirits of camphor, oil of turpentine or weak lotions made of diluted carbolic acid. Dr. James Low recommends giving by the mouth nitromuriatic, sixty drops; bicromate of potassa, three grains, and chlorate of potassa, two drachms, twice daily, and two or three drachms of a saturated solution of sulphate of quinia, iodide of potassium and bisulphate of soda injected at equal intervals beneath the skin. We do not think the cause of the disease is known, but we do know that it is frequently very destructive to cattle, and, as we have said before, those given the best of care suffer the most. Above all things, see that your stock is given all the common salt they will eat, and keep it in troughs or boxes under a shed, where every animal in the herd can go and help himself.—New York Sun.

TO MAKE POULTRY RAISING PROFITABLE.

In the first place, build the poultry house where cold winds of winter will not strike it. Select the sunniest place possible, high and dry, where barns and other outbuildings will protect it. Have it as convenient as practicable to the dwelling, for fowls need more attention than any kind of stock during bad weather, especially in winter. They then need a warm house, good feed and plenty of fresh water.

In order to keep the house warm batten every crack and bank up about the bottom. For banking, drive stakes about eight inches from the outside of the wall. Place old boards inside these. Some distance from the stakes dig a trench and throw the earth between the boards and the walls until a solid bank of soil two feet high and eight inches thick is formed all around the chicken house except at the door. This will keep the floor warm and prevent all draughts. This is an important item, as the fowls are on the floor most of the time during the day.

Every farmer should have at least twenty-five chickens — twenty-four hens and a rooster. For these a house 10x14 feet and seven feet high under the eaves is sufficient for both summer and winter. For the frame use 2x4 scantling; cover these on the outside with matched board or ordinary smooth boards and battens. For the roof use good shingles. All the lumber should be smooth on both sides. You can then paint the outside of the house and whitewash the inside.

Some professionals heat their poultry houses with a stove during the coldest days, but this is expensive and requires careful manipulation. If the fire gets low or goes out the fowls are apt to take cold and have the roup. If the climate is very cold sheathe the inside of the house and pack the space between the outer and inner walls with sawdust. Here the hardier breeds, such as Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Brahmas, etc., will do well without artificial heat. They will lay all winter. Where the thermometer seldom goes lower than eight or ten degrees below zero a lining of tarred paper is usually sufficient. Never choose a tender, large-combed variety of chickens if you live in a cold climate.

Provide large windows for the south side of the house. For twenty-five fowls place three roost poles across one end. Let them rest on a strip of board nailed to the wall two feet from the floor. A piece of one-inch board two inches wide with rounded edges will answer. Place the first one foot from the wall and the other two 1½ feet apart. These can be removed when the house is being cleaned.

Six nests ten inches square, two feet from the floor and on the end opposite the roosts, will provide sufficient room for laying. Never place them on the floor of the house. Have a solid partition between each, so that the hens cannot fight. Line with soft straw, never hay. Clean out four times a year and burn the old material. Nests used for setting hens must be cleaned before putting in the eggs and after the chickens are hatched. It is a good plan to sprinkle a little sulphur in the bottom of each nest as there is where lice usually start.

Clean out from under the roosts at least once a week, sweeping the whole house clean. A little land plaster sprinkled about prevents bad odors, adds to the value of the manure and keeps the floor from rotting. The floor should be six inches above the ground, made of dressed and matched lumber. The ground beneath it must be well drained so no water will stand near the house. Make a box 3x4 feet and one foot high with sides sloping outward. Into this put about three inches of fine gravel. This will take the place of oyster shells and is much better for the fowls. A flock of chickens treated as directed above will be a source of pleasure and one of the most profitable kinds of live stock.—New York Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Fat hens won't lay, and you might as well save your feed, and get some eggs in return for it.

Dig up a portion of your yard as soon as possible, and give the hens a chance to work in some fresh earth.

The new bee escape-honey-board makes excellent ventilators in hot weather, and many think they prevent swarming caused by excessive heat.

The secret of getting wax to a bright yellow color is to let it cool slowly. If you have a large quantity, you can put a large quantity of water with it.

That cow which costs $40 per annum to feed, and produces $30 in milk and butter, is a sad leak, equal, if not greater than a rat hole in the bin.

Do not allow the manure heap to lay exposed to all the drenching rains from fall till spring, and then buy commercial fertilizer to help the crop along.

If you haven't cleaned out your roosting place, and sprinkled lime or sulphur about you should do so at once. Warm weather will bring foul air and that is productive of disease.

Three light meals daily are better for hens than one heavy one. If you don't believe it, try it on yourself. Over-feeding will produce liver enlargement. Indigestion will follow, and then the hen becomes poor and non-productive.

A successful bee-keeper is careful of his bees, keeping the entrance to the hive narrow, and nearly closed at night, if colonies are weak when the pollen season commences. It takes twenty-one days from the time the egg is laid to rear a bee.

Experience and industry are essential to success in poultry business. You can gain the experience with a dozen fowls, and then gradually grow into a larger business. Thus you can ascertain whether you really like the business enough to follow it for a living. If you do not like it you'll never make a success at it.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Outing flannel skirts have scalloped edges.

New tailor-made shirt waists are of Madras.

Asphodel green is the latest craze in Belgravia.

Many of the capes are made with stole ends.

Stripes are a prominent feature of the season.

Biscuit-tinted satin is popular for party gowns.

Small sizes of dressy fans are seen in the shops.

The new black veilings are of a cube-shaped mesh.

Fancy turquois ornaments are put on the latest hats.

A new color which is much liked is the French poppy red.

Capes display a tendency to multiply in style and fullness.

Wide black and colored mohair braid is used for skirt bindings.

The Russian Czar believes in the higher education of women.

Blue denim makes pretty summer portieres for country houses.

Souvenir fans, a London caprice, will be a summer craze here.

The favorite evening shades are rose pink, cream and pale yellow.

The craze for violets has attacked the capes as well as the parasols.

Norfolk jacket suits come in pique, linen, cheviot, serge, tweed, etc.

Short jacket suits in duck or cotton cheviot will be worn this summer.

Many challie and crepon wrappers are in blue, pink or yellow effects.

Gold and silver filigree buckles, set with fine cut rhinestones, are stylish.

The summer girl will wear four-in-hand ties of basket-woven cotton threads.

Many styles of soft fancy caps for children's spring wear are displayed in the stores.

Miss Frances Willard, of the W. C. T. U., has a name for her bicycle. She calls it Gladys.

There is a new color which beats the name of heart-o'-rose pink, which is as pretty as its name.

A chain of small daisies between two flexible gold bands composes a new bracelet of an admired style.

There is a new novelty silk with a crinkle stripe exactly like seesucker in it; this is going to be immensely popular.

Ruby and sky blue is one of the latest color combinations. It is most effective when softened with white or black.

Simple in construction is a heart outlined in slender wire, holding a diamond, a sapphire and a ruby at its points.

Independent bodices are as popular as ever, and this fashion is considered particularly appropriate for demitoilet for young girls.

The latest new umbrella handle is cut glass. Rockwood pottery is made up in quaint shapes for both parasols and umbrellas.

Very pretty imported capes are made of black brocaded silk canvas, with the design embroidered in beads over magenta-colored silk.

The grayish reed or reseda shades are the newest and most effective greens, being known as reseda, reed, mignonette, roseau and sedum.

A very fetching bodice is in fine jet work, with a yoke of white crystal beads, lined with red-rose silk and a band of rose velvet around the neck.

The recent Hudson Bay Company's fur sales in London showed a large advance in prices over last year. Furs will be in greater favor next season.

The new stockings are simply enchanting. In spun or pure silk they are shot through with veins of color to correspond with dresses of all kinds.

The most elaborately ornamented waists have the blouse effect, so there is very little similarity between the original idea of a blouse and the modern variety.

For sometime there has been such a craze for Napoleonic miniature portrait pins, and the craze seems to get worse. Mme. Recamier and Josephine are especial subjects for miniatures.

A new shade is a blue called the cornflower blue, which is in great vogue. There are so many shades of blue made that most any woman can be suited. It is a color that can be worn by anyone.

Milton, W. Va., has a military company composed entirely of girls. They are drilling under the tutorship of a captain of the State militia, and propose to appear in public when they become proficient.

Mrs. Humphrey Ward is a wonderful linguist, and is versed in Spanish, German, French and Italian literature to a marvelous degree. Her books are mostly written at a farm near Haslemere, Surrey.

Visiting card cases made of petunia-colored satin or pomegranate hues of moire silk bound with tiny clasps of silver or silver-gilt are very pretty. They are lined with pale heliotrope or tri-colored silk to suit varied tastes.

The very newest skirts have almost no fullness at the top. The front breadths are very narrow, with a box-plait arrangement on each side to give the effect of a frame to the front, and the flare is very decided about the foot. This is due to the peculiar cut and shape of the gown, rather than to heavy interlining, only the lightest French haircloth being used.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Punished for Curiosity.

It is dangerous to gratify curiosity or to violate precedent at the Chinese Imperial Court. The Empress Dowager is a great stickler for etiquette. Recently she required the services of Doctor Li Te-ch'ang, vice-president of the Imperial Academy of Physicians at Peking, for one of the members of her suite at Eho Park Palace. The learned doctor had never been inside these famous palace grounds, and his curiosity was fired to see the many curious objects of which he had heard wonderful tales. So he bribed a palace eunuch to show him around the grounds.

While the two were walking about and enjoying themselves, the empress spied them. She at once dispatched servants to punish their effrontery. The eunuch was seized, thrown on his face, and accommodated with fifty blows from the bamboo on the calves of his legs. The doctor was docked three months' pay and received a severe reprimand, while his assistant was ordered never to venture again into the empress' presence.

The affair created a sensation, because of the high position of the physician and of the humiliating punishment dealt out to him.

Crocodile Tears.

The expression used in the headline has long been in general use to describe hypocritical sorrow or pretense of sorrow where no grief is felt. Its origin has been referred to several sources; one, believed in by the old naturalists, was that the crocodile would mourn and shed tears as if in great agony until a sympathetic traveler would investigate the cause and get devoured for his trouble. Manderville says: "In a certaine countree long serpents called crocodiles slay men and then eat them weeping." Spencer ("Faerie Queene") says: "The cruell craftie crocodile, which in false gryef hyding his harmful guile, doth weep full sore and sheddeth tender tears."

AFTER THIRTY YEARS.

THE BUCKEYE STATE CONTRIBUTES THE STORY OF A VETERAN'S SEARCH.

How Fred Taylor, a Member of the Gallant 189th N. Y., V. I., Finally Found What He Has Sought Since the War Closed.

(*From the Ashtabula, Ohio, Beacon.*)

Mr. Fred Taylor was born and brought up near Elmira, N. Y., and from there enlisted in the 189th regiment, N. Y., V. I., with which he went through the war and saw much hard service. Owing to exposure and hardships during the service, Mr Taylor contracted chronic diarrhœa, from which he has suffered now over thirty years, with absolutely no help from physicians. By nature he was a wonderfully vigorous man. Had he not been, his disease and the experiments of the doctors had killed him long ago. Laudanum was the only thing which afforded him relief. He had terrible headaches, his nerves were shattered, he could not sleep an hour a day on an average, and he was reduced to a skeleton. A year ago he and his wife sought relief in a change of climate and removed to Geneva, Ohio; but the change in health came not. Finally, on the recommendation of F. J. Hoffner, the leading druggist of Geneva, who was cognizant of similar cases which Pink Pills had cured, Mr. Taylor was persuaded to try a box. "As a drowning man grasps a straw, so I took the pills," says Mr. Taylor, "but with no more hope of rescue. But after thirty years of suffering and fruitless search for relief I at last found it in Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. The day after I took the first pills I commenced to feel better, and when I had taken the first box I was in fact a new man." That was two months ago. Mr. Taylor has since taken more of the pills and his progress is steady, and he has the utmost confidence in them. He has regained full control of his nerves and sleeps as well as in his youth. Color is coming back to his parched veins and he is gaining flesh and strength rapidly. He is now able to do considerable outdoor work.

As he concluded narrating his sufferings, experience and cure to a *Beacon* reporter Mrs. Taylor, who has been his faithful helpmeet these many years, said she wished to add her testimony in favor of Pink Pills. "To the pills alone is due the credit of raising Mr. Taylor from a helpless invalid to the man he is to-day," said Mrs. Taylor. Both Mr. and Mrs. Taylor cannot find words to express the gratitude they feel or recommend too highly Pink Pills to suffering humanity. Any inquiries addressed to them at Geneva, O., regarding Mr. Taylor's case, they will cheerfully answer, as they are anxious that the whole world shall know what Pink Pills have done for them and that suffering humanity may be benefited thereby.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box or six boxes for $2.50.

Shattered Cups and Superstition.

A friend who often stayed with the Lesseps family says that the count never seemed to lose sight of the education of his children, even in the smallest detail. One morning at breakfast a beautiful Dresden teacup was broken. "Ah!" cried the countess, "a disaster! Two more of that set will now be broken. It always happens so."

"Are you so superstitious," asked the count, "as to really believe that two more will be broken?"

"I know it."

"Then let us get it off our minds." And, taking two of the cups by the handles, he dashed them together. The anger and dismay of the countess proved conclusively that she had not seriously held to her superstition. It also loosed any hold the absurd idea may have had on the minds of the children

THAT LUMP in a man's stomach which makes him irritable and miserable and unfit for business or pleasure is caused by indigestion. Indigestion, like charity, covers a multitude of sins. The trouble may be in stomach, liver, bowels. Wherever it is, it is caused by the presence of poisonous, refuse matter which Nature has been unable to rid herself of, unaided. In such cases, wise people send down a little health officer, personified by one of Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, to search out the trouble and remove its cause.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

WALTER BAKER & CO.

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS AND CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS In Europe and America.

Unlike the Dutch Process, no Alkalies or other Chemicals or Dyes are used in any of their preparations. Their delicious BREAKFAST COCOA is absolutely pure and soluble, and *costs less than one cent a cup.*

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. DORCHESTER, MASS.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE

TETTERINE

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp. Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

CONSUMPTION

can, without doubt, be cured in its early stages. It is a battle from the start, but with the right kind of weapons properly used it can be overcome and the insidious foe vanquished. Hope, courage, proper exercise, will-power, and the regular and continuous use of the best nourishing food-medicine in existence—

Scott's Emulsion

—the wasting can be arrested, the lungs healed, the cough cured, bodily energies renewed and the physical powers made to assert themselves and kill the germs that are beginning to find lodgment in the lungs. This renowned preparation, that has no doubt cured hundreds of thousands of incipient cases of Comsumption, is simply Cod-liver Oil emulsified and made palatable and easy of assimilation, combined with the Hypophosphites, the great bone, brain and nerve tonic.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, MAY 23, 1895. NO. 9.

Choose Ye!

The man whose own indomitable will
Can calmly meet an unforeseen disaster,
And, single-handed, grapple it, until
Triumphantly he crowns himself its master,
Commands our admiration, and presents
"A Man" superior to his accidents.

While he who yields to sensuous inclinations,
Thus deadening all his intellectual gifts,
Will sacrifice his noblest aspirations
As down the stream he indolently drifts,
And they who helped him once his burdens shoulder
Quietly pass him by as they grow older.

The one peers through the clouds with eagle vision,
And gets a glimpse of life beyond the stars;
The other, with idiotic indecision,
Drifts shamelessly behind sin's prison bars,
And thus in contrast these two lives are seen,
One grandly noble, one abjectly mean.

Thus man, we learn from these two illustrations,
Can by the power of character control
The source from which shall come the inspirations
That shall forever save or damn his soul.
It is for us to choose between the two;
What shall the future register for you?

—S. S. Lovett, in New York Sun.

TWO OPAL RINGS.

Charlie Clifton, of the Pangal Cavalry, had bought two opal rings of a wandering pedler. What did he care about the superstition regarding the stones? His fellow-officer, Allonby, was only laughed at for warning him against the purchase.

Clifton rode off with the rings, while his friend strolled over to where the pedler was tying up his pack.

"See here," he said, "here's a rupee for you. Now tell me about those rings. The sahib has bought them, and you can tell me the truth now."

"Master promise not to tell the other sahib, and I will tell him," replied the old man. Allonby gave the required promise.

"Those jewels very unlucky jewels," began the ancient vendor. "They making very bad luck to different peoples. First sahib who bought them was Maharajah of Karospoor. The sahib knows what happened to him. Then Fortescue, sahib at Rotibad, bought them. That poor gentleman killed out riding very next day. After, Rotibad merchant buying those jewels, and his house burnt down next week. Then all the people saying: 'These very bad jewels,' and all very much afraid to buy them. That merchant wanting to sell them to me; but I too afraid to buy. Then another man told me—those jewels only bad for three people. You buy and then sell them, and next purchaser will have good luck. That's all, sahib. I tell sahib whole truth. The sahib who has bought those jewels will have good luck, if God wills."

The old man took his departure and Allonby continued to muse over his queer story. "After all," he thought, "it may simply have been a coincidence that those three people should have come to grief. Anyhow, I hope old Clifton won't have bad luck. Meanwhile the subject of Allonby's thoughts had reined in in front of a pretty little bungalow half way up the Kharpur Hill, where most of the residents of the station had their bungalows, and where what breeze there was in the place could be enjoyed by the jaded plain dwellers. At the sound of his horse's hoofs a young girl who had been reclining at ease on a deck chair on the veranda hastily rose. Nettie Vernon was a pretty sight that afternoon, with her golden hair and the English roses still in her cheeks. So thought Clifton, and he thought, too, what a lucky fellow he was to have won her.

"Why, Sir Officer," said the young lady, with the light of laughter in her eyes and its dimples in her cheeks, "what brings you here so early this afternoon? Have you been promoted? Are you ordered to the frontier to fight the Russians, or what? Do tell me, and don't—oh! don't look so serious." The young officer looked down at the bewitching upturned face, and then——!

"Did you come all this way to do that?" asked Miss Vernon with mock reproach. "Oh, how foolish and hot-headed the young men of the present day are. Now, when I was young—oh!" The sentence was not finished. "Look here, Nettie," said her lover, "what do you think of this ring? That's what brought me here. Isn't it a beautiful opal? And the most beautiful girl in Pangal shall wear it if she likes."

"Oh, Charlie, what a dear you are!" cried the young lady, in delight; "but aren't opals very unlucky?"

"There you go," said the discomfitted lover; "you are as bad as Allonby, who has been croaking on the subject like Edgar Allen Poe's 'Raven.'"

"I didn't say they were unlucky," pleaded Miss Vernon; "I only asked if they weren't. I am sure, Charlie dear, nothing will be unlucky that you give me," she added sweetly.

In another moment the ring was on, and the two lovers, comparing their jewels, thought them quite the nicest in Kharpur.

A few days later Charlie Clifton was driving to the Kharpur station. It was the day of the Sawarbad races. Sawarbad was some forty miles from Kharpur, and a large party was going over. The railway station was a couple of miles from Clifton's bungalow. He had driven about half way when he discovered his famous opal ring was not on his finger. "Confound it!" he exclaimed; "I must have taken it off when I washed my hands. I must have it. I promised Nettie never to take it off; besides it might be stolen. I shall have to go back." He turned his horse's head and drove rapidly home. He found the ring; and he found also when he got to the railway station that the train had gone without him. Poor fellow, how sick he felt as he walked out of the station. Nettie must have gone without him; and he had been looking forward so much to the outing. A dreadful feeling of desolation took possession of him. It seemed to him that he was separated forever from his beloved. He cursed the opal ring which had been the cause of his misfortune. Was it really going to bring him ill luck after all, he wondered? A sound of wheels approaching made him look up. Was it possible? He knew the cart. He knew the driver. Miss Vernon drove up looking the prettiest of pictures in a new straw hat and a most becoming frock. After all, there is not always such a great gulf fixed between Paradise and the other place!

"We must be quick, Charlie," cried the young lady, as she threw down the reins. "I have run it very fine, I know."

"Don't hurry, darling," was her lover's reply, given in a calm and leisurely manner—he could afford to be calm and leisurely now—"the train has gone without us."

"Oh, what a pity!" cried Nettie, clasping her hands, "but never mind, dear, we have got each other," and she looked at the young man in a way that more than consoled him for all his disappointment. "And now," said the young lady, "I daresay you'd like to know how it is I am so late. Do you know, sir, it is really all your fault? Yes it was. It's no good denying it. It was that opal ring of yours that fell off—you know it was rather large for me. Well, I spent no end of time looking for it. I thought I should never find it; but I did, and here it is. But what on earth makes you stare so. Don't do it, dear; you look so ugly, and you are really not such a bad-looking boy in your normal state."

Poor Clifton explained the cause of his own delay, which he had been trying to do for some time, but his fair lady had not given him a chance. "Now, dearest," he concluded, "doesn't it strike you as very curious that we should both of us have been delayed on account of our opal rings? I wonder what it means?"

"Yes, I wonder, too," said Nettie, nodding her golden head reflectively.

But they both of them knew an hour or two later, when the terrible news of the breaking down of the Patharpar bridge under the train they would have gone by reached the station. And in the days of grief and desolation that followed for Kharpur they found time to wonder why they two should have been saved. Charlie and Nettie are older now, but they still wear their opal rings—those rings which, instead of bringing them ill luck, saved them from an awful and sudden death. At least so they regard the matter.—The Great Divide.

The pastors' college in connection with Spurgeon's Church has sent out 921 persons into the ministry; twenty-three in the past year. Of this number 100 have died, leaving 737 still actively working.

A Movable Church.

One of the most unique houses of worship ever erected in Iowa, or possibly in this country, stands at No. 1448 West avenue, out on West Hill, Burlington. It is Missionary J. B. Crawford's movable tabernacle, which was dedicated last Sunday with unique services. The structure is made of iron and wood on a steel frame. It is built in sections 8x9 feet in size, each section being hinged so as to fold into a space of 8x4½ feet. Each section is numbered to aid in fitting the parts together.

The outside of this unique edifice is of corrugated iron and the interior is lined with hard pine. The walls and sides are erected on a steel frame, which can itself be taken apart and placed in a small compass. The interior of the building is lighted by windows, which slip into the lining of the sections while being transported, to prevent injury to the glass. The interior of the building is heated by two stoves so arranged as to take in all the piping during transportation. The building has folding benches, will seat about 500 people. Everything used in the erection of the building is turned to some good account. Even the derrick on which the frame and sides were raised was afterwards turned into a rostrum for the speaker. When the building is in pieces, this derrick forms the wagon-bed on which the sections are loaded for transportation.

Mr. Crawford found in his travel through the country many places where the people wanted services, but had no hall or room large enough for the purpose, and in many cases on room at all. The idea of such a building as the one herein described occurred to him, and he was not long in drawing up the plans and putting them into execution. The building can be "knocked down," packed up, transported into another township, and erected by two men in less than three days at a cost of less than $12. It is so arranged that it can be set up on any kind of ground, rolling or level. —Correspondence of St. Louis Republic.

Tiger Hunting.

"The season for tiger hunting begins in April and lasts until the monsoon. During this time it is intensely hot. Water courses fail, springs go dry, pools evaporate. Then wild beasts of all kinds leave those remoter tracts to which they retire at other seasons, and gather about drinking places in foot hills and jungly lowlands. In beating for a tiger the start is never made early in the day. This creature, whose structure forms an unequaled mechanism for offence, possesses little endurance in the heat of the sun, supports thirst very badly, and soon breaks down from scorched feet if harried by day. Therefore, when its lair is found the sportsmen wait until the sun rises high before starting out. Their hunt is almost certain to be among those ravines where the tiger lies up, and not usually until the last extremity will he break out into the burning plains. Still tigers are not organic machines made to act by instinct in an invariable manner. Some will assault at sight, others sulk and dodge through nalas for a long period before the beaters and will not attack until wounded. No human being who has not seen a tiger fight can conceive what their charge is like."—Outing.

When Nations Permit Marrying

In Hungary a man may marry at the age of 18, the girl at 16; in Spain, Portugal and Greece the respective ages are only 14 for the man(?) and 12 for the prospective bride. In France he must be 18, and she 15. In Russia the laws vary between 18 and 20 for the men and 15 and 16 for the women. In Switzerland the various cantons have different laws, and the minimum ages for marrying are 19 and 20 years for the men and from 13 to 17 for girls. In Austria and Germany men seldom marry if under 21 although the law alows it at 18. Girls may wed at 16 in these countries. In Egypt boys of 13 are often married, and brides of 10 and 12 are not scarce by any means. But India carries off the palm. Here marraiges are closed in infancy, and a girl of 2 is sometimes married to a groom of 4 or 5 years.—Chicago Times Herald.

Coal is dearer in South Africa than in any other part of the world.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A ton of good coal is said to yield about 8,000 feet of purified gas.

The world's population increases at the rate of one per cent per annum.

Lack of physical exercise has a tendency to make school children short sighted.

The engine of an express train consumes twelve gallons of water for each mile traveled.

Authorities declare that the growth of children takes place entirely when they are asleep.

The bones of an average male skeleton weigh twenty pounds. Those of a female are probably six pounds lighter.

The time required by the stomach to digest turkey is two hours and thirty minutes. Chickens require four hours and ducks four hours and a half.

A Zurich paper comments on the regularity of the migrations of storks. They always arrive between February 26 and March 12, no matter what the temperature, and leave between 6 and 31.

The ashes of coal from the mines of Transvaal Coal Trust and other companies in South Africa have been analyzed recently and found to contain over nine pennyweight of gold to the ton.

For over half a century a greenish glass has been used at the greenhouses of the famous Kew gardens near London. A recent experiment with ordinary glass has shown a remarkable improvement in the plants affected.

In the anti-toxine establishment in Paris they get enough of the serum from one tapping of a single horse to treat 150 persons for diphtheria. And they can draw blood from a horse, without injuring it, once every twenty days.

In a lecture on the effects of rifles, Professor Horsley, of London, having showed some bullets in flight, demonstrated that in front of every bullet is a parabolic curve of compressed air, while behind it there are a series of little eddies of air rushing into the vacuum created by the flight of the missile.

Visitors From Space.

At the Royal Institution, L. Fletcher, F. R. S., Keeper of Minerals at the British Museum, lectured on meteors, fire-balls, shooting stars, aerolites, etc., says the Philadelphia Record. He pointed out that many of the so-called "visitors from space" had their origin the earth, and that the true meteoric stone, of which there are several specimens in the British Museum, has invriably a peculiar fused black crust, and in most cases contains metallic iron in large quantities. Now if these stones had been lying for long on the ground, the iron would have been found as an oxide or rust. Added to this we have the known fact that no stone having this peculiar crust and containing iron has ever been discovered on the earth which has not been reported as a meteorite, and its fall accompanied by the meteoric phenomena. Science has now quite made up its mind that meteorites are veritable pieces of cosmic matter, which in their passage through celestial space have had the misfortune to enter our atmosphere, and thus be wholly or partially burnt up by the enormous heat that their passage engenders. Reports of "falls of meteors" are common enough, but it appears, according to Mr. Fletcher, that there are only about four persons in the British Isles still living who have really seen a stone arrive from the celestial regions or "outer space." Of the numbers of "meteors" or bodies from that region which reach the earth few are seen—they burst above the clouds, and presumably reach us as "cosmic dust."

A Modest Vagrant.

"Excuse a poor man out of work. I want a few more coppers to pay for my night's lodging."

"How much more do you want?"

"Twopence halfpenny."

"Here's the money. Now don't you beg any more."

"Much obliged, but, you see, sir, I must go round to the other gentlemen, else they'll imagine I've grown proud, and I wouldn't have that said of me on an account."—Fliegende Blatter.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

In daily living it is as wise not to know as to know.

A million dollars in gold can't buy meal for a hungry heart.

Cupid doesn't fatten on a steady diet of corn beef and cabbage.

Courtship is seldom a training school for what comes after.

Some men put into their pockets much more than their money.

To women there are three kinds of men—men, lovers and husbands.

Strength is born in the deep silence of long-suffering hearts; not amidst joy.

A man does the most of the fussing, but his wife has her own way just the same.

The man who makes his own God has one that drives him with an iron whip.

Drinking water neither makes a man sick nor in debt nor his wife a widow.

It is marvelous how long a rotten post will stand, provided it be not shaken.

Those who are sure of going to Heaven want to take the whole world with them.

Tragedy has the great moral defect of giving too much importance to life and death.

Various facts go to show that a man's age may be as ripe as the man himself is green.

Lovely concord and most sacred peace doth nourish virtue, and fast friendship breed.

It is a dangerous business for men and women to lie to each other until they are married.

As long as there is life there is hope, is a truism that everyone on the eve of suicide should remember.

When you think about a law suit, hesitate and consider the advantage that may lie in compromise.

The very foundation of true happiness is content and a temper that is satisfied with present possessions.

A wise woman will never marry the man who believes that the wife should be entirely dependent upon the husband.

An Interesting Bandit.

"Manuel Garcia was a curious character," said a Cuban gentleman in speaking of the reported death of that revolutionist. "He was more like a character in a novel than a man living in the nineteenth century. His home was the mountains and he led a regular bandit's life, every now and then holding up Spaniards on the road or carrying off one of them and holding him for ransom. He would write to a Spanish planter, 'send me $5,000 or I shall burn your house,' and if the money was not forthcoming he would carry his threat into execution. He would even write to Governmental officials, signing himself, 'King of the Mountains,' and demanding tribute. He never preyed on the native Cubans, only on the Spaniards, and gave most of his money to the revolutionary party to purchase arms."—Philadelphia Press.

Sharks in the Mediterranean.

The opening of the Suez Canal has been commercially of immense benefit to the world, but in one respect it has been a disadvantage. Prior to the existence of the Suez Canal sharks were unknown in the Mediterranean, but since the opening of the great waterway it is reported that they have appeared in large numbers in that sea, where their presence is much feared by fishermen. On more than one occasion they have wrought havoc among the fishermen's nets in the neighborhood of Pola, in the Adriatic, from which it may be inferred that they are now pretty well diffused throughout the Mediterranean.—Chambers' Journal.

In the Future Halls of Legislation.

"Have you been able to catch the Speaker's eye?" asked the first lady legislator.

"Have I?" rejoined the second legislator. "Well, rather. I wore my navy blue bengaline, with the heliotrope sleeves, and the Speaker couldn't keep his eyes off me."

Upon the call of the house they separated.—Detroit Tribune.

Getting a Cheap Meal.

Over in the shadows of South Fifth avenue, where the big clumsy truck horses pause from their pulling and hauling and gee-haw hacking at noon time to eat their comfortable allowance of oats, you may see on almost any clear day women who have brought economy to about its finest degree. They are Italians of the lower class. As noon draws near they come from the side streets with baskets, brooms and dustpans, and set to work industriously sweeping up the oats which the giant Perchons and Clydesdales spill from their canvas feed-bags which are strapped over their noses as a substitute for mangers.

A good deal of dust and dirt comes up with the grain, but this does not bother these thrifty wives.

A burly drayman, munching his noon sandwich on a corner, said, pointing to one of these women, who was at work down under the very feet of his team: "Look at that! Those women get grain enough here every day to keep their families from starving, even if they couldn't find anything else. How they make it into food is more than I can tell you, but they do it. Now, as spring opens, they go out in the country and cut burdock roots, and dandelions and other stuff, and make meals that their husbands will do a hard day's work on.

"Burdock roots? Of course they eat 'em. They think a nice plump burdock root is about the best feed going. I've seen 'em holding a regular feast with burdocks and dry bread and a glass of beer. Now, I was brought up on a Connecticut farm. There were burdocks there in plenty, but if anybody had talked of eating 'em he'd have been taken up and put into an assylum. Oh, you can't down a race that can do a whole day's work on grub like that.—New York Recorder.

A Woman's Queer Pets.

A young woman residing near Monroe, La., has a pair of pet wasps, which are interesting as they are unique in their way. She has trained them to perform a great many wonderful tricks, and it is marvelous to what degree of intelligence and agility her kindly care and patient perseverance has brought them. As the young lady is an invalid, she manages to get a great deal of profitable diversion from her queer little pets.

Among other things she has taught them to drink water from a thimble and to perform the "skirt dance", as she calls it, by fluttering their wings as they rest on the palm of her hand. They will sing at her bidding, making a faint almost inaudible cheep, and seem to be passionately fond of music. The young lady is a fine musician, and when she plays on the piano the wasps take up their position on the music rack and never budg until the performance is over.

The wasps would seem to have a good deal of vanity, and nothing delights them more than to be allowed to walk about and inspect themselves on a little hand mirror, which is kept for their exclusive use. Strange to relate the wasps have never been known to attempt to sting anybody, although they have free access to all parts of the house, and are seldom confined, even at night.—Philadelphia Times.

Must Do Something.

"Mamma," said Jack, "may I go out and play?"

"No; you must sit still where you are."

Pause.

"Ma, can't I go down in the kitchen?"

"You may not. I want you to sit perfectly quiet."

Another pause.

"Mammy, mayn't I sit on the floor and play marbles?"

"Now, my dear boy, I have told you twice that I want you to sit just where you are and be quiet, and I mean exactly what I say."

Third pause.

"Ma---may I---grow?"---Harper's Young People.

Needed a Rest.

Collector—This is the twentieth time I've with this bill.

Gilded Youth—Yes, and there are forty more, just like you, coming in day after day, to worry me about their miserable little bills. No wonder I'm fagged out Guess I'll take a run over to Europe to recuperate.—New York Weekly.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E DAVIS, } - - Local Editors.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

We are indebted to Hon. G. B. Dean for suggestions and letters written in behalf of our town for the Industrial school.

The location of the Industrial school in either north or south Alabama means in the future another school. To locate in the center of the state settles the question for all time to come.

All praise to the men who gave us their aid in Montgomery last week. Although not living in the county, they spent their time and money in their endeavor to have the school located in our midst. Gentlemen, the people of the town, of the county and of the district appreciate it and will remember you.

Montevallo has a number of very fine springs. One, in the centre of the town, pours out from under a great cliff a stream estimated at over a thousand gallons per minute of the purest water. A jug of milk, let down to cool, was accidentally broken and in a short while the milk was seen coming out at the spring.

Montevallo possesses all the qualifications of the act creating this school to a marked degree. It is the exact geographical center of the state, it is as accessible as any town in the state; for health it can not be surpassed. No town can boarst of a more refined, moral and religious community. The location we have offered is magnificent. Such a thing as annual epidemic was never known here.

We learn that Mr. Fuller, the genial and hospitable representative from Bibb, has written a strong letter urging that the Girls' Industrial school be located at Montevallo. Our clever representative from Shelby, Mr. Deans, has shown great interest likewise, and the people of our town highly appreciate such kindness. Thank you kindly, gentlemen. This is to be largely an institution for the education of the farmers' daughters, and you couldn't aid in a more commendable matter.

Fifteen places offered for the Industrial school. From these seven places were selected to be visited by a committee consisting of Dr. Eager, Judge Austill, Hon. Thomas W. Plowman and W. W. Wadsworth. They will visit these places in person and make a report as to the most eligible location. The vote on these points stood as follows: Montevallo, 10; Tuskaloosa, 10; Jasper, 9; Huntsville, 9; Wetumpka, 10; Camden, 9; Anniston, 6. The Advertiser of the 18th states that the board is about equally divided between Montevallo and Tuskaloosa. We are informed that Montevallo was the second choice of nearly every man on the board.

The people of this county and district will not soon forget Browne, Booker, Walker, Pitts and Graham for their untiring efforts to have the Industrial school located in our midst. They will not forget those persons either who refused us aid and encouragement in our efforts to upbuild the common interest of all. Had we stopped to listen to the discouraging words of those who should have lent their aid and support to our efforts, we would never have gone to Montgomery. As it is, our place would easily have secured the prize had it been put to a final vote. We are a choice of the majority of the board, and there is little doubt we will get the school.

Shelby county is about sixteenth as a tax paying county. She has never had the good fortune to have a state institution in her borders. Montevallo is almost a central point of Bibb, Shelby and Chilton, three great white counties, and the farmers of all three are greatly attached to Montevallo. They trade here largely and know what a nice, quiet town it is—never a harsh or profane word, never a drunkard, nor anything to cause ill will. Here they get good sale for all produce, here is one of the finest cotton markets in the state, goods sold as cheap as in any city, and how we will rejoice if the Industrial School for Girls is located here!

While it is true we have the greatest natural advantages in a location for the Industrial school, we must not forget the board of trustees will look to the aid proposed by each town. Let us not deceive ourselves in this matter. The committee that was sent to Montgomery after getting there and seeing the great desire of each town to have this school raised one thousand dollars among themselves to offer with our land and building donation. We must raise more. Let every farmer come to the rescue and if they are not able to pay now, put your name down and give it in the fall. The country is as much interested in this movement as the town. In fact, they will be more benefited than the people of the town. Don't wait for a committee to call on you, but come in at once and subscribe liberally. It will be as bread cast on the waters.

Every man, woman and child in this town and surrounding country would be benefited by the location of the Industrial school here. In addition to the great advantages such a school would offer to the girls of our country let us see how it will benefit us pecuniarily. The board of 200 girls for nine months would amount at least to $12,000, the salaries of teachers, etc., would amount to $8,000. Say each girl should spend five dollars a month (a very low estimate) 200 would spend in nine months $9,000. In the next few years at least $50,000 worth of buildings would be put up. Nearly, if not, all of this money would be turned loose in this town and country. Produce of all kinds raised by our farmers will find a ready market. Laborers of all kinds would be in demand. Let us all rally to the effort now being made to locate such a grand institution as this will be in our midst.

We are living now in an age when woman comes to the front in all avocations of life—they are all open to her. The state realizing this has decided to open a first-class school in which the girls of the land may be prepared to make their own way. Not only will they be given a first-class literary education, but they will also be trained in other branches, such as stenography, telegraphy, book-keeping, dress-making, painting, indoor carpentry, photography, type writing, cooking, laundry, sign and fresco painting, home nursing and such other practical industries as from time to time to them may be suggested that will prepare girls for the practical industries of the age. The act creating this school provides that the trustees shall apportion to each county its quota of scholars on the basis of the educateable white girls between the ages of 14 and 21 in the state and several counties and one from each congressional district, whose tuition and board shall be absolutely free, and this number shall be increased from time to time as in the judgment of the trustees the finances of said institution shall warrant. What a grand institution this will be in years to come! Can we afford to let such an opportunity slip by us for want of means? If every man within ten miles of our town will do his duty we will have it. Our location is perfect. All we lack is means. Come to the rescue.

After the place for the Industrial school has been selected, then will come the choice of a faculty, and that is the most important of all, for upon the officers of the school will depend its success, to a very large extent. A large number of names have been mentioned for the various places. Among those spoken of for pesrident are Miss Julia Tutwiler, a lady of character, learning and much experience as a teacher, and above all a woman who loves Alabama, and has alreany done many noble deeds for suffering and common humanity; Dr. B. F. Riley, formerly president of Howard college and now professor of English in the University of Georgia at Athens, Ga.; Hon. John G. Harris, ex-superintendent of education of Alabama. For the other places there are Miss Winona White of Uniontown, teacher of music; James M. Dill, East Lake, teacher of mathematics; Mrs. L. A. Faut of Anniston, teacher of art; Miss S. J. Hemphill of Tuskaloosa, teacher of mathematics; Miss Bessie M. Haley of Jasper, teacher; F. F. Hart of Birmingham, principal of bookkeeping department; Miss M. A. Boswell of Opelika, principal of dressmaking and sewing department; Miss Bessie Parker of Tuscumbia, teacher. Many others have filed applications for positions with the Board, and some of them are known to be successful and distinguished teachers.

"IT SHALL BE OUR PET."

When the chairman of our delegation so earnestly said to the honorable board of trustees of the Girls' Industrial school, "We want this school, and we want it bad! we are poor and can't offer you any large sum of money, but if you will give it to us we will foster and cherish it, and it shall be our pet and our pride," he only voiced the heartfelt sentiments of Montevallo and her supporters. Again the News assures the trustees that neither they nor the people of this state will ever regret locating the school at Montevallo.

The following offers were made to the Board of Trustees by the different towns: Anniston offered the Noble institute valued at $18,000 and agreed to erect dormitories to cost $12,000. Auburn offered a school building and $10,000 in cash and bonds. Camden offered $20,000 in cash and bonds and a two-story brick building. Florence offered the handsome buildings of the Synodical Female college worth $25,000 and $2500 in money. Gadsden offered 40 acres of land in the city limits, a two-story building and $5000 in cash. Jasper offered $20,000 cash or property worth $30,000. Livingston offered the grounds and buildings of the institute there worth $12,000 and $2500 appropriation which the Livingston school now enjoys. Montevallo offered four squares with the two-story brick inititute and four dwellings, eight acres of land adjoining and a certified check for $1000; deeds for property and cash were tendered with the offer. Ozark offered a school building and a cash donation. Montgomery offered 10 acres of land and $10,000 in cash. Troy offered $30,000 cash and the Normal school buildings there worth $20,000. Tuskaloosa offered the old state capitol building which cost originally $180,000 and $7300 cash. Wetumpka offered $26,500 cash and 45 acres of land. Huntsville offered a large two-story building and $10,000 cash.

It will be seen by the above offers that the location of this school means a great deal to any town that is so fortunate as to secure it. While Montevallo's offer may not seem very large in comparison with some others, it will be seen that she stood at the head of the list. Troy with her magnificent offer was ruled out because it provided that it should be connected with the Troy Normal school. The board was emphatically opposed to connecting it with any other school, and it is reported that Governor Oates said that he was opposed to it being located in any town where it would even be under the influence of any other school.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

Saturday Professor Young, of Furman university, S. C., accidentally shot his left hand off with a gun. He was resting quietly Saturday night.

James Thompson, former master mechanic on the Chattanooga Southern railroad, Saturday received an anonymous note to watch his wife. He secreted himself in the house and saw a grocer's clerk named Arthur Taylor enter the house and soon afterwards discovered his wife in his lap and he was smothering her with kisses. Crying, "My God, my children!" at the top of his voice, he drove them through a crowded street at the point of a pistol.

On account of the severe cold and snow in the Smoky mountains between North Carolina and Tennessee, one thousand head of cattle belonging to farmers and cattle raisers, which had been taken to the mountains a month ago to graze, were driven back into the coves last Friday. There has been from two to four inches of snow in the mountains all the week and the cattle were almost starved. They will be kept in the coves till spring comes again.

Fire Sunday morning destroyed the long wharf freight sheds and coaling pier at Richmond, N. S. On each side of the shed were tracks on which were large numbers of cars, several of which were burned before they could be moved. The fire spread very rapidly and soon the sheds were doomed. In them were sixty head of cattle, all of which were burned to death. The cause of the conflagration points to incendiarism. The total loss will be nearly $250,000, and being government property there was no insurance.

Saturday night at 11:30 o'clock fire started in the establishment of the Wisconsin River Paper and Pulp company, located one and a half miles south of Stevens Point, Wis. The paper mill was in a sheet of flame in a few minutes and the building, which was about 300 feet long and 50 feet wide, was consumed, with the exception of the outside walls. The pulp mills were saved. Several railroad cars were also destroyed. The loss will amount to about $150,000, which is only partially covered by insurance. One hundred men and girls were employed in the mill.

The King of Portugal's precious life is insured for $400,000. London companies carry the risk.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

SKIRTS ARE SO FULL THAT THEY SUGGEST CRINOLINE.

Feminine Frills—The Latest Style Skirts and How They Are Being Made.

The new skirt is decidedly tending to crinoline proportions. Thick cords, feather bone and various other devices are resorted to so as to make it stand out. The organ folds have invaded the sides and finally attacked the front breadth, where it waves in not ungraceful undulations. One and all swing from the hips—when there are hips to swing from, in the absence of which fair readers must pad their corsets. Some people may think this wicked, but it is far better than to offend the eyes of your artistic fellow creatures and make yourself a blot on the face of humanity!

"I have no figure," you bluntly declare.

"Madame," smiles the dressmaker, "we shall make you one."

An attractive design for a gown in frieze or cloth is shown in the illustration. Another shows a tea gown made of pale salmon brocade, the net front worked with pearls and bordered with pearl embroidery. The bows are of green velvet, matching the green tone that is in the brocade. The soft sleeves hang in particularly graceful folds, and end at the elbow with a deep frill. A stylish costume, with some novel effects in its arrangement, is shown.

The cloth is of firm texture and the color is what is known as narcissus green. The bodice is braided all over in a ribbon design formed of a fine mohair braid of a walnut tint. This has a dentated outline of fine cord entwined with threads of iridescent metal. The full pouch front, folded collar and under basque are arranged in a soft shade of yellow satin, the center plaid rosettes and buttons being of walnut velvet. The skirt has a spiral design of braiding on either side of the front, hanging down from the waist. The capote is of narcissus cloth. The square front has bows of walnut velvet. The wings are of white.

FASHION NOTES.

Bonnet and toque strings are dispensed with in nearly all fine millinery.

The big leghorn hats are covered with the most exquisite flowers and ribbons.

Tailor-made dresses of colored duck will be very fashionable this summer.

Golden brown, pale fawn color, tan and green are the favorite shades in cloth for capes.

Some very smart umbrella handles are of crystal, with gold lizards or snakes twined about them.

Crepons and all sorts of craped fabrics will remain in highest favor for summer gowns.

A new idea in cotton frocks is to carry the coloring of the separate waist on to the skirt in a ruffle at the edge.

Everything in the way of decoration this season is gay, brilliant and lavish.

Tartan ribbons are mingled with derk green and other velvets on English walking hats.

Shot, flowered and other fancy silks are taking the place of velvet in the making of sleeves.

Capes of army-blue cloth are trimmed either with jet or edgings and Vandyke points of heavy ecru lace.

Very novel are the small pointed collar and cuff pieces made of fine linen with drawn work, and real lace edging.

Yellow, particularly deep mais, is a leading favorite this season and is most often seen in combination with black.

The new white petticoats are made very full and with many gores, and are as carefully fitted and hung as are the dress skirts.

Heraldic looking gilt ornaments stand at right angles on some of the hats amid loops and lace plaitings, roses, violets and foliage.

One of fashion's latest fads is the black alpaca skirt and cape with a fancy silk waist, the cape being lined with silk like the waist.

There are signs of bustles in the wide silk petticoats with back breadths finished with whalebones and trimmed with numberless small ruffles.

Pretty butterfly capes of velvet that reach to the elbow, and sometimes only cover the shoulders, accompany many of the stylish spring costumes.

All light, dainty tissues, such as mousseline de soie, chiffon, nets, novelty crapes, gauze, embroidery, and light and heavy lace goods, enter into the composition of collars, yokes, boas, plastrons, vests, detachable fronts and entire bodices.

The open eyeletted pattern of old English needlework is one of the newest trimmings on gowns of sheer nainsook, as well as on matinee and dressing sacques.

The round waist continues to appear on imported gowns, but some of the bodices for youthful wearers are sharply pointed and fasten under the arm or else in the back.

The pansy collar is one of the latest creations. It is made of pansies in their natural colors sewn closely together with ivy leaves, entirely covering a deep purple satin ribbon.

The newest tailor made coats and skirts are very smart in appearance, the coat much shorter than we have seen it for some time, with rampant sleeves a "a world too wide" to be in any sort of proportion to the jacket itself.

Long matinee gowns are made of soft, sheer crepons and other wools in delicate tints in preference to silk. These gowns often fall in fine accordion plaits from a high yoke.

The adoption of white collars and lace ruffles at throat and wrists is one of the most marked features of frocks and women are thankful for its daintiness and becomingness.

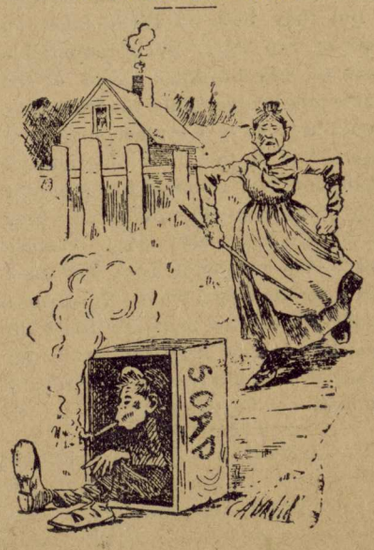
A Beautiful Brahmin Queen.

The Brahmin Queen of Kunigal, India, is a picture of Oriental beauty, a study which any artist might well covet. Her rich olive complexion contrasts well with the profusion of raven hair that is coiled carelessly a little to one side of her shapely head and fastened with pins, a small wreath of jasamine or stephanotis usually entwined therein. Her features are long, with bright laughing eyes, and her firm mouth displays the most perfect teeth. Her ears are literally filled with precious stones, there being ten or eleven distinct holes in each, graduating in size to the tip. In her right nostril is set a tiny jeweled button, and around her neck are charms of various significance, but all are supposed to avert evil. Her tall figure is draped with airy and artistic effect. The robe consists of soft India silk, elaborately embroidered, arranged about her in mysterious grace, a very enigma of garment without the explanation of a single stitch. It is closely plaited at the waist in front, falling in a fan-like train over the feet, and fastened with a belt of gold that is studded with crescents of pearls. This garment is short in the back, and is brought over the shoulders, hanging in soft loose folds.

A False One.

"The nearest I ever came to being married," said the old bachelor, "was when a shopkeeper gave me a bad fifty-cent piece, and I went back and tried to get a better half."

The Coming Woman.



A NOTABLE DINNER.

It was Cheap, and Prepared by a Social Economist.

There was a notable dinner party given at the Washington residence of Charles Sumner Hamlin, Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, a few nights ago, at which there were fourteen guests. The host was Mr. Edward Atkinson, of Boston, the famous social economist, who did all the cooking in the dining room in the presence of his guests, upon a stove of his own invention, and the entire cost of the banquet was $2.80, or 20 cents per plate—without wines, of course.

Mr. Atkinson is at work these days trying to solve the problem of cheap living so that the expenses of the working classes may conform, without the sacrifice of health or comfort, to the low wages that he expects to be the rule in this country when Congress adopts his theories of free trade. He believes that almost every family wastes half the money spent for food, and that double the amount of nourishment can be got in a much more wholesome form by a proper selection of their viands and their preparation for the table. To educate the public in this particular he is publishing bulletins of information through the Agricultural Department, and has invented a stove which consumes oil for fuel and will furnish heat enough to cook an ordinary dinner for a cent or two. This stove and its apparatus have been patented, but the patents have been conveyed or assigned to the Secretary of Agriculture, who is authorized to permit its manufacture and sale by such persons as will not attempt to make too much profit therefrom.

Those who sat down to dinner were Mr. Hamlin and his two sisters, Secretary and Mrs. Carlisle, Secretary Morton, Secretary and Mrs. Gresham, Mrs. Bissell, Mr. Kurino, the Japanese Minister; Mr. Atkinson and his daughter and Miss Lee, of Boston. The bill of fare was follows:

Fish chowder.
Roast leg of lamb and green peas.
Baked beans and Boston brown bread.
Fricassee of chicken and asparagus.
Cold baked ham and salad.
Indian pudding.

The asparagus was not included in the $2.80. It probably cost more than that sum by itself, as it was very fine and of hothouse growth and a contribution to the dinner by a friend. The beans, ham and Boston brown bread were cold, having been cooked by Mr. Atkinson in his room at the hotel on Saturday, but all the rest was prepared upon one of the stoves by himself, and he explained his methods of cooking to his guests as he went along. While they were eating one course Mr. Atkinson would be cooking another over in the corner of the room. There was not the slightest odor or smoke from the stove—no more than from a pot of water at a 5 o'clock tea—and everything was wholesome and greatly enjoyed.

New York's Old Paths.

There are more things in the heaven above and the earth beneath New York than are dreamed of in the average resident's philosophy.

For instance, there are many streets scattered throughout the downtown district that people less than a block away never heard of. There is Edgar street, to mention one, the shortest thoroughfare in the city. It runs from Greenwich street to Trinity place, and is about as wide as it is long.

Another funny little by-way with an odd name also runs to Trinity place, and is known as Tin Pot alley. The Mecca of newsboy gamblers is Theater alley, between Ann street and Beekman.

It about approximates to the famous Pie alley, of Boston, says the New York correspondent of the Boston Home Journal, and before the issue of the first edition of the evening papers is full of lads playing "craps."

One is selected from the number to watch the entrance, and at a cry from him of "cheese it, the cop," all disappear at the other end like pills running from the end of a bottle.

Lord's court is another funny place. Although a public street belonging to the city, it goes nowhere, and can only be reached by going through some one of the tall buildings surrounding it.

These infinitesimal streets are famous for various peculiarities. Gay street is known as Darktown, from the number of colored people there; while Washington Mews is mostly inhabited by cats that make night hideous after hours when the big iron gates at the end of the streets are closed.

Much Oil Needed.

Cholly—Yes, papa, I fix my hair this way by using lots of oil.

Papa—Yes, an' thet keeps the wheel a-goin', hu?

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Misses Ana Hunter and Jessie Peter of Brierfield were in the city last Monday.

A nice straw hat for 25 cents; a boy's straw hat for 10 cents, at Renolds'.

All who attended the union picnic Tuesday say they had a delightful time.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs preached two able sermons at the Methodist church Sunday.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds left Monday for Greenville, S. C., to visit her friend, Mrs. W. H. Perry.

Some handsome patterns taffetta moire just received. Makes a beautiful dress, only 18 cents a yard, at Reynolds'.

Miss Alice Huff of Pratt was in the city a few days since. Miss Alice has many friends here who are always glad to see her.

Cadet H. C. Reynolds, Jr., who is attending Howard College, spent Sunday with home folks. Harry is one of our brightest boys, and we are always glad to see him.

A very interesting game of base ball was played on the Montevallo ground last Saturday between the colored teams of Aldrich and Montevallo, resulting in a score of 4 to 3 in favor of the latter. Both teams did fine playing.

The young people who spent the day at Falling Rock last Thursday report having had a most delightful time. The crowd was small, but everybody who went were determined on having a good time and we know they were not disappointed. Burr and Brur ate for the ones who stayed at home.

Montevallo boasts of a number of fine springs. One just in the center of town runs over 1000 gallons to the minute of the finest, coolest water. In a well about 50 feet deep there was some years back a jug of milk let down to cool, which by accident was broken and in a short while the milk was discovered coming out of the spring.

The citizens of our town are greatly aroused over the Industrial school question. They are grading and graveling the streets, cleaning up the college lot and putting the whole town in good shape. Several farmers from the country have sent in teams to help us and we mean business, and are going to try our very best to secure the school.

H. Murphy, a photographer, who came here from Selma last Thursday evening was found dead in bed at the hotel Ftiday morning. His wife, who resides in Baltimore, was telegraphed and she telegraphed for him to be buried here. Heart failure caused his death. Mr. Allen said that he eat a hearty supper and seemed to be perfectly well when he went to his room.

The following committee left for Montgomery Wednesday last to work for the Industrial school: C. W. Cary, C. C. Vandegrift, S. A. Latham, W. B. Reynolds, E. S. Lyman, H. C. Reynolds, George Kroell, H. E. Reynolds, C. L. Meroney. They were joined in Montgomery by Capt. E. W. Booker of Shelby Springs, Hon. Mims Walker of Faunsdale, Capt. P. H. Pitts of Selma, Hon. Cecil Browne of Talladega, N. A. Graham, Esq., of Calera and others. It was the best working delegation that went to Montgomery.

We were very glad to receive the the following letter from our friend, Mr. J. G. Hinolf. Glen has scores of friends here, who will be glad to see him return home:

Rochester, N. Y., May 13.

Editor Montevallo News:

Dear Sir—It is with much pleasure that I receive your paper each week, and noting that you solicit letters for publication, I thought that I would send you a greeting from this the "Flower City" of the Empire state. I congratulate you upon the enterprise, ability and life manifested in your little paper and predict for it permanent success. I am very much interested in its local items, especially the efforts being made for the industrial school, and also all improvements to your beautiful city- It is my sincere hope that the prevalent disease of heart failure among the boys may not prove fatal, for I hope to enjoy many another fox hunt with them in the future.

Since I left my home in Alabama in February last, I have found it very pleasant to be with my old friends once more, and find as I am hurrying thro' the busy throng, a contrast to those scenes among the hills far away in the sunny south.

The object for which I left Alabama will soon be accomplished, for my time has been almost entirely devoted to the study of stenography, and in a few weeks more I hope to finish my course; and here let me remark, if any of your readers contemplate taking a course in stenography, I most heartily recommend them to Underhill's college of Rochester, N. Y. His system is perfect and terms reasonable, and Prof. Underhill is a friend as well as an instructor to all his pupils. His interest in them does not cease when diplomas are granted, but his efforts extend to honorable and lucrative positions for them.

With kindly remembrance to my many friends in Montevallo, I remain,

Respectfully yours,

J. Glen Hinolf.

PROGRAMME.

The minstrel given by the young men last Friday night was a perfect success. It seems that rain is against us, as it rains every time there is to be anything of the kind. But nevertheless a good crowd was out. The following is the programme:

PART I.

Conversationalist—A. J. Lee.
Bones—M. W. Carlisle, B. Nabors.
Tambos—S. S. Allen, F. E. Davis.

Invisible Chorus. Montevallo qurrtette
Opening Chorus.....Company
Greeting between Conversationalist and End Men.
"Sweet Marie,"—new..M. W. Carlisle
"I Knew Her by the Rose.....
.....W. P. McConaughy
End Song.....S. S. Allen
Barytone Solo.....A. J. Lee
"He was a Pal of Mine....F. E. Davis
Part First to conclude with a wreck on the "Three B's."

PART II.

Reuben and Rachel"—new, comic
.....Allen and Davis
Music specialties on violins, mandolins, guitars, harps, etc.....
.....C. Pucket and C. Acker
"HUNTING FOR TALENT,"
Introducing the Montevallo quartette in medleys, solos, etc.
Cast of characters—
Prof. Snowdon.....R. E. Hall
Smoke.....Carlisle
Tenor.....W. P. McConaughy
Boot Black.....Henry Latham
Bass.....A. J. Lee
Poet.....S. S. Lee
News Boy.....C. Pucket
Second Tenor.....F. E. Davis
Melcarty and Flinn.....
.....McConoughy and Carlisle
Trick Banjoist.....Prof. Matador
Sand Jig.....R. E. Hall
M. W. Carlisle in old-time darkey delineations.
"THE BLACK STATUE,"
To conclude with this rip-roaring, button-bursting farce.
Cast—
Old Skinflint.....A. J. Lee
Mrs. Skinflint.....R. R- Robinson
Kittie, his daughter.....
.....W. P. McConaughy
Petie, his white help....S. S. Allen
Sculptor.....F. E. Davis
Sam, his colored help.....
.....M. W. Carlisle

Doors open at 7 o'clock and the performance commences at 8 oclock sharp—rain or shine.

Admission—Adults, 25c.; children, 15c. Reserved seats, 35c.

Reserved seat diagram at George Kroell's store and tickets for sale by the ladies.

Love.

A nervous disorder affecting the entire system and sometimes the clothes and food of the victim. Peculiar to both sexes and all ages, from childhood to second childhood.

Symptom—Loss of appetite and interest in mundane affairs. Anxiety as to personal appearance. Longing for flowers and poetry. Much given to moon and star-gazing. A sudden affection for children, especially babies, whom the victim has formerly despised. Demented belief in the absolute perfection of some being of the opposite sex. Vacant expression of the eyes and cerebral cavity. Patient speaks in monosyllables and takes an especial interest in the monosyllable "yes."

One dose of the monosyllable "no," and good nursing, for males.

For females, a new sealskin sacque, diamonds, and a trip to Europe are sometimes efficacious. An application of "stern parents" is sometimes of use, but more often excites the malady. Marriage is an absolute specific, but is so dangerous that it is used only in extreme Cases.—Knott Innit, M. D., in Chattanooga Times.

To My Friends of Montevallo.

It being impossible for me to see you individually before leavidg your hospitable town, I take advantage of this medium to return my sincere, heartfelt and profound thanks for the courtesy and kindness with which you greeted the stranger during his short sojourn in your midst. Hope to repeat my visit some time during the summer.

Your friend,

W. T. Ege.

Shelby, Ala., May 13.

New cotton materials have crepon effects.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CALERA LOCALS.

Our streets were crowded with visitors from the country last week, as it rained most of the time and the farmers could not work.

W. E. Breazeale left the city last week for Central America.

Fred Davis of Montevallo spent a few hours in the city Friday.

W. E. Brinkerhoff of Newala was in town Saturday.

H. C. Reynolds and Fred Reynolds of Montevallo were in the city Saturday.

Miss Emma Wilson, a lovely young lady of Columbiana, spent a few days in the city last week and was the guest of Miss Lula Bowden.

G. B. Dean spent Friday with friends here.

The many frinds of our worthy post master, F. M. Vance, are proud to know he is rapidly improving and will be able to resume duties again soon.

C. L. O'Neal spent Sunday here.

What did those boys want with the snuff?

Malcolm wore a smile big as a full moon Sunday. What did she say to you, Malcom?

Dutch says sporting life is pulling him down fast.

Some people seem to have formed a poor opinion of "horse shoe pitchers."

Malcom says he would like to show the Montevallo boys how to frail a guitar. They say he is naturally talented for music.

Walter Moss went over to Fayetteville last Sunday to see his girl. He says there are many kinds of love; but the highest type of love, except the love of God, is the love of sweethearts.

Grey's brass band has suspended band practice until the protracted meeting closes.

Benjy Glass says a third party man in this country doesn't stand any more show than a rabbit.

Timmie Francis has opened an ice-cream parlor in the old drug store stand.

One of our sports got left four times in one evening. At last account he was still writing notes.

Charley Adkins says he is not so easily discouraged as some girls may think.

The grumbler should have a corner to himself and not burden others with his complaints. He spoils the companionship of life and deserves no public recognition.

BLOCTON BRIEFLETS.

Interest in the Industrial school location has been very keen in our city. Blocton is for Montevallo by a large majority, and considering the offer made and Montevallo's central location,, no doubt is entertained that she will be the choice of the board of trustees. Bibb county would patronize the school liberally if located at Montevallo.

The tabernacle meeting has resulted in great good to our town. Over 100 conversions have occurred.

Your paper is becoming quite popular in Blocton.

PROVIDENCE CHURCH.

Providence church had a grand time, commencing May 18th and winding up on the 19th.

Services held by Rev. James Chapen at 11 a. m. the first day.

Dinner was had on the grounds and all enjoyed it.

The boys and girls had a nice time and will long remember the occasion.

They took the Lord's Supper at 3 p. m. and the washing of feet was gone through with.

May Eders and Miss Dide Rochell spent all the intermissions together.

John Martin carried Miss Liza Glass home from church.

Bush Armstrong carried Miss L. Rochell home from church on Saturday evening.

Many of the boys were anxious to escort the girls, but were afraid to venture out, as forty true bills have been found at the last session of the grand jury and the sheriff has been after some of them.

In this section crops are looking nicely. J. H. W.

SPRING CREEK.

Health of community generally good.

The cool nights for the past week have damaged cotton considerably.

The Rev. P. D. Lee has set out over two thousand tobacco plants this spring. With an average yield this will make him seven hundred pounds of dry tobacco.

We have a live Sunday school at this (Spring Creek) church. It kept running all winter, with an average attendance of thirty-five members.

Miss Bamma Harrell returned home on the 17th from Norabla. Mr. J. W. Alexander, who has been attending school there, accompanied her home and will spend some weeks with his mother, Mrs. S. A. Careton. His many friends are glad to welcome him home.

Miss Olie Pilgreen and Mr. Booker Hill of Calera and Miss Lora Pilgreen of Mississippi attended Sabbath school here Sunday.

Mark Wyatt had the misfortune to lose a good mare last Saturday.

We find that the printer made a mistake in the name of a young lady mentioned in one of our articles last week. Instead of Miss Leonia Lee he has it Miss Lena Tell. She is seriously offended, and says sne has not changed her name.

After reading the account of the mysterious occurance at the old Indian fort, a certain young man of this neighborhood decided to make some investigations on his own hook; having procured a pick and shovel he went secretly to the well-known Indian grave, near the McCaffy mill, and set to work vigorously. After an hour or more of hard work he found a small hole; thinking he was near the treasure, he proceeded to work with renewed vigor, when suddenly out sprang a beautiful little animal about the size of a house-cat, filling the air with a very odoriforus scent. The young man threw down his pick and fled in dismay and has not mingled in society since. Parties passing afterwards discovered the pick and shovel and also the scent; so the story leaked out.

Observer.

CONCORD LOCALS.

The gentle rains that fell last week recruited vegetation after the frost that tinged it the 12th.

There is to be a reunion of the Randall family on tne 24th at the old homestead. There are four sons and three daughters, all of whom have lived to be old.

George Moore seems to think he has a deed to South Calera right-o'-way.

Can some one tell us where John takes supper on Sunday nights now-a-days?

Concord has an interesting Sunday school.

Several of our citizens attended court at Clanton last week.

One of our society girls says the man she consents to wed must be an attorney at law or a physician; so we think, "Son," if you prove a success in medicine you are the boy.

There is to be a new church erected here soon.

One of our boys made a business trip to Jemison last Sunday.

Will Parker's poetry is very sentimental and makes lasting impressions on a certain young lady.

Walter Eddings wants a baby show. He feels sure his baby will take the prize. We think Pat excels his father in looks.

Caution.—Tom Eddings, you should not kill yourself at work. We sympathize with you.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Shelby Allen of Birmingham was a pleasant visitor of our town last Sunday.

E. F. Vest's family spent Sunday in town with friends and relatives.

Rev. W. T. Berry delivered an able sermon at the Methodist church yesterday.

Walter and Oscar Harrison went over to Ebenezer Sunday on professional busines., we think.

Miss Eva Ozley, one of Dogwood's fair damsels, is visiting relatives in Birmingham. We wish her a pleasant visit.

One of our feather-weight mule-riders was very much surprised the other day when a mule threw him out of the field into the bushes.

Mrs. D. B. Sacey of Maylene spent last week here with friends and relatives.

Pat Harrison purchased a new box of blacking, put a drummer's tip on his shoes and made a call at Pea Ridge. He says he had a huge time.

T. A. T. E.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

"The Ground Froze Solid."

The third successive frost visited Michigan Tuesday night and the ground froze solid. The mercury stood at 28 Wednesday morning. Everything susceptible is riuned. Grapes are probably most injured. Early wheat is much ir jured, as the head was forming.

Where It Was.

Careful Housekeeper—Where is that sheet of sticky fly paper I left on this table?

Small Boy—I put it on th' arm-chair in th' parlor. You'll find half of it on sister an' th' other half on Mr. Hughard.—*Street & Smith's Good News.*

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—

1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil

all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

A Destructive Fire.

A fire started at 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon in the lumber yard of W. B. Fonda, St. Albans, Vt., and a high south wind caused the flames to enter the very heart of the town. In five minutes the fire was raging in a dozen different places and the fire companies were powerless. The loss is estimated at $750,000. Fully 500 people are without shelter. Forty business places were destroyed, together with at least 100 tenements, to say nothing of other places. The flames jumped from the lumber yard to the center of the town in an instant, passing over a territory fully 500 yards in extent without doing any damage. From the center of the town the fired passed northward, destroying in its progress the new government building, the extensive plant of the St. Albans Daily Messenger and many business houses and tenements.

Working in the Big Ditch.

There is rumor that the Panama Canal company will resume operations next month on the grand scale. But as the policy of the canal people is rigid economy and as there is demand all around for laborers, to whom liberal offers are made, it does not seem likely that much work will be done on the "ditch" unless the company gets recruits from the West Indies or India.

There are 897 laborers all told on the canal. Hundreds more are needed, but men refuse to work for what is offered. The company pays 90 cents a day apiece to 600 of these, the remaining 297 earning from 90 cents to $2.40 at job work, such as filling cars, etc. There are five excavators at work with seven others in the hands of mechanics getting ready for service. This latter fact gives color to the rumor mentioned above.

Over 50,000 acres of forest land was burned by incendaries in the Punjubi, India, last year.

Homicide in West Virginia.

A few days ago Henry Cooley of Middlesboro, Ky., eloped with Sallie Dains, the two crossing over into West Virginia, where they were married. Miss Dains' brothers had long opposed the suit of Cooley, and when they learned of the elopement they declared their intention of killing their sister's husband. Marshall Cooley, a brother of Henry, intercepted the newly married couple at Pound Gap, and warned them of the fate in store for them. While they were deliberating the best course to pursue the Dains brothers came up and a fight instantly ensued. Marshall Cooley and George Dains were killed.

J. W. ADAMS,

PHOTOGRAPHER.

Will be at Montevallo Two Weeks ONLY

Photographs, Cabinet size, per dozen, $3.00,

Smaller sizes cheaper.

SATISFACTION - GUARANTEED.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Akbar, one of the first of the Great Moguls who ruled India, has been named the Asiatic Charlemagne. He was a statesman and an educator, and built a palace for the reception of men who loved learning and sought after wisdom. The Great Mogul's passion for knowledge is said to have been shown by a whimsical experiment he once made to determine if it was true, as he had heard, that Hebrew was the natural language of all who had never been taught any other tongue.

To test this assertion, Akbar caused a dozen nursing children to be shut up in a castle, six leagues from Agra, his capital city. Each child was reared by a dumb nurse; the porter also was a mute, and he was forbidden, upon pain of death, to open the gates of the castle. When the children were twelve years of age, Akbar ordered them to be brought before him.

Men learned in Sanscrit, in Arabic, in Persian and in Hebrew were assembled at the royal palace to tell what language the children spoke. Akbar, seated on his throne and surrounded by these linguists, ordered the children to be brought in. Each child was addressed, and, to the surprise of the assembly, every one answered by a sign. Not a child could speak a word. They had all learned from their nurses to express themselves by gestures!

Providence, R. I.

Please forward six boxes of Tetterine, C. O. D. I think it strange that it is not sold here in New England, as it is the best cure for Eczema, Ring Worm and all eruptions of the skin I ever saw. I got a box from a Cincinnati drummer, and gave part of it to a young lady who had tried almost everything to remove Pimples and an eruption from her face. Two applications of Tetterine completely cured her. I know also a gentleman whose body had been covered with Eczema—two boxes of Tetterine cured him completely, and now his skin is as smooth as a baby's. P. O. Hanlon, with Silver Springs Bleaching Co. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Need Clear Heads.

Working people need clear heads, sound sleep and good digestion; for if sickness comes, what then? It is cheaper to keep well. That "queer feeling" springs from indigestion. First you "pooh, pooh!" Then you grow alarmed and send for the doctor. No need of that. A box of Ripans Tabules will set you right and keep you right; so you can eat, sleep and work. Ask the druggist for them.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work

of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. Lotz, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

J. C. Simpson, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists sell it, 75c.

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

The Gratitude

Of those who have long been sufferers from some disease which has baffled the skill of physicians, and then have been restored to health by Hood's Sarsaparilla is difficult to express. It is such feelings which prompt the writing of testimonials like the following:

"I cannot begin to tell how thankful I am for the health Hood's Sarsaparilla has brought me. Since taking it I am a new woman. I was at death's door and my friends thought I could not live. I was crippled with rheumatism and my body was very much bloated. I have taken several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and now keep it in my house as I would not feel safe to be without it; it gives me instant relief. I am now 50 years old but feel much younger since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. I gladly recommend it and do all I can for Hood's Sarsaparilla in return for the benefit I have received." Mrs. A. Lynch, Pettingell's Corner, Maine.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Makes

Pure Blood

Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

And the Ideal Spring Medicine. Be sure to get Hood's and only Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

★ HIGHEST AWARD ★
WORLD'S FAIR.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IS

★ THE BEST ★

PREPARED

FOOD

SOLD EVERYWHERE.

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

WALL ST. NEWS LETTER of value sent FREE to readers of this paper. Charles A. Baldwin & Co., 40 Wall St., N. Y.

Am. N. U. No. 21, 1895.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

AGRICULTURAL.

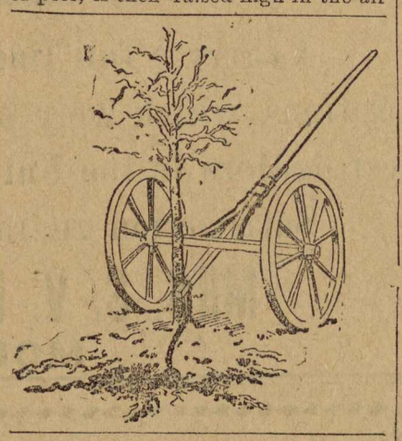
TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

HOW TO FEED THE CHICKS.

To push young chicks along and keep them in health, there is nothing better than boiled eggs mashed up, shells and all, with two or three times their bulk of stale crumbs, or cracker crumbs, thoroughly mixed. Mix not more than enough for one feed of this at a time and give them only what they will eat readily and quickly. Feed stale bread soaked in milk, either whole, skimmed or buttermilk after the milk has been squeezed out by hand. Only one feed of this should be prepared at a time, as it will sour if left to stand any length of time. Millet seed scattered in the litter about the brood house or the short grass; plump wheat screenings; oats and corn ground together, with an equal quantity of bran, and made into johnny cakes---are good for the youngsters. After they get to be three weeks old cracked corn and whole wheat may form a larger part of their diet, increasing it as they grow older. Better results are attained by a judicious alternation of all, day by day, or feed by feed; it keeps the appetite sharp and they are always on the lookout for the new surprise at meal time. Don't forget the pure clean water, they need that whatever the feed. If the soil does not supply grit in proper shape and size it should be furnished them; a dish of charcoal where they can help themselves, or a handful in the soft feed four or five times a week, will prevent most of the ordinary bowel troubles. No tonic or stimulant should be needed at this age, but if a brood gets suddenly chilled, a dose of some good condition powder will help to put them on their feet again.---New England Homestead.

TRANSPLANTING TREES.

April and May, according to the locality, are the months when transplanting is chiefly done, writes Webb Dorrell. From the fact that so many transplanted trees either die outright or drag along a miserable existence for a year or two, it would appear that there is a widespread misconception as to the proper care to be exercised in transplanting. It is a common practice to tear a tree up somewhat roughly, breaking off the fine roots, that are most needed by the tree, and cutting off the big roots, because it is too much work to follow them out to their tips—and then to attempt to equalize matters by savagely cutting off the branches, leaving little but the stem of the tree, and even that usually has its top cut off! This seems to me considerably like taking out one of a man's lungs because his supply of air is to be cut off presently! A judicious pruning of a transplanted tree is all right and proper, but such a slaughter as is usually made of limbs and the top of the trunk is, to my mind, a very foolish proceeding. A much better plan is to exercise more care and effort in taking up the tree, taking up a big bunch of the earth with the fine roots undisturbed. It is the fine rootlets that feed the tree, and it is the loss of these that so often causes the tree to die after transplanting. The forcible removal of a tree from the ground is almost sure to tear off nearly all these rootlets. It is best to begin some distance out from the tree, and to cut the turf carefully around it, digging down with caution so as not to cut off any important roots. When these are found, they should be carefully followed out for a considerable distance and loosened from the soil. The most important care, however, is in getting up a big ball of earth with the tree, and this is accomplished by digging down about and under the tree. This requires some work, but if a tree is worth transplanting it is worth while to make some effort to give it a good start in its new location. The accompanying illustration shows a most convenient way to handle a tree after it has been properly dug about. A pair of wheels, with a "tongue," has a piece of joist lashed beneath it. The end of the tongue, or pole, is then raised high in the air



as the end of the joist attached to a chain that has been passed beneath the tree in two or more directions. When the pole is brought down, the tree is raised from its position and can be gently bent forward to the axle, secured there, and carried off to its new location.

Before being taken away, however, it will be well to wrap the ball of earth in old burlap to keep the earth from shaking off and disturbing the small roots. Carried away with wheels after this fashion, the tree can be carefully dropped into the cavity provided for it with the least possible jarring. After the loose earth has been carefully packed in about all the exposed roots, a generous coat of mulch should be applied, and some pruning of the top made, but not a severe pruning, by any means. Whatever wood is removed should be in the line of giving the tree a well-proportioned head. Transplanted in this way trees ought to live and grow thriftly, and my experience has been that they will do so.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

All vegetables are rank feeders.

The best position for the poultry-house is facing the southeast.

Lime should be broadcasted on a newly plowed field so as to retain it near the surface.

Early grafting is usually the best way to deal with trees and vines of worthless varieties.

Breeding from young and immature parents is sure to result in rapid deterioration of any kind of stock.

A firm hand, a cool head and a soothing word will do far more than punishment with a frightened horse.

The secret of getting wax to a bright yellow color is to let it cool slowly. If you have a large quantity you can put a large quantity of water with it.

The pneumatic tire not only diminishes the weight to be drawn, but does away with that vibration which, carried along the shafts to the body of the horse, wearies him and impedes his movement.

Mails Carried by Wire.

Richard E. Sherman, a Chicago electrician, has invented a plan to carry the mails through the air over the tops of buildings by means of electric cars traveling on a wire cable. The inventor says he has discovered a new principle of harnessing the electric current without the use of a return wire. He has succeeded in convincing the postal authorities that his plan is practical, and all is ready to put the experimental line in operation as soon as the weather moderates enough to permit its construction.

Mr. Sherman's discription of his combined moter and carrier is as follow:

"The whole arrangement weighs thirty-two pounds. The motor alone weighs eighteen pounds, and its strength is one-fourth horse-power, as proved by actual tests. It is the strongest motor of its weight ever constructed. This part of the machine is the valuable part. It will be operated by a single wire without a return circuit. I have applied for patents in all foreign countries, and will keep the secret of its construction until the patents are all secured. All parts of the carrier, except the motors, are made of aluminum. The cars are detachable from the frame, and can be taken out and changed in ten seconds. The motors will climb an incline of twenty per cent. The speed is regulated before the carrier is started on its trip by a simple attachment. It will run no faster down grade than up. It cannot jump off the wire even at a speed of 100 miles an hour. It runs on a four-inch sheave wheel with deep flanges. The wheel is furnished with ball-bearings. The power required to operate the carriers at a speed of sixty miles an hour is exactly the same as is required to run an ordinary arc light. A current of 110 volts is used. A heavier cable is used than is necessary to sustain the weight as a measure of safety."—New York Telegram.

A Dirty Race.

The Mongols, says Frank G. Carpenter, are perhaps as dirty as any other people in the world. Those whom I saw were greasy and filthy, both as to their clothes and their persons. I am told they never wash their bodies, and seldom their faces and hands. The poorer classes dress in rags, but the richer wear costly garments lined with the finest lambskin. I have a picture of a Mongolian Princess who was at Pekin a year or so ago. Her head was framed in silver beads, and she had long tassels of silver hanging down from her black fur cap. Her hair was done up in two long braids, which were pulled around over the ears and hung down over the breast. These braids are often smeared with glue, which makes the hair shine and keeps it in place. The girl was very beautiful, and some of the younger girls are by no means bad looking. They fade soon, however, and the older women whom I saw made me think of our Indian squaws. They have no night clothes, and they sleep in the same garments which they use during the day. They have no such things as stoves. A fire is built inside their tent, and the smoke goes out at the roof. The tents are made of skin and sometimes of cloth. They are circular in shape, and the people huddle up in them and sit and sleep where they can.

What Must the Parson Have Thought!

A young lady organist in a church was captivated with the young pastor of a church in the next street, and was delighted to hear one week that by exchange he was to preach the next Sunday in her own church. The organ was pumped by an obstreperous old sexton, who would often stop when he thought the organ voluntary had lasted long enough. This day the organist was anxious that all should go well, and as the service was about to begin she wrote a note intended solely for the sexton's eye. He took it, and in spite of her agonized beckonings carried it straight to the preacher. What was that gentleman's astonishment when he read: "Oblige me this morning by blowing away till I give you a signal to stop.---Miss Allen." Montreal Star.

She Was a Confederate Soldier.

The Big Sandy (Ky.) News states that Polly Price, a shantyboat tenant, who was fined at Louisa the other day, was a Confederate soldier during the war. She put on man's clothing and joined the army early in the conflict and served until the end. A part of the time she drove a team.

Odds and Ends.

In Essam they lower corpses from the roof, it being against the law to carry them through the front door.

Scientific records show only 505 cases are known of persons having second attacks of smallpox.

Tom Burrows, the all-round Australian athlete, has beaten the record by swinging a pair of Indian clubs for twenty-four hours, without stopping even for meals.

In Russia the water supply never freezes because the pipes are laid below the frost line.

Street cars in Dresden are propelled by gas engines.

By a new process stockings are now made out of paper.

North China is the land of the doughnut.

An Atchison man, 5,000 miles from Paris, is the first man to put a "Trilby corn cure" on the market.

Harmonics higher than the natural open tone of the fiddle string can be got by almost any violinist, but J. G. Holmes, of Buchanan, Mich., claims he can get a harmonic a fifth lower than the natural tone.

President Cleveland is having his portrait painted without sitting for it. The artist, Percy Ives, of Detroit, has a room opening into the President's private office, and catches him at his desk when he can.

Abbe S. Stiltz, a French priest, in charge of the blind, has invented a typewriting machine which prints ordinary characters and the corresponding raised letters for the blind, so that the sightless can write letters to their friends and also read them.

Somebody has invented a letter copying book which, when rolled up and held tightly in the hand, makes as good a copy as can be obtained from a press.

There are 200,000 more unmarried women in England and Wales than unmarried men.

The King of Italy spends more for charity than any other European sovereign.

France has but one volcano—in the Department of Aveyron, and it is in active operation for the first time since 1870.

An alarm letter box is a recent invention. When a package is dropped in it sounds a bell in the house to inform the listeners that the postman has brought a letter.

Six near relatives of George H. McCalmon, of Biddeford, Me., met violent deaths—the father, grandfather, two brothers and two cousins.

Caycao, a small island in the West Indies, is inhabited exclusively by turtles, some of which grow to enormous size. Several vain attempts have been made to establish human habitations there.

Strange bed warmers are used by Chilian women. In cold weather, when in bed, they keep their feet warm by placing them on a dog.

Upon the meeting of the Fifty-fourth Congress each member will find upon his desk a button, a pressure upon which will be promptly answered by a page.

A new imitation of gold is made of ninety-four parts of copper and six of antimony with a little magnesium and carbonate of lime added while it is melted. It is said that it preserves its color, is an almost exact imitation of gold, and that it costs only twenty-five cents a pound to make it.

Of the few genuine relics of Shakespeare preserved in his native town, the most interesting are his signet ring, with the initials "W. S." on it, and the desk at which he sat in the grammar school in Stratford. The average number of visitors to the poet's home and church is 23,000 a year, of whom 6,000 are Americans.

There is a poplar standing at the foot of Mount Michael, in Yancy County, North Carolina, at the headwaters of the Cane River, that has a girth of twenty-seven feet nine inches at the cutting height. It is apparently sound and estimated to yield over 20,000 feet of lumber.

"Tribe of Gad" is the title of an association of teachers at Larned, Kan

In England imitation or filled cheese cannot legally be sold as cheese.

Mount Tacoma is the highest point in the United States—about 15,000 feet.

A Minnesota man has sued a barber for $500 damages for ruining his beard.

There are in the world over 120,000 species of flowering plants.

Men or women who wear cords to their eyeglasses these days are the exception.

The Dutch Bonnet.

The Dutch bonnet is on top in a double sense. It really looks more or less—more rather than less—like a Fiji headdress, nevertheless it seems to become its wearers, who wonder at it themselves. The truth is, women, so far from being as vain as they have been given credit for, are quite surprisingly modest; they admire and adopt all sorts of absurd styles, never realizing that it is really their own perennial loveliness and charm that make them admirable. The truth is, it doesn't matter what a pretty woman puts on, she will grace the article and look lovely in it, the worst of which is that all the other women take it for granted that they will look equally so.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report.

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

TAKING CHANCES.

Risks Run by Chicago Citizens on the Cable Trains.

The Illinois Legislature has fixed the value of a human life at not more than $5,000. The average Chicago man apparently regards his life as worth just 5 cents.

This latter sum is the fare charged by the street car companies for carrying a man from the business center to the end of the line. It is presumed that the man who gives his nickel to the conductor is entitled to a safe passage, but this presumption is cast aside, and thousands every day bet their lives against the nickels they hand over to the street car companies that they will reach home with whole limbs and as live men.

During the rush hour in the evening most of the passengers on the street cars ride outside. The street car companies have arranged the seats and extended the platforms so as to obtain the minimum seating capacity and the maximum standing, crowding, platform, steps and running-board capacity. This is particularly so on the West and North Side cable cars. The passengers who have paid for safe accommodations can take their choice. They can place their lives entirely at the mercy of good luck or they can walk, and the great majority trust to luck and ride.

They fill the inside of the cars to the suffocating degree of congestion; they pack the platforms until the railing groans; they take to the grip cars, the steps and the running-boards of the grip cars. They cling to one another, and when they pass through the tunnels the walls leave whitewash on their sleeves and on the backs of their coats. They cling between the trailers and crawl around for an insecure, dangerous footing in front of the grip cars. A sudden lurch, a broken wheel, a piece of iron on the track, a heedless movement, may any day send a dozen men under the wheels in the tunnels.

Luck has been with the street car companies thus far, and their patrons have grown so careless that for a nickel they will place their lives in jeopardy and be thankful for those "excellent accommodations and unparalleled transportation facilities" which always figure in the annual reports that inform the stockholders of the street car companies that the usual dividends will be paid and that several millions of dollars is in the surplus.—Chicago Record.

Usurped Fashions.

"If there is anything I dislike," said one citizen, "it's to see a man effeminate in his attire."

"It is unpleasant," was the reply, "and yet about the only way for him to keep from being so in these days is to put on petticoats."—Life.

He who plants a tree, he plants love; heaven and earth help him who plant a tree, and his work its own reward shall be.—Lucy Larcom.

WE GIVE AWAY

Absolutely free of cost, for a LIMITED TIME ONLY,

The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, By R.V. Pierce, M. D., Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, Buffalo, a book of over 1,000 large pages and 300 colored and other illustrations, in strong paper covers to any one sending 21 cents in one-cent stamps for packing and postage *only*. Over 680,000 copies of this complete Family Doctor Book already sold in cloth binding at regular price of $1.50. Address: (with stamps and this Coupon) World's Dispensary Medical Association, No. 663 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.

COUPON No. 113.

The City of Pale Faces.

The viceregal liveries of scarlet and gold make a focus of brilliant color amid the sea of white which surges up and down the broad "Strand" at the sunset hour, when the Europeans, who parody the proud title of Calcutta into "The City of Pale Faces," crowd along the banks of the river to meet the evening breeze, which rustles the towering palms, and brings fresh life into the sun-scorched city.

Bare-headed Babus in flowing muslins lean over the rails of the sidewalk, and criticise the fashionable throng.

Ayahs in gaudy saris and innumerable bangles take their languid charges for the evening airing. Richly clad natives in gilded palanquins pass swiftly through the crowd, preceded by syces, who clear the way with the long staves which serve as weapons and official wands. Hindu and Moslem, coolie and Khitmutgar, soldier and civilian, swell the throng; and, as darkness falls, the palm trees of the Eden gardens stand out clear and sharp in the blue flood of electric light, which bathes the scene, bringing the romantic East within the focus of Western science.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

McELREES WINE OF CARDUI.

For Female Diseases.

JAMES PYLE'S PEARLINE WASHING COMPOUND

THE GREAT INVENTION! FOR SAVING TOIL & EXPENSE WITHOUT INJURY TO THE TEXTURE, COLOR OR HANDS.

NEW YORK.

It bristles with good points.

And the minute they spy dirt they rise up and go for it. No matter what it's on—linen, laces, silk, woolens, flannel, marble, china, glass, wood, metal, or your own person, Pearline will get the dirt off with the least trouble and labor.

It saves that ruinous wear and tear that comes from rubbing. But there's another point to think about, more important still:

Pearline is absolutely harmless to any washable substance or fabric.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—*send it back.* 417 JAMES PYLE, New York.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JUNE 6, 1895. NO. 11.

A Catechism.

What shall my lover be
When he comes courting
Heart free,
Save of me
Room for no thought in.

What shall my sweetheart be
During disaster
Strong man;
If you can,
Tame me—be master.

What shall my courtier be
When we're sweethearting?
Heart glad,
Only sad
Thinking of parting.

What shall my master be?
Brave and true. Never
Trouble fear,
Sweetheart dear,
I'm with you ever.

What shall my husband be,
Honeymoon over?
Nay lass,
Ne'er shall pass
Sweet love of lover.

So may thy husband be
Lover as well,
And all life
His dear wife
In love's shelter dwell.

HER MISTAKE.

The Man: Aged 35: soldier. Home on leave from India.

The Girl he is engaged to: Aged 22; pretty, clever, enthusiastic; full of the New Ideas.

The Other Woman: Aged 30 a widow—not desolate. Has known the man in former days.

Act I.

Scene: A country house drawing-room.

Five o'clock tea-time. The lovers.

The man (standing masterfully on the hearthrug)—But what on earth are you driving at, my child? You've been beating about the bush for the last half hour and saying things I don't the least understand the drift of. For heaven's sake, explain what you do mean, and let's have done with it! I call it a waste of time myself, when I haven't seen you all day. (Makes a movement as if he was going to stoop down and kiss her.)

The Girl (tremulously, but with dignity)—Yes you are right. Let's have done with it, as you gracefully put it. Here is my ring, and that is what I mean. (Draws off a very handsome diamond hoop and lays it on the table beside her.)

The man (under his breath)—Good heavens!

The Girl (coldly)—Don't swear. There is no occasion. Our engagement is at an end. Tell every one if you like, that the breaking off of it was mutual, but please (with a quiver in her voice) take my decision as final.

The Man (passionately)—I will not. I never heard such stark staring madness. For I know you care for me. You may say you don't till you're black in the face, and I shan't believe you. So what's it all about? That woman—why haven't I told you that she was merely a friend of mine! I saw a lot of her for two hot seasons up at Mussoudie, I don't deny; but then we were about the only two decent people—not otherwise engaged—in the hotel. Well, I admit, if you like, that I rode with her all day and danced with her all night, but I give you my word—my word of honor, mind—(with emphasis) that there was nothing in it. I swear to you that I never touched the tip of her fingers in any way the whole world might not have seen. Now are you satisfied?

The Girl (icily)—I think that you admit what you deny. One can do a good deal of flirting without touching a person.

The Man (dryly) Can you? Well, I'm bound to say I can't.

The Girl: And all this is beside the question. From all I hear, she evidently cared for you. I think from your own account you gave her reason to. She is a widow now, and badly off poor thing. Can't you understand (reproachfully) that I should despise myself forever if I married you knowing this? In your heart of hearts you must think that I am right. She has the prior claim.

The Man (angrily): The prior fiddlestick! I dont think anything of the sort. Where you got all these ideas into your head I can't think—from those rotten women's novels I suppose. Well, (roughly), your ideas are quite too fin de siecle for me; I don't pretend to understand them. But I know that if I stay here any longer I shall shock you by swearing in good earnest. (Moves toward the door.)

The Girl (hesitates—then, with tears in her eyes, goes after him): But, Oh, you must do me justice—you must see that I am sacrificing myself for a higher good! You must think—

The Man (interrupting her): I give you my word that I think only one thing—that you are a little fool—no—I beg your pardon—extremely silly. Good-bye.

Act II.

Scene: The same drawing-room six months later.

The Girl (who has slept less than usual and thought a good bit: constrainedly): How good of you to come out this horrid day.

The Other Woman) who has just arrived to call, looking very smart and cheerful in the slightest of mourning): Well, it was rather an effort, but I wanted to see you to say good-bye. I am going away the day after to-morrow.

The Girl (with a thrill of apprehension); Really? Isn't that rather sudden?

The Other Woman (settling herself complacently in an armchair and preparing to be expansive): Yes, it is sudden. I've a piece of news about myself to tell you. I'm so happy I must tell some one. And I hardly know any one down here.

The Girl (A pause, during which the Girl grows a little pale, and braces herself with an immense effort); I think I know your news already. You are going to be married.

The Other Woman (unconsious that it is written in the radiance of her face): How did you know it? I've been perfectly quiet ever since I came down here I'm sure no one has ever seen me speaking to a man. I hope you don't disapprove of widows marrying again? (Laughing.) Some people do. I used to have that idea myself once. But I've changed my mind since then. One does change one's mind and reconstruct one's ideas a good many times in the course of ten years. Lives and learns, don't you know. But, of course—(with a little polite superior smile)—you don't know—you're too young.

The Girl (rather sadly): Am I! I don't think so. But (pulling herself resolutely together) pray let me congratulate you. I hope you will both be very happy.

The Other Woman (gayly): Thanks awfully for him and myself. I am awfully lucky. It dosen't happen to every one to chuck away a thing—find out after all that it was the thing you wanted most—and then have it offered you again just at the right moment.

The Girl (speaking with conviction): No, indeed, it doesn't.

The Other Woman: Oh, and by the way, I hear that we have a mutual friend—Captain Frazier. Some one was telling me that he belongs down in these parts. Will you give him a message for me if he turns up here again? I shan't see him now, and we used to be great chums out in India. He's a good fellow and he knew my Jack. Tell him I am going to be married, and remember me kindly.

The Girl (faintly): Your Jack?

The Other Woman: Yes, his name is Jack, too—Jack Enderby—Major Enderby. He's out in India—dear India (with effusion), and I'm going out to him next month.

Act III.

The Girl's letter to the Man.

"* * * I have just heard that she is going to be married, and I know now that I was quite wrong from begining to end. Can you forgive me? You will if you care for me one-half as much as I care for you. I never knew how much I could care till lately I. I've been wretched—and you were right—though very rude. I was a little fool; I shall be wiser in the future. I shall not wish to give you up to any other woman, even with—a—'prior claim.' Is it too late to be sorry?"

It was not.—Black and White.

Comparing Notes.

"I've learned to ride a bicycle," said Whitty.

"Ho! That's nothing," said Jimmieboy. "We're going to have a roof put on our piazza, and I can fall off of that if I want to."—Harper's Young People.

Evolution of Names.

The change made in proper names, by translation and otherwise, as instanced in the life of the Rev. Elias Child, recently published, are curiously illustrated in the genealogy of the Denio family, which has been written by Professor Francis Denio of the Theological Seminary, Bangor, Me. Among the earliest settlers in Canada was one Jean De Noyon, who emigrated thither from Picardy, France, late in the sixteenth century. His grandson, Jacques, born at Three Rivers, in 1688, migrated to Deerfield, Mass., where he married Abigail Stebbins in 1704. This was the year of the famous Deerfield massacre, in which sixty persons were slain by the French and Indians, and several families taken as captives to Canada. Among the latter were Jacques de Noyon and his wife. Ten years later their eldest son, Rene, was sent back to Deerfield and adopted into the family of his grandfather Stebbins. The staunch old Puritan was sure that Rene (Rainy) was not a Christian name and not much of a name at best. So it was dropped and the boy was renamed Aaron. The pronunciation of the French De Noyon was found difficult, and the nearest it could be represented in English spelling was Denio. In this way Rene de Noyon, the French Catholic, became Aaron Denio, the Puritan ancestor of Hiram Demo, author of Denio's Reports and chief judge of the New York Court of Appeals.—New York Post.

Mexico's Peons.

The peons of Mexico are a queer set, as their ignorance and stupidity is equalled, perhaps, by no other race of people in the world. They are too stupid even to be instructed. They still persist in carrying the ore from the mines in bags on their backs.

A contractor once secured a number of wheelbarrows, thinking to help their labors. They accepted barrows all right, but they would not use them as they were intended to be used. Instead of wheeling them, says the Baltimore Herald, they would fill them up with their contents on their backs, as they had done with the bags. Another amusing case of their stupidity was shown when an American, living down there, purchased a stove for his servants, who were peons, to cook on. They would not touch the stove, but persisted in adhering to their old custom of sitting in front of a charcoal fire, fan in hand, and waving it to make the pot boil.

A Legacy in a Warming Pan.

Large sums of money have often turned up in odd places, but $1,000,000 in a warming pan is a little unique. An old lady of 83 named Tanies recently died at her country house in France, leaving all her fortune, which she said amounted to $15,000,000, to the city of Paris. The house was carefully searched, as was her flat in Paris, but nothing could be found. She was not known to have any banker, and the authorities of Paris were beginning to think that they were victims of an old woman's self-delusion, when some one peered into an old warming pan, without a handle, which was stowed under a sink. The pan contained the whole sum in gold, bank notes and bonds.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Treasure.

Mrs. Johnson—May Brown has grown up to be a fine girl.

Johnson—Yes, indeed! She's a great comfort to her father.

Mrs. Johnson—Is she?

Johnson.—Yes; she and her mother often disagree about what they want him to do, and Brown thoroughly enjoys the deadlock.—Puck.

Executed in Effigy.

In Belgium criminals condemned to death are executed—in effigy, so to speak. The executioner fastens to a post in the public square a placard with the sentence of the court, and this is allowed to remain in view of the public one hour. The most recent "execution" of this kind was that of a Russian, Baron Sternberg.

An effort is being made in Freeport, Ill., to obtain an appropriation from the state Legislature for the erection of a monument on the site of the decisive battle of the Black Hawk war, which was fought June 25, 1852.

Fats as Food.

Fats, including all palatable oils, are valuable as foods, and under favorable conditions may be digested and absorbed in considerable quantities by a healthy adult.

A study of physiology shows that nature has bestowed great attention upon the means for the digestion, absorption and assimilation of fatty substances by the human body. This fact may be taken as an indication that fat is naturally a beneficial food. Yet it is a popular supposition that fat is unwholesome; and in many cases the eating of fat does cause discomfort and stomach disorder.

To live naturally, everyone should spend a part of the day in physical exercise, preferably in the open air. Exercise is requisite for the digestion of fat. Lack of exercise is one reason why, in many cases, fats "disagree" with the eater.

The digestibility of different fats varies. Butter and cod-liver oil are in the front rank as regards ease of digestion.

It is not easy to overestimate the value of cod-liver oil as a tonic for a child born with an inclination to consumption, as indicated by coughs, lameness, or curvature of the spine. The value of good butter in the same connection is not widely enough recognized.

The writer was recently asked by the anxious mother of a young girl of consumptive tendencies whether her fondness for butter was not unnatural and harmful. To such a person the taste for fatty foods is a natural craving for a perfectly proper and wholesome food. The craving should not be discouraged at all; but plentiful indulgence in out-door air and exercise should be insisted upon as a necessary condition of digesting the fats; otherwise symptoms of stomach disorder will appear; blotches and pimples will often occur upon the face, and general ill health will result. Fatty, heat-producing foods are especially called for in winter. Chemistry demonstrates it, and it is proved also by the wide use of fat in cold regions, both by animal and by men.

A dressing of olive oil greatly increases the food value of the common potato, and at the same time adds much to its palatability.—Youth's Companion.

Just Like a Man.

The meals on board a sailing ship are, perhaps, monotonous enough to justify the chronic grumbling of sailors; the sailors, having little to think of in smooth weather, eat—and grumble. Once upon a time there lived a skipper whose wife told him that if she went to sea the poor sailors for whom she cooked would never find fault with their food. So her husband took her with him on his next voyage. Now, this good woman attended to the cooking herself, and the scouse was thick with fresh vegetables, the bread was white and destitute of weevils, the meat was good and the duff almost half plums: but still the men growled. Then the skipper's wife bethought her of the hens she had brought to lay eggs for her husband, and she killed and roasted them and sent them forward to the forecastle on the cabin china.

"At last," said she, in triumph "the men will know how seriously we consider their comforts."

At eight bells she stole forward to the forescuttle to listen to the praises of her skill, and, as she listened, she looked down the hatch in time to see a big fist plunge a fork into the hen, the while a hoarse voice growled:

"I say, Bill, what d'ye think this bloomin' fowl died of?"—San Francisco Examiner.

Big Prices for Postage Stamps.

A Brattleboro 5 cent postage stamp, black on buff, was sold for $500 recently in London. Three St. Louis 10 cent stamps brought $90 and $95 apiece. Other prices were: Moldavia, 108 paras, blue on pink, $155; Spain, 2 reals, red, of 1851, $165; of 1852, $100; Tuscany, 3 lire, yellow, $130; British Guiana, 8 cent, green, $100 and $120; two 4 cents, primrose, $300 each, while an 8 cent green and a 4 cent orange on the same envelope fetched $600.

When Japanese oranges have the skin removed the sections fall apart naturally.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Dahomey is the smallest state in Africa.

Portland, Me., sends lobsters to England.

The first English Derby was run on May 20, 1784.

In Chaucer's time a woman's gown was called her cote.

English leather gloves were sold all over Europe in 1847.

Hats were first made in England by Flemings about 1510.

The French Montpelier gave a name to the Vermont Montpelier.

William Jenkins dropped dead from joy at being released from the insane hospital at Spencer, W. Va.

Old Kaiser Wilhelm had a soft voice, and spoke in a soothing tone that gave pleasure to every hearer.

Charles Riker of Elwood, Ind., has a dog which, having lost a litter of baby dogs, has adopted an orphan pig.

A Maine woodchopper recently cut down a tree containing a peck of buckwheat which had been stored by mice.

An odd palindromic sentence—one which reads the same backward as forward—is "Draw pupil's lip upward."

An English court has decided that the copyright of a photograph belongs to the sitter when he or she orders it and pays for it.

There is a spring on Pecos river in San Miguel county, New Mexico, which throws out a stream fifteen feet wide and three feet deep.

While playing with a rope near a street sweeper Frank Whittlin an Indianapolis, Ind., boy of six was drawn into the machine and killed.

The inch was formerly divided into three "barleycorns," these divisions being originally the length of a well-dried grain or "corn" of the barley.

Washington had a slow, deliberate way of speaking. His voice was low, but strong, his words were always well chosen, and his tones carefully modulated.

The Japanese begin building their houses at the top. The roof is first built and elevated on a skeleton frame. Then it affords shelter to the workmen from storms.

Fishing is good now in Buffalo's water pipes. Recently an employe of the water department while flushing out a street hydrant collected a string of good-sized perch and pike.

Next year will be the fourteenth centennary of the conversion of France to Christianity, King Clovis and his warriors having been baptized by St. Remy in the year 496. The event is to be celebrated at Rheims, where that historic scene was witnessed, by fetes which are being organized by the Archbishop of the diocese, Cardinal Langenieux.

A Palpable Fraud.

It would be well worth while for scientists to examine very closely into reports of so-called wonderful discoveries. The claim has recently been put forth that in a South American province a burned city has been discovered that is full of the most amazing things. Among other startling finds, there are exquisitely decorated pottery articles, images, stone implements and vessels of glass both crystaline and colored in highly artistic fashion. In view of the fact that at the date when the volcanic submerging must have occurred glass was wholly unknown in that portion of the world, the statements strike one as somewhat absurd. Glazed pottery was also unknown there at that time, and various other articles seem entirely out of the question. It is scarcely worth while to give attention to discoveries of this sort unless they are well authenticated and there is excellent reason to suppose that the lava-beds have not been "salted" after the fashion at one time prevalent among the gold mines of the West.—New York Ledger.

A Moral Question.

Johnny—Mamma, it isn't wicked when you do things you can't help, is it?

His Mother—I suppose not. Why?

Johnny—'Cause I can't help thinkin' all the time how I'd like to go to the circus.—Chicago Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Naturalists are still in doubt as to whether the sponge is a plant or an animal.

The more atmospheric air there is in gas the greater the heat, but the less the light.

The smallest holes pierced by modern machinery are one-thousandth of an inch in diameter.

The huge guns of modern navies can be fired only about seventy-five times when thy become worn out.

Berlin has a mysterious new malady which Professor Virchow attributes to the use of milk from diseased cows.

By the recent order of the War Department, telegraphy is to be taught to the officers of the Austro-Hungarian cavalry.

The pores of the skin are so fine that it is estimation that there are thousands of them to every square inch of surface.

Some of the common garden spiders spin webs so fine that 30,000 of them laid side and side would not cover the space of an inch.

The brain of woman is absolutely smaller than that of a man but is stated to be somewhat larger in proportion to the weight of the body.

The city of Carlisle, England, has its sewers ventilated by their attachment to thirty tall factory chimneys, which, of course, create a strong up draft, besides heating and destroying disease germs in the effluvia carried up.

Garrett P. Serviss estimates that if the earth were situated midway between the sun and the star Arcturus it would receive 5,198 times as much light from that star as the sun. Such interesting and valuable calculations show that a mathematician must be something of a poet also.

Among the interesting novelties in the way of inventions is a ship's buoy. It is to be arranged to be carried on the deck of the vessel, and so attached that if the ship goes down it records the hour and minute of the disaster. Automatic machinery is set in motion when the buoy shows a lamp, burns blue lights, rings a bell and fires rockets.

In the Comstock mines of Virginia, Nev., is probably the most extraordinary water power plant in the world. The wheel is at the bottom of a shaft 1,640 feet below the surface. The water is brought here from a stream 460 feet above the top of the shaft, so the total head of water at the wheel is no less than 2,100 feet, equal to a pressure of 911 pounds..

"An Ocean Swell."

The late Lord Alcester of the British navy was noted for the scrupulous care and neatness with which he dressed. In fact, in his later years he was known as "the ocean swell." When in command of the Mediterranean squadron his example in dress was closely followed by his officers, even down to the midshipmen, most of whom followed his fashion of wearing "cheese-cutter" caps. So punctilious was he about uniform regulations that on one particular occasion he chased along the whole length of the Strada Reale, at Valetta, a luckless midshipman who was smoking in the streets in uniform.

Going One Better.

Mrs. Sharppe—I'm goin' to stop tradin' here, an' deal with Lightweight & Co., the new grocery firm across the street. He lets his customers guess at the number of beans in a bag, an' gives a reward for the correct guess.

Mr. Quicksale—My dear madame, if you'll continue to give us your custom, we'll let you guess at the number of beans in two bags.—New York Weekly.

Getting It.

"Fact is," said the one man, "I married because I was lonely, as much as for any other reason. To put it tersely, I married for sympathy."

Well," said the other man, "you have mine,"—From the Indianapolis Journal.

A white tar has been invented, and under no climatic conditions will it become soft, so that in caulking the decks of ships it will probably take the place of pitch altogether.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

One of the great aims in locating the Industrial School is to choose a point that is central and accessible to all parts of the state. The wisdom of this can easily be seen. Should the school be located in some place that does not possess these advantages, in after years other portions of the state will claim that they should have a school of this character in their portion of the state. By careful measurement on any reliable map the following distances can be computed:

FROM MONTEVALLO TO THE

Florida line	145 miles
Tennessee line	135 "
Georgia line	92 "
Mississippi line	87 "

FROM ANNISTON TO THE

Florida line	187 miles
Tennessee line	93 "
Georgia line	30 "
Mississippi line	140 "

FROM TUSCALOOSA TO THE

Florida line	155 miles
Tennessee line	125 "
Georgia line	135 "
Mississippi line	42 "

FROM HUNTSVILLE TO THE

Florida line	260 miles
Tennessee line	20 "
Georgia line	60 "
Mississippi line	85 "

FROM JASPER TO THE

Florida line	198 miles
Tennessee line	82 "
Georgia line	120 "
Mississippi line	55 "

These figures speak for themselves. This school should be one great and grand institution. It should not be divided up as our Normal schools are. It should one day be the pride of the state. Locate it then at a central point and all will be well. There can never afterwards be any grounds for the establishment of branches of this school.

Montevallo possesses to a singular and marked degree all the qualifications of the act creating the school. We do not believe there will be a doubt in the mind of a single member of the visiting committee as to the proper place after they have made their tour of inspection.

TO THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY COMPANY.

Knowing as we do that your company has the interest of our town at heart, we feel justified in calling your attention to the fact that the depot accommodations for a town of this size and importance are entirely inadequate. This is, if we are correctly informed, the most important passenger and freight station between Selma and Talladega. It is also now a relay station, parties changing cars at this point going to and from Birmingham. The present structure was, we learn, built before the war and at several times iron rods had to be run through it to keep it from falling down. It is made of rough plank, placed up and down and stripped. Surely it has served its time.

Montevallo has at last awakened from her Rip Van Winkle slumber and we propose to make of it a town of which you, as a great railroad, will justly feel proud. All we ask is the co-operation of all who are interested in us. We certainly cannot point with pride to our railway station. Strangers who come in our midst speak of it and think it is an index to our thrift and prosperity. Our new steel bridge, which is nearing completion, will prove an ornament and a blessing. The Industrial school, which is now nearly conceded to us, will upbuild your interests as much as ours. We therefore ask you to do your part and not only help the people who have helped you, but do something that will, in the long run, prove a lasting benefit to your company. We ask you to give us a passenger depot that is not only suited to our present condition, but make it to suit the live and prosperous town which is surely coming.

We make no appeal to the railroad commission to have them force you do this, but we make it direct to you.

While we are all stirred up in our efforts to get the Industrial School let us not forget that we are entitled to a first-class passenger depot here. The proper steps taken could secure it. Let us circulate a petition at once and urge upon the railroad officials to build one. The old dilapidated structure that answers for a depot now has been there since 1865. It has served its time. Let us pull together for a new one.

LATE NEWS ITEMS.

An increase of 10 per cent in wages of operatives of the Pepperell mills, Biddeford, Me., went into effect Monday.

Mrs. D. W. Sims died at her residence on College street, Carrollton, Ga., 5:30 a. m., Friday. She was about sixty years old. She leaves a husband, D. W. Sims, and a daughter, Mrs. J. H. Ward, of this place. Mrs. Sims had been in feeble health for a year or two.

A storm which visited the vicinity of Curtis, Neb., Saturday developed into a cloudbrust, The flood struck the railroad yards, cutting its way through to the river valley below and made a breach 100 feet across and twenty-five feet deep. Five lines of the track suspended over the breach. Box cars standing on the tracks went down and are floating in the valley and many more were dumped into the water and broken up. A mill standing on the north side of the tracks is undermined and cannot stand over night. The railroad tracks are under water east of Curtis. Many farmers report loss of stock by drowning in the flood. The damage to the railroad will reach $30,000.

Mrs. Julianna Hayes, first president of the Woman's Southern Missionary Society, and mother of State Senator Thomas G. Hayes, died Sunday night, aged 82 years. She was born in North Cumberland county, Virginia, and married Rev. Thomas G. Hayes, of Washington, D. C. During the war she devoted her whole time to nursing Confederates in the hospitals of Richmond, Va.

A dispatch from Shanghai says that the rioters have destroyed the French, Catholic, English and American Protestant missions at Chengtu Szechuan. The missionaries were given safe refuge by native officials.

A dispatch from Tokio says; A dispatch from Formosa, via Cajoshima, states that a portion of the Japanese Imperial Guards landed at Lotie on May 29th and at once engaged a large body of rebels. Many of the latter were killed, but the Japanese lost no men. The Guards advanced to Shanshotai. The remainder of the troops, with the ammunition of the expedition, landed May 31.

News has been received of a severe hail storm at Paint Rock, in Church county, Texas. The stones were unusually large and many sheep were killed and injured. Crops were utterly destroyed and large limbs were torn from the trees. There was not a window pane left inthe neighborhood. The storm was of short duration and covered only a small area.

E. A. Pate killed W. H. Harrell Sunday afternoon near Arabi, Ga. The men were drinking and gambling, and Pate had won all Harrell's money. Harrell wanted the game to go on, but Pate started to ride away, and was shot at by Harrell. Pate returned the fire, killing Harrell. Pate is a prominent farmer, and Harrell was a section master on the Georgia Southern and Florida railroad.

MAXIMUM TEMPERATURES.

Scores Prostrated by the Heat and Many go Down to Death.

The temperature was almost tropical during Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday in most northern cities.

These are some of the maximum temperatures reached: 94 at New York, 96 at Harrisburg, 96 at Philadelphia, 94 at Pittsburg, 94 at Baltimore and 96 at Washington. At Philadelphia the record has been broken by 2 degrees. At Washington the thermometer has been even higher than 96 at this time of the year, as in June, 1874, when the temperature rose to 102, 6 degrees warmer than it was Sunday. In New York city it was 3 degrees hotter Sunday than on any 2d of June in the past decade.

At Indianapolis it was 98, 2 degrees above former records for the same date. The following records of Southern cities for Sunday make it apparent when compared with the above, that the hot wave was nearly equal in degree throughout the region east of the Mississiepi: Vicksburg, Memphis, Savannah, Charleston, Charlotte, Atlanta, Raleigh and Louisville, 98; Chattanooga, 93; New Orleans, 94, Augusta, 100.

Prostration and Death.

At Georgetown, D. C., there was one death from heat on Sunday. The dispatches from Philadelphia report a "terrible harvest of death" since Thursday, but give no definite particulars, beyond saying: "The prostrations were several scores, and on Friday there were two, three on Saturday and the climax was reached Sunday when 17 died. Baltimore reports fifteen prostrations and two deaths. Chicago only one case of prostration severe enough to send to the hospital.

Regular Army Movement.

Battery A and Battery G of the Third United States artillery, now stationed at Fort Barancas, Fla., have been ordered to Atlanta, where they will camp during the summer.

The batteries will camp in a grove near Fort McPherson, and the summer life will be passed in tents.

The officers of Battery A are Captain Chester and Lieutenants Randolph and Rumbough.

Battery G is officered by Captain Burbank and Lieutenants Millar, Benton and McNair.

A PLEDGE OF GOOD WILL

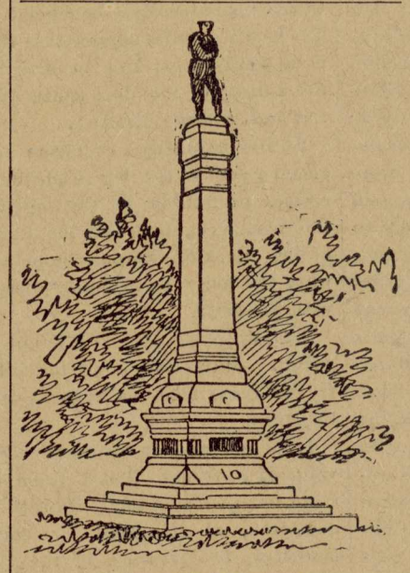
Renewed is the Monument Erected in a Northern City.

IN MEMORY OF SOUTHERN HEROES.

The Unveiling on Memorial Day Brings Together the Old Heroes of the North and of the South to Claim the Heroism of the Dead as the Heritage of all Americans.

The dedication of the monument to the Confederate dead in Oakwood cemetery, Chicago was an occasion unparallelled in the world's history.

There were Longstreet and Fitzhugh Lee, John C. Black and General John M. Palmer, Marcus J. Wright, of Tennessee, and General Joseph Stockton, of Illinois; M. C. Butler, Eppa Hunton, General John C. Underwood, the projector of the monument, and Wade Hampton, the orator of the day, besides hundreds of lesser officers on either side, who had come together to do honor to the memory of the 6,000 men in gray who sleep the sleep that



CONFEDERATE MONUMENT.
(Erected to Memory of Confederate Prisoners Who Died at Fort Douglass, Chicago.)

knows no waking in the beautiful cemetery by the shores of Lake Michigan. Veterans were there who had followed the fortunes of Lee and Jackson, and more than once flung their squadron against the hosts of Grant and Meade. There were commanders who had carried the stars and stripes of Sherman from Atlanta to the sea, and old soldiers, the mention of whose names evokes the memories of Shiloh, Lookout Mountain, Vicksburg, the Wilderness, Gettysburg and Antietam. All had gathered to honor brave Americans—not ex-confederates but soldiers of a common country.

A Salute from Battery D.

Finally the clear notes of a bugle announced that the Chicago City Troops, Captain Funkhauser, which was to escort the visitors to the depot, was in line, and the carriages, each containing two federals and two confederates, were rapidly filled and moved toward Michigan avenue.

As the procession moved along the broad boulevard, Battery D, Illinois National Guard, which was stationed in the lake front park, fired a national salute of sixteen guns.

The Black Hussars, Captain T. S. Quincy, acted as a guard of honor, and detachments from the Illinois militia, Grand Army posts, and camps of Confederate Veterans, made up the rest of the procession. The route to the cemetery was covered within a few minutes, and it was a quarter to 11 o'clock when the monument was reached.

Here a great crowd had assembled, stretching out in dense masses from every side of the speakers' stand. The police and military had considerable difficulty in clearing a way for the carriages, and it was considerably after 11 o'clock—the hour set for beginning the exercises—when the distinguished visitors were seated on the platform and the military band began the opening selection.

The opening ceremonies concluded, General John C. Underwood, who originated the idea of a monument, then briefly sketched the inception and progress of the work, which culminated in the great gathering today, and closed by introducing as presiding officer of the exercises Rev. H. W. Bolton, pastor of the Centenary Methodist church, and past commander of U. S. Grant post No. 28, G. A. R., whom he eulogized as the "embodiment of honor, justice, morality, a broad representative of the union veteran, a humanitarian and a Christain gentleman."

Wade Hampton of South Carolina, scion of a long line of patriots, a hero among heroes, was the orator of the day, and the words that fell from his lips were "like apples of gold in pictures of silver."

Our limited space permits us to give only the following brief extracts from the eloquent address:

"Nor is this all that marks this occasion as exceptional and remarkable, and which would render it memorable in our annals for all time to come. No monument in the world has such an honorable history as attaches to yonder one. That marks the graves of no victorious soldiers, but of the followers of a lost cause; it stands not on southern soil, but on northern; the men who rest under its shadow come from our far off southland, and it owes its erection not to the comrades of the dead soldiers, but mainly to the generosity and magnanimity of their former foes—the citizens of this great city. All honor then to the brave and liberal men of Chicago who have shown by their action that they regard the war as over, and they can welcome as friends, on this solemn and auspicious occasion, their former enemies.

"As long as this lofty column points to heaven—as long as one stone of its foundation remains—future generations of Americans should look upon it with pride not only as an honor to those who conceived its construction, but as a silent, though noble, emblem of a restored union and a reunited people.

"In the name of my comrades, dead and living, and in my own name, I give grateful thanks to the brave men of Chicago who have done honor to our dead here, not as confederate soldiers, but as brave men who preferred imprisonment and death rather than freedom obtained by a dishonorable sacrifice of the principles for which they were willing to die.

MERRY MONTH OF MAY.

Her Numerous Meetings, Festival, Religeous, Financial.

This month has been characterized by numerous public assemblages for various objects. The annual convention of the Southern Baptists was held at Washington city. The General Assembly of the Cumberland Presbyterians met at Meredian, Miss., and that of the Southern Presbyterians at Dallas, Texas, while their Northern Brethren held forth at Pittsburg, Pa. The unveiling of monuments in memory of the Confederate dead at Raleigh, N. C., and Chicago, Ill., were among the notable events of the month, bringing together immense assemblages of people. In Savannah, Ga., "May week" was celebrated with festivities and rejoicing. At Memphis, Tenn., in an interstate encampment, drill and review, the blue and the grey, the veteran and the novice at arms, mingled together in peace and vied with each other in patriotic military displays under the critical eye of the Commanding Genera of the United States army. It was a grand time in Memphis, Tenn., and was followed in a few days by the battle of the precious metals on the same field. The United Confederate Veterans held their annual reunion in Houston, Texas, rejoicing together that they were permitted to greet one another again. Several State grand lodges of Knights of Pythias convened in this month. Savannah, Ga., a city celebrated for the warm hearted hospitality of her people, entertained two important bodies: the Georgia Pharmaceutical, and the Georgia State Sabbath School Assosiations. At Birmingham the genuine Alabama hospitality was extended to the Baptist Young Peoples' Union and the Epworth Leagues in annual convention. The Order of Railway Conductors held their annual confab in Atlanta. The Gate City of the South also entertained the Washington Correspondents, the Commercial Club of Cincinnati and the Officials of the American Water Works Association. The Chiefs of Police of American cities held a conclave in Washington city, At a Brooklyn, N. Y., Sunday School Union Celebration, attended by by ex-President Harrison and Prince Francis Joseph of Battenburg, 186 schools were represented and the number of children who participated in the exercises is estimated at about 75,000. At Saratoga, N. Y., fully 2,000 representative Baptists congregated to celebrate the 81st anniversary of the American Baptist Union.

The list might be extended, but we have noted enough to show that altogether this month of May has witnessed an unusual number of events of rare interest.

GOVERNOR MORTON OF NEW YORK

Overcome by the Heat on Memorial Day Drops Down Unconscious.

The public observance of Memorial Day in New York city was more extensive Thursday than on any day for a great many years. The day was clear and warm. Up town streets, along which the veterans marched, were thronged with people. Business generally was suspended throughout the city. The down town streets were almost deserted.

At 11 o'clock, while Governor Morton was reviewing the parade at Worth monument, he was overcome by heat and dropped down on the platform unconscious. There was great excitement at the time and a call was made for doctors. Patrol wagon No. 24 was drawn up on the opposite side of the street with Police Surgeon Williams in it to attend to emergencies.

The surgeon dashed across the street bag in hand, went to the side of the governor. The governor was stretched out on a rough board and the surgeon applied restoratives while ex-President Harrison and the governor's private secretary, Ashley W. Cole, chafed the hands of the unconscious man and fanned his face. Governor Morton soon regained consciousness and was hastily conveyed to the Windsor Hotel, accompanied by ex-President Harrison and the governor's private secretary. Mayor Strong then reviewed the parade.

The Colima Disaster.

A special dispatch from the City of Mexico says: Only a meagre telegram has been received at San Francisco, from the Colima wreck, At 10 o'clock last Thursday night a message was received from the Pacific mail agency at Manzanillo sayiug the number of lost is 150 and saved only twenty-one.

A later telegram from Manzanillo says: Colima sunk in 130 fathoms. Steamer sent Wednesday found no body alive. Three cabin passengers and two sailors got ashore at Coahuayana alive. Until now twenty-six persons saved.

Tribute to Departed Worth.

Thomas F. Bayard, United States Ambassador at the Court of St. James, being asked to send through the Associated Press a message to the American people upon the death of Mr. Gresham, gave the following:

"American history is rich in heroism. and no son of America ever deserved the epithet 'heroic' more perfectly than Walter Q. Gresham, for his course was unselfish as his honor was stainless."

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Annual Encampment—State Troops.

Governor Oates has selected Mobile as the place for the annual encampment of the Alabama State Troops. They will assemble there on June 20th and go into camp at the Alba place on the bay, where a former encampment was made. Col. Williams will be in command. The people of Mobile have subscribed $1,700 to the expense fund of the camp.

Better and Better Business Grows.

The Elliott Car Company, of Gadsden, has received an order from the Southern railroad for 200 gondolas, making the total to date for that company of 700 cars. This is not all. The company has contracted with the Mexican Central for 3,600 car wheels to be shipped as soon as possible to Tampico, Mexico. It is claimed that this is the first order of the kind ever received from Mexico by an American.

Base Indendiarism.

About 11 o'clock Monday night fire was discovered in the northwest corner of the Lee and Stonewall academy, at Goodwater. Situated upon a hill, some distance from any dwelling, and occurring at an hour when most of the citizens were asleep, the flames had become master of the situation before anyone reached the scene. The building was destroyed.

Incendiarism was the cause. The building was valued at about $2,500; insurance, $1000.

Tuskegee Normal and Industrial.

The annual commencement of the Tuskegee Normal and Industrial institute for colored youths was held Thursday. Dr. E. W. Donal, of Boston, delivered the commencement sermon. There was fifty-four graduates. W. H. Baldwin, vice-president of the Southern railway, was elected a trustee.

Booker T. Washington, the principal, stated that an unknown friend in Italy had given $12,000 to the school for a new chapel. The students of the school paid in labor last year $41,000 and in cash $9,700.

Very Much Engaged.

Major Frank Y. Anderson, chairman of the board of managers for the Alabama exhibit at the Cotton States and International exposition, of Birmingham; Hon. Hector D. Lane, of Athens, Ala., commissioner of agriculture for Alabama, and N. F. Thompson, secretary of the Birmingham Commercial Club, were in Atlanta Tuesday to see about the Alabama exhibit and building.

The pressure of other duties on President Collier, however, and the other exposition officials, made it impossible to give these gentlemen the time they desired and hence they will return to Alabama and will make another visit at an early day.

Electric Car Accident.

Last Tuesday morning a trolley car on the Montgomery Belt line happened to an accident that caused the motorman Thomas Doran and two lady passengers, Mrs. Robert Davis and Mrs. Robert H. Jones to receive several bruises each and a severe shaking up all around.

A bolt holding the rod or iron braces on which the rear motor was suspended, snapped and the motor plowed in the ground. The car stopped instantly with a fearful jar that threw the lady passengers to the front end, Mrs. Davis's head going through a glass window.

Motorman Doran was pitched over the dashboard of the platform, and landed in the street twenty feet in front of his car. He was dazed for a few seconds, but got up in time to help his passengers out. Both Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Davis were scratched and bruised, but their injuries are of a slight nature.

Lost Their Bait Once.

A few days ago a number of young men employed in a Board Street, Selma store got hold of one of the seductive circulars with which the "green goods" rascals fish for suckers, and, upon the aggestion of a passer-by, made up thirty cents and telegraphed for a sample of "the goods." The sample came and proved to be a bright new $1 bill which was pronounced genuine at the bank. Along with the sample came type-written instrtuctions how to meet the "brother who travels on the square," and the number 938 is given. This "the brother" will whisper in the ear of the sucker who goes on to buy the goods so that the aforesaid sucker may know that he has found the brother aforesaid. These instructions are stamped with a rubber stamp, which reads: "Hereafter all telegrams must be signed by your right name and addressed to my private office."

"Also wear a stiff hat, as that is the kind worn by Eastern people, and you will not look so much like a stranger. Do not bring any bag with you, as I will furnish you one."

The young gentlemen who wrote for the sample are 70 cents ahead on the deal and they are satisfied to let well enough alone.

A Crook Meets the Usual Fate.

On Tuesday night at Montgomery two officers set out to catch a thief of whose depredations there had been frequent complaints recently. About 4 o'clock Wednesday morning they, with Patrolman McKee, discovered the negro, Dick Lee, going across the school house common with a large bag on his shoulders, and from the bag issued sounds as of chickens confined therein.

When called on to halt and throw up his hands, he dropped his bag of spoils, drew his pistol and snapped it in Officer McKee's face, whereupon the officer fired and the negro fell dead with a a bullet hole through his heart.

On the negro's person was found a crooked steel instrument of a novel invention, which he had used to prize open locks and gain admittance to residences and hen houses, and a pistol, which Chief Gerald says is an exact counterpart of those stolen by Colonel Harris from the Birmingham Arms company. Lee, who has been known under the names of Knight, Hooks, Holdfield and Thomas, has been famous in criminal circles in Montgomery and Birmingham for the past thirty years, and his death relieves the officers of one more crook to watch. In the bag was found fifteen chickens.

Reward Offered.

Governor Oates has offered a reward for the arrest and conviction of the party or parties who burned the colored Presbyterian Mission school building at Centre Bend, Wilcox county, situated near the residence of Judge William Henderson.

Archie McMahn Drowned.

Archie, the 14-year old son of W. J. McMahn, a wealthy merchant at Stevenson, was drowned Saturday near town in Crow Creek. The lad was diving, when he strangled and began to sink. His boy comrades ran away in fright. The body was recovered.

Appointments by the Governor.

The following named Confederate veteran pension examiners have been appointed by the governor:

For Cullman county—G. L. Brindley, L. B. Burch, John D. Small.

For Escambia county—E. P. Loveless, J. M. Davidson, S. M. Parker.

For Franklin county—W. R. Petree, James J. Bobo, Charles F. Fleming.

A Very Bad Negro.

Saturday, at Auburn, Moses Harper, a negro, severely beat and cut Mr. William Becker, an aged white man. Deputy Sheriff Gibson went down to arrest Harper, and was savagely attacked by him and his wife. Harper drew a shotgun and refused to be taken by the officer, who, however, drew his pistol and used it, shooting Harper in the right side. and severely wounding him. He was brought to Opelika for medical attention and is now confined in the county jail.

Case of Circumstantial Evidence.

About a year ago Henton Rice, a negro, was tried at Livingston and convicted of causing the death by drowning of another negro named William Burrell. He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary. The evidence was mainly circumstantial. A few days ago Burrell was arrested in Mobile. He had disappeared for the purpose of avoiding his brother-in-law, who, he said, had beaten him. He claimed to have never heard of the arrest of Rice for killing him until a short time ago, when he learned the fact from Rice's father, who happened to meet him.

The New Cotton Pest.

The new cotton pest mentioned in the St. Louis Globe Democrat in a letter from C. H. Townsend, government entomologist, that was discovered some weeks ago in the southwest portion of Texas, has made its appearance in Baldwin county.

Mr. T. S. Moore, of Tensas, Baldwin county, sent to the Mobile Register last Saturday a box full of the new pests. He says that he has six or seven acres of cotton and on May 31 found that its bad condition was due to the presence of these insects. Fully one-third of this cotton has been killed. The cotton in the low lands has suffered more than that planted in the high lands.

The pest was described as being one-fourth of an inch long and covered with a secretion that very much resemblrs cotton, and is said to injure the cotton by sucking the juice from the tissues. It is also reported that the pest is spreading with alarming rapidity.

GEORGIA'S NEW PENSION LAW.

Her Impoverished Veterans More Numerous than was Supposed.

The last legislature of Georgia passed an act extending the pension laws of that state to Confederate veterans who by reason of "age and poverty, infirmity and poverty, or blindness and poverty" are unable to take care of themselves, and appropriated $30,000, with a provision allowing $60 a year to each approved applicant under the act. More than 4,000 application have been filed, and the secretary of the executive department has decided to await further action of the legislature, on account of the insufficiency of the fund.

Of the pensions to maimed soldiers under the old act Georgia has paid this year $184,765. The appropriation of the legislature was $190,000. There are about one hundred claims under this act now pending.

There has been paid $233,220 of the $240,000 appropriated for windows' pensions, and about twenty new applications have been approved.

Made Him Popular.

Colonial Secretary Bond's success in negotiating a loan has set afoot a scheme to run him for the premiership to replace Sir William Whiteway, who is now old and is regarded as being behind the times. Mr. Bond leads the radical element of the Whiteway party, which outnumbers the others considerably. The movement is being pushed vigorously. Sir William Whiteway will be given a supreme court judgeship, if a vacancy occurs. If not, he will be relegated to a seat in the legislative council. It is believed that two-thirds of the Whiteway party will support Mr. Bond.

Gomez Still Lives.

It is now definitely stated that Maximo Gomez; the insurgent commander-in-chief, is alive. The report of his being wounded in the battle of Dos Rios and his subsequent death is untrue. He was not in that encounter in which Jose Marti met his death.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Son says, "Us tresspassing boys."

Eel fishing has been all the rage lately.

Did he "kill rats on you" Sunday night, boys?

Bishop says he had no prescriptions to fill last Sunday.

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt paid us a pleasant visit last week.

The choir had quite a pleasant practice one night last week.

Misses May Harris and Lena Nichols were in town Monday.

Prof. B. C. Williams of Blocton spent Frida in Montevallo.

Mrs. Alice Mills of Pea Ridge paid us a pleasant visit last week.

Fred Rogan's new drink, Cocoa-cola, is delightful. Go and try it.

Montevallo is entitled to a new depot and we believe she will get it.

We predict Montevallo will have four brides in the next twelve months.

Mr. Henry Killinsworth and wife of Spring Creek were in town last week.

George Morgan has gone to raising cataba worms during the dull season.

Mr. Adams, our photograper, left for nis home in Birmingham last Monday.

We were glad to have a pleasant call from Jim Hawkins of Birmingham this week.

Miss Nellie Parker of Columbiana is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Meroney of this place.

Mr. W. S. Cary is attending supreme court at Montgomery this week.

Who said the hay ride was not a success? You don't know what you missed.

A few of our boys say they had a delightful time at the dance at Aldrich last week.

Miss Mary Nichols has been spending a few days with Miss Farrington near Brierfield.

Mrs. W. E. Hampton of Birmingham is on a short visit to her friend, Miss May Harris.

Major Milner and Mr. Meighan of Birmingham spent Tuesday in town inspecting the bridge.

Twenty-five pounds of beautiful, yellow clarified sugar for $1. H. C. and W. B. Reynolds.

Messrs. J. M. Davis and L. L. Killinsworth, two of Bibb's substantial citizens, were in town Saturday.

Mr. Henry Beasly and his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Mary Beasly of Clear Creek were in town last Friday.

Mr. Theo Elliott of Dogwood and Mr. S. S. Cottingham of Randolph were among our visitors last week.

Coats' thread, any size and quantity, at 45 cents per dozen; two dozen for 85 cents at H. C. and W. B. Reynolds.

Miss May Humphries, a bright young lady who has been on a visit to Calera, passed through town last week.

Messrs. Latham & Co. are tearing away the store on the lot they lately bought and will erect a new store house.

Mr. E. T. Heter has two No. 3 Studebaker wagons which he will exchange for beef cattle. Call early as you may miss a bargain.

The dirt approaches to the bridges have very unfortunately been made entirely too narrow. It should be at least twenty feet on top.

Remember, we are headquarters on sugar and Mason's fruit jars. All bought before the rise and will sell accordingly. H. C. and W. B. Reynolds.

The staff have had their picture taken. Any farmer who is troubled with crows or anything like that could not find a more positive preventative than our photo. Young ladies who fear rats should also secure one at once.

Mr. and Mrs. Tinney of Centreville happened to a serious accident near the depot last week on their way to Columbiana. They were driving a mule and it became frightened and threw Mr. Tinney out of the cart and afterwards the buggy turned over and threw Mrs. Tinney down the embankment, cutting several large gashes in her head and rendering her for a time unconscious. She was taken to Mrs. McCauley's, who showed her every attention, and was afterwards put on the north-bound train.

Shelby Springs is now open for the accommodation of the public, and we understand quite a number have already secured cottages. This is a very pleasant place to spend Sunday, especially those who are cooped up in a hot and dusty city all the week. The springs are under the management of Capt. Booker.

Quite a pleasant party spent the day at Falling Rock last Wednesday. The following couples participated: Frank Kroell and Miss Fannie McKenzie, Mr. Beck of Birmingham and Miss Mary Kroell, W. P. McConaughy and Miss Bessie Allen, F. W. Rogan and Miss Daisy Canterberry, John Kroell and Miss Mary Nicholls of Birmingham.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs, assisted by Rev. J. D. Simpson of Tuskaloosa, will begin a protracted meeting in the Methodist church in this place the fifth Sunday in this month and include the first Sunday in July. Everyone invited to unite with us in this meeting. tf

Hall Central Lodge No. 70, A. F. & A. M., Montevallo, Ala., June 1, 1895.

At a regular communication of said lodge the secretary was instucted to confer with the masonic lodges in the vicinity of Calera with the view of a mass meeting of masons at Montevallo on June 29 for the purpose of public installation of the various lodges, and to have a public address from the grand master of the grand lodge of Alabama, and a basket dinner on the grounds. All lodges interested will please write at once to J. M. Reynolds, secretary pro tem. Central lodge, Montevallo, Ala.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BRIEFS FROM BRIERFIELD.

Winfield Hunter, who has been visiting friends in the city, has returned to Plantersville. Come again, Winfield; we are always glad to see your merry face.

Dr. Whitfield and family have returned from a pleasant visit to the doctor's mother, who resides in Tennessee. The doctor has been much missed about town and was gladly welcomed home again.

Rev. J. F. Smith preached a splendid sermon at the Episcopal church Sunday morning.

The beautiful and attractive little brunette, Miss Madge Hunter, is visiting her charming friend, Miss Carrie McCalley. Miss Madge is on her way to Washington, D. C., to complete her collegiate course.

Why is it that our popular young agent thinks it necessary to go to Talladega to court, when a dark-eyed beauty nearer home thinks he would be more successful in courting and not go so far off? How is that, Nez?

I wonder what excuse Zeke will make for not taking tea out from home since he is relieved of the custody of the "two young maids?"

We notice the lovely faces of our young friends, Misses Annie and Maggie Jemison, who came in Sunday to attend church services.

Our clever townsman, Thomas S. McCalley, has returned from a trip for his health. He is much improved in health and looks as if he'd been fed high. How was it, Tom?

M. B. B.

SPRING CREEK,

Some rain would be acceptable just now.

We have been having some extremely hot weather for the time of year.

Mr. Ollie Green and family of Longview visited Mr. E. L. Miskelly and family the past week.

Pat Kroell and his interesting little family visited Mrs. S. A. Carleton Sunday.

Mr. Yeager of Birmingham, who has been visiting his friend, J. W. Alexander, left for home last Thursday. He will probably begin teaching here on the 17th.

John Allen had a picnic Sunday hiving bees. He is slightly disfigured, but still in the ring.

Sam Vest was out here Sunday. We suppose he was dear hunting. Try again, Sam; maybe she will be at home next time.

Jim Vernon filled his regular appointment up the main line Sunday.

A gentleman passed through on wheels one day last week en route for Columbiana. The sight was so unusual that quite a sensation was created.

They say that Henry Killingsworth gives sugar to the cows to make them come up at night.

Rev. Eugene Lee and wife were in the settlement Sunday visiting friends.

Mrs. Beulah Northcut, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Alexander, returned to her home in Chilton county Thesday. Her father accompanied her home.

Will Williams is very earnest in his undertakings. It is expected that he will go to Columbiana soon and apply for credentials to become plenipotentiary and envoy extraordinary to Ala Bama. Observer.

SHELBY ITEMS.

The Shelby Iron Co. is selling a good deal of iron, but there is no prospect of opening up.

Prof. E. C. Franklin's school closes Friday, and there will also be a picnic.

The Shelby people were glad to hear of Mr. R. E. Hall's visit paid to relatives only. Bob, you must show yourself when you come again.

After the game of ball the other evening there was a small lad on the ground with a hatchet hunting Prof. Franklin, the aligator, to cut his mouth wider so he could holloa louder—in favor of Shelby of course.

Capt. T. G. Bush is expected Thursday.

The "Spy of Gettysburg" will be played here Friday night. Hope all who can will attend.

The Shelby baseball nine will be ready in about three weeks to play any nine in the county.

X Y & Z.

CALERA LOCALS.

D. E. McLendon, W. R. Oliver, B. McAllister, W. D. Huggins, L. Berstein and W. H. Moss attended court at Columbiana last Friday.

Edgar Holcomb, Esq., returned home last Friday from Athens, Ala., where he has been attending the agricultural school for several months.

Dixon McLendon and C. B. Duran visited friends at Columbiana last Sunday.

B. E. Hill, Clint McCain, Edgar Holcomb and J. M. Crim, Esqr., spent Sunday evening at Shelby Springs.

Mr. J. D. Hardy returned last week from a visit to Atlanta.

L. N. Bowdon of Montevallo passed through the city last Sunday en route to Columbiana.

Rev. B. F. Giles filled his regular appointment at the Baptist church Sunday.

Miss Alma Duran is visiting friends and relatives at Columbiana this week.

It is said that the reason Billy Bowdon wears knee pants is for its supposed effect in a breach of promise suit.

There's hardly a day but adds some melancholy thought to memory.

The fact that Providence has so greatly blessed this country should administer fresh hope to every heart.

Falsehood and wrong may bring forth applause of a day, but soon the delusion is gone, and then it will sink into disesteem.

Happiness is to the heart what sunlight is to the body, and he who shuts out either is an enemy to society.

Faith can move mountains, but love only can make the desert blossom as the rose.

The hope of final victory can never leave the mind which has full faith in the justice of its cause.

R. E. Bowden.

EBENEZER DEAD SHOTS.

Health of community good.

H. G. McBride, of Blocton, visited home folks last week.

Ebenezer base ball team is in full blast.

J. S. Little, of Birmingham, visited relatives in these parts last week. Jim, you don't come as often as you once did; has your girl given you the g. b.?

The singing at Ebenezer was a grand success last Sunday.

Ezekial Eddings, the progressive farmer of our section, reports the turf oats a fraud.

It seems that J. W. Maddox and J. W. Mills are rivals.

We will admit that Mr. Kilbrough is little but loud, and will be seventeen next grass.

Prof. W. E. Harrison called to see his best girl Sunday. W. E., don't stay too late, it disturbs the old man's rest.

M. G. seems to be in deep trouble about his best girl.

The girls say that Frank Harper is too anxious. Please explain yourselves, girls, it leaves some of the readers at a loss. Probably he wants to marry. You ought to hang out your stocking.

D. F. seems to think that E. L. J. would if he could. Dont fret D. F., his girl is in the Lone Star State.

The girl that seems to have the anxious boy's love and affections now should bump his head. Be careful, dear, that you don't get your head bumped as in days gone by. Don't think that H. is asleep every time his eyes are shut. He is an old coon and he knows the difference between oyster and crab soup. Miss Back.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

THE PEACH CROP COMING.

First Shipments from Cuthbert and Cordele, Ga.—Three Men Stealing a Ride are Killed—A Happy Swede Family—Ex-Sheriff Killed in Texas—Riot at Tallula Falls, Georgia.

SOUTHERN.

The lower portion of Putman county, Ga., was visited by a terriffic wind and rain storm Sunday afternoon at 6 o'clock. At Dennis station, on the Middle Georgia and Atlantic railroad, eight miles from Eatonton, the damage was very great to buildings and crops. The machine shop of Dr. John Ledbetter, together with his gin, was blown partly down, and wagons were strewn along the railroad track. A box car at the station was carried several hundred yards down the track but was not thrown off. Corn and cotton suffered greatly. In some instances it will be necessary to plant entirely over.

A special from Winston, N. C., says: Monday Richard Smoot and wife, living near Cana, Davis county, got into a difficulty. While he was beating her over the head she seized him by the uderlip and bit it off. He picked up his lip, walked four miles to a physician and had it sewed back.

Cuthbert, Ga., shipped her first crate of peaches Wednesday. They were a choice variety of beauties. In a few days the fruit growers will be shipping them by the car load. The trees are laden with fruit. Dr. T. N. Baker shipped a crate from his farm near Cordele on the same day to New York. They were of the Alexander variety and perfect beauties, large and red.

Pink Dockery, a farmer living on the little Tennessee river near Carpenter island, Loudon county, accidentally shot and killed his seven-year-old son Wednesday morning.

While in bathing at Pablo Beach, Fla., on Wednesday J. K. Ingram, a clerk employed by the Florida Herdware Company, of Jacksonville, got beyond his depth and was drowned.

The charging of an admission fee to a wedding was a novelty seen in Knoxville, Tenn., Tuesday. Centennial Baptist church had an entertainment, one of the program numbers being the marriage of James B. Rule and Jennie Dykes. The house was crowded, each having deposited ten cents to see the principal event on the program.

At Vanceburg, Ky., the grand jury on Tuesday morning returned indictments for murder in the first degree against John Corns and his mother, Harriet Corns, for the murder of Mary Corns, John's wife, March 2. The victim had been buried, when public clamor forced the authorities to disinter the corpse and hold an inquest. An autopsy was held, and it was found the woman's neck had been broken, and marks of violence were found on other parts of the body.

Yen Yenson and wife of Thorn Grove were the happiest people in town Tuesday before they, with their three children took a train at Knoxville, Tenn., for far away Sweden. Some six years ago Yen married his wife, she being the daughter of a rich Copenhagen merchant, who promptly disowned her. The young couple came to this vicinity and have been getting along fairly well farming. J. W. Brown, of Thorn Grove, interesting himself in Yen's story, wrote the irate father-in-law whose heart was softened. He sent the whole family return tickets to Sweden and will give Yen $10,000 when he reaches Copenhagen.

Ex-Sheriff Beckham, of Motley county, Texas, shot and killed C. W. Cook, present sheriff of that county, as he stepped off the train on his arrival at Seymour. There was an old feud.

South Carolina excursionists to Tallalulah Falls, Ga., engaged in a riot Tuesday afternoon, and the town marshal's throat was cut, the sheriff had his throat gashed and a deputy was seriously wounded. At Cornelia a posse ran the rioters into a swamp and captured four of them. They are now in jail at Clarksville. The sheriff of the county remained on the train and was shot at several times. The rioters were drunk. The coaches were badly demolished.

On Wednesday evening in the office of the state treasurer at Nashville, Tenn., Andrew B. Vaughn, warden at the Coal creek prison, having an altercation with J. T. Davis of Marshal county, drew a pistol and began rapidly firing at Davis regardless of the danger of hitting any one of the half dozen other men present who were not concerned in the quarrel. His third shot crashed through the brain of James W. Kirk, State Superintendent of Prisons. Davis, who is said to have been unarmed, retreated into the hall. Stepping over, or around the dying man, Vaughn rushed to the door and fired at him again. It does not appear that Davis was hit by any of the shots.

The mail carrier on the route between Forest, Scott county, Miss., and Raliegh, Smith county, was held up by a highwayman Thursday morning. The mail pouch was cut and contents abstracted, including several registered packages and letters. That route is unfortunate, as exactly one month ago, the mail carrier was assassinated and the mail pouch rifled, probably by the same desperado. Every effort will be made by the postoffice department to capture the robber.

WESTERN.

The forest fires which broke out several days ago, are believed to be raging with increased fierceness along the line of the Duluth, South Shore and Atlantic railroad in Wisconsin. A report from Iron river, fifty miles east of West Superior, says that fires reached there Sunday morning, and much valuable property was destroyed. The north bound limited on the North Shore was delayed five hours. The train crew fought the flames with difficulty as the heat was intense. A high wind blew all day and sparks were carried on every breeze.

A dispatch from from Topeka, Kas., says: Hot winds from the south have been blowing for the past twenty-four hours and continue blowing. Farmers have given up all hope of raising anything. The hot winds are not only damaging crops, but blowing fruit off the trees.

Thomas Yates, residing near Whitestown, six miles east of Lebanon, Ind., together with two tramps, was instantly killed while attempting to steal a ride to Indianapolis on the Big Four road Wednesday. The car on which they were riding was derailed. The tramps have not yet been identified.

Citizens of Garfield county, Oklahoma, arrived at Wichita, Kas., Wednesday to solicit food and clothing for destitute families living in the east half of that country. The death of a child from starvation is reported from Garfield county.

At Joliet, Ill., the rolling mills of the Illinois Steel company started up Wednesday morning, every department in full blast, giving employment to 1,500 men.

Tuesday's statement of the condition of the treasury shows: Available cash balance, $184,983,064. Gold reserve, $98,263,533.

EASTERN.

The Shenandoah city colliery, Pa., owned by the Philadelphia and Reading Coal and Iron company, resumed operations Monday, after an idleness of four months. About 800 persons are employed at the colliery.

FOREIGN.

The indications at present point to about the usual acreages in the states of North Carolina and South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama and Arkansas, and a reduction in the states of Mississippi, Louisiana, Texas and Tennessee.

A dispatch from Carrill, Spain, says the French steamer Dom Pedro, bound from Pasages for Carrill, struck Cape Correbedo at 6 o'clock Monday evening, when her boilers exploded, sinking her in a few minutes. Part of her passengers and crew were saved, but about eighty persons were drowned.

A tremendous avalanche of rock has fallen from the Scharz Moench mountain, in Switzerland, into the Lauerbrehnen valley, destroying the entire forest on the stope of the mountain. Fortunately no one was injured.

When two people think the same thing is funny, they are bound to become great friends.

A man who does a really charitable act is as modest about it as though he were receiving charity.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—

1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil

all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

The Horrible Maxim Gun.

Maxim guns were used aboard the ironclads during the recent naval maneuvers. A correspondent describes their use as follows: "The storm of bullets from them cut the water like rain on the advancing edge of a tropical squall. With one of these guns a gunner of very moderate skill can, at 500 yards range, cut down an ordinary park paling almost as well as a workman can do the business on the spot with an ax, and it is therefore not astonishing that most of the targets recently, small as they were, quickly disappeared. To the horrible noise made by a Maxim the correspondent knows of nothing that is comparable, except, perhaps, the sound made by steam blowing off at enormous pressure from the safety valve of a big boiler."—London Times.

A Happy Woman.

At last I am a well and happy woman again; thanks to McElree's Wine of Cardui. I have suffered for four years from womb trouble of the most horrible kind. Twelve years ago I went to the San Antonio Hospital, where they performed an operation, but it left me in a worse state than ever. I went to Dr. Kingsley and Dr. D. Y. Young, but they gave me little relief. After spending $125.00 I was not able to leave my bed, and most of the time suffered pains to equal a thousand deaths. On the tenth of last October my friend Mrs. Stevens, advised me to try McElree's Wine of Cardui. The first bottle did me good, and I got more, and to-day I am a new woman; am able to do all my cooking and house-work. I am running a boarding-house and doing all the work myself. I still use the Wine, and always keep it in the house—it saved my life.

MRS. M. J. MEYERS.

Appleby, Texas.

You Don't Have to Swear Off,

Says the St. Louis *Journal of Agriculture* in an editorial about No-To-Bac, the famous tobacco habit cure. "We know of many cases cured by No-To-Bac, one, a prominent St. Louis architect, smoked and chewed for twenty years; two boxes cured him so that even the smell of tobacco makes him sick." No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. No cure no pay. Book free. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

McDonald's Mills, Ga.

Tetterine is the only remedy I ever sold tha would cure Tetterine so it would not return. I've sold six dozen in a year, and guaranteed every box. I've never had to return the money for a single box. I sold a box to a man who had Tetter for 52 years; 2 boxes cured him sound and well. I consider I am doing the public a favor to recommend Tetterine. B. H. Tanner. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Always Cures

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress After Eating, and all evils arising from a weak or disordered stomach. It builds up from the first dose, and a bottle or two will cure the worst cases, and insure a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is no better way to insure good health and a long life than to keep the stomach right. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to do this. The Tranquilizing After-Dinner Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

Worse Than Rum.

Indigestion spoils more lives than rum. But you think you have "malaria" or "grip," or something worse. The trouble is all in the digestive tract. Ripans Tabules bring a sort of Millennium with them. One gives relief, and their habitual use keeps the whole system in tone. Get them of your druggist.

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But

it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

A. M. Priest, Druggist, Shelbyville, Ind., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure gives the best of satisfaction. Can get plenty of testimonials, as it cures every one who takes it." Druggists sell it, 75c.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—Mrs. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Dyspepsia

And distress after eating are cured by the tonic, appetizing, blood purifying effects of Hood's Sarsaparilla. Read this letter:

"I am happy to write a few words about the good Hood's Sarsaparilla has done me. I was troubled with dyspepsia. My food distressed me and I had dizzy spells and a dull, heavy feeling in my head. Since using several bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla my food no longer distresses me at all and my head has been relieved from all dizzy spells. I gladly recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla for any troubled as I was." HOMER J. CLEVELAND, Roxbury, Vermont.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

FARM AND GARDEN

WHEN TO GRAFT CHERRY TREES.

Graft the cheery trees early, or before the buds swell to any considerable extent. Pears and apples will do later, or after the buds begin to push, provided the scions have been cut in winter and packed away in some damp material where they will remain dormant until wanted for use. The cherry, as with other stone fruits, must be grafted quite early in the spring, and with extra care, in order to make the scions grow; still, a skilful grafter is usually moderately successful with such trees.—New York Sun.

FEEDING VALUE OF SKIM MILK.

The feeding value of skim milk is admitted by all parties who have given the subject any attention at all, to be from fifteen to forty cents per hundred pounds, depending upon the character of stock to which it is fed, and the methods employed in feeding. Now, since the change that seems to have come over the whole country regarding the manufacture of filled cheese, and the stingent legislation that has and will continue to be enacted against this counterfeit, it would be well for the creamerymen, factorymen and farmers to take up this question of utilizing skim milk and endeavor to put it to the best possible use.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

CHICKENS BY ARTIFICAL INCUBATION.

The right heat of an incubator is 104 degrees, varied occasionally for a short time down to eighty degrees. This change of the temperature is needed to aerate the eggs inside, for as the eggs cool, the air inside contracts and air from outside passes through the shell. Moisture is also needed, so that the eggs are sprinkled now and then with warm water. When the chicks are hatched they are fed with any good food, but mostly with cracked wheat or oatmeal at first, or a cake of cornmeal with eggs in it, and a little sugar is very good for them at first. They will eat quite readily, but it is desirable to teach them to drink by taking one in the hand and dipping its bill in the water in a shallow dish. The chicks are kept at first in a brooder for a week or more until they get strong. After that they may be put into a glass-covered run out of doors and fed six times a day, until they are strong enough to go at large in good weather in a yard. An incubator that will hold 200 eggs will cost about $40. It is not advisable for any person to try this business until he has had successful experience with fowls hatched in the usual way. For ordinary purposes, one acre of ground, divided into two yards, each to be used alternately, is required for 100 old fowls. There should be another yard, or several of them, of a quarter of an acre each, for the hen with broods.—New York Times.

TO PREVENT SMUT IN CORN.

Much has been said of late of cattle and horses and other stock mysteriously dying, and the cause has been traced to the smut on corn or a similar fungus on other grain or grass fed to them. The common smut of grain crops is a minute plant consisting of white threads, like those of mildew, which grow in plants, and generally concentrate in the seed heads. That of corn appears in every part of the plant, even in the roots, but mostly in the seed heads. The seed of the smut fungus consists of extremely minute black or brown balls, called spores, and, when this smut dries, it is carried off by the winds and spread far and wide. But some of it lodges in a tuft of minute hairs at one end of the seeds of the grain, and thus, when the grain is sown, the smut is sown with it, and in this way is most effectively spread among the new crop. To prevent this the seed, whether wheat, oats or corn, is steeped in a solution of four ounces of bluestone (sulphate of copper) in five gallons of hot water, and this, when cold, is used to steep the seed in. The smut spores are thus killed, and, of course, the danger of new smut is greatly reduced, as only that floating in the air will infect the crops. The seed is kept in the solution for a few minutes, then taken out and drained and spread out to dry; it is then sown immediately. Or the wet seed may be mixed with some dry, air-slackened lime, which is a great help, and, thus dried, may be sown at once, either by hand or by a drill.—Colman's Rural World.

EARLY MATURITY OF STOCK.

All our domestic animals come to maturity much earlier than used to be the case. The regular supply of food in sufficient quantities brings all animals to the breeding age much earlier than they would come when in a wild state and dependent wholly on their own exertions. As the breeding is earlier there is less vitality in the progeny and a much greater susceptibility to disease. In the wild state, too, the weaklings are killed off by exposure to the weather from which animals that are domesticated are carefully shielded. Thus in one case only the most vigorous survive to perpetuate their kind, while in the other the progeny is from both the weak and the strong, and therefore possesses a smaller degree of constitutional vigor. Sheltering too warmly promotes early breeding, and therefore tends to diminish size and health. In the Channel Islands cattle this early breeding and early maturity has run to excess. It is the stock that has been pushed too rapidly and forced into premature breeding that now suffers most from tuberculosis. One of the best ways to check this disease is to reverse this process. Heifers of the small breeds should be well into their third year before being allowed to drop a calf, and in the meantime they ought not to be fed so as to induce a tendency to fatten. It is too great a burden to put on a young heifer, itself not half grown, to set it to growing a calf while itself needing all it can digest to maintain its own growth.—Boston Cultivator.

POTATO GROWING.

Potato growing is attracting more attention every year, as farmers realize that an acre of potatoes can be grown at about the same expenditure of time and labor as an acre of corn, while the returns from the two are very different, for potatoes have brought fair returns within the past two or three years, and the profit would be still greater if proper culture and fertilization were supplied.

Many farmers plant potatoes on the poorest sections of their farms and are disappointed at obtaining small yields of inferior tubers. How could it be otherwise, when the soil is lacking in the necessary plant food for the crop? There is no doubt that when the soil is adapted to its growth, the potato is a profitable crop for the one who bestows on it experience, care and hard work. There is little need of hand labor in raising potatoes. With modern tools the planting, cultivating and harvesting can be done by machinery. The latter is responsible also for largely increasing the acreage. Seed tubers should be sound and not much sprouted to be in the best condition for planting. It is well to place them in warmth and sunlight for a week before cutting them for seed. The single eye cutting has not so many advocates as formerly, and it is generally conceded that the safest plan is to plant a fair-sized piece. The continued use of small potatoes does not give good results. It is important that the variety be the best as regards both yield and quality. Old "run out" sorts do not pay.

The distance between the rows depends upon the variety of potato. Those which produce large tops should be planted in rows about three feet apart, while the small top varieties may be planted about two and a half feet distant. The object is to have a complete shading of the ground. This is of particular importance in a dry season. Four inches is about the best depth for planting. This avoids much hilling and yet allows for easy harvesting. The preparation of the seed bed should be as thorough as possible. Afterwards frequent, shallow, level culture is best. A potato field should be kept clean from the time of planting to the harvesting of the crop. Many potato fields are allowed to become so overrun with weeds as to make the cost of harvesting more than all other labor given during the season. Keep the weeds down from the start, and the tubers will be larger and the yield heavier. Potatoes are best not to be dug until fully ripe, and care should be taken to prevent exposure to the sun.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Have any of your fowls white, or scaly legs? Attend to them.

Now get some grass for your hens. Throw in a sod occasionally and they will thank you.

Those who have tried both claim that there is very little difference, none in fact, between white and brown Leghorns, except in color.

Get a lot of old plaster that somebody has torn from a wall, and dump in your hen park. The fowls will soon grind it up into egg shells.

It is possible to build a wire netting fence high enough to retain brown Leghorns. We have demonstrated it, though we always thought it impossible before.

When you bring in a dozen eggs at night, and they are so nearly alike that no difference in color can be detected, it is safe to assume that your hens are pretty well bred.

The nature of most breeds of poultry is to be gentle and it is only by experience of rough treatment that they become shy. The true fancier pets and handles his birds, but always so gently that they learn to trust their keeper.

Eggs broken within the hen usually cause death. Wash the vent with hot water to relax the tissues, then apply sweet oil, pass the finger up the oviduct and remove as much of the broken shell as possible. Unless the hen is valuable it would not pay.

Make a drinking fountain for your chicks, by filling a tin can with water and then turning it upside down on a flat dish or tin can cover. This will let out just enough water to supply their wants but not enough to drown in, and it is always clear.

The pure bred cockerel that sells for about $1 is not the kind we see at the large poultry shows. But he is an excellent bird to use on a common flock—worth a dozen scrubs, inbred and akin to the hen as we see them in common use among neglected farm poultry.

Royal Baking Powder

Absolutely Pure

All other powders are cheaper made and inferior, and leave either acid or alkali in the food.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW-YORK.

ASLEEP IN A REFRIGERATOR.

A Wife Put There by Burglars and Found by Her Husband.

The construction of city flats is such that it seems as if flat thieves ought to be able to obtain almost unlimited plunder with impunity. But they are forever getting caught, and most of them are lowest grades of sneak thieves. Anything like originality in their methods is rare, so the experience of the head of a modest West Side flat this week is remarkable, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. He arrived home from business about 6 o'clock, and at once observed indications that something unusual had been going on. It was evident that a thief had been around, and that he had gone away without taking much, if anything, with him, unless it was the resident's wife, for she was nowhere to be found. The husband presumed that she had gone to notify the police, so he sat down and waited; but after an hour or two he became anxious and inquired of the neighbors. They had heard or seen nothing either of thief or wife. Then there was trouble. The husband hurried to the nearest police station. His wife hadn't been there, and a general alarm was sent out for patrolmen to watch for her, while two detectives returned to the house and helped push inquiries. The kitchen and dining-room looked as if the wife had been interrupted in her work, but there was no other sign of her. The detectives looked very wise, asked many questions that seemed impudent to the distracted husband, made some notes and went away.

The husband was in a bad state of mind, but not so upset that he didn't presently realize that he needed food. Rather than go to a restaurant he went to his refrigerator to see what there might be to eat. He opened the door, and there curled up in the ice chamber was his wife. She wasn't hurt; she hadn't even fainted. She was simply sound asleep, somewhat stupefied with the close air and cramped in every joint, but otherwise in good condition and glad to get out. She explained that she caught a thief at work, and that he clapped her into the refrigerator before she could scream. Once in she could do nothing. There was no inner handle to the door. She cried aloud, and finding no response just waited to be discovered, dreading all the while that her wedding spoons had been taken. They were not, though they had been placed, with other valuables, in the center of the dining-room table for carrying off, and the incident ended happily.

The Furnace Fire.

In order to have a furnace work properly it is necessary to keep the cellar cold by means of a steady draught. The air-shaft may be all that is needed for actual combustion, but in order to have the hot air distributed through the house, the cellar itself must be kept cold.

The air-shaft should be frequently examined, as, unless properly protected, it is apt to become a refuge for stray cats.

Doctor Lincoln, an authority on heating and ventilation, says that the great trouble with our household furnaces, which he is far from regarding as an ideal system of heating, but nevertheless the most practical at present, is that they are too small. The uninitiated, who have to pay the coal bills, probably think them too large. But he explains that the heat can be better regulated and better diffused by having a small fire in a large furnace than with a large fire in a small furnace.

Furnaces are often blamed for not violating a physical law, in that they cannot heat a windward room.

There is no use in fighting this; the only thing to be done is to have additional fires.

A good furnace needs to be shaken down but twice a day. It should be supplied with two long pokers—one straight, for loosening the coal from the sides and in the center, the other with a hook for running between the bars of the grate to remove clinkers or coal which have become wedged.

"Mice" Would Be More Effective.

Mrs. Strongmind—What would the men say if 1,000,000 of women should rise in their righteous wrath and demand the ballot at the point of the bayonet?

Mr. Strongmind (abstractedly)—Oh, rats. I suppose.—Judge.

Just the Man.

Wiggles—A promoter? What earthly qualifications has he for a promoter?

Waggles—Well, he has failed in everything that he has ever undertaken on his own account.

CRADLE OF INDIAN BABIES.

Queer Sacks in Which Pappooses Are Nursed and Transplanted.

When you go through an Indian camp you can see red and green sacks standing against the sides of the tepees, carried on the backs of little girls by means of a blanket which is fastened at the waist with a broad leather belt, or being rocked to and fro by the wind in the boughs of cottonwood trees.

Sometimes, if the camp is going on a long journey in search of game or for water, or to escape a war party, two of these sacks are fastened together by stout straps and swung over the back of a pony, one dangling on each side, like the baskets on a pack mule. But as a rule the horses are left for the men and boys to ride, and the pappooses are either carried by the girls or packed away on a "travoise," which is the only wagon the Indians have, and you will think it a very poor kind of a wagon when you hear how it is made.

The larger "travoises" are made of two cottonwood branches, and the smaller ones of stout willow sticks. The two poles are crossed about a quarter of the distance from the small ends, and held in place with strong cords of buffalo sinew; a foot or so below the joining a mat is fastened, reaching from one pole to the other and firm enough to carry heavy burdens. The frame of the mat is one long willow twig, which has to be soaked and twisted in shape while wet, and the mat is just a mesh of simply woven leather straps.

It is a strange sight to see a camp packed and ready to take up the line of march. One by one, in single file, they start away—the men, and boys over 15, on horseback leading the way; then the women and dogs dragging the "travoises," and last of all girls with pappooses on their backs, and little half-naked boys running along in a jog trot, breaking line every now and then to throw their balls or rob a bird's nest half hidden in the thick prairie grass.

Getting Old.

One of the worst things about getting old is that you will have to wear flannels in hot weather to keep the rheumatism off. You never see old women wearing dresses so thin they show lace through.—Atchison Globe.

A man who does a really charitable act is as modest about it as though he were receiving charity.

PROSPECTIVE MOTHERS

and those soon to become mothers, should know that Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription robs childbirth of its tortures and terrors, as well as of its dangers to both mother and child, by aiding nature in preparing the system for parturition. Thereby "labor" and the period of confinement are greatly shortened. It also promotes the secretion of an abundance of nourishment for the child.

MRS. DORA A. GUTHRIE, of *Oakley, Overton Co., Tenn.*, writes: "When I began taking Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription, I was not able to stand on my feet without suffering almost death. Now I do all my housework, washing, cooking, sewing and everything for my family of eight. I am stouter now than I have been in six years. Your 'Favorite Prescription' is the best to take before confinement, or at least it proved so with me. I never suffered so little with any of my children as I did with my last."

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

Marked Down.

"And you proposed to her twice before she accepted you?"

"Yes."

"It's strange that she changed her mind."

"Not at all. When she refused me the first time, it made me feel so cheap that she couldn't resist the chance for a bargain."—Washington Star.

Indefinite.

Clara—Mr. Sandstone wanted me to to tell him your age last night.

Maude—But you didn't.

Clara—Not exactly. I only gave it to him in round numbers.—Life.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

A HORSE OWNER

ought to think enough of his animal to wish to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. It is money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our **One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book** for 25 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good Horse; know imperfections and so guard against fraud; detect disease and effect a cure when same is possible; tell the age by the teeth; what to call the different parts of the animal; how to shoe a Horse properly, etc., etc.

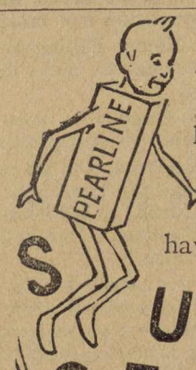
All this and other valuable information can be obtained by reading our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book, which we will forward, post-paid, on receipt of price in stamps. Assuredly the Horse is too good a friend to man to be neglected for want of knowledge which can be procured for only twenty-five cents.

BOOK PUBLISHING HOUSE, 134 Leonard St., N.Y.City.

Notice to Mill Men

And farmers owning small power: The finest and most complete Saw Mill in existence to-day, is manufactured by the DeLOACH MILL M'F'G. CO., 350 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga. Took first prize at World's Fair at Chicago. All sizes, from 4 h. p. up to the largest. Prices reduced. Send for catalogue showing new improvements; also, of Portable Corn Mills, Baling Presses and Turbine Water Wheels, Pulleys and Shafting and all kinds of mill supplies.

AM. N. U. No. 23, 1895.



Fairly jumped into success —Pearline. Right from the very start. Notwithstanding all these hundreds of years of precedence behind that old-fashioned, back-breaking way of washing with soap, too.

Now, why was it? Why is it that hundreds of millions of packages of Pearline have been used in the few years since this washing-compound was invented? Just do your washing and cleaning with Pearline for a month, and you'll see.

It takes away the rubbing, but without any risk of harm. That puts it at the head of every known aid for washing.

Millions NOW USE Pearline 461

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1895. NO. 12.

A BIG CHURCH.

UNIQUE FEATURES OF THE NEW BROOKLYN BAPTIST TEMPLE.

A Greater Seating Capacity Than Any Other Church in the Metropolitan District—Will Be Open Day and Night.

WORK on the new building for the First Baptist Church, corner of Third avenue and Schermerhorn street, Brooklyn, is being pushed rapidly, and it is thought, declares the New York World, that the structure will be completed even sooner than the builder anticipated. It will be known as the Brooklyn Baptist Temple, and the Rev. Cortlandt Myers will be retained as pastor.

The temple will have a larger seating capacity than that of any other church in Brooklyn or even New York. In fact there are only about half a dozen other churches in the United States that can seat as many people as the new building will accommodate. The main feature of this church is economy. It will have cost when entirely completed less than $70,000. This sum has already been raised by the congregation, and there will be no debt on the building when it is completed.

G. W. Kramer and B. H. Simonson, are the architects. They planned a structure in the Norman Gothic style. It is being constructed of rain-washed brick, with terra-cotta trimmings, and will have a frontage of 100 feet on Third avenue and 130 feet on Schermerhorn street. It will be three stories in height, and will have a tall, square tower at the corner where the streets intersect. There will be nine entrances on the avenue front and on the street side of the building, each opening from a vestibule directly opposite the foot of an aisle.

The main auditorium, which will be arranged to seat 3000 people, will be reached by easy tiers of steps, both on the interior and exterior of the building. The steps to the entrances will be broad and the doors wide and high. The first floor of the church will be eight feet below the level of the street, and will contain a large hall to be used for prayer meetings or lectures, and so arranged as to accommodate 1000 people; a drill room for members of the Boys' Brigade, commodious dining-rooms for sociables, reading-rooms and library rooms for the King's Daughters, young men's parlors, accommodation for the Ladies' Aid and Dorcas societies, work rooms for mission work of all kinds and toilet rooms.

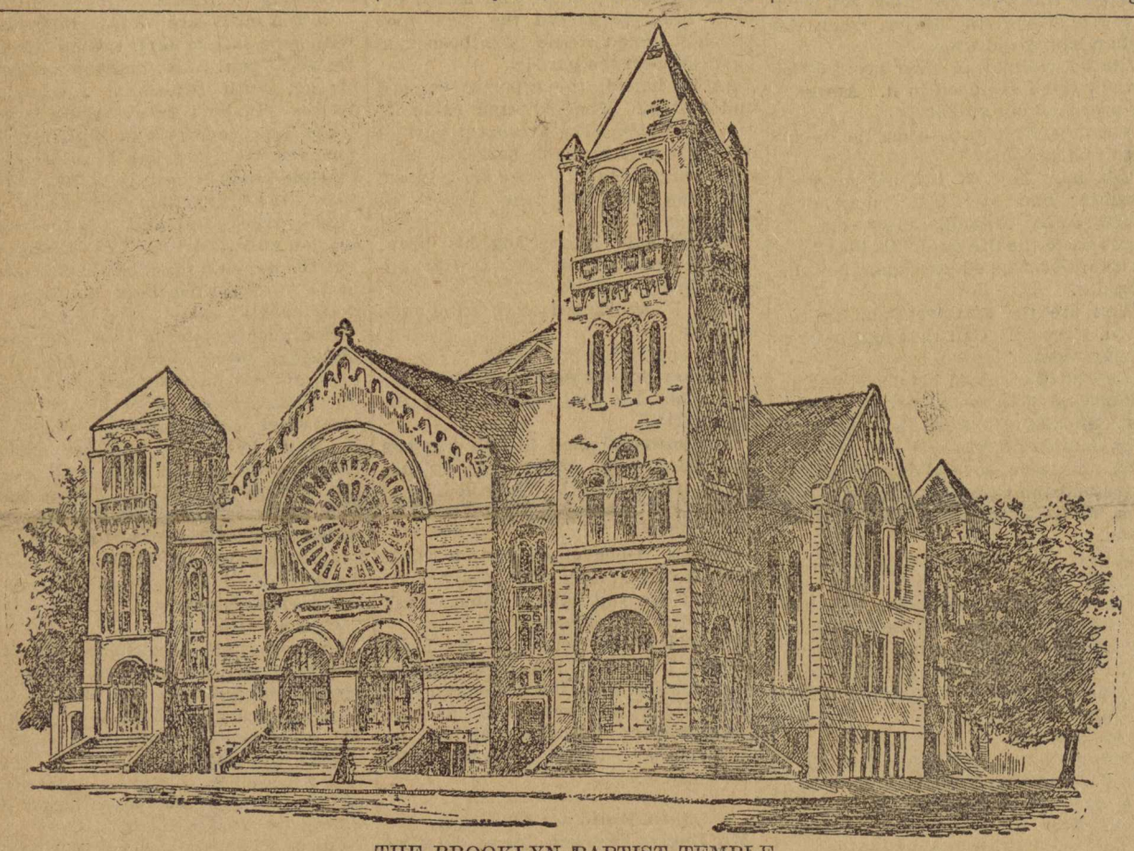
It is intended to have members of the Sunday-school assemble in the main auditorium, after which they will retire to class rooms underneath the gallery, where rooms are to be formed by an ingenious arrangement of poles and curtains. Before the regular church services begin these will be placed out of sight, leaving no evidence of the auditorium having been used for anything else.

The main floor will be entirely surrounded by a large and deep gallery, in which there will be seating accomodations for the congregation, except in that portion directly over the pulpit platform. In a semi-circular recess back of the pulpit platform will be placed the large $10,000 organ, which has been removed from the old church at Pierrepont and Clinton streets and which is now in storage. It is the biggest organ of any church in Brooklyn. In front of and at its sides there will be a space for a chorus of 200 voices, which it is intended to organize under the leadership of Sig. J. C. Brocolini, the choirmaster at the church. Just beneath the organ loft there will be placed a white marble baptismal pool, with retiring room on each side.

Adjoining the main auditorium on the Schermerhorn street side will be the assistant pastor's study and the church offices. There will also be rooms on the opposite side of the auditorium. In the rear of the main building there will be an extension three stories in height and twenty-five feet square. On the first floor of this extension will be the kitchens, pantries and the store rooms of the church.

It is designed to cover the entire structure with one roof, forming a pointed dome. The dome will be covered with enamelled, mottled Roman tiles. There will be no obstruction in the auditorium to mar its grand proportions. On both of the street sides of the structure there will be large rose and mullion stained glass windows, with scriptural and emblematic designs. The interior finish of the church will be in hard wood in natural colors and handsomely frescoed plaster.

To the pastor, the Rev. Cortlandt Myers, is due the credit of the new church's many original features. The church is to be kept open from early in the morning until late at night. The reading and other rooms of the church are to be in constant use, forming practically a home in the church for all those who desire to come together for prayer, Christian intercourse or mutual improvement. Although Mr. Myers has been pastor of the First Baptist Church for only about two years, he has made it one of the most popular and strongest churches in Brooklyn. Unlike the Baptist Temple in Boston, the Brooklyn edifice will be used for none other than church purposes.



THE BROOKLYN BAPTIST TEMPLE.

(When completed it will have a greater seating capacity than any other church in New York or Brooklyn.)

HOUSES PAST AND PRESENT.

Advantages of Both Styles, With Plans for a Modern Residence.

(Copyright 1895.)

Whenever a house that has stood for many years is finally demolished, there are many cries that "our forefathers build better than we." It is undoubtedly a fact that there was greater honesty of construction in the old days than at present, and that the materials used were generally better. The mortar in the old buildings is so hard that it seems almost a part of the stone or brick; it was not made with a plenitude of sand, a modicum of cement, and so it has never crumbled under wet weather as does the modern mixture. The old bricks were better burned and seemed more flinty than porous; the beams were hewn out of the heart of the tree and were not slender joists sawed like planks, the hewn beams having twice the length of life that sawed timber has, the ax leaving a glaze on the surface of the wood, closing the pores. Iron played little part in the older buildings, structural iron work being a late application, but wherever metal was used at all it was of the best. Plumbing and gas fixtures were honestly cast and finished and fitted by hand and not stamped out by machinery. There were wide halls, easy stairs, generous fireplaces and solid, substantial woodwork.

These were undoubted advantages in the old style and many of them might well have been retained; still there is no justice in continually decrying modern building. It is true that the man of the present now builds his house for himself, taking little thought as to whether it will serve his children or his children's children. The conditions of modern life prevent the exercise of great foresight for one's descendants in this regard. The diverse interests of business make society largely migratory, and owing to the rapid growth of our cities there is a constant shifting of population. So it would be worse than useless to build a house in any city with the expectation that it would be occupied by three or four generations of the builder; and it is the general and wide recognition of this fact that prevents the erection of such solid and enduring structures as our forefathers put up. We can afford to sacrifice something to sightliness in detail, in cost and construction.

The essential matter of all receives far more attention now than ever before—that is, sanitary condition. Solidity of masonry and joinery cannot take the place of sealed drains, perfect ventilation, good lighting and heating. In the old days every builder was left to his own devices with conscience as his sole mentor; now the most rigid laws prescribe the things that are essential for health and safety and leave the builder perfect freedom only to gratify his aesthetic tastes.

Holding our tenures as we do, with no privilege of entail to posterity, the American's attachment to locality is not a conspicuous trait, for there is not a people on earth boasting a high civilization and intelligence who are such a roving race.

The writer does not make the statement in a fault finding way, but to show that in the erection of buildings utility is our chief object, and to this tendency we can trace the popularity of the modern low cost houses, and would refer to the design illustrating this article as a type. A somewhat detailed description is appended:

Width throughout dining room and library, 26 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda, 45 feet 10 inches.

Heights of stories: Cellar, 7 feet; first story, 9 feet 6 inches; second story, 9 feet.

Exterior materials: Foundations, stone to grade and brick above grade; first story clapboards; second story and roof, shingles; gables, panels and shingles; floors of balconies covered with heavy canvas.

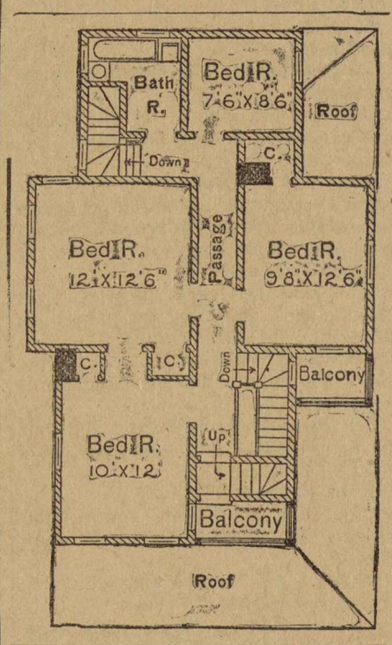
Interior finish: Three-coat plaster; hard white finish; soft wood flooring and trim; main staircase ash; picture molding in principal rooms and hall, first story; kitchen and bathroom wainscoted; all interior woodwork grain filled and finished with hard oil varnish.

Colors: All clapboards and spindle work of balconies, fawn; trim, including water table, corner boards, casings, cornices, bands, veranda posts, rail, etc., Tuscan yellow; outside doors, blinds, sashes, stiles and rails of panels, dark green; brickwork painted dark red; shingling on side walls and gables stained sienna; roof shingles stained dark brown.

The principal rooms, their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by floor plans. Cellar under whole house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor. Attic floored for storage purposes; open fireplaces in parlor and dining-room; brick set range in kitchen; folding and sliding doors between dining-room and library and parlor and dining-room. Bathroom with complete plumbing; ample veranda and closet room. Stationary washtubs could be introduced in kitchen or a separate laundry planned in cellar. Double doors may be introduced connecting parlor and hall. Servant's room may be finished in attic. Open fireplace could be planned in library. The veranda space may be increased or diminished without affecting the artistic appearance of the design.

This house may be built as described for $2700, not including mantels, range and heater, the estimate being based on New York prices for materials and labor, though in many sections of the country the cost should be much less.

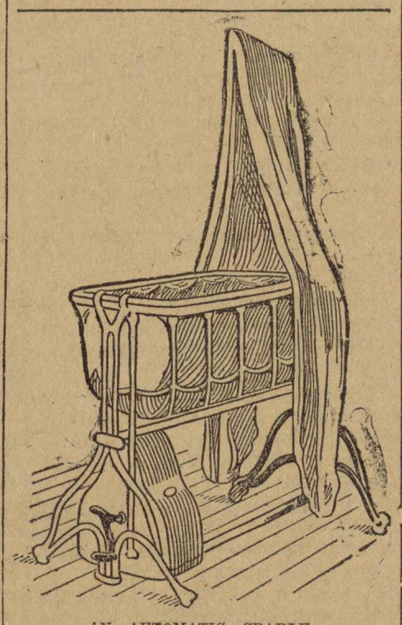
This is a thoroughly modern house in all that the term stands for as to healthfulness, perfect sanitary condition, and that it is not calculated to last for a hundred or two years is no drawback to those who admire the plan, as the economy in arrangement of rooms and general idea brings it within a limit of cost that is not alarming to even the most conservative builder.



MODERN HOUSE.

A Self-Rocking Cradle.

Mothers and nurses who have been compelled to spend hours and wear out their arms cradling the babies to sleep will henceforth be able to read a novel or attend to their household duties while Morpheus, aided by a simple contrivance invented by an Englishman, is overcoming the rebellious senses of their little charges. The fin de siecle is automatic. The machinery is so arranged that it can be wound up to rock for any length of time desired and can be stopped at will.



AN AUTOMATIC CRADLE.

The damage to property within an area of fifty miles of Plymouth, N. H., caused by the late flood is estimated at nearly $1,000,000.

SHIRT WAISTS.

"A THING OF BEAUTY AND A JOY FOREVER."

New and Pretty Forms of the Shirt Waist—Sleeveless Eton Jackets Are Elaborately Decorated—New Form of Bonnet.

SHIRT WAISTS, like Banquo's ghost, will not "down;" they are too much of a joy forever, and may be easily made a thing of beauty. In its newest and prettiest form, says the New York Recorder, it is made of swiveled silk, which is well known to be a combination of silk and cotton, which goes through the laundry in a most satisfactory manner. There is one particular shade which is very attractive, and may be described as raspberry, with tiny seed figures all over its surface in white. This is made up into a short waist with a box-plaited front and yoke back, full sleeves gathered into stiffened cuffs, and is belted beneath the skirt.

The colors of the shirt waists as they are displayed on the counters suggest an old-fashioned garden, with their marigold and primrose yellows, carnation pinks, pea-pod greens, lilac and cornflower blue. Then there is another shade, which our grandmothers knew as "buff." And what a treacherous color, too; for a drop of tea or perspiration invariably results in a black spot, or discoloration, which nothing can remove.

Cotton cheviot in uneven checks is again largely used for shirt waists, but is not as cool for midsummer as percale or linen. A very cool and pretty waist is made of a Madras gingham in the true Creole plaid, combining red and yellow. It is fastened up the front with bright gold buttons half the size of a penny, and has gold studs in the cuffs. A certain Gotham belle has a set of buttons made of out-of-date gold dollars.

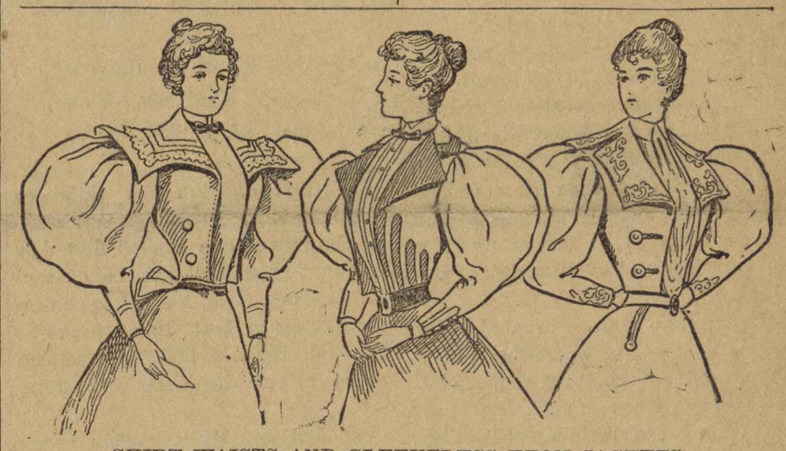
LIKE A DUTCH PEASANT'S HEAD-DRESS.

by a handsome diamond ornament, uprears on either side.

CRINKLED MATERIALS.

The number and variety of crinkled, waved and puckered-surfaced fabrics increase, reports the New York Ledger, like the flowers of spring. When they are not woven, they are machine crimped in such a bewildering, bewitching way that they capture the fancy at once, regardless of the fact that they are not worth a rap for durability, and will scarcely bear the process of making up without becoming limp, bedraggled and actually good for nothing. It is one of the unfortunate features of the high novelty trade that immediately an elegant fabric is put on the market, some imitation is thrown out to catch and deceive the public eye.

There are on the counters of some of the stores crinkled materials that absolutely mislead the unwary purchaser. There are alternate puffs and plain stripes, deep-crinkled waves, and apparently close and firm shirrings that are made entirely by pressure between hot dies. The light touch that one is supposed to bestow upon such goods fails to warn the buyer of the utter worthlessness of it in the item of durability. Every one who desires to investigate crinkled things should take the material between the thumb and finger of each hand and gently and firmly pull it. If it straightens out into perfectly smooth-surfaced material, its possibilities of wear are clearly apparent. Of course, if one merely wants a fabric for ornament this is immaterial, but it is almost always the case that the buyer wants to get what she pays for, and when she buys crinkled goods, it is scarcely comforting to discover that a few hours' use will entirely destroy its beauty.



SHIRT WAISTS AND SLEEVELESS ETON JACKETS.

Sheer grass linen is, no doubt, the material for the ultra fashionable shirt waist; sometimes it shows a centre box plait, with tiny tucks in clusters on each side, all edged with narrow Valenciennes, which may be either in white or the fashionable suede tint, and then the lingerie collars and cuffs will be of white linen lawn hemstitched. These are never starched, but allowed to fall soft and limp.

The shirt waist and Eton jacket ever seem to go hand in hand, as one appears to be so dependent upon the other, until the heated term comes to separate them. The Eton may match the skirt or not, as the wearer's taste may dictate, and in its present form it is made without a centre seam at the back, very broad lapels and drooping sleeves. Frequently it is sleeveless, as the sketches in the double column illustration show, and elaborately decorated with braid or braiding. Large ornamental buttons, either in cut steel, enamel or paste diamonds, are added to the fronts, generally two at each side. These sleeveless Etons are becomingly worn over the pretty new waists of dimity. They are in the very daintiest of colorings and patterns.

The dimity waists are delightfully cool and pretty. They show mostly old fashioned patterns, such as tiny posies scattered about, and again have hair lines of color, with tiny sprigs between. These waists are made generally with plaits in front and a yoke at the back, and when the coloring will admit, the waist is belted with bright scarlet, closing with a silver buckle in Indian hand work.

SUMMER CREPONS.

The cotton goods likely to be in most demand for costumes and dresses are zephyr crepons, generally some sort of striped patterns; plaid and checkered zephyrs, batiste, printed and woven, in trou trou; plumetis with plaid and other figured grounds and colored and figured pique reps. Among the last, stripes of two colors and little brocaded dottings on pale tinted grounds will be the favorites.

A NEW FORM OF BONNET.

This hat is moulded on the idea of a Dutch peasant's head dress, the jet forming wing-like appendages starting from the middle toward the side, where they meet a large and beautiful mauve orchid; a rich osprey of unusual size stands erect over the forehead. The bonnet is of shot straw, green and black, like a beetle's wing, while a large wired lace bow, secured

A CHARMING CHECKED ALPACA.

This is a girl's frock in checked alpaca with a full bodice and square cape with plaited frill. The collar, cuffs and waistband are of cerise velvet.

GIRL'S FROCK IN CHECKED ALPACA.

Wide strap of the same down the front, with large gold buttons.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E DAVIS, } - - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

One of the great aims in locating the Industrial School is to choose a point that is central and accessible to all parts of the state. The wisdom of this can easily be seen. Should the school be located in some place that does not possess these advantages, in after years other portions of the state will claim that they should have a school of this character in their portion of the state. By careful measurement on any reliable map the following distances can be computed:

From Montevallo to the

Florida line	145	miles
Tennessee line	135	"
Georgia line	92	"
Mississippi line	87	"

From Anniston to the

Florida line	187	miles
Tennessee line	93	"
Georgia line	30	"
Mississippi line	140	"

From Tuscaloosa to the

Florida line	150	miles
Tennessee line	125	"
Georgia line	135	"
Mississippi line	42	"

From Huntsville to the

Florida line	260	miles
Tennessee line	20	"
Georgia line	60	"
Mississippi line	85	"

From Jasper to the

Florida line	198	miles
Tennessee line	82	"
Georgia line	120	"
Mississippi line	55	"

These figures speak for themselves. This school should be one great and grand institution. It should not be divided up as our Normal schools are. It should one day be the pride of the state. Locate it then at a central point and all will be well. There can never afterwards be any grounds for the establishment of branches of this school.

Montevallo possesses to a singular and marked degree all the qualifications of the act creating the school. We do not believe there will be a doubt in the mind of a single member of the visiting committee as to the proper place after they have made their tour of inspection.

Governor Oates was right when he said he did not think the Industrial school should be overshadowed by any other institution. He knows that in the future it is to be a great and grand institution. The little money that is now being offered by any place will not be felt in the years to come. A central, accessible, healthy location, with large and commodious grounds, are the points that should weigh in the minds of the trustees.

We have no stones to throw at our sister towns for offering for the Industrial school. It is a worthy ambition and we are pleased to see that it is being so much sought after. While we do not wish to make any disparaging remarks as to any town, let us note the facts connected with some that offer. Tuskaloosa, for instance, has two large female colleges besides the regular public schools. In addition to this the University has thrown her doors open to girls. It will thus be seen that the people in that section of the state have advantages that cannot be surpassed. On the other hand, to the east of us and near the Georgia line, we have the offer of Anniston, a beautiful and cultured town. They have two as fine female colleges, in a flourishing condition, as can be found in the south. They, too, have in addition a fine system of public schools. The people in that section are therefore well provided for. Huntsville, on the north, with her magnificent offer, is peculiarly blessed with fine schools, besides being in a few hours' ride of the State Normal school at Florence. That section of the state is well provided for. What advantages have the white counties in the centre of the state? What has Bibb, Shelby, Chilton, St. Clair, Tallapoosa and Autauga? In the school line, nothing. To say that we stand woefully in need of such an institution is putting it mildly. Montevallo is the most convenient place to all these counties. Montevallo comes nearer being accessible to every other point in the state than any place that is now offering for the school. Why, then, shall we not have it? We believe we will.

If you are for silver, so are we. If for gold, so are we. If for greenbacks, try us; but, above all things just now, give us the Girls' Industrial school, and then give us dead loads of any kind of money you want to, but just now we are not caring what kind of money you stuff on us—just as lief take a counterfeit bill as a good one, just so it will pass. You can fool us easy just now. See it?

We hear the visiting committee that is to report as to most advisable place for locating the Industrial school will meet the governor at Tuscaloosa on the 19th. Of course strong arguments by able advocates will be made then and there to locate this school at Tuscaloosa. Surely Tuscaloosa, with all her institutions of learning, will be willing for the state's institutions to be scattered among the people.

Away back in the forties a committee was appointed by the legislature to select a place for the State University. They came to Montevallo, and seeing the great natural advantages, made their report in favor of this place. When it came to the election of the place by the legislature itself we lost it by one vote, and Tuscaloosa secured the prize.

Shelby county has never yet secured any public state institution. Remember, gentlemen of the committee, that there are places offering for the Industrial school which have been favored in this line already. Let the state's schools be scattered and produce a healthy competition. Don't bunch them all in one or two places.

Ten to thirty thousand dollars can be spent in a year's time Montevallo's grand natural advantages, which nature has so lavishly bestowed, can never be squandered.

STUDENT'S SUMMER CONFERENCE

On the Grounds of the University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn., June 14th to 23d, 1895.

For this occasion the Southern States Passenger association has authorized a rate of one limited first-class fare for the round trip, tickets of iron-clad signature form, limited to continuous passage in both directions, to be sold June 13th and 14th, good returning up to and including June 25th, 1895.

The Southern Railway offers to the teacher and pupil desiring to attend this conference fast and convenient schedules and elegantly equipped trains.

Information cheerfully furnished upon application by any agent, or by

W. A. Turk, G. P. A.,
Washington, D. C.
C. A. Benscoter, A. G. P. A.,
Knoxville, Tenn.

He Is Welcome.

We understand that Dr. Jeff J Davis is thinking very seriously of opening soon an infirmary at this place for the special treatment of chronic and surgical cases. We are confident that such an undertaking would be successful from the very beginning, as the doctor has proven himself unusually skillful in the management of such cases, and he is almost daily consulted by parties at a distance desiring treatment. Owing to his large general practice he will seldom assume charge of cases living at other places, as he can only do so by neglecting his home practice, but this difficulty can be overcome by establishing an infirmary and having them come to him for treatment. To give an idea of the character of the operations that he is constantly performing, it is only necessary to mention that within the past eight or ten days he has removed an ovarian tumor, operated for club foot, cutting all the muscles about the ankle joint and straightening the foot; removed cancer from face, together with most of the glands of the neck, cut out both tonsils and performed several other operations of minor importance. He has several more to perform soon, one of which is the removal of stone from kidney and another for hernia.

Starvation in Oklahoma.

The destitution in Grant county, Oklahoma, is reported to have reached the point of actual starvation. Rev. P. Shane and Judge N. P. Nash arrived at Kansas City, Mo., to solicit relief, having been appointed by a meeting of Prarie township last week.

The portion of the territory that is the scene of such deprivation and want was opened in September, 1893. The settlers came in the rush for claims with little money and less household goods. Today not a penny of their savings is left, and every household is a scene of destitution.

The unfortunate people have not the wherewithal to leave the country, and so they remain to suffer, and if help does not come soon, to die.

THE MOON.

Lo! she comes with light resplendent,
Looking down with radiant eye,
And a train of clouds attendant,
From her palace in the sky.

And the sheeny clouds are glowing
With reflected iris hues,
And their ermine garments strewing
In the path that she must choose.

Slow and stately are her paces,
As she walks the night serene;
And the bright stars veil their faces
At the coming of the queen!

In her light the wind rejoices,
In his mirth he shakes the trees;
While with loud and passionate voices
Moan and toss the love-sick seas.

Slowly without cark or cumber,
Silently her course she keeps,
While the city, wrapt in slumber,
Turns in restless dream—and sleeps.
—North British Advertiser.

NO wonder Major Eckley was angry. Here was young Bickles, a fellow without fortune or prospects, proposing for the hand of his daughter Zalie.

"But I could work for her," protested the young man, as they argued the matter on the porch.

"Yes, oh, yes; work your jaws when something was put between them."

"Mention some of your other objections."

"It is not necessary; the one under discussion answers every purpose."

"It may answer all your purposes, but it doesn't answer mine. Let me tell you that your daughter loves me, and that I promise to work faithfully, if you give your consent, but if you don't I will run away with her without making any promise at all."

"Oh, is that a fact?" the old man sarcastically rejoined. "Run away with her, eh? All right, I will follow along and seek an early opportunity of filling your hide so full of holes that it wouldn't hold wheat straw. Loves you, does she? Ah, ha! loves you! Well, now, I'll call her, and you may start to run away with her right at once. Better roll up your breeches before you start. Loves you, does she?"

"Yes, I do." The girl stepped out upon the veranda.

The old Major turned angrily upon her.

"Yes, I do," she repeated, "but I will not marry him without your consent. For gracious sake, don't say anything more, for here comes General Griddleton."

Bickles withdrew. General Griddleton, an old fellow with a pompous air and broken veins in his face, dismounted at the gate. He and the Major were the warmest of friends. For each other's sake they were heroically self-sacrificing; they would fight for each other, and, at poker, they had often won each other's money.

"Ah! good-morning, General."

"Ah! Major, good-morning."

"Beautiful weather, General."

"Major, magnificent."

This form of greeting changed with the weather, and people who were accustomed to see the two old men meet each other had long since ceased to smile at their ludicrous gallantry, so familiar had the system of salutation become.

"Zalie," said the Major, "go into the house; I have something particular to say to the General. What do you think?" he added, when the girl had withdrawn, "that infernal Bickles wants to marry my daughter."

"The trifling rascal," the General exclaimed.

"And he swears," the Major continued, "that if I don't give my consent he will run away with her."

"Oh, the venomous wolf!" the General cried.

"He is a pauper!" said the Major.

"And a wretch!" declared the General.

"General, you have always stood by me."

"And I always will."

"Give me your hand."

They shook hands, and then entered into the close and absorbing communion of a game of poker.

A few weeks later the Major and the General went down to New Orleans and, as they were returning on a steamboat, the General suddenly exclaimed:

"By George, Major! yonder is a man who did me a favor in Havana. Yes," gazing intently, "that is Victor Dinzolas, one of the most prominent planters in Cuba. He's coming this way."

The General advanced to meet the Cuban, who came walking with an easy, graceful swing down the cabin, bowed, made an open-arm gesture and said:

"Pardon me if I make a mistake, but is not this the Hon. Victor Dinzolas?"

The Cuban, after a moment's reflection, recognized the General, and, with graceful heartiness, seized his hand. When the Major had been introduced the party withdrew to the bar. Dinzolas was not an ill-looking man; he wore enormous black whiskers and long hair, and spoke English easily, but with a slight Spanish accent. After several "rounds" at the bar the General proposed a game of poker. No objections were raised; the Cuban was accommodating. They went to a private apartment, and were soon deep in the thrilling anxiety of the "great American pastime." From the very first, Dinzolas began to win. The Major snorted and the General fumed, but the Cuban, undisturbed, still continued to rake in the money.

It must have been nearly daylight when the Major shoved back his chair and said:

"I'm broke."

"So am I," the General took occasion to remark.

"I am very sorry, gentlemen," the Cuban declared, "for I have just begun to get interested in the game. Have you nothing that you can put up?"

"No," the Major remarked. "As I have often been compelled to remark, I have nothing left except my plantation, my soul and my daughter.'

"Ah!" said the Cuban, "would you like to put up one of them—the plantation or the daughter?"

"Sir!" exclaimed the Major, springing to his feet, "what do you mean?"

"Oh, no offense, I assure you. I have more respect for my friend, the General, than to insult his friend. I once won a young lady—please be seated. Major, don't get excited, for I assure you that I meant no insult."

"Major, hear what he's got to say," the General interposed.

The Major sat down; the Cuban continued:

"Once, in the City of Mexico, I played for a gentleman's daughter and won her. An agreement was drawn up, reading about this way: 'I agree to give the bearer my daughter so-and-so, provided he can gain her consent.' I won the paper bearing these words, but in truth did not win the girl. She spurned me. Perhaps I should be more fortunate another time."

"Will you excuse the Major and me if we request a private interview?" the General asked, addressing Victor Dinzolas.

"Most assuredly; I will withdraw."

"Don't this beat anything you ever heard of?" said the Major, when the Cuban had withdrawn.

"Rather peculiar, I must say; but let me tell you I see good in it. Agree to his proposal, put up Zalie."

"General, do you take me for an infernal barbarian?"

"Oh, no. Now, if you put up your daughter and lose her, this Cuban might come around, and—well, he might scare the life out of Bickles."

The Major slapped the General on the shoulder.

"You are the smartest man in the world, General. Call that half-nigger-looking fellow."

The Cuban resumed his place, put up a thousand dollars against Zalie and won. Shortly afterward the boat landed at Campbell's Bend.

One afternoon, several days later, the Major and the General sat on the veranda overlooking the broad field of cotton.

"Major, is Bickles still hanging around?"

"He was here yesterday, but left somewhat downcast, as Zalie positively refused to marry him without my consent. Who is that coming through the big gate? By gracious! it's that infernal Cuban!"

"That's who it is."

"Confound my fool hide. I wish I hadn't done that caper. I wouldn't have done it if I hadn't been half drunk. Now, that's a nice piece of paper he's got. Wish Bickles was here. I'd soon have them chewing each other. I don't know what to do."

Zalie came out on the veranda.

"Oh! who is that?" she asked.

The Cuban had dismounted at the yard gate.

"Oh, but doesn't he look just like the hero of a novel?"

"Zalie!" thundered the Major, "go into the house!"

The girl obeyed. The Cuban came up the steps.

"Ah, General, glad to see you again; and the Major, I hope he has not forgotten me?"

"No," said the Major; "sit down."

The Cuban took his seat and began to fan himself with his broad-brimmed hat. The Major snorted; the General hemmed and hawed.

"Ah!" said the Cuban, "is Miss—Miss—let me see (examining the paper) ah, Miss Zalie. Is she at home?"

"Look here," said the Major. "I want you to understand that my daughter is not a slave!"

"Oh, certainly, I understand that; but she is mine if I can win her. This paper"——

"Hang the paper!"

"But, as a gentleman, you cannot, ah, give me a word here, cannot repudiate."

"That's a fact," the Major admitted.

"Will you call her?"

The Major's face grew livid with rage, but he called Zalie. She came out, and when the Cuban was presented she bowed with charming grace.

"A very handsome girl," said the Cuban. "She has many fine points."

"Sir!" thundered the Major, springing to his feet.

"No offense. Will my friend, the General, explain the object of my visit?"

"I will," the General answered, "but would first like to send for a friend of mine, Mr. Bickles."

"My time is limited. Will the General explain?"

The General explained; the girl listened with deep interest.

"Oh, how romantic!" she said; "how charmingly uncommon! Sir," extending her hand to toward the Cuban, "I'll go with you."

"What!" the Major roared, "go with this barbarian? No, not if he had fifty plantations."

"A contract signed by a gentleman," the Cuban said, "is a document of honor."

The Major sat down.

"You are right," he said, "you are right, but I don't understand my daughter; don't understand her. I thought she was a woman of pride, but I don't understand her."

"I do," said the Cuban. He snatched off his false whiskers and long hair, revealing the familiar features of Bickles.

The Major snorted like a frightened horse. For several moments he could say nothing. Then he turned upon the General.

"You old—old"——

"Hold on, Major," said the General, laughing. "Here is the money the Cuban won from you on the boat."

The Major took the money, and, tucking it into his vest pocket, remarked:

"Bickles, you've got more sense than I thought you had, and I reckon I'll have to stand by my contract."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

A BIBLE AND A SHOTGUN.

He Carried Both, Although He Was a Preacher, and Had Faith.

The panther scare has spread over the entire country, and is especially intense among the colored people, who not only believe all the wild stories they hear about the beast carrying women and children away in his cruel jaws, but will not be persuaded that there is no such cruel animal lurking round Jacksonville.

A reporter while riding in the settlement south of Panama, was hailed through the woods by an old-time darky preacher. He was an interesting type—short and bow-legged, and these bow-legs were incased in trousers so long they wrinkled at the heel. He had on a jim-swinger, the tails of which wiped the dew from the huckleberry bushes along the trail he was pursuing. He had on a high standing collar, to spit over which he'd have to get on a stump. The collar was encircled by a clerical tie. Surmounting the very black face with its wrinkles and fringe of snowy beard was a silk hat that looked as if it had been brushed by a cyclone. The hat was several sizes too large, and had it not been tilted backward the ears upon which it rested would have been unable to support the burden.

As he hailed, the reporter stopped and waited. The old man came up out of breath. The strangest part of his outfit was a double-barreled, muzzle-loading shotgun, loaded and capped. This was under one arm. Under the other was a Bible.

"Boss," said he, wiping his brow, "you hearn anything 'bout a wild critter in dese yer woods?"

"Yes, I have heard of it, but I take no stock in it."

"Dey say hit's a panther?"

"So they do, but they are wrong. It's only a big dog that hangs out by the subtropical."

"I'm powerful glad to hab you say dat. Dese people 'round here, an' me, too, been gwine to church armed."

"So that's what you have the shotgun for?"

"Yesser. Ober at de church you'll most likely find a stack o' guns."

"But I see you have a Bible. Isn't faith better than a shotgun?"

The old fellow scratched his head. He was puzzled. "Yes, boss, faith is better'n a shotgun, but a shotgun is a handy thing to carry 'roun' to take care o' youssef and not gin de Lord no unnecessary trouble."—Jacksonville Times-Union.

Death Made a Difference.

Mr. Horace Fletcher, one of the most charming of New Orlean's charming people, visited Boston last summer, and while there he determined to make a trip to Amesbury, the former home of the poet Whittier. Mr. Fletcher has a poetic nature, and he reveres the memory of the dear old Quaker lyrist. He got aboard an electric car and whirled to and fro amid the quiet scenes in which Mr. Whittier used to participate, and presently he could suppress his emotions no longer—he had to unbosom his thoughts to a fellow-traveler, a resident in Amesbury, a humble-looking man, seemingly a carpenter, for he had a kit of tools with him. Mr. Fletcher praised Amesbury and its people, and then he discoursed long and eloquently upon the poet Whittier and upon the honrs which his genius had reflected upon his townsmen and associates. Mr. Fletcher even quoted whole poems, by way of clinching his argument with his fellow-traveler, but curiously enough the Amesbury man sat silent and unmoved.

Finally, after our New Orleans friend had talked himself to the verge of bronchitis, the Amesbury man said, coldly and forbiddingly: "We folks here in Amesbury don't think as much of Mr. Whittier as we did. You know we don't go much on a tax-dodger. While he wuz livin' he never paid no taxes on more'n $4,000, but after he died—howlin' Jehosaphat! it comes to light afore the Jedge of Probate that he wuz worth $200,000!"—Chicago Record.

A Phonograph at Waterloo.

A peripatetic exhibitor of the phonograph in Holland seems determined to out-distance all competitors as regards the excellence of his records. He was exhibiting the machine in the streets of Utrecht and a number of customers were listening to selections of tunes. Suddenly the tune ceased and there was a pause. Then in a loud, clear tone was heard the one word, "Halt!" delivered in a voice bespeaking authority. "What is that?" asked one of the listeners. "That," was the reply, "is the voice of Napoleon Bonaparte giving an order at the battle of Waterloo!"—London Daily News.

Some people work so little that they are lauded and applauded as soon as they spit on their hands.

Some people are careless as naturally as others take pains.

THE TIDE OF BUSINESS.

R. G. Dun & Co., Reports Activity with Upward Tendencies.

STEADY GROWTH IN CONSUMPTION

The Natural Outcome of the Rise in Wages—The Demand for Money Expands—Decrease in Cotton Acreage Affects the Market—Cotton Mills Doing Well.

The tide of business is rising even as it was falling two years ago, with surprising rapidity. The gain has gone so far and so fast in some branches that the more conservative fear it may not be maintained. But the period of dullness which comes in each market after an unusual rise brings as yet nothing like a corresponding decline.

Industries gain much, halt or fall back a little, and then gain once more. The demand for consumption steadily increases as the temperament and wages of the people increase. The demand for money expands, one bank reporting 29 per cent larger discounts for the country, and another 23 per cent. There are more commercial loans than a year ago, and all but two report some gains. One serious question remains—whether the crops will be full enongh to sustain a large business. But the worst reports today are better by far than the estimates recently current.

Cotton declined ⅛, with better weather at the south, but became excited and prices rose again with the report of only 11.6 per cent decrease in acreage. With a tenth smaller yield per acre and acreage 11.6 per cent less than last year the yield would still exceed 7,700,000 bales, which, with heavy stocks carried over, would forbid the idea of a famine. But a late crop is more exposed to injury June began with 9,553,393 bales already in sight and 3,302,350 American remaining commercial stocks, while European spinners held May 1 over 1,000,000 according to Ellison.

Cotton mills are doing very well, with very satisfactory orders already for prominent lines, and the market is strong, with occasional further advances. In knit goods there is also some improvement and higher prices for yarn, though prices have been cut in some kinds of hosiery. The effort to end the Olneyville strike was not wholly suceessfull, and in a few other woolen mills, strikes have occurred, but the demand for goods looks better and a fair start has been made in orders for fall goods.

Iron pushes upward like the great buildings into which so much of it goes, and the advance in finished products has become general. Of structural steel 12,600 tons were turned out in May by the Homestead works, breaking the record, and prices rose to 1.3c. for beams and 1.2c. for angles. The Eastern Bar association has raised the price, of refined iron to 1.1c. and the amalgamated association demands of Pittsburg and western makers makes a change of wages of 1.1c. as a basis.

Coke producers are said to have substantially agreed upon sales by an agency and allotment of output and an advance in prices to $1.50 or higher. The purchases of 50,000 tons by the largest producers of pig iron have raised Bessemer to $12 at Pittsburg, and southern pig has again been advanced 25c., making 75c., in all.

Chicago works are in full operation, though the demand from agricultural implement makers lags, because the harvest is in doubt. The flow of money hither from the interior has not increased, but has much lessened and banks report general increase in discounts for the country, largely for the south, and in commercial tones here, mainly in manufacturing paper. Foreign exchange is higher; exports showing 17 per cent decrease for five weeks, while imports show 14 per cent increase. London has sold 15,000 shares of stock more than it has bought for the week, but still bids largely for bonds.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

Pennsylvania leads in the production of rye, with Wisconsin second, New York third and Kansas fourth, with about one hundred and fifty thousand bushels annually.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Editor Bowdon paid Plantersville a visit last Sunday.

Mr. Hugh Conley of Munford was in the city Sunday.

W. B. Reynolds went up to Birmingham Monday.

Mr. H. C. Reynolds returned from Montgomery Sunday.

Mr. J. L. Suttle of Selma was in the city a few days since.

Mr. H. E. Reynolds of Blocton made us a pop call Monday.

James Wyatt of Tennessee was in the city a few days since.

Miss Ella Latham spent a few days in Birmingham this week.

Mrs. F. M. Woods, of Jemison, was in the city a few days since.

The many friends of Mr. Saul Curry regret to hear of his sickness.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds has returned from an extended trip to South Carolina.

The many friends of Miss Nannie Curry are very glad to learn that she is improving.

Mr. and Mrs. C. L. Hays and handsome daughter of Chilton were in town last week.

Dr. Frank Snedecor, the popular dentist, will be here on July 1st and spend four days.

Mr. T. M. Allen was called to the bedside of Mr. Henry Wilson, who lies critically ill at Borden Springs.

Mrs. Huckabee and her charming little daughter, Miss Kathleen, are spending a week with Mrs. Aldrich of Aldrich, Ala.

We hear that bride No. 1 of our predicted four will be in town before the month is over Lookout for No. 2 before the last of August.

Drs. Acker and Trammell amputated the leg of Monro Prentice's boy whose foot was cut off by the mower. He was doing very well at last account.

Mrs. George Ash of Branchville and Mr. Thomas Ash of Birmingham and Master George Ash of Springville are visiting Mr. C. C. Vandegrift and family this week.

We were very sorry to see a visitor treated with so little respect as a certain young man was treated by several of our boys last Sunday, and we truly hope that such will never happen again.

Rev. Roberson preached at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning and evening to a very good congregation. The choir, assisted by Professor Pickens, with his violin, gave us some grand music.

Mr. N. A. Graham, of the Sentinel, paid us a visit Monday. The Sentinel is heart and soul in our favor for the Industrial school. We appreciate it and will remember the Sentinel in the future.

Several of our young ladies have organized a string band and we will no doubt have some fine music in the near future. They have succeeded in running the chickens from their homes already.

Prof. Monte Pickens is again visiting our town and is the guest of Mr. C. C. Vandegrift. We were again delighted with his wonderful music, assisted by that accomplished musician, Mrs. Frank Corbett.

Miss Fannie McKenzie, who has been visiting Miss Mary Kroell, returned to her home in Talladega last week. Miss McKenzie made many warm friends while here and her stay was only too short. Hello, Cat! how do you feel?

Capt. Thomas Plowman, of the Industrial school committee, passed through our town Monday evening on his way to Camden, where they commence their tour of inspection of the different towns offering for the school.

Work on our new bridge is progressing shamefully slow. Sure the people have some rights in this matter. The bridge could have been completed two weeks ago if the proper force had been put to work on it. The long and inconvenient route to the depot is becoming monotonous.

The visiting committee for the location of the industrial school left their homes Monday and met at Catherine, Ala., where they took buggies and went to Camden. From Camden they will probably go to Wetumpka and then here. Dr. Eager has kindly consented to preach for us when they come.

Messrs. Frank and Sam Farrington, in company with their two sisters, Misses Joana and Florence, and Miss Mary Nichols came up last Friday night and spent the evening with their cousins, Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen. They were on their way home from a picnic at Brierfield, and reported having had a very nice time.

We are proud of our able local news service. But a short while since a critic of no small ability commented favorably upon the general excellence of our local communications. While these locals are of much service to our newsy paper, they are also no doubt a source of considerable improvement to bright and energetic correspondents.

The following complimentary note was received by one of our most accomplished musicians a few days ago: "I think her one of the finest piano performers that I have ever heard. She plays with all the grace and dignity ever bestowed upon an Italian musical queen. A gifted musician to such a high degree that anyone should long to hold such a sphere in the musical world.

On last Monday while in the field moving hay Monroe Prentice left one of his little boys to watch his mules while he piled up some hay. The little fellow thinking he would take advantage of the opportunity and learn to cut hay himself struck the mules and they started off while he was in front of the blade, he tried to jump over it but it caught one of his feet and cut it entirely off just above the ankle.

On Tuesday night of last week a party of young people from here enjoyed a most delightful hayride and moonlight picnic at Ebenezer. The boys gave the young ladies quite an agreeable surprise by producing a trunk of good things to eat on their arrival at the spring. The Bachelors club gave each of the party one of their handsome silver spoons as a souvenir. Long will the evening be remembered by those who were present.

WELL, AGAIN THEY SAY

That we are still in the ring.

That "Son" and "Brur" have kissed and made up.

That Pat McConaughy "show is blowing himself."

That the "speckled beauty" keeps up Rogan's ice cream parlor. That's right, bud; blow yourself.

That some of our boys have never learned how to use a fan.

That killing rats is all the go these days.

That the goose hangs high.

That John Ingram of Aldrich ate fifteen biscuits, two pounds of meat, a dish of vegetables and called for refreshments at one meal one day last week.

That John McMath has broken out in a new place and we will soon hear "wedding bells."

That "Bill" was the only man who seemed to have any mercy on the horses the night they went to Ebenezer.

That Ed Davis swallowed a silver spoon at Ebenezer the other night.

That Bob Hall thinks of going in bathing some time soon. Poor little fishes!

That it takes two beds to hold John McMath and then his feet stick out the window.

That John Davis can actually see Conley in his sleep. Tnat's tough, bud, but can't help it.

That S. S. A. is very fond of "rats," or at least he says every time he goes to a certain place he hears them killing rats for him at about 10:30.

That "Bill" has decided that some folks retire very early.

That Major can't find the "doctor" anywhere.

That "Brur" will soon have to blow himself for candy.

That Lee is riding his wheel on moonlight nights now, and sometimes it looks like "a bicycle built for two."

That the staff have received their photos and they are "beauts." "Grover" has written for one of them.

That Son and Brur called at the same time last Sunday, and that this time there was no accident.

That Lawrence will soon be out of the ring.

That Lee ought to get a double bicycle and then he wouldn't have to break the seat in trying to ride two.

That one of the editors bas been looking very much troubled of late. Is it "fed?"

That a certain young lady of our town has requested a young man of Birmingham to return her C. S. S. pen.

That Nathaniels stands next to "facts" on the hill.

That "Kitty" has decided that lanterns are a nuisance and the law should prohibit a man carrying one.

That our Dr. R. knows a good thing when he sees it.

That the girls want to go on another hay ride in carriages.

That the girls are soon to show the boys what a nice lawn party they can have.

That Rogan has stopped going to a certain place since Brur started.

That Son says "razors will be flying in the air." When?

That Son is trying to "run the hog" over the boys.

That Burr is spending his leisure hours in gathering plums for his girl.

One of the staff is out picking blackberries today.

That some of our society boys "rushed the growler" last week.

That E. L. Davis has caught another case of heart disease.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Dear Mr. Editor: As all the folks have gone to church to-day, and left me alone, I am going to write to your paper and tell you all I know.

I was eight years old last week and you gave me your paper for a whole year as a present. I like your paper and read it every week, so does my big sister—you know her, don't you? She says she likes it 'cause it has something about her fellow every time. I don't know who it is unless it is Mr. Speckled Beauty, 'cause he comes to see her more than any one else. She likes him 'cause he tells her so many funny things. I guess they are funny 'cause they both laugh all the time.

The last time he was here he gave me some kiss me gum if I would go out in the yard and play. I don't know whether he wanted me to leave so he could give sister some or not.

Do all boys like pretty girls? I am going to be pretty so I will get lots of good things like sister.

Sister says the Montevallo boys are "crippled under the hat." What does she mean? are you much hurt Mr. Editor? You ought to tie a towel around your head like she does when her bangs are up.

She says nearly all of them try to be so proper; they talk about books, discuss the latest style, talk about the new woman, the silver question and all such nonsense. Says they never do talk about love, girls, dances, parties, picnics, etc. Says they always want to carry you to church but you couldn't drag one of them to a soda fount or ice cream parlor, unless it is a free Sunday school entertainment; but they like to prominate you down to the spring where drinks are cheap.

She told cousin A. that they were soft snaps and didn't know a good thing when they saw it. She and cousin A. are always talking about you all.

What did cousin A. mean by saying E. L. D. ought to run a lemonade stand cheaper than any one else 'cause he wouldn't have to buy a squeezer.

Sister says that depot agent is always saying "here duke."

Sister says Burr is going to have a new shirt, if she has to make him one out of her old last summer's dress.

We went fishing last week and sister couldn't pull her pole when she got a bite, 'cause one of you Montevallo boys was holding her hand all the time.

But the funniest thing, she said that P. O. West couldn't play in her yard any more, 'cause he stopped giving her silk handkerchiefs when he quit running a store in Montevallo. He used to bring her two every time he came.

Mr. Editor, will you tell "Sau" that papa says please come in the day time this year, as he can tell better which watermelons are ripe.

I heard sister say she wished that fellow who runs the soda fount would take another fool notion and send her another two-pound box of fancy candy.

If you see Mr, Pat Mc. tell him it is about time for his annual visit, as the peaches will soon be ripe.

My big brother says he knows Jonh D. was in that crowd that raided our melon patch, for he saw a track made by a number twelve shoe in the patch the next day. He also says he bets you fellows will have to buy a new pair of pants the next time you come here—he is not going to tie old bull any more.

If you put this in your paper don't send my sister one, 'cause when she reads it she will know I am not asleep when I am on the sofa with my eyes shut, and she and you boys are over in that big rocking chair.

Good bye for this time. E.

—o—

The following letter was received from Mr. Lee Williams, who is now in England:

London, E. C., May 31, '95.

I wrote to you from Newport the news and asked you to write. I have not had time to visit the "consulate" yet, so do not know whether you wrote or not. We arrived all O. K. on the 30th inst., after a pleasant voyage with a single slight mishap. One of the bearings got out of order and delayed us a few hours. But the worst of all we came in all right to "Gravesend," twenty miles below the city, and got stuck in one of the fogs, which are prevalent in this part of the world, for two days.

I have been sight-seeing all day—went to "Crystal Palace" in forenoon, and must say that the visit to this place is worth a trip to England, alone. I afterwards took in West End and went to see "Mme. Tussuod's" wax works, which is a place that it would take at least two days to do justice to one's self in sight-seeing. I went by "Westminister Abbey," but did not go in for lack of time. I will go tomorrow if possible, when I go to the "consul's" office. The hours there are from 9 a. m. until 4 p. m.

I would write a long letter, but am pretty well "fagged out," so I will say adieu. Yours,

Lee Williams.

—o—

CALERA LOCALS.

Mr. C. S. O'Neal returned home Saturday morning from Pensacola, Fla., where he spent several days fishing.

Messrs. E. M. Holcomb and D. A. Hinds went to Columbiana Sunday on professional business.

Dixon McLendon and R. E. Bowdon attended the "singing" at Mudtown church last Sunday evening.

D. M. Crim was out in high life Sunday evening.

A visit this week from Mr. W. E. Brinkerhoff of New, Ala., gave us much pleasure.

Mrs. W. H. Duran of Chewacla, Ala., is visiting relatives here this week.

Miss Mamie Roberts of Wynette returned home last week, after spending several days with Mrs. Davidson.

Dutch Adkins says he will visit "loved ones" at Aldrich, Ala., next Sunday evening.

To love justice, one must enthusiastically love truth.

Putting confidence in some men is like casting pearls before swine.

Major Huggins is a good old democrat, but he doesn't like to loan the "code" to a brother.

Sunny Glass says the "registration" was illegal.

If this country makes a mistake in the solution of the money question in 1896 lookout for an unprecedented depression in financial matters.

There is a dignity in the warm passions of friendship, which is one of the chiefest blessings of civilization.

It takes the sunshine and rain to bring forth the ripened fruit, so it requires the calms and storms of life to produce a nobler character.

Sam Gist says Malcolm is the Ward McAlister of Calera.

A minstrel will be given by Grey's band at an early date, and we learn of quite a number who will attend from Columbiana, Montevallo, Aldrich and Brierfield. Certainly will so generous a patronage be greatly appreciated.

We hardly see "Mister" Tom Parker's broad smile and red pony on Sundays now. Wonder where he goes?

—o—

CONCORD LOCALS.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs preached a heartfelt sermon to an appeciative congrefiation here last Sabbath.

Concord church is one of the oldest in this country. It was erected and dedicated in 1853, and since that time has nursed and reared many sons and daughters who have been transferred from earth to heaven, and it is encouraging to say she yet stands with outstretched arms to embrace wayfaring men and women. We now need a new building and more religion.

Our citizens are very hospitable and solicit visitors that feel an interest in a Christian society.

Mrs. Rebecca Grubbs died at her home the 3d instant. She was 89 years old.

Oscar Harrison of Aldrich visited one of our young ladies last Sunday.

John I. Standifer has invented a machine for churning milk. His comrade informs us that that is a complete success and wishes his neighbors and friends to secure one at their earliest convenience.

One of our boys returned home from Bismarck very much grief-striken because one of the girls informed him that she could not afford to marry a farmer. He says "bread is the staff of life."

Mr. Curry has a very fine orchard and it seems to be a place of resortment for our young ladies on Sunday afternoons. Beneath the branches of those beautiful trees is an excellent place for meditation, and wishing to be alone on last Sabbath they meditated until disappointment was the fate of some of our young men.

Miss Nannie Curry, who has been quite sick for some time, is improving rapidly, to the gratification of her many friends.

Mrs. Lena Crews of Centreville visited her mother, Mrs. R. F. Mulkey, last week.

Nature has planted a beautiful lake at this place and we see no reason why our Sunday schools should not co-operate and enjoy a picnic soon.

Crops in our community are flourishing and if seasons continue there will be a large overplus of corn made.

—o—

DOGWOOD BREVITIES.

Rev. F. M. Wood delivered an able sermon at the Baptist church Sunday.

Mr. R. C. Curtis and family spent the day in town yesterday.

Miss Roxie Davis one of Helena's fair damsels, is visiting relatives here.

James W. Lacy of Mayline was in town Saturday shaking hands with his many friends.

Frank Harper and Oscar Harrison went down to see some of the Dry Valley fair maids Saturday and they expressed themselves as having had a huge time.

Dr. Joe Curtis of Newala was in town last week on business.

Messrs. C. W. Cary, John Randall and others of Montevallo were out in the coal fields near here looking around last week. It is rumored that they will open up another new coal mine here soon.

Montevallo and Dogwood nines crossed bats at Aldrich last Saturday. The score stood 15 to 9 in favor of Dogwood.

The Dogwood boys are all smiles now, from winning their first game this season.

M. A. T. E.

—o—

SPRING CREEK.

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt, J. W. Alexander and J. M. Alexander returned from Birmingham Saturday, where they have been to be present at the Presbyterian ministers' meeting.

Mr. W. B. Denson is all smiles now; it is an eleven pound boy.

Mr. Sam Vest was a visitor here Sunday.

Mr. Marion Ray gave our settlement a pleasant call Sunday.

We were sorry to know that our young friend Will Williams was offended at seeing his name in the paper last week.

Mr. Rufus Walker attended church here Sunday.

Rev. J. L. Wyatt preached, as usual, a very excellent sermon here Sunday.

We are needing rain very much in this section.

Miss Ella Alexander, of Ebenezer, visited Miss Bama Harrel this week.

Rev. J. L. Wyatt and wife, of Tennessee, are visiting friends and relatives in this neighborhood. They both have many friends here.

Observer.

—o—

MALVERN HILL LOCALS.

Rev. James Wyatt of Tennessee preached a very able and instructive sermon to the good people of Spring Creek recently. The house was filled to its utmost capacity.

Crops are very good in this section.

What has become of Will Nash? Poor fellow, he don't come any more.

Walter Harrison is going to Benjamin Cunningham's to see the old gentleman. For what?

Ed Craig Denson, from Baltimore, is the guest of W. B. Denson and lady. He says he intends to prolong his visit some time. He is a gallant young gentleman.

John Cunningham and lady are visiting W. B. Denson's family, also B. F. Cunningham.

Bruce Cunningham made a flying trip to see his relatives Saturday.

Where is our hog cholera man?

Who is she going to take, Maddox or Mills? Can't decide well. Call a disinterested party in and perhaps he can settle the question.

Hurrah for Forney Lee! He "gets there just the same."

We had the pleasure of meeting our old friend, Hag Fancher, a few days ago. Hag is a jolly old boy.

Success to the News and Industrial college.

Respectfully,

Tilda Ann.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs, assisted by Rev. J. D. Simpson of Tuskaloosa, will begin a protracted meeting in the Methodist church in this place the fifth Sunday in this month and include the first Sunday in July. Everyone invited to unite with us in this meeting. tf

Just for Contrariness.

It snowed nearly all day Monday in the Cripple Creek district, Colorado, but at night the weather cleared, although the sidewalks and streets were covered with snow.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—

1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil

all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,

tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

Attorney at Law and

Justice of the Peace,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POETRY.

He Was More than Thirty When His First Volume Was Published.

Toward the end of 1836 he took up his abode in Cambridge, where he was to reside for the rest of his life—for forty-five years. He was made to feel at home in the society of the scholars who clustered about Harvard, then almost the sole center of culture in the country. His work for the college was so exacting that he had not time for literature. The impulse to write poetry returned; yet the next book he published was the prose "Hyperion," which appeared in 1839, and which, though it has little plot or action, may be called a romance. The youthful and poetic hero, a passionate pilgrim in Europe, was, more or less, a reflection of Longfellow himself.

A few months later, in the same year, he published his first volume of poetry—"Voices of the Night"—in which he reprinted certain of his earlier verses, most of them written while he was at Bowdoin. Some of these boyish verses show the influence of Bryant, and others reveal to us that the young poet had not yet looked at life for himself, but still saw it through the stained-glass windows of European tradition. The same volume contained also some more recent poems: "The Beleaguered City," and "The Reaper and the Flowers," and the "Psalm of Life"—perhaps the first of his poems to win a swift and abiding popularity. These lyrics testified that Longfellow was beginning to have a style of his own. As Hawthorne wrote to him, "Nothing equal to them was ever written in this world—this Western world, I mean."

Certainly no American author had yet written any poem of the kind so good as the best of those in Longfellow's volume of "Ballads," printed two years later. Better than any other American poet Longfellow had mastered the difficulties of the story in song; and he knew how to combine the swiftness and the picturesqueness the ballad requires. His ballads have more of the old-time magic, more of the early simplicity, than those of any modern English author. Of its kind, there is nothing better in the language than "The Skeleton in Armor," with its splendid lyric swing; and "The Village Blacksmith" and "The Wreck of the 'Hesperus'" are almost as good in their humbler sphere. "Excelsior," in the same volume, voices the nobler aspirations of youth, and has been taken to heart by thousands of boys and girls.—St. Nicholas.

An Excellent Plan.

In a certain New England factory the fire pails are all hung on spring hooks, each hook powerful enough to lift the pail when nearly empty, but being depressed by a full pail. If the water in the buckets becomes evaporated (as water in buckets of the kind has an ugly habit of repeatedly doing), or if any one of the pails is removed, the hook rises, closes a circuit, and rings a bell in the foreman's office.

An old lawyer, whose charges are as heavy as those of the Light Brigade, characterizes more moderate askings as "fees simple."

To Cleanse the System

Effectually yet gently, when costive or bilious, or when the blood is impure or sluggish, to permanently cure habitual constipation, to awaken the kidneys and liver to a healthy activity, without irritating or weakening them, to dispel headaches, colds or fevers, use Syrup of Figs.

Shakespeare asks, "What's in a name?" Why, there's twenty years in it when it's attached to a forger.

Adjust Family Differences.

Bad temper is often merely bad digestion.
Many quarrels attributed to perverse dispositions are due to disordered livers.
Ripans Tabules adjust family differences, and would prevent them, which is better, if taken in time.
Ripans Tabules, taken after meals, morning and evening, for a while, regulate the system and sweeten the temper.

Tobacco Destroys Vitality.

Nervous system paralyzed by nicotine means lost manhood, weak eyes, and a general all gone look and feeling that robs life of its pleasure. Tobacco is the root of many an impotent symptom, and No-To-Bac a guaranteed cure that will make you strong, vigorous and happy in more ways than one. No-To-Bac guaranteed and sold by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away." Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

After Dinner.

After the heartiest dinner a dose of TYNER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY will remove all unpleasant feelings, aid digestion, and build up your health. As an after dinner drink it is far superior to all other remedies, as it never disappoints, and leaves an appetite for the next meal. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by CHAS. O. TYNER, Atlanta, Ga.

Many Influences Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome these ills.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is a liquid and is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Write for testimonials, free. Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Everyone Knows How it Is to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Hindercorns

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

If You are Tired

All the time, without special exertion, as tired in the morning as when you retire at night, you may depend upon it, your blood is impure and is lacking in vitality. That is why it does not supply strength to nerves and muscles. You need

Hood's Sarsaparilla

To purify and enrich your blood. A few bottles of this great medicine will give you strength and vitality because it will make pure blood. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents

SUMMER CARE OF MILK.

Cleanliness in all dairy operations is of first importance. Milk with dry hands. Keep the atmosphere in which the milk must stand free from bad odors. Preserve the desirable flavors in the cream. If the milk is wanted sweet, lower the temperature as soon as the milk is drawn from the cow to just above freezing if possible. Neglect of proper care of milk by patrons is the cause of much trouble at the factory and results in a like reduction in net profits. It pays to be honest.—American Agriculturist.

RETAINING THE BUTTER FLAVOR.

Concerning cold storage of butter, we will say that there is only method that will keep butter so as to preserve its first rosy flavor, and that is by freezing it.

The old method of cold storage by holding it at a temperature of thirty-eight to forty degrees would keep the butter from getting rancid, but it would soon lose its fine flavor and show a sort of dead, cold storage taste. If refrigerators are constructed on a system whereby a temperature of sixteen to twenty degrees can be constantly maintained, butter can be held in a sweet, rosy condition six months. Recent experiments have indicated that it is better to go down even as low as eight degrees above zero. The butter does not lose its flavor quickly when brought into consumption. The sixty-pound package, either in tubs or firkins, is probably the best form of package for this work.—Hoard's Dairyman.

THE CULTURE OF FLAX.

Flax requires a rich, light loam soil, and, preferably, a grass sod turned under. The land should be moist, but not wet, and a low-lying meadow on a river bottom is especially favorable to it. It is grown either for the seed or for the fibre, and the method of cultivation differs as the purpose for which the crop is grown. For seed, the seed sown is not more than two to three pecks per acre, as thin sowing encourages the growth of side branches, on which the fruit, called seed boils, are produced more than on the main stem. It is mostly grown for seed on this continent, as the climate is too dry and warm for the best kind of fibre. The only locality where the best fibre might be grown is in the Southern mountain region, where the summers are cool and the rainfall is twice as much as elsewhere on the continent. The seed is sown early in May, about the time of oat seeding. The product of seed is from ten to fifteen bushels an acre, and at the present prices prevailing, it is the most profitable of all grain crops. As the preparation of the fibre requires much hand labor, it is not a paying crop, and it is hardly possible that at present we can compete with the Russians and Bohemians in growing and preparing it. The culture is rapidly dying out in Ireland on account of the competition of the Eastern European Nations, where labor is so cheap.—New York Times.

A CHEAP PLANT HOUSE.

I should like to tell of a cheap little house we built last fall, writes Mrs. G. D. The winter was unusually severe, yet all my flowers except an artillery plant were saved, even the tender begonias. As it may be of use to some other beginner I will give the plan of this house.

Strong posts were driven into the ground at intervals of six feet. Upon each side of the posts inch planks were nailed. The space between was filled with sawdust rammed down close. The boards on the inside were planed so as to make a smooth ceiling, but the outer ones were not dressed. Over the outside a layer of asbestos is tacked, and over this is a heavy weather boarding. The roof has a double ceiling, as well as a thick shingling. A coating of sawdust about three inches thick is placed between the shingles and the first ceiling; and between the two ceilings overhead is a layer of asbestos. The dimensions of this little house are only 6x12 feet, yet it gives room for as many plants as I care to keep. Height of the front is nearly eight feet, height at back is six. It fronts south, and is lighted by sliding windows, which come within three feet of the ground, below them being ceiled and weather-boarded like the other walls. At the east end is a glass door. I have heavy duck curtains outside the glass. These are dropped down during the worst weather, and left down every night in the middle of winter. The flowers are placed on a set of steps eight inches apart. The lower ones are twelve inches wide, the two upper six inches. The most tender plants are put on top. I open the windows on every warm day in winter to make the plants hardy.

The only heating apparatus is a coal oil stove. This is kept burning whenever I find it necessary, and it gives warmth enough for a South Tennessee winter. I don't know whether such a structure and such heating appliances would be safe further north or not.—Detroit Free Press.

ROSES FOR THE GARDEN.

Thousands of people who love roses, and have plenty of room in their gardens or dooryards for a bed of roses of larger or smaller dimensions, are afraid to attempt to grow them, because they imagine it requires too much skill. A great deal of this may be laid at the door of our older-school gardeners and florists, who, from narrow-mindedness more than anything else, have tried to envelop everything pertaining to floriculture in mystery, and to spread the belief that to grow even the commonest flowers required their skill and superintendence. Certainly no more mistaken idea regarding the culture of the roses could possibly exist. The main factor required is good plain common sense, which, if rightly applied, cannot fail to make it very easy to grow successfully the choicest kinds of roses.

What to Avoid.—Never attempt to grow roses under the shade of a tree, or even where the roots of near-by trees can reach the rose bed, and remember that the roots of established trees will travel far beyond the spread of their branches in search of new and richly manured soil, and when once they reach it they will soon monopolize the whole, leaving the proper occupants a very scant proportion of food to exist upon. No rose can thrive under such conditions. Never choose a place to plant roses that is very wet or undrained, as extreme moisture will rot the roots, and the poor rose will soon die of rapid consumption. Neither should a gravel or sand heap be selected, for the simple reason that such positions are so porous that all the fertilizing given will be washed away by every rain that falls upon it. These are the principal extremes to avoid in selecting a place for planting roses.

Preparation of the Rose Bed.—Dig up the soil to the depth of eighteen to twenty inches, thoroughly incorporating a liberal proportion of well-decomposed manure, and if the natural soil is of a heavy clayey nature the addition of three or four inches of sand will help it materially; on the contrary, if the soil is of a light, sandy or gravelly nature the addition of a liberal proportion of a heavier or clay soil will be very beneficial. Where the bed has to be entirely prepared with new earth I would advise selecting a good, fresh, loamy soil—the surface five or six inches deep from an old pasture is the best. First remove the natural soil altogether, to the depth given above, replacing it with the new soil, adding one load of manure to every five or six of soil, thoroughly mixing the whole, and when the bed is filled up a little higher than the original soil, to allow for settling, it is ready for the rose plants.

Planting and Care of Roses.—Place the plants about eighteen inches apart each way, and should dry weather set in give them a liberal soaking of water once a week as long as dry weater continues. Do not give water in homeopathic doses, for roses are like robins, they like the best there is and plenty of it. It will also very greatly help them to produce continuous bloom if they are heavily mulched with short manure or chopped straw; even a coat of coarse, dry grass is better than nothing. In the following spring, after all frost is past, go over them, shorten back any long shoots and cut out any dead tips that may appear; keep all weeds cleared out at all times as soon as they show themselves, and renew the mulching in the spring as pruned. When the plants have started into new growth go carefully over them, and as soon as the first green worm or caterpillar is seen on the leaves, syringe the leaves both

pleasu... will add to your home, and p... giving you employment and recreation in the open air, thereby often saving doctor's bills and discontented minds.—New England Homestead.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Always weigh your butter at home.

Don't keep the soil too wet, as it inclines them to decay at the base.

Don't breed for bones, but strive to build up a dairy of butter producers.

Do not leave an orchard to itself after planting. Cultivate it without ceasing.

It is necessary that you be able to control the temperature while ripening cream.

Pure water is absolutely necessary, and pastures must be kept free of noxious weeds.

Lantanas, perennial phloxes and chrysanthemums will grow rapidly from cuttings put out now.

Two largely common crops that should be considerably reduced—lice on hens and weeds in the garden.

Do the milking in a quiet place and make no noise doing the work. If in a stable, have it free from odors.

It is just as important that an orchard receive good tillage to make healthy, vigorous growth as it is to corn or potatoes.

One of the chief causes of disease among sheep is overcrowding. They will never do well if they are kept in crowded quarters.

Tartan silk parasols are displayed.

Capes for dressy wear are elaborate in the extreme.

In England, so fashion papers state, the sailor hat for woman has had its day.

Golden brown, pale fawn color, tan and green are the favorite shades in cloth.

A bit of quaintness is added to the summer frock by the revival of the fichu.

Princess Henry of Prussia has just patented her invention of a new parlor broom.

Queen Victoria writes with her own pen many short articles for the Court Circular.

The pompadour has suddenly sprung into favor. Parisian women have adopted it.

A black and white striped silk makes a useful costume if combined with green or lilac.

Many muslin gowns have fichus to match and are worn as a sort of a mantle or wrap.

One of the most useful garments that a woman can have is a shirt-waist of white wash silk.

Although black and white veils lead, colored varieties, to match the straw of the hat, are worn.

The fine colored linens so popular this year may be used effectively for every-day bureau covers.

There are said to be 536 woman physicians practising medicine in the cities of the United States.

Striped flannelette for wrappers, underskirts, nightgowns and dressing jackets is having a good sale.

Double-breasted traveling capes when opened and thrown back reveal revers of velvet or corded silk.

Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, begs neckties from her male friends and makes them into crazy quilts.

Modistes in Paris are making short and elbow sleeves for evening of a mass of frills sewn to a padded balloon.

Blonds are out of fashion. Black hair is the vogue. Titan red is permissible, but glossy blue-black is most in favor.

Among the many shades of green that are in vogue this year the pale silver tints and those in golden green are most sought after.

In Paris the fashionable dressmakers are using for berthas and in other bodice adornments Venetian point lace set with brilliants.

Picture hats are finished about the brim with great waving frills of crust-colored chiffon, piped along the edge with a little roll of black velvet.

For a brunette nothing more becoming could be imagined than a rustic straw hat trimmed with pale ecru silk, guipure lace and rich Jacque roses.

Miss Rockefeller, daughter of John D. Rockefeller, the richest man in the United States, plays not only the violin, but the 'cello, with great skill.

Cornflower blue will be worn throughout the summer in all woolen and fancy materials, and will probably take the place of the lilacs and violets of spring.

The new divided skirts are very attractive made of fine sheer lawn, three yards around each division, and trimmed with numerous rows of lace insertion and lace at the bottom.

A dainty satin slipper, with miniature silver buckles, which may be replaced by those made of gold, set off with many tiny brilliants, is worn by swell society women of New York on special occasions.

Mrs. Nellie Grant-Sartoris adheres to the fashion of hair dressing which prevailed when she was a young girl—the style which banged the hair across the forehad as men did in Florence in Raphael's time.

Pale rose-colored and delicate willow-green Swiss muslins dotted with pin dots of black and trimmed with many rows of narrow black thread lace make picturesque and effective summer afternoon gowns.

The latest sailor hats are made of silky looking straw of various colors and are trimmed with lace and flowers or ribbon, with a bunch of blossoms on either side. White lace veils tied in a bow in the back are worn with these.

Sir John Lubbock's daughter is treading in her father's footsteps. "Some Poor Law Questions," an explanation of the workings of the present laws and proposed changes, by Miss Gertrude Lubbock, is announced by a London publisher.

A great many summer gowns are being made with bodice fitting to just beneath the bust line. The skirt worn attaches itself to the bodice at this point, and is gored to fit the figure as precisely as a bodice might from this point down to below the hips.

Belva A. Lockwood applied for permission to practice before the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and the court refused to grant it. She was surprised and disappointed, as she is allowed to practice before some County and Circuit Courts of Virginia.

Miss Jane Addams, who has just been appointed garbage inspector of a big ward in Chicago, is one of the most energetic reformers of the West. She is a small woman physically, but is full of nervous energy. Throughout her section of the city she is known by all in a thousand ways as a good angel. She has organized societies for the improvement of the working people, and is very vigilant for their welfare.

ICE CREAM SODA IN LONDON.

Has Only Been Recently Introduced, but It Has Become a Craze.

"The ice-cream soda craze, which American women have had so badly for the last few years, has broken out in London," said a traveler recently returned from abroad. "It hasn't got a firm clutch on the English women yet, but it is growing rapidly, and I expect that in the course of a few years it will materially aid in the disappearance of the beautiful English complexion for which women of the old country are famous. An American confectioner is responsible for the production of the ice-cream soda in London. Before he settled in a place in upper Regent street the deadly mixture was practically unknown in that great city. The few English women who had been to this country and tasted it here of course knew what it was, and they lost no time in patronizing the confectioner.

"The great mass of women, however, looked aghast at the combination of strawberry syrup, live soda water, and ice-cream. Those who got up enough courage to tackle it were not sorry that they had done so, and the result was that it soon became necessary for other confectioners in the neighborhood to get soda fountains and learn how to mix the drink in order to hold their trade. There are now half a dozen or more places in London where ice-cream soda is sold, and all day the fountains are surrounded by women. The scene reminds one very much of any one of our uptown confectionery shops on a hot afternoon. I expect it will not be very long before the English women will become as devout worshipers at the ice-cream soda shrine as are our American women at the present day. Heretofore the chief diversion of the English woman out shopping has been to eat ices and cake or drink chocolate, but I predict the entire disappearance of this fashion in a very short time. Ice-cream soda has never failed to get a deadly clutch on the women of any country where it has settled, and it will be funny if it does not make a complete conquest of the Londoners."

The Horse's Eye.

The horse's eye has a thick, glutinous secretion because his eye being large and much exposed to dust the viscid secretion cleanses it more effectually than would a more watery agent.

THE GUNMAKER OF ILION.

JEFFERSON M. CLOUGH REFUSES A TEMPTING OFFER FROM THE CHINESE GOVERNMENT.

His Health was too Poor to Permit Attention to Business. A Great Sufferer for Many Years But Has Now Recovered.

(From the Springfield, Mass., Union.)

There isn't a gun manufacturer in the United States who does not know Jefferson M. Clough, and why? Because he has been intimately associated all his life with the development of the two best American rifles, the Remington and Winchester. For years he was Superintendent of the E. Remington & Sons' great factory at Ilion, N. Y. After leaving there he refused a tempting offer of the Chinese Government to go to China to superintend their government factories,—and accepted instead the superintendency of the Winchester-Arms Co., at New Haven, at a salary of $7,500 a year.

It was after this long term of active labor as a business man that he found himself incapacitated for further service by the embargo which rheumatism had laid upon him and resigned his position more than two years ago, and returned to Belchertown, Mass., where he now lives and owns the Phelps farm, a retired spot where he has five hundred acres of land.

Being a man of means he did not spare the cost and was treated by leading physicians and by baths at celebrated springs without receiving any benefit worth notice. During the summer of 1893 and the winter of 1894 Mr. Clough was confined to his house in Belchertown, being unable to rise from his bed without assistance, and suffering continually with acute pains and with no taste or desire for food, nor was he able to obtain sufficient sleep.

Early in the year 1894 Mr. Clough heard of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. He began taking these pills about the first of March, 1894, and continued to do so until the first part of September following. The first effect noticed was a better appetite and he began to note more ability to help himself off the bed and to be better generally. Last August (1894) he was able to go alone to his summer residence and farm of 163 acres on Grenadier Island, among the Thousand Islands, in the river St. Lawrence, where from the highest land of his farm he commands a view for 13 miles down the river, and 60 of the Thousand Islands can be seen.

Instead of being confined to his bed Mr. Clough is now and has been for some time able to be about the farm to direct the men employed there and he is thankful for what Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have done for him.

These pills are manufactored by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold only in boxes bearing the firm's trade mark and wrapper, at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and are never sold in bulk. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Flints.

Probably few people are aware that there still exists in England a manufactory of gun and tinder-box flints, yet such is the case. The same methods are employed in the mining and fashioning of flints as in the stone age, with little alteration. In order to break flint into pieces of convenient size, the worker places the mass on his knee, and, by a dexterous blow with a hammer, shivers it into fragments as easily as if it were chocolate. The pieces are then split into flakes, and these, in turn, are fractured into little squares which, with very slight trimming, become finished gun-flints. Most of the gun flints are exported to Zanzibar and other ports in communication with the interior of Africa; but, besides these, large quantities of flints for tinder-boxes are still made at Brandon. Tinder-box flints chiefly go to Spain and Italy for use in isolated districts.

The Other Kind.

Not long ago a well-dressed woman entered the savings-bank in a Western town and told the clerk that she wished to deposit some money to the credit of George Sampson.

Recognizing her as the wife of a man by that name, who already had an account open, the clerk rightly guessed that the money in question was to start an account for one of her children.

"Is he a minor?" he inquired.

"Well, I guess not!" responded the depositor, indignantly. "That's something we've never had in our family yet! And if Georgie shows any leanin' toward it when he gets old enough—he ain't but 10 now—I reckon his pa can tell him yarns about mines explodin' and shafts fallin' on top of folks, that'll settle him quicker'n a wink!"

An old lawyer, whose charges are as heavy as those of the Light Brigade, characterizes more moderate askings as "fees simple."

Before you lose your soul in trying to gain wealth, ask the millionaire how much gold it takes to make one rich.

Dr. PIERCE'S PLEASANT PELLETS

CURE

SICK HEADACHE,
BILIOUSNESS,
CONSTIPATION,
INDIGESTION,
DYSPEPSIA,
POOR APPETITE,

and all derangements of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Of all druggists.

ONCE USED ALWAYS IN FAVOR.

AM. N. U. No. 24, 1895.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR

Dyspeptic, Delicate, Infirm and

AGED PERSONS

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

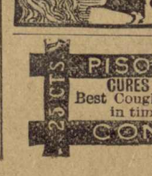
No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

50c. for complete system for designing and cutting Ladies' and Children's Garments by mail postpaid, or for $1 will send you complete system and universal sleeve designer and Self-Instructor. Our Self-Instructor is a book of 20 pages; teaches you how to take measurements, draft, cut and fit all styles of garments; how to put them together, trim and make them up; also all other useful and practical information essential to first-class dress and cloak making. The Grant Pattern Co., 216-218 Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground Itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.



PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JULY 4, 1895. NO. 15.

A FOURTH OF JULY ODE.

The Glorious Fourth has come,
Beat the loud-resounding drum, pound the tom-tom, sound the hewgag, blow the horn and
Let her come!
Shoot the cracker, fire the pistol, punch the eagle, make him scream,
Loudly scream!
Day of powder and torpedoes, lemonade that knows no lemon, ginger-pop devoid of ginger, ice cream
Innocent of cream!

The Glorious Fourth has come,
Bang the hollow-sounding drum, sound the tocsin, raise the war-whoop, clash the cymbals,
Let her come!
Tintinnabulate the fire-bells, raise the small boys' ululation, crack the canopy with speech,
Roaring speech!
Hear the eloquence compounded of unmixable ingredients, one per cent. of thought original, ninety-nine
Per cent. of screech.

The Glorious Fourth has come,
Whack the loud, reverberant drum, pound the tin pan, beat the boiler, blow the fish horn,
Let her come!
Tune the fife and blow the bugle, shoot the rocket through the spheres!
Dodging spheres!
Let the rapid-mouthed declaimer pour his cataract of verbals, eloquence divorced from meaning, words
Unmarried to ideas.

The Glorious Fourth has come,
Beat and pound and whack the drum, plunk the banjo, shoot the rocket, fire the cracker,
Let her come.
Scorch your whiskers, shoot your arm off, blow a large hole through your head,
Swelling head!
Fire the cannon, crash your ribs in, break your leg and save your country,
Then be carried off to bed.

—New York World.

THE FOURTH AT RED BUD.

ECKON it was lined out to be the biggest an' most joyous celebration ever pulled off west of Sent "Looey," said Tom North. He sat on the shady side of the Transit House. "It was a case of force. Red Bud, which had started on its bounding corporate career aimin' to be known as the metropolis of Cowley County, Kansas, an' figurin' at some future day to move the county seat over from Winfield, was on the hog train. This was in '89. The boom towns had just struck the tobaggan. Jarvis, the real estate sharp which had invented Red Bud an' laid out to sell the limitless prairie at $10 a front foot, made a final desp'rit effort to put sand on the slight an' stop the journey to financial ruin, but it wa'n't no use. Red Bud was done bust then; they was no more left to it than a toy balloon which has set on a tack. Jarvis wouldn't admit it; he dasn't. He had too much into the pot to go to the discard then. Whereby he fixes up this Fourth of July celebration, an', my boy, the programme was a bird. They was to be racin' on the flat in the mornin', an' a whole lot of Injuns an' half-breeds from over near Arkansas City was in it. Then Jarvis was goin' to sell off some of his landscape at auction, after which I myse'f, havin' agreed to act at chaplain for the occasion, was to read the grand old Declaration of Independence, which, read proper, catches a Western crowd every time. This was to be followed by Charley Siringo from Caldwell a-singin' of his justly celebrated production, 'The Ranger's Lament,' which it goes like this and is calculated to fetch tears from a cayuse, an animal not much given over to weepin' a a rule:

Far away from good old Texas
I lays me down to die,
My saddle for a piller,
My windin' sheet the sky.

"There's a song to move your heart an' Siringo had it.

"Barkeep," called Mr. North through the window, "bring me another lemonade an' one for my friend. Siphon seltzer, an' let it be lemon juice out of the fruit. I'm dead leery of lemon juice poured ready made out of a bottle. It always looks like givin' the house the age; they can loco it on you too easy.

"I have come to look on it as a good thing, 'special on a warm day. An' it was needed in Red Bud on that Fourth I'm tellin' you of. They ain't no thermometer yit stuffed with mercury that can reach the top of warm weather in Southern Kansas. But they don't mind weather down there.

"The afternoon was to be devoted to wild Western sports, an' in the evenin' it was allowed to make the heavens blaze with various kinds of glory, Jarvis havin' sprung himself on the fireworks an' brought down a car load.

"The afternoon sports was to be the feature. Jarvis had arranged for a whole lot of possible land buyers to come over from Wichita, an' had a train load comin' from as far as Kansas City. These gangs, with the critters that was always campin' around them parts a-waitin' for the Cherokee Strip to open, would make quite a herd of tender-feet, an' it was figured that the cowboy sports would vastly entertain 'em an' get 'em enthused to a point where they would go agin Jarvis's real estate proposition.

"Pawnee Pete was to have charge of the exercises. He'd been projeckin' around for three weeks hirin' cowboys an' Injins for a Wild West show. He saw Buffalo Bill a-rakin' in barrels of money an' havin' long hair it seemed as if he oughter get some of the dough his own self. His hair was about his strongest point. He was the son of a Sedgwick County farmer, an' he'd got his name in the paper in connection with Oklahoma, an' knowin' a lariat from a nosebag why wouldn't he make a hit? Pawnee Pete, of course, wasn't in a general way I was a bustin' with patriotism. It was a great day for Tom North an' the Nation. Jist as I was climbin' on the stand in comes Harry Hill, his big blue roan clearin' a twenty-five foot town lot every jump. Hill was lookin' like a man bent on findin' trouble if he had to hunt for it till sundown. You know Harry Hill? He is the best lookin' man in Kansas City, six feet tall, black, curly hair, teeth white as a girl's, an' eyes like a deer—these big brown eyes, only they don't get scary like the deer's. Hill owned a ranch over near Wichata, and had cut quite a figure in the Oklahoma openin' matter, whereby he is by general consent known as 'Oklahoma Harry.' In '89 he left his ranch with his foreman an' had turned over his stage line to his superintendent, an' he starts out with a Wild West show. It was fashionable that year.

" 'Hello,' I says, 'Harry! I thought you all was up Kansas City way?'

" 'So I was, but I had business down to Winfield an' hearin' of the doin's over here I rides over to help swell the rejoicin' over the Nation's livin' to see another birthday. An' right yere's the man I've rode thirty mile flat to mingle with.'

"He runs Pawnee Pete into a saloon an' lands on him like a hawk on a June bug, an' he says:

" 'You're a long haired fraud an' a imitation. Yere's a maverick I'll run my brand on so all men may know who he belongs to.'

" 'Don't shoot, Harry, I an't fixed, hollers Pawnee Pete, 'be a good feller, be social now, Harry, an' don't bust up these social arrangements.'

" 'I an't goin' to shoot nobody, Petey,' says Hill a-thron Pawnee Pete down and sittin' on him. 'Don't be alarmed, gents,' he says to the crowd a-pullin' his knife, 'don't misconstrue me. I an't goin' to break up no arrangements you've made for the proper observance of this holiday, but I aims to trim this critter a lot.'

"So he don't do a thing but cut the critter's long, wavy hair off short. He was the ragedist lookin' Pawnee Pete that a hoss ever shied at when he sneaked off to the corral an' rode away. You can't do a good clean job of barberin' with a bowie knife no matter how much pains you take, an' Hill wasn't none too careful about his work.

"Then I climbs up an' reads that bluff about all men bein' born free an' equa' an' entitled to the pursuit of life, liberty, an' happiness with no strings on 'em. Oklahoma Hill carried out the Wild West programme hisself in the afternoon.

"Why did he trim up Pete? Well, it seems Pete, in startin' in his Wild West show, thinks it's a good play to queer Hill, an' Hill bein' in the East he thought it was dead safe backcappin' of him. Some newspaper man up at Kansas City told Hill that Pawnee Pete said he was a counterfeit of the most pronounced kind an' nothin' but a cross between a wheat farmer an' a country store keeper. It made Hill some hot this and other reports of Pete's scandalous doin's, so he left his show with Frank Albright an' p'inted straight to Winfield to kill off this gossip. He concluded he'd let him live though an' just shear him. Hill explained this to the crowd an' they told him no apologies was needed.

"SO HE DON'T DO A THING BUT CUT THE CRITTER'S LONG, WAVY HAIR OFF SHORT".

his real name. He knew Spotted Horse, Eagle Chief, Left Hand, Good Chief, an' maybe a few more Pawnees, an' so when his hair grows long enough he babtizes hisself Pawnee Pete an' let him go at that.

"On the day of the celebration everything seemed to come Jarvis's way. It looked first as if the Red Bud affair would have to be pulled off without no music. The only brass band loose in Wichita had been signed by the committee from Little Dutch, which thrivin' town had pooled with the neighborin' city of Ninnescah for a jint jamboree on Independence Day. The Little Dutch fellers was hot sports, an' when they see how sore the Red Bud committee was about losin' the band they proposes to do more than the fair thing; they prompt offers to play seven-up for the outfit. The chairmen of the Little Dutch and Red Bud committees sits down an' Red Bud wins by three on a most tremenjus, not to call it suspicious run of luck. But the Little Dutch fellers never hollers, but before the evenin' comes what with natural philanthropy an' the whisky they had accumulated they agrees to abandon the Ninnescah-Little Dutch festivities an' both towns come over to the Red Bud blowout.

"Everything rolls proper as I said. The horse races an' the lot sellin' in the forenoon resulted very gratifyin'. They was one shadow cast over the mornin' proceedin's, but it was only a passin' one. A kid from Captain Scott's hay ranch, bein' offended at the freshness of one of Pawnee Pete's hired men, started to clean out the Wild West. He crippled up Coyote Charley and had begun on the bow-legged chap which rides the buckin' mustangs before he was prized loose. Two men was set ridin' herd on him till he ca'med down.

"Then I led in for the Declaration. My heart was swellin' with pride an' Of course Pawnee Pete's show busts right there. A wild wester with close cut hair wouldn't have much luck, an' Pete has to lay low for three years till his hair kin grow."

Some Advice for the Fourth.

Don't throw lighted firecrackers above your head, especially if there are little girls with light dresses standing near you.

Don't hold powder and lighted punk in the same hand.

Don't look into the mouth of a toy cannon to see why it hasn't gone off.

Don't put firecrackers into your pockets.

Don't drop a roman candle if a spark happens to burn you. Be brave and shake it all the harder, but never drop it, for the balls may do serious damage.

Don't leave matches and lighted punk where ladies may tread on them.

Don't fool with toy pistols.

Don't make fun of the little ones, who take pleasure in torpedoes and are afraid of firecrackers. You were little once, remember.

Don't get cross because mother or the servant tells you you are wasting matches or scattering them about.

Don't be mean, but let the ragged boys and girls pick up some crackers which may not go off. You might drop some on purpose for them, if you wished to be generous.—New York Times.

How Bismarck Celebrated the Fourth.

When Bismarck was in Goettingen his most intimate student friend was John Lothrop Motley, the American historian. This attachment lasted through the lifetime of the latter, and Bismarck himself penned a touching account of it in a communication to Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes, the biographer of Motley.

Thus it happened that, on July 4, 1875, Bismarck wrote to a Philadelphia gentleman, who had sent him a cane made from the wood of Independence Hall, about "the happy hours he had spent on many a Fourth of July with American friends."

The first celebration of this sort was at Goettingen in 1832, with Motley, Mitchell G. King and Amory Coffin. The next in the same place, the third probably in Berlin, whither Bismarck and Motley had gone from Goettingen, the former in disgrace with his professors and under a four days' sentence of imprisonment for having been present at a duel.

Sumner on the Declaration.

Among America's latest statesmen no one entertained a more exalted regard for the Declaration, or more persistently emphasized its important relation to legislation, than Charles Sumner. He always held that the Constitution should be interpreted in the spirit of the Declaration. He said: "The Declaration of Independence has a supremacy grander than that of the Constitution, more sacred and inviolable, for it gives the law to the Constitution. Every word in the Constitution is subordinate to the Declaration. The Declaration precedes the Constitution in time, as it is more elevated in character. The Constitution is an earthly body, if you please; the Declaration of Independence is the very soul itself."—Washington Star.

An Off Night.

Dashaway—"Are you going around to Miss Summitt's to-night? Her father is going to have a fireworks celebration."

Cleverton—"Oh, yes; of course. Are you?"

Dashaway—"No. She doesn't want me to come."

Cleverton—"Why not?"

Dashaway—"She says there will be too much light.

A Liberal Father.

"Now, Bobby," said Mr. Meanestman to his son, "if you'll be a real good boy, on the Fourth of July papa will let you take five cents out of your bank and buy your little sister a package of torpedoes."—Harper's Bazar.

Both Were Right.

Absent-minded House Surgeon—"Dear me, what does this mean? Another boy with a finger shot off. This is the third to-day, isn't it?"

F[illegible] "it's the Fourth."

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

Glass was used in Egypt 3,500 years ago.

The water in the Strait of Gibraltar is 150 fathoms deep.

The newest thing out in London's world of swelldom is a hand-painted shirt front.

A Dundee (Scotland) man is working on a flying machine that is built on the bicycle plan.

The bell bird's note sounds much like a tolling bell. It can be heard a distance of three miles.

A late curiosity gleaner claims that there are 500 open caverns in Edmundson County, Kentucky.

The dome of the Palais de Justice in Brussels is made of papier mache and weighs sixteen tons.

A mother aged ninety-three, and a son aged sixty-eight, both buried on the same day at Rockdale, Ga.

When a man gets drunk down in the Argentine Republic he has to sweep the streets for eight hours.

Instead of an engagement ring, the Japanese lover gives his sweetheat a piece of beautiful silk for her sash.

Out of every 100 hotels in England eighteen are "White Harts," ten "King's Arms," and eight "Crowns."

According to Muller the total number of words, or rather ideas, expressed by Chinese characters is 43,596.

The oldest coin known is in the mint collection in Philadelphia. It was coined at Aegina in the year 700 B. C.

They tell about a prisoner who went into the Maine state prison weighing 90 pounds and came out weighing 210.

The highest masts of sailing vessels are from 160 to 180 feet high, and spread from 60,000 to 100,000 square feet of canvas.

The present Sultan of Morocco is descended from an Irish girl who became a member of the then royal harem more than 100 years ago.

Hebrew guides in Rome never pass under the arch of Titus, but walk around it. The reason is because it commemorated a victory over their race.

"As blind as a mole" is not a sensible comparison, as the mole is possessed of good eyesight, although its eyes are very small—about the size of a mustard seed.

Ducks swim the world over, but geese do not. In South America a domestic species is found that cannot excel an ordinary hen in aquatic accomplishments. It has lived so long in a country where water is found only in wells, that it has lost its aquatic abilities entirely.

European ladies are often invited to the harems of the rich Moors of Morocco. Some time ago one of the inmates—a beautiful girl—fainted at the sight of one of the lady visitors removing her gloves. The young lady thought she was was removing a thick skin from her hand.

A Substitute for Tea.

A horticultural paper is responsible for the statement that an excellent substitute for Indian or Chinese tea has been found. The tea plant will not grow in England, save under very rare and exceptional circumstances, but the new plant, which is an acclimated shrub, the Chimonanthus fragrans, first brought from Japan to England by Admiral Harvey, possesses all the essential requisites of tea. It has five varieties, all equally serviceable for "tea." The beverage made from them is quite as good as the best green tea, with cream and sugar. At present we are told "the plant is growing very well at Buckhurst Hill on a sandy soil with a southern aspect. It will do equally well in Kent, Sussex, Hants, Dorset, Devon and Cornwall, where many thousand acres of land now vacant, or yeilding unproductive crops, may be used for a new and profitable industry."—New York Telegram.

During the year 1894, 381 inquests were held in the city of Melbourne. Of these 125 were on deaths due to accident, 38 were suicides, 12 by gunshot wounds, 6 by poison and 6 by hanging. Infanticides numbered 25.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Sin feels safe as long as it can hide its head.

Love always speaks in the language of the heart.

A fool has to find out for himself that fire is hot.

The man who deserves riches can be rich without them.

It is a waste of breath to talk any louder than we live.

Every man makes crooked paths who walks with a doubt.

When we love our enemies we will be sure to treat them right.

If you want to do something, find one who believes something.

The justice that a wicked man don,t want is the kind he deserves.

Better bite your tongue twice than speak once without thinking.

The great question is not how long we are going to live, but how?

When you get a giant down, don't let him up until his head is off.

We don't say that a man with a bad liver may not have a good heart.

It you have the love of a child it will give you some man's influence.

When the world gives pleasure it always sends trouble therewith.—Ram's Horn.

Railways in Turkey.

There is only a trifle over 3,000 miles of railway lines in Turkey, but they are managed in some respects better than any in more civilized nations. The discipline on the Turkish roads is very severe. Negligence is punished with heavy penalties, and if a collision occurs all employes who share in the responsibility are likely to be sent to prison and, if any one is killed or injured, under sentences for long terms.

Employes of the road who are injured in service receive pensions, and if the injuries prove fatal, their families are provided for. There is a penalty of $1 for walking upon a railroad track. Cattle and other animals found on the right of way of railways can be confiscated by the company, although the owner may redeem them by paying twenty-five cents each for sheep, dogs, goats, hogs and other small animals. It costs $2.50 to get a cow or horse out of a railway pound. Every passenger must be in his seat when the last gong sounds, a few moments before the departure of a train. Travelers buying tickets must present the exact amount of money to the ticket agent, otherwise he is authorized to charge a commission of 4 per cent for making change, which goes into his own pocket. Passengers found upon trains without tickets are required to pay three times the full fare between the place where they started and the first station reached after they are discovered, when they are allowed to buy a ticket for the rest of their journey at the regular rate. One hundred pounds of baggage is allowed for every ticket, but the traveler must pay three cents for having his trunk checked. The oriental express and trains from Constantinople to Vienna (44 hours) and to Paris (72 hours) run twice a week, and carry first-class parlor and sleeping cars. Similar trains run between Smyrna and Aiden.—Atlanta Constitution.

"Blue Beard."

The nursery tale which has charmed generations of children and their elders, known as "Blue Beard," was written by a French author. The original of the character of Blue Beard was a marshal of France who lived in Brittany and who was charged with murdering several wives and over one hundred children. Being convicted of sorcery, he was burned.—Philadelphia Times.

Comparative Cost of Wars.

All the wars of Napoleon Bonaparte cost his country $1,275,000,000 while the wars of Louis Napoleon cost France $2,210,000,000. The former made the enemy pay most of the expense; the expense of the wars waged by the latter was borne by France.—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Lancet mentions the case of a boy three years old who swallowed a halfpenny. Nearly fourteen years later he brought it up again very thin and light, looking as if it might have been [illegible] solved.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

We notice with regret the article in the Tuskaloosa Gazette, in which it charges the Board of Trustees of the Industrial School for Girls with being influenced and governed by politics in the location of the school at Montevallo. It also goes on to state that this was the most undesirable place offering for the school. Of course we make due allowance for the disappointment and regret of the people of Tuskaloosa in failing to secure the school, but we can see no excuse or palliation in the Gazette charging that the board was controlled by politics. We must confess that we would have felt the same disappointment had we failed to get it, but we are sure that we would never have laid such charges at the door of the high-minded and unselfish men that compose this board. Let the Gazette show where politics played a hand. If there is a politician in Montevallo known outside of the county we have failed to find him. No, brother, we are not politicians, but we and the great number of white counties adjoining us felt that no section of the state needed an educational institute in its midst more than this. No people were more interested and did more work in securing it. The board realizing our peculiar fitness for the school, the remarkable advantages we offered, the central location, etc., concluded in their wisdom to place it where it would reach the most people and where no other institution would overshadow its work. We are informed that when the places being voted for began to narrow down the entire visiting committee voted as a unit in favor of Montevallo. This committee had visited in person every place, and was composed of Judge Austill, Rev. George B. Eager, Hon. Thomas W. Plowman and Hon. W. W. Wadsworth. Can you accuse these men of being governed by sordid and selfish political motives?—Mr. Plowman the only man in our district voting for us in preference to his powerful neighbor—Anniston; we a feeble town of only a few hundred inhabitants and no politicians, and Anniston a large, thriving city with the ablest politicians in the state. Where is the politics? We are sorry for you, brother, that you got left, but we regret that in the soreness of your defeat you should cast such reflections on a board composed of the purest and foremost men of the state. We are informed that the writer of the Gazette's editorial on this subject has never even been in our town and when he does come we assure him that he will meet with a hearty welcome and will see that we had the most desirable place in the race.

We are happy to inform our readers that the building of a nice passenger depot is now an assured fact. This shows what a strong and united effort will do for a town. First we secured a fine steel bridge, the first ever built in the county; then the Industrial School, now a fine passenger depot. Let us not under-rate our abilities. We are only at the beginning. Montevallo with her gifts so lavishly bestowed by an allwise Providence was not born "to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the desert air." Nature has done for us all that we could ask. Let us then be up and doing and join hands with her and build a town whose name will be known far and near. We can if we will. Let us work.

Letters are being received daily from people all over the state inquiring about real estate in and near town. Parties wishing to sell farm lands will do well to let it be known through the columns of this paper. We will give them notices free of charge. Our object is to build up the town and country, and we will do all in our power to push things along.

It is indeed a pleasure to see how nobly the people are rallying to our assistance in putting up the buildings for the Industrial school. Not a man who has been approached on the subject has refused us.

POISON PLANTS.

Discoveries About Some Which Have Been Unsuspected Hitherto.

The fatal adventure that befell some boys the other day who chewed certain parts of plants which they thought were dandelions was an incident of a kind most unfortunately common, says the Washington Star. Only two years ago five school children at Tarrytown, N. Y.. lost their lives through incautiously eating some roots which they took for sweet flag. In the latter case it was ascertained by Mr. Coville, botanist of the Department of Agriculture, that the root in question belonged to the common elder, which previously had not been suspected of being dangerous.

The Department of Agriculture has begun an investigation of the poisonous plants of the United States, which is to have special reference to the chemical and other characteristics of such of them as are least known. The division of botany, under Mr. Coville, will try incidentally to separate the active principles of the poisons of these plants and to find out to what uses they may be applied in medicine. It is hoped that in this manner some new and valuable remedies may be discovered. The poisons will be tried on guinea pigs and other animals for experimental purposes.

One very important group of poisonous plants, concerning the toxic properties of which very little has been known until recently, includes certain laurels and rhododendrons. In 1790 many cases of poisoning occurred in Philadelphia, which were traced to certain honey and to the eating of the flesh of ruffed grouse. It was proved that the grouse had fed on the buds of the broad-leaved laurel, and it was more than suspected that the honey was derived by bees from the blossoms of the same tree. Several deaths occurred at this time from the cause mentioned, so that the sale of ruffed grouse was prohibited in the markets of the Quaker city.

Recently the broad-leaved laurel has been analyzed by a Dutch scientist named Plugge and by an American named Lasche, who have obtained from it the same poison as that which characterizes the rhododendron of the Black Sea. From this rhododendron comes the honey which is called by the Persians "delli kal," or "mad honey." The honey of the region of the Black Sea has been known for thousands of years as possessing toxic properties. It is found chiefly in Trebizond, and is used there for medicine and also to increase the intoxicating effects of liquor. For the latter purpose it is sold in Constantinople. In large quantities it is very dangerous.

During the historic retreat of the ten thousand, of which Xenophon wrote, the soldiers encamped in Trebizond and found wild honey in abundance. They partook of it freely and it made them very sick. Even dogs that ate it suffered from severe symptoms. The rhododendron was suspected at the time of being at the bottom of the mischief. Plugge has made a general and comprehensive investigation of this group of "ericaceous" plants, which includes the laurels and rhododendrons, and he finds that half of them are poisonous. Lambs and young cattle eat them in winter for lack of other green food and died. The so-called "lambkill" is one of the laurels. The trailing arbutus is of the same family, but is not poisonous. Poison is found in the broad leaved laurel, the narrow leaved laurel and also in the mountain laurel, which is a large leaved rhododendron.

Deer feed on these plants with impunity, and likewise the ruffed grouse. Thus it comes about that the flesh of ruffed grouse often poisons people. Dogs fed on the intestines of deer that have eaten the plants are poisoned. The toxic agent acts upon respiratory centers, interfering with the breathing, and in severe cases stopping it altogether. No antidote is known. It is only possible to try and control the symptoms. A smudge made of the leaves of the mountain laurel, for the purpose of keeping off insects, has been known to cause poisoning.

Test for Real Diamonds.

A real diamond is not acted on by acids or alkalies. When rubbed on a piece of silk it acquires positive electricity, and will attract small pieces of wool, cotton and paper, and this electrification will last sometimes half an hour. A real diamond, if exposed to the sun's rays for a time, possesses a distinct phosphorescence in the dark. It gives only a simple refraction—that is, it gives only a single image of a bright light when that is viewed through its facets. This last test is a very good one, and the electrification and phosphorescent qualities afford two other good tests. Jewelers usually test with a file. If that affords no proof, the jeweler places the stone into a leaden or platinum cup with some powdered flour spar and a little oil of vitriol. The vessel is then placed over a charcoal fire in some place where the strong draught will carry off the noxious vapors evolved. When these latter have ceased rising the mixture in the vessel is allowed to cool, and the stone is then fished out with a glass rod. If it is genuine, no change will be noticeable; if false, it will be corroded by the acid.

Traps English Sparrows.

If every public spirited citizen who has grieved over the almost total loss of song birds through the pugnacity of the sparrow would follow the example set by Jack Durney, a downtown youth, it would not be very long before the feathered songsters would return again in full force.

On the roof of a building in the back yard of the Durney homestead a sparrow trap is erected, and is in full swing night and day. Not only are the feathered pests captured by the dozen, but all the friends of the Durney family for squares around will testify to the fact that nothing on earth compares with fat sparrows when cooked in a potpie.

The trap is one into which the birds hop to get the grain and bread crumbs plainly in sight. Once inside the birds did not know enough to come out. The sparrows feed more on a cloudy and windy day than on a still, bright day, but no matter what the weather is it is a poor day when the trap will not yield fifty sparrows.

Mr. Durney says he is going to get his trap patented and then induce the Legislature to pay so much apiece for dead sparrows. Then he'll make his trap earn him a fortune.

The Harp in the Ear.

The majority of people are not aware, perhaps, says the St. Louis Republic, that each of their ears is provided with a many stringed harp, but such is the case. These wonderful little instruments are named after their discoverer, being called the organs of Corti. Each of these curious ear harps is provided with 8,700 wonderfully minute strings of varying length and thickness. The larger strings are estimated to be about 1-5,000th of an inch in diameter, and, as shown by actual measurement, are only 1-200th of an inch in length. The smaller ones are so infinitesimally fine that no estimate of their thickness (thinness) has ever been made. They are, however, estimated to be about 1-1,000th of an inch in length. Musicians will tell you that when a properly tuned violin is held near a piano, and the E string of that instrument is struck, the corresponding string on the violin will also vibrate; so with all the rest. Now, the 8,700 strings of the human ear harp have such a wide compass that any appreciable sound which can be imagined can find a string of corresponding tone the moment it enters the ear passages. The sounds thus noted on the many stringed harp are instantly conveyed through the connecting filament to the auditory nerve, thence to the sensorium. Thus a knowledge of the sound is conveyed to the brain.

Eyes and Wrinkles.

The wrinkles that come about the eyes have nothing to do with the disposition, as the wrinkles in the cheeks do, but are rather due to lack of care of the eyes. Women, as a rule, pay little attention to the eyes, going from extreme darkness to the brightest light many times a day, a thing which invariably leads to shrinking of the skin about the eye. They wear hats that rarely shade, and they read by the last quiver of daylight. But the two items dwelt upon with most significance are the wearing of cross-barred and dotted vails and the unfortunate dwelling in dark apartments common to city folk, where the eyes are strained in the pursuit of ordinary work.

None of these conditions are sufficiently vital to produce serious trouble with the optical nerves, yet strong enough to aggravate the skin into innumerable wrinkles around the corner of the eyelids, or plow furrows between the eyebrows.

Regarding the remedies, the first to adopt is the cultivation of repose in talking. No other art is so successful a foe to wrinkles in any portion of the face. The next step is to wear plain vails, and when reading or writing hurriedly never consider it too troublesome to lift the black film away from the eyes. Then avoid sudden transitions from one degree of light to another. This carefulness, with continual massage, delivered by two fingers on the lids and brows, will abolish or prevent wrinkles.

Directors' Fat Fees.

The fees that directors of business corporations receive for attendance at each meeting range from $5 to $15. It is a fact not generally known that there are some men in this town who enjoy very handsome incomes from this source. Of course, there are men of wealth and high business standing, whose reputation for financial skill and probity makes them eagerly sought for as directors. Cornelius Vanderbilt, John D. Rockefeller or J. Pierpont Morgan, for instance, would be welcomed in the directory of any business corporation. Samuel D. Babcock, ex-President of the Chamber of Commerce, has the reputation of being a director in more concerns in New York than any other man, with perhaps the possible exception of Russell Sage. The president of one of the largest banks in this city said the other day that, although he was a director in comparatively few corporations, his fees last year amounted to $2,000, "I know one man," said he, "whose income from directors' fees ranges from $8,000 to $10,000 a year. Nearly all of the great financial concerns pay their directors $10 each for every meeting they attend. The money is usually paid in gold, and is handed to the director as soon as he enters the board room."

Hypnotism for Drunkards.

An English paper reports that at the Sussex Asylum eight cases (six women and two men) were treated for drunkenness by hypnotism. Two of the women were cured. The other cases seem not to have been successful. Two other case were treated at Birkenhead, apparently with success.

A STRANGE CASE.

Birds That Imprison and Feed Their Mates.

One South African bird—called at the Cape the "butcher bird"—has the ghoulish habit of killing smaller birds, extracting and eating their brains, and then impaling the bodies of the little victims on the four inch long thorn of the "wait a bit" bushes. Another very curious bird is the variety of hornbill known as Tockus melanoleucus, Licht., regarding which a paper by Dr. Schonland, of the Albany Museum, was read at a recent meeting of the South African Philosophical Society at Cape Town. The nesting habits of this hornbill are so extraordinary that they have been repeatedly referred to by various writers; but, owing to the difficulty of finding the nests of the birds, many details of the earlier accounts are not quite correct, while others are not touched upon at all. During the last four years Dr. Schonland has examined, he said, no fewer than seven nests altogether, with the birds belonging to most of them. The birds are often seen in winter in large numbers in the gardens at Graham's Town, but in the summer they are only to be met with in proximity to closely wooded kloofs, and this is due to the fact that they nest in places where hollow trees are to be found. All observers agree that during incubation the female is a prisoner in a kind of cage, the entrance to which is closed to such an extent that it has to be broken before the female can leave the nest. In all the cases he had seen the nests were built in hollow trees. Mrs. Barber has said that they sometimes made the nest between the crowded stems of the tall euphorbia, but that could not be reconciled with some of her other statements. The birds had apparently no preference for any particular tree so long it suited their purpose. The essential point for them was that the hollow stem should be sufficiently large for the female to move about in the nest, and whether there is one or more entrances, all must be of such a nature that they can be partly or wholly closed up. The female once inside, is fed by the male through the narrow slit left in the material with which the entrance is closed, or through a natural cleft in the wood. In the latter case the main entrance is closed up completely. This may be a precautionary measure to protect the female during the season of incubation. He questioned the statement whether the male built or the female, as Livingstone stated he had been told by a native. The female took an essential part in the plastering up of the entrance.

Having described the nests which he had seen, he proceeded to state that the female, after going into the nest, usually began to molt, and was sometimes almost naked. She was usually very fat while in her prison, as the male bird brought her food every few minutes. As soon as danger approached the female bird climbed up the nest as far as possible away from the entrance, and kept perfectly quiet until the danger had passed. The young behaved in the same manner, the birds relying for protection on the fact that the nest is not easily recognized as such. No doubt if attacked, the hornbill could give a good account of itself. The female is imprisoned for seven or eight weeks, certainly for not less than six weeks. The eggs are laid about the end of December or beginning in January, and are usually three or four in number and vary in size. He felt certain from minute observation that the female constructed her own prison, and left it some time before the young were fully developed. On her leaving it was plastered up again in the same manner, and the female helped the male to feed the young. He concluded by stating that there was still plenty of scope for further investigation into the nesting habits of the hornbill.

The Baby Giant.

Eddie Thompson is a four-year-old wonder, living at Clarksville, Ind. So is his sixteen-months-old brother Clyde. Both are the children of Mrs. Jennie Thompson, a spare built woman, about five feet seven inches and weighing 120 pounds. She obtained a divorce a short time ago from her husband William, who is a six-footer, weighing not more than 150 pounds.

Eddie is a little more than four years of age and weighs 124 pounds. He measures three feet six inches in height, and measures forty inches around the waist. It takes a shoe about the length of a No, 3 to fit him, and he wears a man's hat—a 6¾ in size. He tipped the scales at nine pounds at his birth. Three months later he began to develop at a most wonderful rate, until when he was 5½ years of age. With it all he is as lively as a cricket and a very pretty child, with strength far beyond his years.

His brother, Clyde, gives promise of outstripping him in his giant class. Though but sixteen months old he weighs forty-six pounds and is a most wondrously developed infant.

An experimental run on the new electric road built by the Pennsylvania Railroad between Mount Holly, N. J., and Burlington was made Monday, and the results attained were highly satisfactory to President George B. Roberts and other officials of the company. With the machinery new the trial run lacked some of the elements necessary for furnishing reliable data, but sufficient is gleaned to show that the days of steam on railroads are looked upon as numbered.

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The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

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MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

HON. H. W. PATTERSON KILLED.

Having First Shot His Slayer Fatally. All due to Newspaper Personalism.

Hon. R. W. Patterson, register of the United States land office, South End, Okla., and City Marshal Williams shot and killed each other Wednesday evening and J. L. Eisenberg publisher of the Daily Wave, was slightly wounded. Eisenberg and Patterson for some time have been at swords' points over certain articles that have appeared in the Wave.

In Wednesday nights' Wave appeared an article that was especially objectionable. About 7 o'clock Eisenberg and Patterson met on the street and warm words followed, when Eisenburg, drew a knife. At the same time Patterson drew his revolver and just as Patterson fired the marshal stepped between them and was shot through the body. Williams, as he was falling, shot Patterson, killing him instantly. Eisenberg is now at home.

Patterson was a resident of Macon, Ga., before receiving his appointment here, and was one of the most popular democratic appointees within its borders. Williams recently killed two men here and had a shady reputation. Eisenberg is an old newspaper man having published papers in Colorado, Kansas and the territory.

It Looks Like Murder.

On Thursday night last Constables Pettigrew, Toland and Byars and a Mr. Stevenson, of Spartanburg, S. C., were sent to intercept a wagon loaded with whiskey, which had been reported approaching from the direction of Polk county. They met the wagon and a fight ensued, in which Jack Fisher and Bill Durham, of Tryon, N. C., were killed, Pettigrew mortally wounded and Toland slightly.

The coroner's jury held an inquest and the verdict was that Fisher and Durham came to their deaths by gunshot wounds at the hands of parties unknown to the jury. The constables refused to give testimony and there were no other witnesses.

It is believed that Fisher and Durham did not fire at all. Their guns were all loaded and the testimony was that they were shot while lying down in the wagon.

Later: Stevenson says a published interview that the first shot was fired by one of the men in the wagon.

IN CUPID'S HIGH COURT

A Contract is Tried, Held Good and Solemnly Ratified.

In the marriage of Brooks Towns, a young Atlanta lawyer, and Miss Fannie Rosa Atkinson at Kirkland, Ga., last Thursday, a contract made twenty-one years ago was fulfilled. When the two were infants their mothers plighted them. Mrs. Atkinson gave a deed for her daughter to the Towns' baby boy. The children did not see each other from the time they were 3 years until they were 20, when they met by accident and proceeded to fall in love with each other and carry out the agreement.

THE GERMAN EMPEROR.

Visits the New York, Flagship of the American Squadron.

Emperor William, wearing the uniform of a German admiral, Tuesday afternoon visited the warship New York, the flagship of the American squadron at Kiel. He was accompanied by Admiral Knorr, chief of the Baltic sea (Kiel) naval station. As his majesity boarded the vessel at 1:45 o'clock the crew manned the rails and a salute of twenty-one guns was fired. At the same time the German imperial standard was broken out at the main masthead. Admiral Kirkland and all the officers of the ship received the emperor on the quarter deck. All the officers were presented. His majesty inspected the ship thoroughly, but was particularly interested in the revolving turrets, gun mechanism, torpedo tubes and the officers' and men's quarters. He commented favorably upon all he saw and showed technical knowlede. He also showed some familiarity with the design of the New York. After the inspection refreshments were served in the cabin. The emperor presented to Admiral Kirkland an exquisite gold snuff box, studded with diamonds, the gems forming a frame to a portrait in enamel of his majesty. The emperor left the ship at 2:30 o'clock, all the American crews manning their rails and firing a twenty-one gun salute as he departed

Female Crook Caught.

A well dressed, rather good looking woman, 26 years of age, who said she was the wife of William Boland, one of the men arrested at Baltimore last week, charged with uttering forged checks on Cincinnati banks, called at police headquarters Sunday to see Boland, and was locked up. The police claim she is Lizzie Turner, a notorious crook and a confederate of the gang of alleged forgers. Detective Hermann Witt and paying teller George Koehler, of Cincinnati, are in Baltimore and identified Boland and Charles Fisher, who, on May 29, presented a forged check for $1500, purporting to be drawn by the Cincinnati Coffin Company, at the First National bank of Cincinnati. The other two men, A. M. Dearborn, alias A. M. Read, and William Hartly, were recognized as accomplices.

The Coils Tighten 'Round Him.

In Atlanta, Ga., William Myers was convicted Tuesday for the second time for the murder of Forest Crowley. The murder was committed last August. Myers fled and was captured in Cincinnati. He denied having committed the crime and declared that a friend of his named Brown Allen was the real murderer. Myers stated that he accompanied Crowley and Allen to the suburban park where Crowley was killed, but he claims that Crowley and Allen left him sitting in a buggy and they went off together. Allen came back and said that he had killed Crowley. The verdict is without a recommendation to mercy and means hanging unless a new trial can be obtained or the governor commutes.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Ed Martin of Benton was in the city Sunday.

E. D. Reynolds of Blocton spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. W. W. McCallum of Brierfield was in the city Tuesday.

We are glad to learn that Miss Della Latham is steadily improving.

Miss Sue Reynolds of Dry Valley was in the city a few days since.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds returned from Montgomery Saturday.

Mr. James Lee of Bald Springs visted Mrs. Dill and family this week.

Messrs. R. H. Pratt and Jonn Frost of Six Mile spent Saturdary in the city.

Mr. Pete Rowland, the hustler for the Talladega Mercantile Co., was here Monday.

Miss Willie Lacey of Bald Springs, Ala., is visiting Misses Ada and Bettie Dill this week.

Miss Lucy Vest returned from Woodlawn last Sunday and reports a very pleasant trip.

Mrs. Libbie North and Mrs. Gusta Wilson are visiting Mr. T. M. Allen and family this week.

W. P. McConaughy says he felt like "old times" while he was in Birmingham last Friday.

Our town is on a boom already. Quite a number of people were here selecting homes last week.

A series of meetings at the Methodist church began Sunday and great interest is being manifested.

Mr. W. A. Brown was in the city Tuesday and Wednesday in the interest of William Ullman of Selma.

Messrs. W. L. North and T. J. Perry of Birmingham spent Sunday with friends and relatives in our midst.

Mrs. Davidson and Mr. John Black of Calera were in the city Friday looking over the town with a view of locating here.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McConaughy reached here Friday morning. Quite a crowd went over to meet their former teacher.

Miss Dorothy Chatham of Texas, who has been visiting Mrs. J. S. Hartin for some time, left for her home on the 26th of June.

Dr. Jeff S. Davis, George Morgan and W. Pat McConaughy attended the marriage of Mr. J. L. McConaughy at Anniston last Thursday.

The Montevallo Hustlers are out in full force in the interest of the Industrial school, which, by the wise choice of the committee, has been located here.

Rev. Mr. McClusky is assisting Rev. C. L. Dobbs in the meeting. They were expecting Rev. J. D. Simpson of Tuskaloosa, but it was impossible for him to get here.

Miss Mary Nicholls of Birmingham, who has been visiting Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen for some time, returned home Tuesday. Miss Mary is a sweet girl, and made many friends while here, who regretted very much to see her leave. Mrs. T. M. Allen accompanied her home.

Editors, as a general thing, think theirs is the hardest lot of all, but even this sometimes has its bright side, as was clearly demonstrated on last Tuesday, when a lovely waiter filled with the choicest fruit imaginable, together with a most beautiful collection of sweet pansies was received by us with the compliments of one of our sweetest young ladies.

A good many people who do not know us seem to think we will not come up to our agreement with the trustees of the industrial school. We not only guarantee to do all we have promised, but will not stop there. We are going to do more than we have promised—we will make it our pet, our pride, and shall continue from time to time to help it, to improve and build it up. To ye doubting friend, rest assured we are not going to lose it on account of failure to comply with our contract.

Wnat came very near being a very serious fire Saturday was prevented by the timely aid of our independent fire service. Early in the evening a blaze was discovered in the livery stable of George Kroell. It started in the barn where a large quantity of corn and several tons of hay were stored away, and said to have originated from one of the drivers who had been smoking in the crib. It had gained considerable headway when our fire laddies arrived, and it was not long before they had a continual stream of water playing on the blaze, which they soon got under control., and in about thirty minutes was extinguished. This is not the first time our boys have distinguished themselves by their timely aid and untiring zeal. It is almost impossible for a fire to do much damage here, for in a few minutes after it has been discovered you will see anywhere from 200 to 300 buckets of water making for it at once—even the ladies lending a helping hand.

A FINE ENTERTAINMENT.

The closing exercises of Professor Moore's school last Friday night was one of the most creditable entertainments given in this section for years. We have long contended that there was an inspiration in the very air of our mountains which, with the native born talent, conspires to make great men. The handling of the subject under discussion by the young men in the debate showed talent which if cultivated will make proud their fathers, mothers and people.

The young people from town turned out in numbers and were charmed with their reception and entertainment. There was a time in years gone by when the mingling of the town and country people was a common thing. For the past few years it cannot be denied that there has sprung up an unhappy estrangement. The blame is not more attributable to one party than the other. Politics has crept in and by the aid of demagogues from both factions the flame was fanned until it looked as if we were separated forever. This was the most unnecessary and unhappy thing that ever happened to a people. Where is there a man, except the office seeker, who can show where politics has ever made him a minute happier or added one dollar to his pocket? Look on the other hand at the dissatisfaction, distrust and hatred it has engendered between our once united and happy people. We do not attach the blame to either side, we attach it to both. Let us away with so much feeling in politics, and if we will have politics and will be divided amongst ourselves, let it be a peaceful division and have due regard for the feelings of one to the other.

Now that we have secured the greatest and grandest school in the state, let us all unite and bend our energies to its upbuilding and advancement.

Such entertainments as that given by Prof. Moore's scholars shows the talent our young men possess. Now give the girls a chance.

Success to you, Prof. Moore.

A PLEASANT DAY.

Quite a crowd of young people from here went to Concord last Friday to witness the closing exercises of Prof. Jas. Moore's school. All spent a very pleasant day, returning after the debate Friday night. Among those who went were:

Mrs. Lawrence with E. L. Davis.
Miss Rhoda Latham with W. P. McCanaughy.
Miss Eunice Latham with Burr Nabors.
Miss Bettie Dill with W. J. Williams.
Miss Daisy Canterberry with John McMath.
Miss Bessie Allen with F. E. Davis.
Miss Joanna Farrington with S. S. Allen.
Miss Mary Nicholls with R. E. Hall.
Messrs. L. N. Bowdon, A. J. Lee, Wm. Lyman, H. C. Reynolds, Jr., Chas. T. Acker and W. S. Cary.

NOTICE!

All parties interested in the Industrial School movement are requested to let the committee know at an early date the amount of work and hauling they can give in building the dormitories we have agreed to erect.

This is a great prize for Montevallo to capture and we feel sure there is not a man in fifteen miles of the town who will refuse to give us work.

Work will begin after the middle of July, when crops are laid by, so as to give all a chance to help.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CHEERING WORDS.

Editor News: We notice your appeal for help from the people in the country. It is true we have no money to give to help you but you can rest assured whenever you get ready for work we will be there. We know the value of such a school and will do all we can to help build it up.

Country.

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CONCORD LOCALS.

Miss Mary Lee Milum of Blocton has been visiting Mrs. Ben Large's family for the past week, and we think P. O. W. lost all interest in home society.

They say that one of our girls is carrying her arm in a sling to keep from cooking.

Montevallo was well represented at the closing of our school.

Concord is much delighted over the victory of the industrial school, and your correspondent has conversed with many of the leading citizens and you may rest assured that our people will be there with all of our forces when wanted.

It would be impossible to give a full detail of the closing exercises of our school, as space would not admit. We will say that each pupil made an excellent display, both in their eloquence and in their refinement. The youth of our country seem to be impressed that our government rests upon them and they are applying themselves for any vocation that may be their lot to fill. We are greatly indebted to Prof. Moore for the interest he has taken in this good work. Prof. McAdory of Birmingham made an eloquent and impressive talk to our school in the interest of our good work, for which we are under obligations.

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SPRING CREEK.

Mr. Chas. Wyatt and family accompanied by Miss Rotenbery spent Sunday with Rev. D. Y. Wyatt and family.

One of the delightful periods of farm life is fast approaching, when the farmer will be done laying by and can set under his own vine and fig tree, surrounded by his little family, and enjoy a much needed rest, and partake of the luscious fruit of which there is an abundant supply this year. Verily, he has much for which to be thankful.

Mrs. S. A. Carleton has a quilt in which there is five thousand pieces—no two alike.

Alex says he is still in search of his kittens.

Quite a number of our young people attended the picnic at Ebenezer Saturday.

Miss Bama Harrel, while fishing, caught a "sucker" over six feet long.

Quite a number of cats of the pole denomination have made their appearance around here. We wish some lover of the feline race would come up and get them.

Prof. Yeager has a flourishing school at Spring Creek which is increasing every day. He is thoroughly competent as an instructor. Miss Bama Harrel has charge of the musical branch of the school. All who have heard her, say she is an excellent musician.

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SOUTHSIDE SPECIALS.

Fatty is very near despondent. Take courage; she may change her mind.

R. E. H. denies the statement made in the News about him going to take unto himself a better half.

"Son," you had better keep your eyes open when in Dry Valley. He says he is going to cripple you.

Roston R. is the champion egg eater of the city, raw or cooked.

Oscar Harrison hasn't slept any since he went to Concord. Such things will happen.

Jim Vest felt very good over the ball game and celebrated the same by trying to accompany his girl to church. She was unwell.

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DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Quite a crowd from here attended the picnic at Ebenezer last Saturday, and every one expressed themselves as having had a huge time.

Prof. B. C. Williams of Blocton spent a few days with his many friends here last week.

Mrs. C. Johnson returned home on last evening after a long visit to friends and relatives at Brierfield.

Miss Roxie Davis, one of Helena's fair maids, is visiting relatives and friends here this week.

The Dogwood Coal Mining company have resumed work again and are shipping some coal.

Ebenezer and Dogwood base ball teams crossed bats last Saturday on the Ebenezer ball ground. The score stood 22 to 7 in favor of Dogwood.

T. A. T. E.

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CEDAR DALE MENTIONINGS.

A number of pedestrian tourists camped at the spring Wednesday night. They came from Georgia and had no particular place in view.

Mr. T. M. Allen of Montevallo visited relatives here Sunday.

W. S. Killough returned Tuesday from a few days' sojourn at Alpine. He has obtained a lucrative position with the Southern Railway and will leave for Rome about the 20th inst. to take charge of it.

Mr. Robert C. Wilson passed through here Friday.

Thos. J. Perry of Birmingham spent a few hours at home Sunday.

Forney Lee says the Ebenezer nine didn't do the Calera boys justice last Saturday.

John Dill spent a few days of the past week with Walter Killough.

We have been having some extremely warm weather this week, and when the sun reaches its meridian the cool shade is very enticing to the plow boy.

Misses Joanna Farrington, Bessie Allen and Mary Nichols spent one day here last week.

Jon Williams of Spring Creek was through this community one day last week soliciting patronage for the Prestridge thresher.

A tin peddler created quite a sensation here Friday.

Mr. Thomas Moore of Longview passed here Sunday en route to Brierfield.

E. T. Peter, Esq., of Brierfield, passed through here Tuesday.

We were glad to see our friend, George Moore, of Dry Valley, in this community Tuesday.

The reading club that was formed some weeks since is progressing nicely.

Killough's pond is a very popular fishing resort now-a-days. It is also an exquisite place to take boat rides.

The picturesque scenery along the Ashville road must be greatly admired, judging from the number of young people out driving the other Sunday afternoon.

Occasionally.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs, assisted by Rev. J. D. Simpson of Tuskaloosa, will begin a protracted meeting in the Methodist church in this place the fifth Sunday in this month and include the first Sunday in July. Everyone invited to unite with us in this meeting. tf

DISORDER IN THE RANKS.

The President of the Big Exposion Fires the Chief of Construction.

The first break in the ranks of the working force of the Cotton States International exposition comes in the shape of a summary dismissal of Chief of Construction Grant Wilkins by President Collier. After an exceedingly lively fight the executive board indorsed the president's action by almost unanimous vote.

Wilkins is a member of the board of directors, as well as holding the salaried position, and has had a good deal of trouble with the other officials. The culmination came in his charging jobbery over the award for the construction of an electric fountain.

Wilkins who has the reputation of being a duelist, wrote President Collier a red hot letter declaring that he was personally responsible for all he had said, and talking after the manner of the code duello. The president replied in kind. Friends have been trying to smooth over matters, but Wilkins declares he will make no apologies.

Incidents of the Big Fire.

It rarely happens that so great a fire, as that which destroyed four blocks of buildings in San Francisco Thursday night, is attended with so few casualties

Miss Gilroy was burned to death. This was the only fatality reported. She was attempting to save some belongings, and was covered with burning oil.

There was a thrilling scene while the convent and parochial school attached to St. Rose's church was in flames. A few minutes before the roof fell in a boy was seen at one of the upper windows. A cry of horror went up from the crowd, and the firemen yelled to the boy to jump. A blanket was held out, but just then the flames and smoke enveloped the building, and the next moment the roof fell in with a crash. Everybody thought the boy was lost, but he jumped into the blanket held by the firemen, and escaped unhurt.

KENTUCKY CONVENTION.

Cleveland Endorsed—P. W. Hardin Nominated for Governor.

Delegates representing the democratic party of Kentucky met at Louisville Tuesday to nominate candidates for governor and other state officers. The resolutions adopted denounce the protection policy of the republicans, reaffirm the principles and policies of the national democratic platform of 1892, and endorse the present administration, expressing "undiminished confidence in the democracy and patriotism" of President Cloveland and Secretary Carlisle. P. W. Hardin was nominated for Governor on the first ballot. The vote was, Hardin 446½, Clay 338, scattering 69. Before the result was announced a motion to make the nomination unanimous was put and carried. R. P. Tyler of Fulton county, was nominated for lieutenant governor.

A Fatal Insect Bite.

Miss Daisy Green died at Albany, Ga., Tuesday night. About a week ago, one night when she was asleep, Miss Green was bitten by some poisonous insect. Two small pimples appeared on her upper lip the next morning and soon inflamation set in, producing blood poison from which she finally died, after enduring great agony. Miss Green had just returned from Wesleyan college at Macon, Ga., where she had taken a high stand in her studies.

The Southern's Reports for May.

The Southern railway reports for May gross earnings of $1,389,503, an increase of $90,837; expenses and taxes, $1,184,279; increase, 45,815; and net $205,234; increase, $45,022; and from July 1 to May 31, gross, 15,799,925, increase $386,806; expenses and taxes, $10,902,658, decrease, $258,486; and net, $4,887,256, increase, $645,292.

A Lecture on Tramps.

Prof. John J. McCook, of Trinity College, in a recent lecture in New Haven on "The Pathological Aspect of the Tramp Problem," gave the following interesting facts about the knights of the road:

"New Jersey was the first State to pass a law punishing the professional tramp, and at the same time to define what he was. This was in 1876. Rhode Island was the next, and Connecticut came third. A recent writer asserts that there are about 60,000 tramps in the United States. This number is a trifle large, although it is safe to say that there are over 40,000. This is larger than the army of Wellington at Waterloo. We look on tramps as human wrecks and driftwood, and yet the majority of them are in the prime of life, and in better than the average health. Only 8½ per cent. of the tramps from whom my statistics were gleaned claimed in the dead of winter, while the grip was raging, that they were in bad health. They are robust, and will fill you with envy, malice and all other jealous feelings when you hear them snoring at midnight.

"Eighty-one per cent. of tramps declare that they took to the road because they were out of a job, and only one man because machinery took his place. Over sixty per cent. of the English tramps are given as taking to the road because of vagrant habits. The majority of our tramps are of American birth, sixty-five per cent. of 1,342 being of American parentage, and 272 Irish, who come next. Over 100 out of 1,738 tramps could read and write, and they all spend money on the daily newspapers. Out of 1,389 only seventy are married, fifty-seven are widowers and eighty-four have children. Thirty-eight per cent. say that they work for their food, twenty-four per cent. beg it, and 56 per cent. steal it. Over 400 sleep at cheap lodging houses and nearly 300 in police headquarters. About 100 sleep in boxes."

Electrical Treatment for Sunstroke

An interesting electrical plant has been installed in the sunstroke ward of a New York hospital. The old treatment for sunstroke included warming drinks and hot applications to the body, with a view of drawing the heat from the head, as well as iced applications to the head. Now the patient is immersed in very cold water and kept there until the abnormal temperature abates. The new apparatus for transferring the patient to the bath is worked entirely by electricity. A hammock, suspended by chains, is lowered and receives the patient, who is gently slid in from the stretcher. A turn of the motor wheel lifts him, and he is carried smoothly along to a bath filled with iced water. Into this he is lowered by the machinery until only his face remains above water. Ice is packed around his head and he is left until his temperature has lowered to the desired point. The machinery then quietly lifts him and transfers him to a pallet at the side of the room. This method of handling not only causes less jarring to the patient than any other, but it saves the doctors and nurses much exhaustive work, particularly in the case of heavy patients. It is interesting to note, as showing that the medical profession is alive to the mechanical as well as the therapeutic advantages of electricity, that this apparatus was designed by Dr. Lewis A. Stimson, the attending surgeon of the hospital,

In Days of Tallow Dips.

In these days of cheap and universal illumination we almost forget the humble tallow dips of our grandmothers, and the way they were made. Candle making was the great household event of the late autumn or early winter, as soap making was of the spring. Careful and laborious preparations were made for this labor. The small wooden rods that had been laid up above the great beams of the kitchen or thrust under the garret eaves since the previous year were brought down stairs to the scene of the candle dippings and cotton wicks that had previously been cut, and sometimes soaked in saltpetre were placed three or four inches apart the entire length of each rod. Usually eight or ten wicks were fastened to a rod. Sometimes "cat tails," or flags, were used instead of wooden rods. Then long poles were placed in a cool room supported on two straigtt backed chairs, and across these poles the bewicked rods were hung like the rounds of a ladder. This work was all done on the day previous to that appointed for the candle dipping, and on the following morning all in the household were astir before dawn.

Our Foreign Population.

The Germans number 3,000,000 of our population.

Bohemia has furnished us with 118,000 people.

Poland has furnished us with 147,000 immigrants.

Austria has sent to our shores 123,000 of her population.

China has given us 106,000 men, mostly laundrymen.

Italy and Russia have each furnished about 182,000 emigrants to America.

Hungary has sent to our shores 62,000 descendants of the followers of Atilla.

According to the eleventh census there are 2,000,000 of Irish among our people.

The total immigration from France to this country has slightly exceeded 113,000.

The immigrants from the Scandinavian Peninsular and Denmark exceed 1,000,000 in number.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—
1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil
all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*		No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar	11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.	8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..	8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv	6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No. 168†		No. 61*	No. 160†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1.27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma. lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma. ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.00pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	...Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.50	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.13	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	...Edwardsville...	6.59	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	....Tallapoosa....	6.30	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville....	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington. D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,

tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

The Last Plan.

The latest engineering and ship canal idea is to dispense with the twenty-four locks in the Welland canal leading from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario, and to make the whole drop of 326 feet between these two lakes in two pneumatic balance locks, built of steel, operated by compressed air, and large enough to admit vessels of ocean draught. The greatest lock now in existence is on the Manchester ship canal, forty-five feet high.

Most of the people who talk about the heavy crosses they have to bear are crosses themselves upon the backs of other people.

Mrs. P. C. Adams.

Thousands of women, especially in the spring of the year, are nervous, tired, have headache, sick stomach, fainting spells, dizziness, scanty or profuse menses, weak back, constipation, their sides, shoulders and limbs ache constantly—in fact, they suffer from general debility of the whole system. The superior tonic qualities of McElree's Wine of Cardui make it the leading remedy for this class of troubles.

Mrs. P. C. Adams, Chattoogaville, Ga., writes: "Two years ago I was taken sick with indigestion, fainting spells, constipation, falling of the womb, and various other symptoms, and kept getting worse and worse. After taking four bottles of McElree's Wine of Cardui in connection with Thedford's Black-Draught tea I am able to do any kind of work that a woman can do."

D. L. Coker, of Calvina, Fla., says: "McElree's Wine of Cardui has brought rosy cheeks back to one of my cousins after she was given up to die by two of the best physicians."

Always Cures

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress After Eating, and all evils arising from a weak or disordered stomach. It builds up from the first dose, and a bottle or two will cure the worst cases, and insure a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is no better way to insure good health and a long life than to keep the stomach right. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to do this. The Tranquilizing After-Dinner Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

Nicotinized Nerves.

Men old at thirty. Chew and chew, eat little, drink, or want to, all the time. Nerves tingle, never satisfied, nothing's beautiful, happiness gone, a tobacco-saturated system tells the story. There's an easy way out. No-To-Bac will kill the nerve-craving effects for tobacco and make you strong, vigorous and manly. Sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book, "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Savannah, Ga.

I have been greatly annoyed with a severe attack of Eczema for a year, after using several remedies with no benefit, I used Tetterine with perfect success. Two boxes made a complete cure. I would not take one thousand dollars for the benefit I've derived from its use. I take pleasure in recommending it to others. Salomon Cohen, President Savannah Carriage Co. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

You Think It Is Something Else.

The "why" of the bad feeling is what puzzles you. It is easy to imagine so many causes, when the real one is indigestion. You think it's something else. The cure is Ripans Tabules. A single tabule gives relief. Ask the druggist.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home With you. It will exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ills and aches.

E. B. Walthall & Co., Druggists, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Pain is Not Conducive of Pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please; it removes them perfectly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

All Out of Sorts

Tired, weak and weary. If this is your condition, stop and think. You are a sufferer from dyspepsia and great misery awaits you if you do not check it now. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the best medicine you can take. It has peculiar power to tone and strengthen the stomach. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Tulane University of Louisiana.

Its advantages for practical instruction, both in ample laboratories and abundant hospital materials are unequaled. Free access is given to the great Charity Hospital with 700 beds and 30,000 patients annually. Special instruction is given daily AT THE BEDSIDE OF THE SICK. The next session begins October 17th, 1895. For catalogue and information address

PROF. S. E. CHAILLE, M. D., Dean,

P. O. Drawer 261. NEW ORLEANS, LA.

Notice to Mill Men

And farmers owning small power: The finest and most complete Saw Mill in existence to-day, is manufactured by the DeLOACH MILL M'F'G. CO., 350 Highland Ave., Atlanta, Ga. Took first prize at World's Fair at Chicago. All sizes, from 4 h. p. up to the largest. Prices reduced. Send for catalogue showing new improvements; also of Portable Corn Mills, Baling Presses and Turbine Water Wheels, Pulleys and Shafting and all kinds of mill supplies.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS. 25 CTS.

CULTIVATION TO PROMOTE FERTILITY.

The first purpose in cultivation is to make the soil fine, so that seeds may germinate freely in it, and the roots of plants may run freely through it. But an object scarcely less important is to increase soil fertility by mixing surface and under soil together, and thus promoting their fermentation. It is for this that corn potato ground is harrowed after the seed is planted. On moderately rich soil two such cultivations are equal to the addition of several loads of manure per acre. An incidental advantage is that such harrowing of the surface destroys all weeds as quickly as their seeds germinate. — Boston Cultivator.

A HORSE THAT CANNOT BE LED.

It is the fault of the training that a horse cannot be led by a halter. This should be the first lesson taught to the colt. It is difficult to teach an old horse, but it may be done by an experienced person by using a strong halter, and taking short hold of it, so as to control the head, and thus leading the horse in a small yard. Possibly the horse has been whipped for this fault, and the association of ideas causes his refusal. Try a little sugar. Poultry should not be kept in a horse stable, as they are usually infested by lice, which then go on to the horses. Horses have been worried to death in this way without the cause being suspected. Mix a pint of kerosene with as much strong solution of common soap, in hot water, and beat up to a cream. Add a quart of water, and beat it up some more, and sponge the horses with the emulsion, brushing it well into the hair. It will kill the lice. —New York Times.

THE BEST OF FODDERS.

The man who in the future intends to feed cattle through the winter, and to do it profitably, in competition with the balance of the feeding world, will have to make sure of having an abundance of fodder for roughness, and it must not be fed where it grew, nor the stock turned out in the cold to gather it. We have an abundance of fodder plants, a luxurious abundance of them, indeed, and some of them the best in the world. What we have to do is thoroughly plow and prepare the seed bed; do it as well as it can be done. Then put in the seed, be it what it may, and court and cultivate as best we know how, and when the time comes harvest and store it where it can be handily fed. Our grain will not only go farther, but do better for having plenty of good roughness to go with it, and the stock will do well again under shelter as they would in the stalk fields. There is hardly a better crop to be raised for this purpose than sorghum; it makes a heavy growth, possesses more saccharine matter than any other, and is relished and eaten with avidity by stock of all kinds.—Coleman's Rural World.

GOOD PREPARATION FOR CORN.

Some growers will not accept the statement that half the culture of a corn crop should be given before the corn is planted, but thousands attest its truth, remarks an exchange. The food of the plant must be prepared beforehand, and that is accomplished by tearing the sod in a most thorough manner. If the land has been properly plowed with the use of a jointer, five or six inches under the surface, it will decay rapidly. We are after the millions of roots that form the sod. With disk or spring tooth harrow they should be torn to pieces and every clod of earth pulverized. There should be four inches of soil on the surface, ready to surrender up its plant food to the young corn plant. The tramping of the horses and the preparation of the seed beds firms the earth and grass at the bottom of the furrow, so that soil water from beneath can rise. The grass readily ferments and gives up its plant food. The corn plant has a chance to do its best, has the heat fermentation gives, has food, has the needed air that passes in when organic matter is present in the soil, and has moisture from beneath. Of course, it takes a little more time to prepare a seed bed in this way, but with improved implements the work is done rapidly, and after tillage is saved.—Atlanta Journal.

NEW FORAGE CROPS.

New forage crops have been tested for years at the Massachusetts Station, twenty-seven different crops having been grown last year that are adapted to Ohio and the Middle States. Dr. Goessman advised raising mixed crops, say summer vetch and oats, as they produce larger yields than when grown singly. Sow together forty to forty-five pounds summer vetch to four bushels oats, and seed early in June. The fodder is highly nutritious, and may be cut green and fed for two or three weeks or cured for hay. Sown at various times, it will grow through the season. Vetch and oats, or vetch and barley, will both cut three and a half to four tons of dry hay per acre. The latter make an excellent fodder, containing sixteen to seventeen per cent. protein, in digestive value corresponds with clover, does not need grain, and can be used as either green feed, ensilage or dried hay. Barley is not as good as oats. Winter vetch ought to come up in April. Rye sown the previous fall should make a good early feed. Serradalla produces twelve to thirteen tons of green feed per acre. If green feed for the season is wanted, begin with vetch and oats, then green soja beans, and later seradella. By August 1, or when the kernels glaze, green fodder may be cut. While the average cut of hay is but one ton per acre, oats and vetch will produce three and a half times as much weight, with fifty per cent. more food value.—American Agriculturist.

PIG RAISING.

The chief trouble with pig raising as practised by many farmers is that the pigs are not kept growing. This is a matter of prime importance, for the care and attention given to them will surely show in the final results. They must be kept warm and dry and be furnished with good, clean, suitable food at regular intervals. Neglect one day cannot be counterbalanced by overfeeding the next.

At its birth a pig should weigh about three pounds. At the end of one month it should have increased to fifteen pounds and should be ready for market at the age of seven or eight months, for with the average farmer there is very little profit in feeding pigs after they reach a weight of 250 pounds. The most pork is made with the least feed on younger pigs. The cost of pork is fifty per cent. greater if made in the tenth month than in the fifth month in the food consumed. Quick returns and quick profits should be the aim of the swine breeder. It is well to remember that the profit in an animal fed for market does not always lie in its heavy weight, but rather in what it has cost to produce that weight; hence only animals of quick growth should be reared.

Pigs must be kept steadily growing from the start, and pushed as much as possible without crowding. This last must be carefully avoided, as it will more than neutralize any benefits already obtained. Good succulent food and grain are necessary to obtain the rapid growth desired, and sour slop should never be fed. Cleanliness and regular feeding at stated hours are the best preventives of disease—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Do not grain-feed the fowls too heavily.

May is not too late to plant sunflower seeds.

Keep the brooder as near 100 degrees as possible.

See that the poultry houses are kept clean and free from bad odors these days.

Have some regard for the comfort of your flocks. Feed more---most anything than corn in hot weather.

Hyacinthus Candicans are stately and majestic in appearance. They grow from bulbs and should be taken up in the fall.

If the hens are confined be sure they are induced to scratch for their living. And give them some green stuff every day.

Plenty of fresh water, lime, gravel and green stuff are just as necessary now as in winter. Do not neglect furnishing these.

The little chicks should have shade and water, but not drafts and wet. Tight roofs. dry floors but fresh drinking water handy to be constantly gotten at.

If you wish a sure blooming rose---one that is hardy, beautiful in color, clean and strong in foliage, and profuse in flowering, just plant the Mrs. John Laing and you will have it.

The Dayton strawberry is one of the best and most reliable berries for home or market, fruit large, bright, fine-shaped, good flavor and perfect blossom. It will pay you to try it.

Poultry raisers are cautioned against permitting the fowls to spend the hot summer days exposed to the direct rays of the sun. A board or two raised even two feet from the ground will provide a shade.

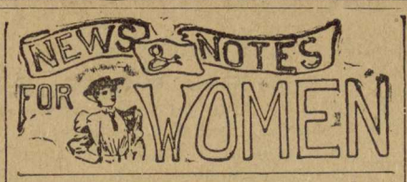
It is useful to know that the natural enemy of the common green lice of plants is the pretty little ladybug, and to catch a few of these and set them free on a lice-infested plant will quickly result in the disappearance of the troublesome pests.

The old Turner red raspberry is one of the most reliable, and is noted for its hardiness. We are not thinking of discarding it yet, in spite of the new kinds offered. It is of delicious flavor---melting and sweet, unsurpassed for the home table and market, although too soft for distant shipment. While it produces many suckers these are no disadvantage where proper culture is given. The canes are strong and thornless, which is indeed a good point in their favor. They should be cut low, say three and a half to four feet, and will need no stakes or wires.

Richest Child in the World.

Lady Mary Hamilton, the young daughter of the late Duke of Hamilton, will be the richest child in the world. She is only ten years old and inherits the bulk of the Duke's estates. Her rentals already amount to $1,000,000 a year.—New York World.

A company with a capital of $200,000 for the establishment of agricultural settlements in German Southwest Africa has been formed in Saxony.



Bretelles are again popular, made of the dress material or a different trimming.

In the Michigan spring election no less than eight women were elected School Commissioners in as many counties.

Some Ohio girls have formed an association to wear the bloomer costume. Twenty-four have already adopted the short dress.

Full woman suffrage in South Australia is an accomplished fact. Queen Victoria has signed the bill and it has become a law.

Mrs. Frederick T. Greenhalge, wife of the Governor of Massachusetts, is an enthusiast upon patriotic antiquities and Puritan genealogy.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has a hedgehog for a pet. She carries it about with her constantly in a wicker basket lined with padded silk.

Mrs. M. Terry, a pretty St. Louis woman, is suing an engraver and a shoe manufacturer for using her picture on an ad. without her consent.

Bicyclomania is reaching a stage among fashionable people that must bring about a reaction. It is already too fashionable for the conservative.

Lady Sutton, the widow of Sir Richard Sutton, who tried to win the America's Cup with the Genesta, is going to marry again; a curate this time.

Mrs. Louis Agassiz has contributed largely to scientific literature, writing jointly both with her husband and her stepson. She has also written for children.

One is hardly in the swim at all without a needlework and insertion front of some sort. These pile the counters of the shops in literally dozens of styles.

After a long consideration of the subject the Cumberland Presbyterian General Assembly has decided that women cannot be ordained to preach in that church.

The box-plaited front for waists is in high favor. It is so very common that for the woman who will have only one or two waists it is wise to select another style.

Women are employed in telegraph offices and post offices in Russia because corporations find them more accurate in details and more careful to please customers.

Out of the 1000 artists not academicians or architects exhibiting at the British Royal Academy this year, 187, over a sixth, are women, including thirty-seven married women.

It is intimated that Lady Aberdeen, a diplomat of the first water, might have had quite as much to do with the recent adjustment of the Manitoba school difficulty as her husband, the Earl.

Mrs. Li Hung Chang has 1000 servants, 2000 coats, 1200 pair of trouserettes and 500 fur robes. Her feet are so small that she cannot walk and she dresses her hair in fifty different ways.

So much has the art of dressing and dyeing feathers been developed that numbers of the seemingly rare feather boas worn have simply been made from the plumage of the ordinary fowls.

Lady Isabel Somerset has arranged a series of mass meetings in the leading cities of England, to take action upon the Armenian question, at all of which she will be one of the leading speakers.

Mrs. Lyne Stephens, who died recently in London, England, was formerly a French dancer, but married a wealthy member of Parliament. The other day her art treasures were sold and brought $705,000.

The sailor hat, that never-to-be-forgotten member of the millinery family, is more prominent than ever this season. It has a wider front and more drooping effect than of yore, and is garnitured in a great variety of ways.

Miss May Proctor has taken up her father's work and recently gave an entertaining lecture for the benefit of the Woman's Press Club in New York on "Other World's Than Ours," which was illustrated with many pictures and maps.

Several young women in London have started a novel and sensible dressmaking establishment. They take last season's dresses and make them over in the prevailing fashion. No entirely new dresses are made and the charges are reasonable.

Miss Stainforth and Miss Larpent have opened an agency in London for the renting of houses and flats and to secure lodgings for those who desire them. This they do not only in London, but in towns on the Continent. They also do shopping for their out-of-town customers and propose to add a theatre ticket agency.

Miss Susan B. Anthony, who, at seventy-five, is lithe, graceful and active, ascribes her health to her regular habits. She has eschewed late suppers, rich food and overwork. After her day's work she goes straight to her rooms, takes a bath, drinks a cup of hot milk and eats a cracker. Then she sleeps nine hours and arises refreshed.

Miss Julia E. Underwood has been teaching in the public schools of Quincy, Mass., for forty years. She began at the age of sixteen and has kept at the front in the progress of educational methods. As model teacher in a model school town she has received offers from nearly every State in the Union and from the famous School for the Blind in London.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

TEN DAYS IN A TREE.

A Chinese Miner Sustains Life on Old Boots and Medicine.

A Chinese miner, who, with a companion, was lost in the snow amid the rugged mountains of Plumas County, Cal., was lately found, nearer dead than alive. For ten days he lived in a holow tree, with nothing to eat but Chinese medicines and scraps of leather cut from his boots. When rescued by a party of white miners his feet, from which he had cut the boots for food, were terribly frozen, and he was so weak he could hardly move. The searchers could find no trace of his companion, who is certain to have perished.

Some time ago two Chinese miners started out from a place called Brown's Hill to go to a village some sixteen miles distant, called La Porte, with the intention of buying medicines for their fellow countrymen in the camp. The weather was good, and the two Chinese proceeded safely over the snow to La Porte, procured the medicines, stayed over night and started back the next morning. During their trip back a snow storm came up and the Chinese became bewildered and hopelessly lost in the rough, mountainous country. They each had different ideas as to which direction to take, and finally quareled and separated. One of them had not gone far before he found a hollow tree, wherein he was somewhat sheltered from the storm. He had matches with him and built a small fire, and crouching over that, he lived for ten days.

When their companions did not return to Brown's Hill, the Chinese became alarmed and went to La Porte, where they ascertained that they had been there and started back. Then white men were notified and search parties went out.

The other day one of these searchers named John Kitrick, while searching with a companion for the lost man, noticed smoke down in a canyon. He went down there and in a tree found the poor Chinese nearly dead. Leaving him there, Mr. Kitrick went for help, and the unfortunate man was taken to the settlement on a sled.

His experience during those ten days had been fearful. As the pangs of hunger came upon him he took off his boots, parched them over the fire, and ate them and drank the medicine. When he found his boots were all gone and his feet frozen, and he was so weak he could not stand, he had given up all hope. So grateful was he that when camp was reached he gave his rescuers $50 in gold dust, all that he had.

Harry—Don't you know, Carrie, it always seems to me that it must be an awfully awkward thing for a lady to carry a muff. Carrie—Oh, it is not such a difficult thing when you get your hand in.—Boston Transcript.

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An Amended "Character."

In Dresden female servants are required by the police regulations to keep a book, in which the mistress enters dates of engagement and dismissal, reason for dismissal, etc. An English lady dismissed a German servant for impertinence, and entered in the book that she was discharged for rudeness, but was in every other respect a good servant. The girl came back and reported that the police ordered the remark concerning her rudeness to be erased. On the lady refusing to comply she found herself summoned to the police court. She stood to her guns, however, like a good Englishwoman, and replied in effect: "Quod scripsi, scripsi." Upon this the official who heard the case observed that if she would not erase the remark the police would, and a slip of thick paper was forthwith pasted over the entry.—London Truth.

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COMPLETE INDEX.

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AM. N. U. No. 27. 1895.

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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JULY 11, 1895. NO. 16.

Dawn.

The earth awakes with a passionate thrill
From the icy thrall of her winter dreams,
The hawthorns bloom on the opposite hill
Where the shadows slant to the curving streams.

Orioles, swallows and bluebirds throng—
Each heavenly voice that soars and sings,
With a rapturous rush of exulting song,
And a tremulous flutter of glancing wings.

So much more than we know is meant,
So much more than we ask is given,
That our hearts are filled with a sweet content
And our pulses stilled with the peace of heaven.

—FANNY JOHNSON, in Youth's Companion.

PENELOPE'S ELOPEMENT

At thirty one is popularly supposed to have arrived at years of discretion, and to be fairly in possession of one's faculty of choice. In the case of every accepted truth, which may have become axiomatic to the rest of humanity, there are always those who reject, or affect to reject, its teachings.

A very sturdy opponent to the proposition first set down was Mr. Phineas Paine, a hard headed and successful grocer in the town of Caresville. Mr. Paine, it is true, did not deny the proposition generally, but he signified his denial by his conduct toward his daughter, Penelope, who had arrived at the age mentioned in single blessedness.

If there ever was a woman in the end of the nineteenth century who had cause for complaint on the score of repression it was Penelope Paine. Her mother had died when she was five years of age, and her father, possessed by the idea that he knew how to bring up a child right, had immediately begun the systematic course of repression that made his daughter a demure, timid little girl, and a meek, spiritless woman.

He had kept down all her youthful joyousness by straight-laced rules of deportment of any natural tendency. People looking at her would say:—

"That girl looks as if she had been boxed up all her life." And, in a measure, she had been.

But Penelope, prim as she was, grew to be a fair woman to look at, and, in spite of the difficulty of approach, she had many stealthy admirers. The grocer was, in his way, a social man. That is, he liked to have someone to listen while he gave his views and opinions, and at first young men would affect to be coming to see him. But the moment they were so imprudent as to let it leak out that Penelope was the real object of their attentions, they were summarily dismissed.

"I just won't have it," the old man would say.

"Young folks don't know what's good for themselves, and they need the guidance of some older head to keep 'em out of mischief.

Penelope never seemed to care much about her beaux or the loss of them, till Ned Holborn began going there. He kept a feed store and was a brother Odd Fellow with the grocer, so the old man liked him pretty well.

Penelope was clerking in the grocery, as she had been doing ever since she was old enough to tie up a package of sugar, but she always left an hour earlier than her father, so as to be at home and get his meals for him, for Mr. Paine's hard hearted frugality forbade his keeping "a girl," albeit, he was abundantly able to do so.

It was during these happy intervals of time, when Penelope was entirely alone, that Ned Holborn was wont to steal a few minutes away from his store, and unceremoniously drop in for a short chat. It was the first of such pleasure that the girl had ever known, and these stolen moments had come to be inexpressibly sweet to her.

She knew that her father would not have approved of this intimacy between Holborn and herself, and for that reason, at first, she took a shy delight in it. For with all his repression the hard-hearted grocer had not succeeded in crushing out of his daughter that touch of romance which is in the nature of every woman.

But there came a time when there was more than the romantic secrecy of the affair to give it charm. The intimacy had ripened into love. The young man had placed his honest affection in the keeping of the quiet, demure girl, and she had given her heart unreservedly in return.

As the days went on the stolen meetings grew sweeter and sweeter to both, and Philip Paine measured his pickles and weighed his pounds in blissful ignorance of what was passing. But the state of affairs got to the ears of a jealous rival of Holborn, and a word to the unsuspecting grocer brought him up standing. The scales fell from his eyes, and shortly after the lovers were surprised to see him walk into the house in the midst of one of their tete-a-tetes.

Of course there was a scene. The old man stormed and Penelope wept, but staunch Ned Holburn stood up like a man and "faced the music." He told the old man that he loved his daughter, that his love was returned, and she had promised to wed him, and the end of it all was his dismissal from the house and a peremptory command never to return.

And Phineas Paine was grieved for after all these years of confidence his his system had proved at fault. In spite of all his repression he found that his daughter was not well brought up, and when she had been put to the test had fallen signally.

After this the old man was his daughter's shadow. He never allowed her to leave his side. Necessity checkmated frugality and he hired a house girl to take care of his furniture and get his meals.

In vain poor Holburn sought for a chance to talk to his sweetheart. She was as effectually shut away from him as if she had been immured within the four walls of a convent. Ned groaned in spirit and the grocer chuckled within himself.

But no one state of affairs can last forever, least of all such a strained one as this. It has been said before that Mr. Paine was an enthusiastic Odd Fellow, and it was his devotion to the duties of that order that first made him relax his vigilance. It was to be a banner night, with the initiation of some ten or a dozen candidates as its leading feature, and in the depths of his innermost soul the old man longed to go. But prudence said no. Painfully he argued out with himself. Was his duty to the lodge less important than his duty to his daughter?

Then visions of the society in session and the frightened candidates came before his eyes. He laughed to himself, for this hardened old tyrant had not lost all his taste for fun. But Penelope, passing through the room, made him sober again as he thought of all the possibilities that might arise from leaving her alone. Then his apologetic mind said, "One night can't do any harm. You can leave her alone this one time and, after all, Ned Holburn will be at the meeting, too, he'll want to see the men initiated." He hesitated and was lost and after seeing Penelope securely locked in he set off for his lodge.

But love has won the reputation of laughing at locksmiths and embodied in the person of Ned Holburn he went knocking at Penelope's window. Something in the character of the tap or some subtle intuition which only love inspires, told her who it was and she forgot her timidity enough to raise the sash and opened the shutter a little.

"It's me—Ned," said the ungrammatical Holburn eagerly, and there was a note of deep pleading in his voice as he added—

"It's our only chance, darling. Get you hat and climb out of the window. I've got a chair here for you to get down on."

Penelope went away from the window for a moment, and when she returned she had her hat tied on, and a shawl thrown about her shoulders. Her heart was beating very swiftly as she stepped out of the window on the chair and into the arms of her waiting lover. Holburn was a thorough going fellow, and he had his buggy waiting at the fence. They got in, he exultant and the girl all tremulous, and away they went across the river to the old minister, who was already famous for marrying runaway couples from three counties.

In the meantime, the grocer, not finding Hoiburn, who was a regular and devoted attendant at the lodge meeting, had grown uneasy and suspicious. A vague foreboding, which gradually grew into a terrible fear, filled his mind. When he could endure this suspense no longer, he was excused and started for home. He had hardly entered the yard when an open shutter flapping listlessly on its hinges arrested his attention, and his heart sunk within him. Penelope, he thought, would never leave a shutter that way under any conditions. The key gave forth a hollow lonesome sound as he turned it in the lock, and the sound of his footsteps on the floor was altogether too weird and unusual.

"Penelope," he called, with a trembling voice, "Oh, Penelope."

But only the echoes answered him, and the unwelcomed truth forced itself upon him that Penelope was gone. He went outside, and, sitting down upon the step bowed his head in his hands. Just then the sound of wheels fell on his ear, and a buggy was driven up and halted at the gate.

Then a man helped a woman to alight. The grocer recognized her, and ran down the steps, crying:—

"Penelope, Penelope, ain't you ashamed—you've been riding"——

But here the voice of Holburn broke in:—

"We're married," he said.

"Well, well, Penelope Paine."

"Holburn," said Ned, proudly.

"Penelope," went on the old man, ignoring his son-in-law, "I would never have thought it of you."

The girl was silent, frightened and tearful.

"And you, Ned Holburn, to think of you being a brother in the same lodge and all of that and then playing me such a trick."

"I guess I'm able to keep a wife," said the young man.

"Able to keep her, able to keep her! That ain't it, it's the way you got her. Penelope Paine, and after all the raising I've been giving you, do you realize what you have done? You've been guilty of eloping—eloping, do you hear?"

"That's all right, father-in-law," said Holburn, "Penelope's past thirty now, and she'll soon come to know her own mind. When she comes to know it I hope she won't change; if she doesn't, she'll never regret this elopement," and he kissed her.—Buffalo News.

"Ringing" Trees.

Architects will remember that the old books on building advise that the trees intended to be cut for timber should have a ring of bark cut out around the trunk in the latter part of the winter preceding the autumn season in which they are to be felled. This advice seems to have been founded on experience, but so far as we know it is never followed in modern times. Very recently, however, M. Mer of the great forest school of Nancy, in answering an inquiry as to the best means for preserving wooden telegraph poles from the ravages of insects, explains the effect of "ringing" growing trees in a very interesting manner. According to M. Mer a tree intended to be used for a telegraph pole should be cut in the autumn and during the preceding winter should have a ring cut out of the bark, down to the wood, near the upper part of the trunk. If this is done the ascent of the sap in the spring is prevented, as it is well known that the sap circulates just under the bark. The tree, nevertheless, grows, consuming as nutriment the starch grains laid up in the sapwood. When the season's growth is over, the starch in the sapwood is gone; but, as fresh sap has not been allowed to circulate, no new starch has been deposited in its place to supply the next season's growth, and when the tree is felled its tissues contain no starch and consequently no food for the insects which feed upon wood and which, according to M. Mer, only eat the wood for the starch they find in it. To inject wood with sulphate of copper, as is often done, M. Mer says helps to complete its protection, but only on condition that the starch is first removed as he suggests.—American Architect.

Yearly Additions to the Population.

If everything has worked as the statisticians think it has, this old world is peopled by more than 1,000,000 more human beings than it was in May, 1894. The death rate is 67 per minute the world over and the birth rate 70. Light as this percentage of gain appears it is sufficient to give a net increase in the population each year of almost 1,200,000 souls.—San Francisco Examiner.

Panther Against Bear.

In the dense forests of Sullivan County, Pennsylvania, Nelse Hoose, a settler, was one day hunting for a stray cow, and presently he sat down on a fallen tree to rest, at the mouth of a dark glen, on the north side of South Mountain. While he sat he heard a bear growling up the glen, and, as the sound came nearer, Nelse got upon the log and cocked his rifle, which he always carried in that wild country. In a moment a big panther came trotting through the bushes, with a squealing bear cub in its mouth. It carried the cub as a cat does a mouse, and did not seem to be in much of a hurry. Close at the panther's heels lumbered the wailing mother bear and when the panther, which evidently knew the bear was afraid of him, put the cub on the ground as if to get a better hold, the bear gained courage, plunged at the panther, and caught it around the body just in front of its hind legs. Quick as thouuht the panther flung the cub in the air, tore himself lose and pitched into the bear. At the first stroke the bear knocked the panther to one side, and a second stroke sent him flying into the bushes. But at this stage of the fight the cub squeeled once more, and the mother bear, seeming to forget everything but her young one, rushed to its rescue. She had not taken three steps when the panther sprang at her and settled his claws in her shoulder and his teeth in her neck. The bear struggled hard to shake off the great cat, but she couldn't do it. Just as she gave her last kick and the panther rose in triumph, Nelse took a hand in the fight and with two bullets killed the panther. The cub also lay dead, the panther's teeth having crushed the tender bones in the neck, and further up the glen Nelse found the bear's nest, with a live cub in it, which he carried home.—Atlanta Constitution.

Thinks Himself a Horse.

John Demorest is a man, but he is convinced that he is a horse. He sleeps in a stable and draws a little self-made wagon around all day on Blackwell's Island, New York City, with a harness he rigged up himself. When he gets angry he bites the bit in his mouth and paws the ground. But he is generally peaceful, having had only three runaways in twenty years. The commissioners of charities and corrections found recently that owing to transfer of patients they had room for 100 more insanity cases on Ward's Island. The medical board was requested to visit Blackwell's Island and sort out about 100 patients for transfer. When they landed at the pier the first person they set eyes upon was Johnny the horse. When Johnny saw the medical board he uttered a lot of neighs by way of salute and he has never ceased to regret his conduct on that occasion. The medical board exchanged glances and put his name down in a book, and Johnny was more than tickled. But when they turned in the list to President Porter Johnny the horse's name led all the rest for transfer from the island. Then there was a great outcry and a petition that he might be left behind, which was granted.—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Curiosity in Coastwise Navigation.

One curiosity of coastwise navigation in the Gulf of Mexico used to be Grant's passage on the inside route from Mobile to Pensacola. The inside voyage is made by crooked way of waterways separated from the open Gulf by narrow banks of sand. A man named Grant straightened a part of the passage by digging a canal to give deep water at a point where a wide detour used to be necessary. He set up a little light-house to aid navigators, and then charged toll upon all vessels passing through. The passage was of some importance during the period when North and South were fighting over the defenses about Pensacola.—New York Sun.

And Was Speedily Shorn.

"You used to do a little trading on 'Change, didn't you, Higgs?"

"Yes."

"Were you a bull or a bear?"

"Neither, Blobbs. I was a lamb."—Chicago Tribune.

The United States produced 353,000,000 pounds of copper last year. The production for 1891 was only 287,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Ventilated school wardrobes are about to be introduced into the Brooklyn schools.

A recent invention measures the velocity of shot to the nine-billionths part of a second.

The newest puncture proof band for use on cycles is made of strips of whalebone inserted between the air tubes and the outer cover.

The cable cars of the Brooklyn bridge are now supplied with electric light by means of a plan closely resembling the now familiar trolley system.

It is now proposed in England to drive tram cars by power derived from huge springs, which can be wound while the whole is in motion or otherwise.

A red sunset foretells dry weather, because it indicates that the air toward the west, from which quarter rain may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

A lens sixty inches in diameter, has just been cast at the Standard Plate Glass Works, in Butler. Penn. It is for the telescope of the American University of Washington.

The Florida Legislature has passed a bill placing the care of animals affected with rabies in the hands of the state board of health. There has been a great deal of rabies in that state lately.

Where the bottom of the ocean is bad, an ocean cable will frequently last only three or four years, but on good bottom wire taken up after twenty years, has been found almost as good as ever.

Professor Emmreich, of Munich, Bavaria, is making experiments with the serum of the blood of sheep, inoculated with the cultivations of the bacillus of erysipelas, as a remedy for cancer and sarcoma.

A new kind of cloth is being made in Lyons from the down of hens, ducks and geese. Seven hundred and fifty grains of feathers make rather more than a square yard of light and very warm water-proof cloth.

Maxim's cavalry gun, which fires 700 shots a minute, weighs but thirty pounds and can be strapped to a soldier's back. The gun he made for the sultan of Turkey fires 770 shots a minute, but it is a field piece on wheels.

A collection of eighty thousand stuffed birds, will be one of the attractions of a museum now in course of erection at Leyden, Holland. The building will in size outrank anything of the kind in the world except the British Museum.

Dr. Andrew Wilson, of London, says that the odor of violets, mignonette, tuberoses and heliotrope is injurious to the voice. Vocalists are especially susceptible to the scent of these flowers. Violets are said to be the worst in their effect.

The Drummer Boys.

The drummer boys in the Union Army often got acquainted with the Southern children, and were often befriended by the Southern mothers and daughters. Phil Corell, Pred Ritschy's partner tells of how the two were put to bed in the guests chamber one night by a motherly Southern matron whose own boy was beating a drum in Lee's army. She tucked them up, after they had got in bed, kissed them good night, as their own mothers had done before they left New York, and dropped a tear or two on their upturned faces, as she said that they and her own dear boy, too, ought to be at home, and not in the field. In the morning, after giving them a royal breakfast, she gave them all the jams they could carry to take back to camp with them. The officrs and men also were apt to make great pets of the lads.—New York Times.

Excellent in Theory.

Mrs. Dorcas—Our League of Emancipated Women is going to have a lecture on the social equality of the sex. You must be sure to come.

Mrs. Cobwigger—Certainly, my dear. I shall bring Miss Smith with me, as she believes in social equality.

Mrs. Dorcas—Not for the world. You know she isn't in our set.—Judge.

One of the members of Governor Morton's staff girds on a $4,000 sword when he is in full dress uniform.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The Atlantic takes its name from Mount Atlas.

The Japanese religion demands that a man must worship on the soil every day.

Silk is so cheap in Madagascar that the poorest people wear clothing made of it.

One of the eccentricities of the Chinese appetite is to eat live shrimps.

The water of the Mediteranean contains greater proportions of salt than that in the ocean.

No part of the Atlantic Ocean between Europe and Newfoundland exceeds 2,400 fathoms.

When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about 70 degrees.

A bunch of eleven rattlers was killed recently within two blocks of the Columbus, Ohio, postoffice.

Only about one man in every twenty-five who seeks to enlist in the United States Army is accepted.

Bicycles are so common on Broadway New York City, nowadays that nobody pays any attention to them.

Carpets were introduced into England during the reign of Mary, in 1553. They were then considered effeminate.

A wealthy Englishwoman has married a colored man, who, previous to this union, has made his living as a clog dancer in variety halls.

The British Museum possesses a collection of old Greek advertisements printed on leaden plates which show that the practice is very ancient.

The remedial effects of laughter are really wonderful. Cases have been known where a hearty laugh has banished disease and preserved life by a sudden effort of nature.

At Gubbio, in Italy, a spiritualistic medium recently promised to put a mother in communication with her dead son. When she saw flames and and sulphurous smoke coming out of the cabinet she was convinced that he was lost, went staring mad, and will not recover. The medium is to be prosecuted.

Watch Hairsprings.

The hair spring is a strip of the finest steel about 9 1-2 inches long, 1-100th inch wide and 27-10,000ths inch thick. It is coiled up in spiral form and finely tempered. The process of tempering these springs was long held as a secret by the few fortunate ones possessing it, and even now is not generally known. Their manufacture requires great skill and care. The strip is guaged to 20-1,000 of an inch, but no measuring instrument has as yet been devised capable of fine enough guaging to determine beforehand by the size of the strip what the strength of the finished spring will be. A 20-1,000th part of an inch difference in the thickness of a strip makes a difference in the running of a watch of about six minutes per hour. The value of these springs, when finished and placed in watches, is enormous in proportion to the material from which they are mode. A comparison will give a good idea. A ton of steel made up into hair syrings when in watches is worth once more than twelve and one-half times the value of the same weight in pure gold. Hair spring wire weighs one-twentieth of a grain to the inch. One mile of wire weighs less than half a pound. The balance gives five vibrations every second, 300 every minute, 18,000 every hour, 432,000 every day, and 157,680,000 every year. At each vibration it rotates about one and one-fourth times, which makes 197,100,000 revolutions every year.

Grateful.

"This is the last time I shall bring this bill!" cried the enraged collector.

"Thanks," replied the impecunious debtor, "You are much more considerate than the other fellow; for he said he was going to come again.—Atlanta Constitution.

At Double Rates.

Wool—Dr. Emdee is an expert expert.

Van Pelt—What is that?

Wool—Shows that the expert on the expert on the other side is talking through his hat.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

THE GIRLS' INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The following inquiry was put to the Chronicle:

"Mr. Editor: Please state in your valuable paper the intention of the Industrial School for Girls, and what it proposes to teach? How much does the state pay? Who can send? How long are the terms?

"Inquirer."

We will answer Inquirer's questions in the order given. First—What is the intention of the Industrial School for Girls, and what does it propose to teach?

The object is to establish and maintain a (see Code, section 6) first-class industrial school for the education of white girls in the state of Alabama in industrial and scientific branches, at which said girls may acquire a thorough normal education, together with a knowledge of kindergarten instruction and music; also a knowledge of telegraphy, stenography, photography and phonography, type-writing, printing, book-keeping, indoor carpentry, electrical construction, clay-modeling, architectural and mechanical drawing, sewing, dress-making, millinery, cooking, laundry, house, sign and fresco painting, home nursing, plumbing and such other practical industries as, from time to time, to them may be suggested by experience or tend to promote the general object of said girls' industrial school, to-wit: fitting and preparing such girls for the practical industries of the age.

Second—How much does the state pay, and who can send?

(See Code, section 11). As soon as said institution is prepared to receive pupils or students in three or more of the industrial studies hereinbefore enumerated, the said trustees shall apportion to each county its quota of scholars on the basis of the educable white girls between the ages of fourteen and twenty-one, in the state and several counties, and one pupil from each congressional district, whose tuition and board shall be absolutely free and this number shall be increased from time to time as in the judgment of the trustees the finances of said institution shall warrant. Said free scholarships shall be awarded at the annual meeting of the girls' industrial school upon the recommendation of the trustee from the congressional district from which said pupil is appointed, and the several superintendents of education in the counties shall advertise it in some newspaper published in said county, and after the expiration of two weeks from said advertisement, shall, by and with the approval of the county commissioners or court of county revenues, commission such number of white girls to said institution as such county is entitled to. The presentation of such certificate, over the signature of the probate judge of said county, shall entitle the person so commissioned to admission into said school, with all its privileges for the course of study selected; provided, that the appointing board shall give the preference to the applicants least able to educate themselves if they have the requisite qualifications; provided, however, that nothing in the provisions of this act shall be held to prevent any white girl in this state from rttending said school upon the payment of her board and tuition.

Third—How long are the terms?

There is no limit prescribed, but it is reasonable to suppose that the ordinary scholastic term of nine months will be adopted.

HON. SOL D. BLOCH.

Hon. Sol D. Bloch, who instituted and championed in the state senate the legislation which resulted in the establishment of our Girls' Industrial school, and who is one of its board of trustees, on a recent trip east, took occasion to visit North Carolina's similar school at Greensboro, and describes it in a very interesting letter to the Montgomery Advertiser. The school began operation in October, 1892. The grounds and buildings were donated by the city, and the people are realizing that it was a splendid investment. Not less than fifty new and elegant residences have been erected in its immediate vicinity. The first year there were 223 students, the next 391, the session just closed was attended by 405, and additional accommodations are being made with the expectation of receiving 600 next session, so marvelous is its growth. The senator describes each department in a most perspicuous manner, and we only regret that space will not permit a reproduction of the letter in full. Suffice it to mention the three general departments, viz: Normal, commercial and domestic science. These include numerous minor departments, embracing every branch of instruction which a girl might care to take.

The annual state appropriation is $12,500, which is supplemented by the Peabody fund, $2,000, and by tuition fees, $5,000, making a total of $19,500. The senator estimates that an annual appropriation of $20,000 by the Alabama legislature "will enable the Girls' Industrial school of Alabama to offer absolutely free tuition to our white girls."

North Carolina gives free scholarships to each county, but, unlike ours, they do not include free board. There are twenty teachers, the entire cost of the faculty being $17,000. Perhaps the happiest effect of the school may be gathered from this gentleman: "All shades and classes of society and young womanhood attend the school; here can be found the farmers' daughters, who are largely in the majority, and the child of the banker and the artisan, creating, as it were, a democracy among our young women, of which every true philanthropist and southerner must feel proud." There is no doubt about it; the practical, industrial education of women is the idea of the age and the future womanhood as well as manhood, will be the better for it. What the senator has written of the North Carolina school is the history of those in Georgia, Mississippi and Louisiana. The people of Montevallo have, as yet, no conception of the grandeur of the institution which good fortune has planted in our midst.

With the originator of the idea of female industrial education at its head, whose heart is thoroughly enlisted in its cause; with a board of trustees most happily composed, and the enthusiasm and interest of our people to cherish and sustain it, Alabama's Girls' Industrial school should, and will surpass them all.

OUR PRESIDENT.

Miss Julia Tutwiler is here.

The people of Montevallo welcomes Miss Tutwiler to our village. We welcome her as a citizen; as president of our great and grand industrial school; as one of the greatest educators of the age—a woman who has a record second to no woman living as a humanitarian. We are proud of her, and we hope to prove to her by our acts in upholding her hands, by all the aid and comfort due to a woman of such exalted character and to the grand institution. She will grace and honor the presidency, and we promise that her school shall be as we promised to the board of trustees—"our pet and our pride."

All hail to our president and our school!

Let us all rejoice and go forward and onward and never rest till we have a thousand of Alabama's daughters in our town!

Let us be up and doing!

Do you want to have a home by the greatest educational institution in Alabama? Do you want to live in the prettiest town in Alabama? Do you want to live among as moral, upright and well behaved people as can be found? Do you want health, good water, pure air and beauty of scenery? Then come to Montevallo and buy you a home now while they are cheap, while building material is low. Now is your time, you can make no mistake, for we are a-coming.

We have no unkind replies to make to disappointed places who failed to get the school. We cannot afford it. No, we shall go on in the even tenor of our way. Nothing was ever gained by such efforts. We shall do our full duty by the school; we shall labor to make it a success; we shall show that the Board of Trustees did wisely and well. We confidently appeal from "Cæsar drunk to Cæsar sober," and say let us be judged by our acts of devotion to the great institution committed to our care.

To the generous people of Birmingham who have so nobly spoken in our behalf, we return our sincere thanks. We shall never, never forget you. We feel like we live in the suburbs of this grand place, and that you are only casting your bread upon the waters, and not many days will pass before you will be repaid for your good deeds, for the success of our town means the success of every other town around us, as these things are reciprocal.

The only two civilized countries in the world in which a white man is not permitted to acquire civil rights or to own property are Liberia and Hayti.

It is said that not until the late Robert Louis Stevenson, who in his youth wrote a beautiful, clear hand, had the writer's cramp and wrote so badly as to puzzle his friends, did the printers begin to send him "clean proofs."

From the top of the Cathedral spire in Mexico, you can see the entire city, and the most striking feature of the view is the absence of chimneys. There is not a chimney in all Mexico; not a grate, nor a stove, nor a furnace. All the cooking is done with charcoal in Dutch ovens.

France pays $5,200,000 a year in mail subsidies for voyages amounting to 1,125,000 sea leagues; England pays $5,000,000 for 1,550,000 leagues; the United States $3,100,000 for 485,000 leagues; Spain $1,950,000 for 361,000 leagues: Italy $1,800,000 for 543,000 leagues; Germany, $1,200,000 for 382,000 leagues, and Austria $1,150,000 for 480,000 leagues.

On the Belgian State railways fares are lower than anywhere else in Europe. Recently the Belgian Government have made a fresh concession. For five dollars the traveler can obtain a ticket available for one person to travel over the entire system for a fortnight. For second-class the charge is about half as much again, and for the first-class about double.

There are twenty-seven highway bridges over the Mississippi between Brainard, Minn., and Muscatine, Iowa, a distance of 500 miles. Those above Minneapolis are seldom above 400 feet long, while one at Muscatine is 2,500 feet long, not that the river is ordinarily so wide at that point, but to make provision against freshets. Of the fourteen highway bridges between Minneapolis and Muscatine only one is a drawbridge. It is only in its infancy that the river has been bridged for ordinary highways.

The New Orleans Picayune relates that "some time ago a little girl in Brooklyn was run down by a trolley car and lost both her feet. She sued for damages and got a verdict of $13,268.68. The money was deposited with a trust company, and the court has now ordered the company to pay the girl's lawyer, as his share of the cash, $7,244.85, leaving for the cripple but $6,023.83. Probably the division is according to law, but it would be hard to convince the average lay mind that it is a fair thing. The jury, no doubt, thought that the cash was going to the cripple, and had no idea that the lawyer, who applead to them so strongly, was coming in for the lion's share."

Digging up a coffin in order to obtain memoirs of the first Napoleon hardly seems to the New York Advertiser necessary nowadays. That was done though, it is said, for those of Planet de la Faye, his orderly officer, which were recently published. His widow had only three copies of the memoirs printed, and deposited one in her husband's coffin, after having it exhumed with great trouble. When she died she left directions that the book should be printed from the other two copies, but, as they could not be found, the executors were obliged to take out and open the coffin again, and it is from that copy that the book was printed. It is a pity to dig so much for a book that can only be added to hundreds of other Napoleon books that are not worth buying.

FOR SALE

The Newt Eddings Farm.

Only (2) two miles from Montevallo, (1 1-2) one and a half miles from Birmingham Junction, containing two hundred and forty (240) acres.

Two hundred acres of fine timber, forty now in cultivation, a good dwelling and tenant houses. A bargain for cash.

For further particulars apply at this office. tf

MR. EDISON keeps himself well before the public with his 800 odd patents. We are now told that he has devised an electric motor which will easily enable railroads to run trains at the rate of 100 miles an hour.

HOW H. R. H. DRESSES.

Wonderful Outfit of the Prince of Wales Described.

In a chatty article on the Prince of Wales and his clothes, a writer in Tassell's Saturday Journal says: As a matter of fact, the "First Gentleman in Europe" does spend a great deal of money with his tailors. It should be remembered, nevertheless, that much of this is for uniforms. The Prince is popularly supposed to possess seventy military uniforms—and this total is about accurate.

When we remember that a cavalry outfit may cost £150, as a low estimate, and that subalterns entering a line regiment rarely begin with a lower disbursement than £50 or £60, the amount that the Prince's uniforms have cost him is easily to be gauged.

The Prince, of course, possesses, for the most part, colonel's uniforms, but as a field marshal he is compelled often to renew the terribly expensive outfit suited to that rank; and it is in this fine tunic that he appears at most military ceremonials, and at royal weddings, or other great occasions of state. In addition he possesses many naval uniforms and dress of a large number of German, Russian and Austrian regiments.

Putting aside the question of uniforms, upon which his Royal Highness cannot spend less than three or four hundred pounds a year, we come to his ordinary dress. It is admitted universally that very few men in town manage things with more taste, or have a quicker eye for a good cloth. There are youths, no doubt, whose tailors' bills are far larger than the Prince's, for he is by no means extravagant, although exceedingly particular about his clothes.

Nor does he, says the writer, pay absurdly fancy prices, as many people suppose, being charged at the usual rate of a West End house. This means that a frock coat may cost him twelve guineas, which most people would regard as very "fancy" indeed; a dress suit somewhere about fifteen, trousers four guineas, and an ordinary "ditto" suit from eight to ten guineas.

When in town the frock coat is invariably worn by the Prince. No doubt, during the London season, he "consumes" a large number of these articles—perhaps two a month, of which one will be a light gray one

And it is a habit of his never to wear a coat two seasons running, even if it has only been used two or three times by him. As he is in town perhaps six months in the year, his total of "frocks" may be set down roughly at twelve.

In dress suits he is supposed to be particularly extravagant; but this is not really the case. Any man about town has five or six dress suits a year. The Prince may have a dozen, but the story told in a contemporary recently that he had one a week is pure nonsense.

When the Prince is going to Newmarket he often wears a "ditto" suit with a light covert coat over it. In "ditto" suits, perhaps, his total would astonish the humble man who pays his tailor thirty pounds a year and considers that heavy.

It is certain that he never wears one of these suits more than two or three times, and his stock of them is tremendous. Of shooting suits for the autumn he has an immense variety, using a different style of dress for battue work to that adopted for ordinary work with the dogs. Here alone for country dress he can scarcely spend less than a hundred pounds a year.

In the matter of hats it is a well known fact that the Prince has three a fortnight, also buying a large number of bowler and square black hats for country use.

At Sandringham there is a hat room with a man whose chief duty it is to keep the Prince's "tiles" in a high condition of polish. In the same palace a number of vast wardrobes contain the bulk of the uniforms and clothes which are not in regular use.

Those large scarfs which are now worn with a frock coat often cost half a guinea. There are scores of up-to-date youths who have fifty pairs of gloves per autumn; three dozen shirts would be regarded as an absolute minimum. So far as the Prince is concerned he never wears a pair of gloves twice, and in this, and in the matter of boots, he is, unquestionably, the best dressed man in the kingdom.

McPHERSON'S DEATH.

Secretary Gresham's Account While Seated Before the General's Statue.

McPherson square, in Washington, the government reservation that contains the statue of the brave soldier who lost his life at the battle of Atlanta, was always a favorite spot with the late Secretary Gresham, who was also badly wounded in that engagement. The square is near the hotel where he lived, and nearly every pleasant evening he would sit for a while before the statue of his dear friend and comrade, recalling memories of the past. On the evening of the day before he was stricken with his fatal illness Mr. Gresham and Private Secretary Thurber occupied the bench near the McPherson statue together. While seated there the Secretary recalled the incidents of McPherson's death.

"McPherson," said Secretary Gresham, "had a nature as gentle and kind as that of a lovely woman. I shall never forget the last conversation I had with him, just after I was wounded at Atlanta. I was in command of a division, and he was the commanding General. I was lying upon the ground wounded when McPherson came up to me and inquired the extent of my injury. As soon as he discovered how badly I was hurt he ordered his own surgeon to take charge of my case, and he superintended the arrangements for removing me from the field and conveying me to the hospital. I was always very fond of him, and he was like a big brother to me. With his own hands he helped to place me on the stretcher, and as we parted he grasped my hands and said he would look for my speedy recovery.

"I was carried down the road to a little railway station, where the train was to come along and take me to the hospital. I was in terrible agony, and the stretcher on which I was resting was placed on the platform right out in the broiling sun. I think I must have remained there for several hours. Finally a guard of our troops brought a wooden coffin and placed it beside my stretcher. I observed that the officer in charge of the guard was a member of McPherson's personal staff. I knew the box contained a dead body, and I asked the officer in charge the name of the dead soldier. 'It is all that is left of McPherson,' he responded sadly. I could hardly believe that such a thing could be, for I left him on the field but a few hours previous, evidently in perfect health and confident of ultimate victory. It was a terrible shock to me to have the dead body of my friend and comrade thus brought to me. I thought I would go wild with anguish, and the pain from my wounds increased with the excitement under which I was laboring.

"Finally the train came along and I was placed in a box-car with the dead body of McPherson. The only other occupants of the car were the officer in charge of the body and an Irish soldier. The only light in the car was from a tallow candle stuck up in a corner. The surroundings were intensely gloomy, and I did not much care whether I survived or not. I felt as though I wanted to go into eternity, side by side with my old commander and friend. The solemnity of the surroundings was only relieved by the constant efforts of the officer in charge to try and keep the sentry from going to sleep. The poor fellow nodded and nodded, until the officer became so enraged that he cuffed him over the head quite sharply. In spite of my pain and anguish, I could not refrain from laughing a moment later, when the sentry received another rap over the head and fell against the solitary candle and extinguished the light, leaving the car in total darkness."

Secretary Gresham always contended that the humor of the incident saved his life, for up to that moment he was in such a morbid state that it is doubtful if he could have lived through another hour.

EXTINCTION OF THE BISON.

Only Two Hundred Wild Buffalo Still in America.

In a wild state the American bison, or buffalo, is practically, though not quite wholly, extinct. At the present moment there are about 200 wild buffaloes alive and on foot in the United States. To obtain these high figures we include the 150 individuals that the white head hunters and the red meat hunters have thus far left alive in the Yellowstone Park, where the buffaloes are fondly supposed to be protected from slaughter. Beside these there are only two other bunches—one of about 20 head in Lost Park, Col., protected by State laws, and another containing between 30 and 40 head, in Val Verde County, Texas, between Devil's River and the Rio Grande.

Four years ago there were over 300 head in the Yellowstone Park, thriving and increasing quite satisfactorily. Through them we fondly hoped the species would even yet be saved from absolute extinction. But, alas! we were reckoning without the poachers. Congress provides pay for just one solitary scout to guard in winter 3 575 square miles of rugged mountain country against the horde of lawless white men and Indians who surround the park on all sides, eager to kill the last buffalo! The poachers have been hard at work, and as a result our park herd has recently decreased more than one-half in number. It is a brutal, burning shame that formerly, through lack of congressional law adequately to punish such poachers as the wretch who was actually caught red handed in January, 1894, while skinning seven dead buffaloes! and now, through lack of a paltry $1,800 a year to pay four more scouts, the park buffaloes are all doomed to certain and speedy destruction.

Beside the places mentioned, there is only one other spot in all North America that contains wild buffaloes.

Immediately southwestward of Great Slave Lake there lies a vast wilderness of swamps and stunted pines into which no white man has ever penetrated far, and where the red man still reigns supreme. It is bounded on the north by the Liard and Mackenzie Rivers, on the east by the Slave River, on the south by the Peace River, and on the west by the Rocky Mountains. Mr. Warburton Fike says it is now the greatest beaver country in the world, and that it also contains a few bands of the so-called wood buffalo. "Sometimes they are heard of at Forts Smith and Vermillion, sometimes at Fort St. John, on the Peace River, and occasionally at Fort Nelson, on the Liard; . . . but it is impossible to say anything about their numbers." At all events, in February, 1890, Mr. Pike found eight buffaloes only four days' travel from Fort Resolution, on Great Slave Lake, and succeeded in killing one. The Canadian authorities estimate the total number in that region at 300.

The Spanish Armada Expedition.

The invincible Armada was a famous naval expedition sent by Phillip II of Spain against England in 1518. It consisted of 130 vessels, 2,430 great guns, 4,575 quintals of powder, nearly 20,000 soldiers, above 8,000 sailors and more than 2,000 volunteers. It arrived in the English channel on July 19, and was defeated the next day by Admiral Howard, who was seconded by Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher. Eight fire ships having been sent into the Spanish fleet they bore off in great disorder. Profiting by the panic the English fell upon them and captured or destroyed a number of their ships, and Admiral Howard maintained a running fight from July 21 to July 27, with such effect that the Spanish commander, despairing of success, resolved to return home and, as escape through the English channel was prevented by contrary winds, he undertook to sail around the Orkneys, but the vessels which still remained to him were dispersed by storms or shipwrecked among the rocks and shallows on different parts of the Scottish and Irish coast, and upward of 5,000 men were drowned, killed or taken prisoners. Of the whole Armada fifty-three ships only returned to Spain, and these in a wrecked condition. The English lost but one ship.

An Old Army Horse.

We are not aware that the Government has any old horse in its keeping such as "Ernst" describes. There was a horse named Comanche, the most celebrated in the United States, which was kept for a long time after he ceased to be useful, but he died Thursday, November 5, 1891, at Fort Riley, Mo. He had been long useful in the cavalry service. He was 45 years old, and was the only living thing that escaped the massacre at the battle of Little Big Horn, where General Custer and his command were killed. He was one of the original mount of the Seventh Cavalry, which regiment was organized in 1866, and had been in almost every battle with the Indian service. After the battle of Little Big Horn he was found covered with wounds, riderless and saddleless, some distance from the scene of the massacre. He was taken taken in charge by Captain Rowlan and sent to Fort Riley, where for fourteen years he was not subject to bridle, and was in charge of the Seventh Cavalry. He died of ald age. His skin, it is understood, was stuffed and mounted, and kept in the museum of the Kansas State University.—Brooklyn Eagle

Rival Snake Liars.

The West Virginia liars, who have been somewhat overshadowed lately by those of Indiana, are trying to recover repute by tales of a snake boy living in Shepherdstown. He has scales all over his body, is sleepy in winter and likes to sleep after meals.

However, Indiana bravely responds with the tale of Chris Lyman, an old man of Indianapolis, who attributes his good health to his habit of wearing snakes in his hat.

Fencing With Newspapers.

Somebody says, "My children fence with rolled up newspapers as foils, only a touch on the sword arm to count. They begin with some calmness, but in about a quarter of a minute they are whacking away at each other like good fellows, and a quarter of a minute later they are prancing all over the room and laughing uproariously. There seems to be more exercise and more fun in fencing with rolled up newspapers than in any other home amusement."

Prolific in Governors.

Bellfonte, Penn., which has just celebrated her centennial on a scale commensurate with the public spirit of her people, derived her name from a historic spring famous even in Revolutionary days. But Bellfonte has likewise been an increasing fountain and wellspring of statesmanship. The county of which she is the center has supplied no less than five governors to the State, to say nothing of other dignitaries. And none of her springs shows any sign of failing.

A Barber Shop Terror.

What every man who goes to a barber daily fears may happen has happened at last in England. A schoolmaster was being shaved, when the barber drew the razor across his throat, nearly cutting off his head. He missed the main arteries, however, and the victim may recover. No cause can be found for the act.

A Bank Burglar Turns Choir Singer.

A bank burglar, says the New Orleans Picayune, notorious twenty odd years ago, and known to all police officials on both sides of the Atlantic, is now connected with a cosmetic establishment keeping books and collecting bills from the ladies who have been beautified. He regularly attends church, and until recently sang in the choir.

Double Bounty.

The town of Sandwich, Mass., pays a bounty of twenty-five cents on muskrat heads, and the adjacent town of Bourne pays twenty-five cents on muskrat tails, and between the two the boys have been making a good thing of it.

The most easterly point of the United States is Quoddy Head, Me,

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Pauline Acker is still on a visit to Marion.

W. T. Easton of Mayline was in the city Monday.

Mrs. V. A. Davidson of Calera was here Friday.

Harvey Cottingham of Six Mile was in the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lyman visited Columbiana last week.

Mrs. Tirray Whatley of Calera was in the city a few days since.

Mr. and Mrs. Mose Fields of Calera were in the city Friday last.

Quite a crowd of our young men went out to Aldrich Sunday.

Mr. Alex Pullen of near Randolph was in the city Saturday last.

A good many people from the Six Mile section were in town this week.

Mr. W. P. McConaughy spent two days in Birmingham the past week.

Mrs. Mattie Warner of Selma is visiting the family of Mrs. Julia Rogan.

Mr. Walton Fuller of Centerville was in the city visiting friends last week.

Miss Fannie Lawrence of Plantersville is visiting the Misses Latham this week.

Mrs. Julia Rogan is visiting her daughter, Mrs. J. D. McLean, at Livingston.

Miss May Harris left Monday evening to visit friends and relatives in Brierfield.

Rev. M. P. Reynolds of Midway preached at the Methodist church last Saturday.

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas of Chilton spent several days with friends and relatives here last week.

Miss Lula Eddings, one of Dry Valley's charming young ladies, was in the city Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McConaughy went up to Talladega to attend Chautauqua last Sunday.

Mrs. E. W. North left Friday for Cincinnati to see her son, W. E. North, who is ill at that place.

R. E. Hall says he wants to see "Bishop" on business relating to the trip they took to Concord. How much is it Bob?

The monthly business meeting of the Y. P. S. C. E. will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cory Friday night. Let all the members attend.

Wonder if the candy drummer saw J. Davis. He wants John to economize by buying it direct from the factory, says it would break the Vanderbilts to buy such quantities at retail as he does.

A good many people from the surrounding country attended services at the M. E. church here Sunday nothing would please us better than to see this friendly spirit grow and the prejudice now existing vanish forever.

Misses Elva and Ethel Greek and Pearl Norris of Columbiana, Miss Jessie Carter of Shelby and Miss Fleming of Athens attended the picnic at this place on the 4th given by the young people of Calera.

Miss Emma Wilson, formerly of this place, but now one of Columbiana's sweetest young ladies, is visiting Mrs. C. W. Cary. Her many friends are glad to have her with them, and we hope her visit will be a long and pleasant one.

The series of meetings which were ably conducted by Revs. Dobbs and McCluskey closed Monday night. We believe Bro. McCluskey has a bright future before him. Although no marked fruits in the way of conversions were apparent, we are sure that much good has been done.

Our clever and enterprising young friend, James Sessions, brought in the first load of melons last week. Jim is a deserving young man and knows how to make farming pay. He presented us with a nice melon, which we greatly enjoyed, and for which we extend thanks.

The ball given at Aldrich hall in honor of Miss Bessie Hoskins' guests was a most delightful one. A small party from here attended and say they had a time long to be remembered. Dancing was indulged in till "old Sol tipped the misty mountain top," and all went home hoping that it would not be long before it would be their good fortune to be present on others similar to this.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

John McMath has changed his fishing place. Success to you, old boy.

If you want to hear some tall swearing, ask Frank K. how he likes minstrels.

Pat McConaughy's favorite song is "Over the Garden Wall."

We think that E. L. D. means business. He has asked the bachelor club to release him from their order.

Robinson is suffering from the effects of an overdose of melons and peaches. He ate about a peck of peaches and a large melon.

Burr Nabors' liar's license has expired. Hope he will reform now.

What is ailing Walter? He looks as if he hadn't a friend on earth. Hope he isn't in love.

Poor old Son; he will soon get it in the neck. The cadet says he intends to take his girl from him.

John Kroell is disfigured, but still in the ring.

We miss the smiling and cheerful companionship of our young friend, John Dill, since he moved across the creek.

Keep an eye on Bogardus, Cat; he may supercede you down by the "oak."

C. C. Vandegrift will move next fall out on Pea Ridge.

Take good advice, Lize, and go get some religion before it is everlastingly too late. X. Y. Z.

Our Friends Say

That one of our gallants captured the "band" at the dance last week.

That our popular M. D. felt like a 2-year-old Sunday.

That Rube L. Rice of Blocton, "I gads," was over to see his many friends last week.

That "Foots" has withdrawn from society on account of his health.

That "Long John" got stuck on a Calera damsel.

That one of our editors got foundered at the Calera picnic.

That "Fatty" rolled them high on the Fourth and they rolled him high at the minstrel.

That "Bill's" face looked like a beet on the night of the Fourth.

That tney want to go to Concord once more; so do we.

That the Fourth passed off quietly.

That the minstrel given by the Calera brass band was very good.

That Brur and Harry went to "Dry Valley" last Sunday.

That Burr and the "Speckled Beauty" don't want to go to Concord to any more school entertainments.

That Bob Hall said last Tuesday was a sad, sad day.

That "Bill" wants his girl to quit talking Dutch.

That "Buzz" McMath broke the record last Thursday night.

That "Son" is exceedingly quiet of late.

That Nat left the "hill" the other day singing, "I can't come back any more."

That R. E. H. thinks of going to Birmingham very soon.

That the "rats" are all dead.

That Kitty says she is never coming.

That we musn't say anything about E. L. D.

That the Calera boys are the people.

That Bill Lawrence is the most clever fellow on earth.

That our soldier boy has them stood off. "Son," Burr and "Brur," you must convert your brass into butter and you will have a fair show.

That "Bill" heard a song the other night that so beautifully expressed his sentiments and touched so deeply the tender chords of his heart that he spent the rest of the night in weeping. Brother, you must live and learn that life cannot always be a dream of pleasure.

PICNIC ON THE FOURTH.

In spite of the miserable weather quite a large and jolly party of young people from Calera celebrated the glorious Fourth in and near Montevallo. Early in the day buggies, hacks, wagons and other vehicles began to arrive on the grounds selected as the site for the picnic. All went as merry as if the sun had shown in all its glory. As the bewitching hour of twelve drew near rain descended in such torrents as to make it impossible to spread dinner on the ground, so they all adjourned to the Southern warehouse, where they partook of the good things the ladies had so bountifully provided.

Not being aware that it was to be a union picnic, very few from here were so fortunate as to be present- We regret this very much, as the Calera people have always seemed to hold a warm place in their heart for our people, and we are afraid we did not seem to return their courtesy, but rest assured, we shall always remember you in the kindest manner.

The minstrel given by their band at night was good and every one was highly entertained. The music by the string band deserves special notice, as does also little Mr. McKibbon's solo. Many circumstancas prevented a larger attendance. It was almost 12 o'clock, midnight, when the dauntless crowd from Calera left for home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRING CREEK.

The drouth, which has prevailed here since May, was broken on last Thursday by a magnificent rain. Notwithstanding the dry weather crops are looking well.

Mr. C. W. Allen of Chilton county visited Mr. J. T. Allen Saturday.

Mr. John O'Neil of Norville, who has been visiting Rev. J. W. Alexander for the past week, returned home Sunday.

Mr. John Hamilton is visiting relatives in Coosa county this week.

Our Hobo had his back up the other day. Wonder what the trouble was?

Mrs. Mollie Allen and Mrs. Delia Hamilton left Sunday for Chilton county to see their sister, Mrs. Eliza Campbell, who is dangerously ill.

Mr. William Thompson and James Roy were visitors at Rev. Falk Bees Saturday.

John Williams spent Sunday on the creek.

Miss Alice Elenora Allen, from babyhood, is making things lively at R. W. Allen's this week.

Observer.

PEA RIDGE ITEMS.

Bro. N. F. preached an able sermon at Macedonia last Sunday to a large congregation.

Bro. Lucas will begin a protracted meeting at Macedonia the first Sunday in next month.

Bro. Jarvis will begin a protracted meeting at Antioch next fourth Sunday.

We have had a few days of wet weather this week.

Mr. Wilmer Miles of Blocton visited his wife and two little daughters last week—Misses Olie and Bessie Miles.

Mrs. A. E. Miles visited friends and relatives at Blocton last week.

Mr. E. G. Walker took a flying trip to Blocton last week, where he spent a few days with friends and relatives.

Miss Florence Miles paid Misses Sue and Lucy Lawley a pleasant visit last Sunday evening.

I. G. is wearing a pale face now.

Mrs. Ella Lucas has been very ill this week. We hope she will soon recover.

Wine making is the topic of the day now.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Quite a number of boys and girls attended the picnic out at the falls on the 4th from here and all seemed to have had a good time.

Mr. Robert Allen and family of Jemision spent last week with relatives and friends in town.

Mr. Rush Alexander and wife of Spring Creek visited relatives here last week.

Prof. W. O. Butler has just returned from Pelham after a long visit.

The Dogwood juniors and Ebenezer seniors crossed bats here last Saturday evening, resulting in a score of 12 to 6 in favor of Dogwood.

Mr. Jack Curtis was in town Saturday shaking hands with his numerous friends.

The Fourth was pleasantly spent and the nice refreshing rain was very welcome. T. A. T. E.

STATE GIRLS' SCHOOL.

Montevallo is the site and the choice is probably the best.

Miss Julia Tutwiler is the president and there can be only one mind throughout the state touching the manifest wisdom and justice of her election. It is probable that Dr. Riley and others who opposed her for the place were not familiar with her history and especially did not know that the enterprise was conceived by her. It is certain the people of Alabama will demand that as long as she lives she shall have this opportunity to add to her long record of services to them. —From Peoples Weekly Tribune.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

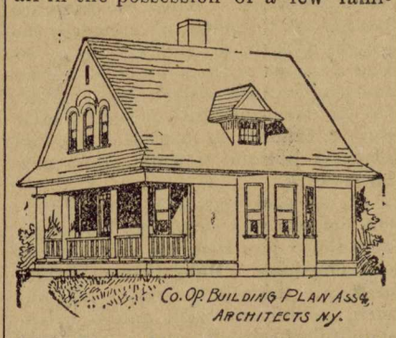
A MODEL COTTAGE FOR $550.

Plans for the Erection of a Cheap and Pretty Suburban Home.

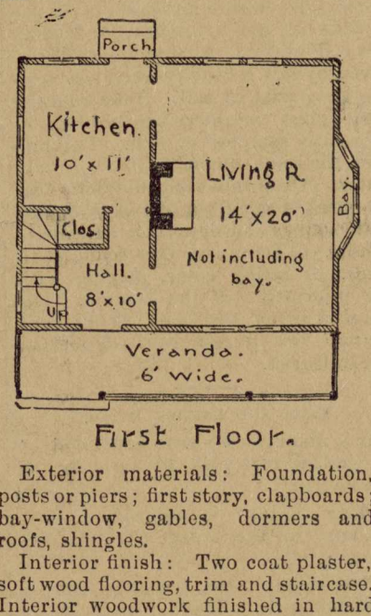
(Copyright 1895 by the Co-operative Building Plan Association.)

It is one of the primary principles of political economy that the happiness and prosperity of a country is gauged by the general thrift of the inhabitants, and not by the abundance of the few. That would be the model community in which each head of the family owned, in the derisive words of the British statesman, "An acre and a cow," even if not a single individual had much greater possession than that.

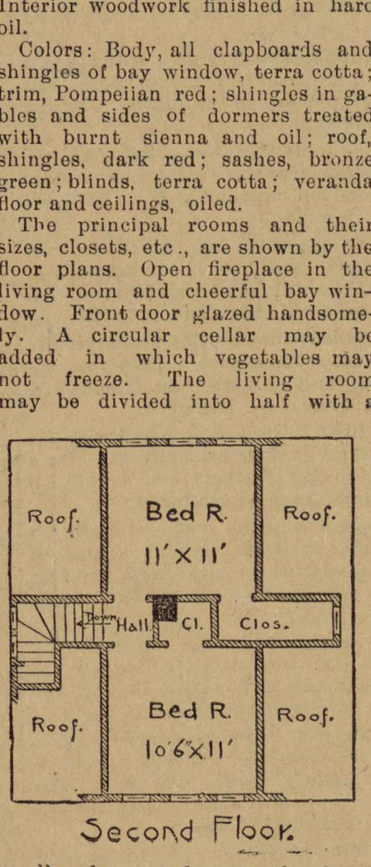
"Landlordism" is responsible for much of the misery which exists in cities. Happily there is a growing disposition in this country for wage-earners to become householders. It is not difficult for the laboring man and the small artisan to render themselves independent of landlords. The suburbs of our cities have abundant room for growth, and the land is not all in the possession of a few families. Every day it is proven possible for a man with shrewd management, prudence and a little self-denial, to build and own a house for himself, with scarcely more of a weekly outlay than he was called upon to exfiend in rent. A dollar or two more a month for a few years is not difficult to manage, when it means in the end such a neat and attractive home as is pictured herewith, instead of a mere memory of shelter and fat profits in the pockets of a landlord.



This little cottage, which is capable of various modifications to suit individual tastes, can be built, according to the most careful and reliable estimates, for $550. Its width, including bay, is 27 feet; depth, including veranda, 17 feet; height of first story, 8 feet, 6 inches; second story, 8 eet.



First Floor.



Second Floor.

Exterior materials: Foundation, posts or piers; first story, clapboards; bay-window, gables, dormers and roofs, shingles.

Interior finish: Two coat plaster, soft wood flooring, trim and staircase. Interior woodwork finished in hard oil.

Colors: Body, all clapboards and shingles of bay window, terra cotta; trim, Pompeiian red; shingles in gables and sides of dormers treated with burnt sienna and oil; roof, shingles, dark red; sashes, bronze green; blinds, terra cotta; veranda floor and ceilings, oiled.

The principal rooms and their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. Open fireplace in the living room and cheerful bay window. Front door glazed handsomely. A circular cellar may be added in which vegetables may not freeze. The living room may be divided into half with a smaller bay window in the front room, and the back used as a dining room, with open fireplace which heats up stairs, economizing the expenditure of the coal. A few extra dollars will build a one-story extension at the rear, used as a storehouse or woodshed, and in the summer as a laundry when the heat of the kitchen range would be oppressive.

The finished neatness of this design, its economical arrangement of rooms and the low cost for which it can be built, appeals directly to the mechanic and the laboring man. Nor is it a hard matter to figure how so small a sum be made to represent a weekly or monthly payment scarcely in excess of the rent of a room or two in the crowded city tenement.

Platinum has been drawn into smooth wire so fine that it cannot be distinguished by the naked eye, even when stretched across a piece of white cardboard.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma...ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....
No. 74§	**No. 72†**			**No. 73†**	**No. 75§**
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar		6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	..Greensboro...		5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	....Marion.....		3.15pm	4.21pm
9.03am	9.03am	ar...Selma...lv		1.15pm	3.00pm
No. 60*	**No.168†**			**No. 61***	**No.169†**
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar		10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	....York.....		9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	...Demopolis...		8.20pm	1.27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv		7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar)	lv)	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv) Selma.. ar)		6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....		4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....		3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...		3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..		3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....		2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	....Oxford.....		1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....		1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...		1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....		12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh...		12.14pm	5.37pm
3.58pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..		11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....		11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv		7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12 16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	...Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4 55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	6.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar) lv)	8.50pm) 9.10pm	11.40am 4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.

C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

According to English authority the bankruptcies in England and Wales average 120 weekly.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,

tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—

1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil

all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

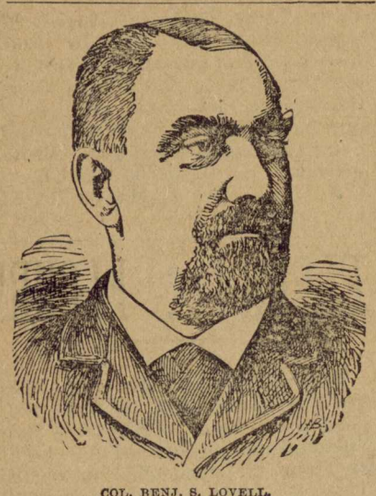
7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

THANK THE LOVELLS!

To Them More Than to Others Is Due the Fair Play Accorded to Wheelmen.

From the beginning of cycling in this country the makers have been its strongest bulwarks, and to them is due the credit for the proud position riders of the bicycle hold. To the members of the trade, therefore, we owe much, as it was their pluck and their money that have made for us our position.



COL. BENJ. S. LOVELL.

Among the men who early felt the benefits of cycling, and did not hesitate to expend money, is Colonel Ben. S. Lovell, of Boston, Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, of that city. Their firm name has been a familiar one for over fifty years, having been established in 1840, doing a sporting goods and gun business. Being in a kindred trade, it was but natural that they should engage in the making and selling of bicycles. Their success has been unbounded, as they have made a name for the Lovell Diamond Cycles that is a familiar household one in every hamlet in the land. It is not possible to have done that without cost, and a considerable one, too, as readers of current literature will admit, for have not all of us encountered the symbolic words "Lovell Diamonds?" To estimate the gross amount that has been expended for advertising would be a difficult task, but it is said that considerably over $100,000 was spent by them during 1894. All the big Eastern dailies had entire pages, which cost lots of money, and the magazines filled many pages exploiting Lovell Diamond Cycles.

Can it be wondered at, then, that cycling has become popular, when men like Colonel Lovell spend such sums to make it so?

Colonel Lovell is Treasurer of the John P. Lovell Arms Company, and is a man of rare business attainments, acquired by long experience and an aptitude possessed by few. In private life he has won the respect and esteem of every one he has been brought in contact with, while his public record is equally good, on five different occasions representing his town in the Legislature, serving in both branches. He served on the staff of Governor Long for three consecutive years, and is now a member of Governor Greenhalge's staff. He has been a delegate to four National conventions, and there is not an office in the gift of his townsmen which would not be at his disposal were it not for his great business responsibilities. There is no man in the bicycle business more respected than Colonel Benj. S. Lovell, and no better bicycle is made in the world than the Lovell Diamond.

The average life of a locomotive is said to be about fifteen years and the earning capacity $300,000.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

In 1880 the gross product of the woolen mills was valued at $267,000,000, ten years later it had increased to $288,000,000.

Tobacco Stinking Breath.

Not pleasant to always carry around, but it don't compare with the nerve-destroying power that tobacco keeps at work night and day to make you weak and impotent. Dull eyes, loss of interest in sweet words and looks tell the story. Brace up—quit. No-To-Bac is a sure quick cure. Guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

After Dinner.

After the heartiest dinner a dose of TYNER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY will remove all unpleasant feelings, aid digestion, and build up your health. As an after dinner drink it is far superior to all other remedies, as it never disappoints, and leaves an appetite for the next meal. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by CHAS. O. TYNER, Atlanta, Ga.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Every Mother Should Always Have

a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness

Every Cause But the Right One.

Your headache: You lay it to every cause but the true one—indigestion. So few people know what indigestion really is. Hardly know they have it. The cure is Ripans Tabules. A single one gives relief. Ask your druggist.

E. A. Rood, Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured my wife of catarrh fifteen years ago and she has had no return of it. It's a sure cure." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Now is the Time to Cure Your Corns

with Hindercorns. It takes them out perfectly and gives comfort. Ask your druggist. 15c.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

Always Tired

Describes a dangerous condition, because it means that the vitality is becoming exhausted by reason of impoverished blood. Give new life to the vital fluid and the nerves and muscles will grow stronger. Hood's Sarsaparilla gives strength, because it makes pure, rich blood. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

AM. N. U. No. 28, 1895.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FARM AND GARDEN

PRIZE STEERS TOO FAT.

The chief fault with the prize steers at the fat stock shows is that they are wastefully fat, and often seriously lacking in lean meat. This is particularly true of the special beef breeds. --New York World.

INSECTS INJURING WOOL.

There are several insects that will damage wool. One is the common wool-eating moth, another the hair and wool-eating beetle. If the wool is dirty there are flies that will deposit eggs in it, and these will injure it. It is to be considered that flesh and wool are of almost the same composition and character, and as wool has much oil and grease in it the brown beetles that infest the meat houses will damage stored wool. The remedy is very easy. Put the wool in a close apartment or bin, and pour a pint of sulphide of carbon on the bottom, closing the receptacle as tight as possible. No light must be used where the wool is stored in this way, as this fluid is explosive.--New York Times.

TO PREVENT HORNS.

A cattle-raiser who has had large experience uses caustic potash to prevent horns growing, and in speaking of remedies says:

"I consider it useless and cruel to raise horns. I prefer the caustic potash remedy, as being easier applied and much cheaper, five cents' worth being enough for about twenty calves. It must be kept in an airtight bottle, taking out just as much as you use at one time and not returning to the bottle any that is the least bit moist, as it dissolves very easily. If you have but one or two calves, your druggist will give you a piece about one and a half inches long for a penny. Tie the calf's legs; let one person hold the head; clip the hair from around the horn-nubs the size of a nickel, put something around the caustic to keep from coming in contact with your hand; moisten one end of caustic, rub on horn and as far around as clipped, changing from one to the other until the skin is thoroughly burned. Then your work is done, and you have a 'natural muley.' Do the work before ten days old--sooner the better."--Colman's Rural World.

A PLACE FOR FOWLS TO ROLL.

The trouble that many farmers have in keeping fowls out of the garden is because they do not provide a substitute. It is natural for hens to seek a dusting place where they can clear off any vermin that may be on them, or without regard to this to take a dust bath, which is their way of keeping skin and feathers in healthy condition. A small place near the hen house should be plowed and sown with grain. It need be only a few feet square, and may be dug with a spade in a few minutes. Then scatter and lightly cover enough grain to keep the fowls busy. It is astonishing how much of the time this rolling place will be occupied and the garden will wholly escape. When the hen goes to the garden she makes directly for the beds where the choicest seeds have been sown, for here the ground has been most thoroughly pulverized. Give the hens as good a place outside the garden, and there will be no trouble in growing garden truck, no matter how many fowls are kept. But the strawberry patch must be enclosed. The fowls go there for a different purpose, and when they get a taste of the fruit it is hard to keep them out, however high the enclosure. --Boston Cultivator.

THE WONDERFUL PEA.

To grow for feeding hogs and other cattle, we can hardly overestimate the value of the Wonderful peas. Here is a crop that can be grown with ease in four months' time, that will yield a hundred-fold or more of feeding and fattening food superior to corn. The bacon made from hogs fed on peas is much sweeter and more solid, and the fat will not run out in cooking nearly so much as cornfed. They grow so much quicker and larger than other varieties, that poor land can be brought up very quickly by their use; in fact, in less than four months their great value is obvious to all. The Rural New Yorker, speaking of this class of peas, says: "These belong to the class called renovating crops; instead of making the soil poorer they make it richer, and not only so, but they also furnish protein for cattle food. The signs of the times indicate that this class of crops is to play a leading part in the farming of the future."

To grow for hay they are most valuable, as they yield an immense quantity of feed of the best quality, and produce the crop in so short a time.

For ensilage Wonderful peas are unsurpassed, being much more nutritious than green corn and other crops used for that purpose.

They are desirable to grow for cooking for food, as they will yield a supply of shelled peas for the table for several weeks.--Colman's Rural World.

HOW TO KEEP BUTTER.

Most farmers do not make dairying a specialty. It is only one of the various industries from which they derive their incomes. The profits from three or four cows do not warrant the outlay for a complete equipment of modern implements. The average farmer and his wife must make the most of pantries, pans and other dairy appliances at hand. Consumers have learned that butter rapidly deteriorates if exposed to the air, hence small packages are called for. Butter is never so good as when used within one week from the time it leaves the churn. It possesses then a delicate aroma and a peculiar, indescribable flavor, which soon passes away and is never present thereafter; but butter properly made can be kept sweet and in good order for months. The surplus butter may be kept and marketed in winter, when prices are more remunerative. Get the butter in good condition as soon as possible after churning, and pack it firmly in gallon or half gallon jars. Those containing four or five pounds are preferable. When the jars are bought ask the seller, as he marks the weight of each, to number them, so that a record of the amount of butter in each jar can readily be kept. Pack the jars level full, tie a round piece of strong, thick cloth over the top, and place it bottom side up, into a new large crock.

Do not pack butter made at different times in the same jar, but store only those jars that can be filled at one churning. Make a strong brine, using all the salt the water will absorb, adding to each gallon a teaspoonful of saltpetre and a teacupful of granulated sugar. Scald the brine and skim it thoroughly. When cold strain through a wet, thick cloth into the crock. Add more brine from time to time to keep the jars covered two inches in depth. Tie a thick cloth over the crock to protect from dust, and over this place a wooden cover to exclude the light. Do not keep the crock on the cellar floor, even if it is a cement one, but on a platform, if possible, with slats underneath the crock to insure free circulation of air. This will prevent mold forming on the bottom of the crock. It must be sold as packed butter, but will bring a good price. October is the best month in which to pack butter for winter home use. Several smaller crocks may be used in which to store the jars rather than use the large crock. To cleanse jars and crocks use a bath of hot limewater, or strong hot soda water. A simple method is given by salt manufacturers for testing the purity of salt. Take as many clear glass tumblers or goblets as there are samples of salt. Put into each the same quantity of clear cold water. Drop into each tumbler a teaspoonful of salt from one of the several samples and note the immediate results. There will be a scum, sediment, or milky color, varying with the inferiority of the sample. The water showing the least change will contain the purest salt.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is undoubtedly true that food of all kinds flavors milk to a greater or less degree.

More butter is injured in the ripening of the cream than at any other point.

Milk in any form, sweet or sour, is good for fowls. Sour milk will surely make them lay.

A little salt every day, with the soft food, is good for grown hens, but don't give any to the chicks. It may kill them.

For applying insecticides to a limited number of vines or bushes a short broom will be found a fair substitute for a sprayer.

The size of the cow and the amount of food eaten are no indications of what she will do at the pail or what the milk will churn out.

The lady-bird beetles are unusually numerous this season. They are one of the fruit growers' best friends and should never be destroyed.

A little linseed meal mixed with the morning mash occasionally will give a gloss to the feathers and help keep the fowls in good condition.

Swamp muck is not generally as valuable as it appears and requires to be heavily dosed with lime the first season to produce much effect.

Fowls must have a variety of food if they are to do well. Breakfast is good, but you couldn't live on it. Neither can a hen live on any one kind of food and do well.

When you mow your lawn leave a corner uncut so that you can clip a little fresh grass for the hens every day. They will amply repay any little attention of this sort.

Ground green bone is just as good for fowls now as when the weather was cold. They need animal food of some kind to keep them in condition, and this is the very best form in which to administer it.

Mulching hoed crops with straw, leaves or other litter is a simple and cheap safeguard against drouth. Potatoes so mulched last year yielded twice as heavily as those not mulched, in quite a number of instances.

Now beware of lice, keep lots of insect powder handy. Take out the roosts occasionally, pour kerosene over them and set them on fire. Sprinkle kerosene all around in the crevices. If you make nests of tobacco stems you will not be troubled with vermin there. The time to fight this enemy is before he takes possession of the place.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Ribbon is growing more and more popular.

The Bishop of London has joined the ranks of the women suffragists.

Transparencies of lace are let into many of the skirts with very good effect.

Our modern housemaid insists upon a large bow instead of a cap on her head.

Philadelphia hotels have abandoned the rule against the entertainment of women unaccompanied.

Twenty-one neighboring farm houses in North Paris, Me., have sent out twenty-four schoolmarms.

The Princess of Wales adorns her boudoir with curious patterns of skates of all countries and ages.

It isn't called "women's rights" or "women's suffrage" any more. It is "equal rights" in the new parlance.

Many women wear the hair combed down over the ears and waved out at the side like the old style of forty years ago.

There are said to be over 1000 women in New York who, in one way or another, make their living by their pens.

Louis Imogen Gurney, the New England postmistress-poet, has started on a walking trip through England.

The first woman to apply for and get a place on a police force was Miss Edith Walker of Bogota, Colombia, in 1894.

It is said that the ex-Queen Isabella of Spain is the godmother of more children than any other woman in the world.

The first paper devoted to woman suffrage ever published was the Una, edited by Mrs. Paulina Davis, of Providence, R. I.

Dona Manuella Palido, the first and only woman lawyer in Spain, opened an office in the Spanish capital in February, 1894.

A woman drummer, representing a Boston (Mass.) wholesale drug house, has invaded Kentucky, and is taking in the larger towns.

The first European women to marry a native of Burmah was Miss Mabel Cosgrove, who married Chan-Toon, of Rangoon, in January, 1894.

The Misses Brice, daughters of Senator Brice, of Ohio, will make a bicycle and kodak tour of the rural districts of France during the summer.

Pompadour silks and those with chine grounds in soft colors of blue, beige or fawn color are much used for rich, dressy blouse waists.

Vienna has a society—the Gisela Verein—which raises funds for young girls to enable them to marry. Last year sixty-six were provided for.

Over 40,000 women are attending colleges in America, yet it is only twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

The Princess Maud of Wales is a bicyclist, but does not rush into bloomers. She wears a neat and modest costume, with a riding-habit skirt.

Many of the new imported model trimmed hats are a veritable "dream." Such lovely flowers can only be an imitation of those growing in Paradise.

Cherry wood handles are the fashion in some of the newest umbrellas. There is not as much real or imitation silver used in ornamention as heretofore.

Skirts in Paris have more godets than ever, and they are very much wider than skirts worn over here. Everything is trimmed with "choux" and flowers.

Fashionable women in London are wearing wide ribbon around the neck to hang down on either side nearly to the edge of the skirt. It has the effect of a priest's stole.

Miss Lily Marshal, an English girl, is the inventor of the fine iridescent effects in brass work which have attracted so much attention. She has a studio in New York City.

The death of Mrs. Henry C. Lewis, of Coldwater, Mich., leaves the art collection possessed by her late husband, valued at $300,000, at the disposal of the University of Michigan.

Beatrice Harraden, author of "Ships That Pass in the Night," has a slight, girlish figure, short, curly hair and big, brown, "astonished" eyes, together with a sweet voice and gentle manners.

Dr. Helen Webster, of Wellesley College, is the only woman who has ever earned the title of doctor of philosophy. She went to Germany and literally won the honor by hard, unremitting labor.

Mrs. Emmons Blaine has presented to the First Presbyterian Church of Richfield Springs a new pipe organ and an addition to the church building as a memorial to her husband. It was in this church that they were married.

Mrs. Richard Watson Gilder, the wife of the editor of the Century, studied to be an artist when she was a girl. She says she hopes none of her three daughters will ever have any special talent for anything but being a truly good woman.

Miss Ada L. Woolfolk, of the University Settlement, at 95 Rivington street, was appointed a School Inspector for the Second School District, New York City. Miss Woolfolk has been identified with the college settlement work for several years. She graduated from Wellesley College in 1891, and is consequently a young woman. She takes an active interest in school work.

Enormous Pendulums.

The only structures in Japan which seem to be earthquake proof are the pagodas, which are erected before the temples. There are many pagodas which are seven or eight hundred years old and as solid as when first built. There is a reason for this, and it lies in their construction. A pagoda is practically a framework of heavy timbers which start from a wide base, and is in itself a substantial structure, but it is rendered still more stable by a peculiar device. Inside the framework and suspended from the apex is a long, heavy balk of timber two feet thick or more. This hangs from one end, and to the other end are bolted, at each of the four sides, four more heavy timbers, and if the pagoda be very lofty still more timbers are added on to these. The whole forms an enormous pendulum which reaches to within six inches of the ground. When the shock of an earthquake rocks the pagoda the pendulum swings in unison and keeps the center of gravity always at the base of the framework. Consequently, the equilibrium of the pagoda is never disturbed, and this is the explanation of the great age of many of them, when from their height one would suppose them to be peculiarly susceptible to the effect of an earthquake.

A Gay Scene.

No more brilliant scene can be imagined than a dancing palace in the Isle of Man at what may be called high tide. The floor is immense; four or five thousand young women are dancing on it; the young men in tennis flannels and colored scarfs, the young women in light muslin and straw hats. You sit in the gallery and look down. Sometimes the white lights in the glass roof are covered with red and blue and yellow, and these tints are cast on to the dancers. This simple artifice is astounding in its effects. The mere sense of size and the presence of so much life must count for a great deal. You have to witness the scene in order to realize its extraordinary fascination. The low buzz of the dancers' feet, the clang and clash of the brass instruments, the boom of the drum, the quake of the great glass house itself, and the low rumble of the hollow floor beneath—it is like one thing only that I can dream of or imagine—a battlefield set to music.

Throat Paralysis.

(*From the Courier-Herald, Saginaw, Mich.*)

It was publicly talked all over Clare County, Michigan, for some time before the *Courier-Herald* sent a reporter to Dover to fully investigate the Coulter matter. He finally went, and we publish to-day his full report. The Coulters are prominent people, though Mrs. C. in response to the question whether she objected to being interviewed, said, "Certainly not." Her story follows:

"About 14 years ago we decided to take up our abode in Dover and everything went along smoothly for several years, business progressed, and being of a saving temperament we accumulated quite an amount. Our family increased as the years rolled by and we now have 5 children living, the oldest 15, youngest 3, but sickness made its way into our household, and doctors' bills flooded upon us, until we have nothing left but our home and these sweet children. Everything went to satisfy the claims of physicians.

"About three years ago I had a miserable feeling at the back of my ears, my right hand became paralyzed and the paralysis extended to my arm and throat, and would affect my head and eyes, sometimes for days I would lose my sight, my face was deformed, lifeless as it were, my nose was drawn to one side, and I presented a pitiable appearance and never expecting to regain my natural facial expressions. I employed the best physicians that could be procured, expending thousands of dollars for their services, but could not obtain relief. At last, they stated my case was beyond the reach of medical skill, and it would be but a short time until the end would come. This certainly was not very encouraging to me, but I never gave up hope. In connection with receiving the attendance of physicians I have tried every medicine known to the apothecary but never received any relief until Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People came to my assistance. Before I had taken half of the first box the deformity in my face had left me, and before four boxes had been consumed the paralysis had disappeared entirely, and much to my surprise I felt like a new woman. I have not taken any medicine since last spring, just about a year ago, and my trouble has not appeared since. I owe my health, my life to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"A short time since my little boy John was afflicted with St. Vitus' dance. He could not walk across the room without assistance, in fact he would fall all over himself, but after taking a few boxes of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, St. Vitus' dance entirely left him, and no trace of the affliction is left. These Pills are worth their weight in gold. You may say in this connection that I am willing at any time to make affidavit to the truth of these statements, and furthermore, I will answer any communication concerning my case, as I consider it nothing more than right and just that I should assist suffering humanity."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are for sale by all druggists, or may be had by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., for 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

Royal Baking Powder

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Her Romance Ended.

"Yes, I gave him up," sighed the young woman in the pink wrapper.

"Did he prove unworthy of your affection?" inquired the sympathetic young woman in the pale-green gown.

"He—he became a spelling reformer," rejoined the other with a shudder, "and signed his name 'Jorj.' It took all the poetry and romance out of the name. It was more than I could endure."

And as the hoarse night winds moaned and shrieked outside, and the lonesome and despairing cat in the back alley lifted up its voice and howled in agony of soul the two friends sat and gazed dreamily into the fire.

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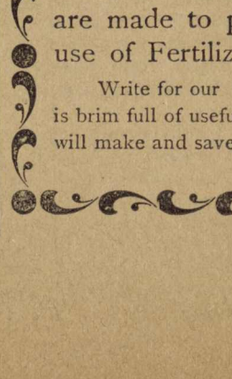
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



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It reaches the origin of the trouble and corrects it.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1895. NO. 17.

A Prayer.

Dear Lord! Kind Lord!
Gracious Lord! I pray
Thou wilt look on all I love
Tenderly today.
Weed their hearts of weariness;
Scatter every care
of angel wings
Winnowing the air.
Bring unto the sorrowing
All release from pain;
Let the lips of laughter
Overflow again!
And with all the needy
Oh, divide, I pray,
This vast measure of content
That is mine today.

—JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

A Mountain Courtship.

BY W. J. LAMPTON.

Susan Stebbins was by all odds the best looking girl on Grassy Lick, without being remarkably beautiful, for beauty is not a noticeable characteristic of mountain women, old or young, and how she had ever come to marry Lem Skaggs was a wonder to me, for Lem was by all odds the homeliest man on the Lick, and homeliness is a characteristic of mountain men. I knew Lem quite well, and had befriended him on many occasions, even loaning him money enough to get married on, as his crops were not in and he was scant of funds, and when they had been married about a month I asked him how it happened. He was a good fellow all over, was Lem, as guileless as a baby and as honest as the sunlight, and when I asked my question he blushed and grinned.

"She was tuck by my good looks," he laughed.

"Of course, of course," I laughed back; "anybody ought to see that, but my eyesight is weak. Tell me what you did to win her?"

"I didn't do nothin', Colonel. I jist wuz."

"That won't go, Lemuel. You are not the kind that win that way; you must have made yourself attractive in some other way.

"Hope to die, Colonel, ef I did," he insisted. "I jist wuz and she got tuck.

"'Didn't you court her pretty hard?"

"Did I?" and he drew a long breath as of relief at the thought of its being over. "Well, I should say I did. Why, I come mighty nigh mortgidgin' the farm to git her things she didn't seem to want when I'd give 'em her."

"What did you give her?"

"Everything, Colonel. It got so bad to'rds the last the old folks at the store told me ef I'd lump my dealin's they reckoned they could let me have 'em for wholesale prices."

"She couldn't stand your liberality, Lem. That's what got her."

"Not a bit uv it," he contended. "All the time I was takin' her all sorts uv things, she wuz makin' eyes at every feller that come along and sorter expectin' me to keep up my end uv the swingle tree, jist caze I kinder seemed to hanker atter doin' it that a-way."

"But you kept at it?"

"I reckon not," he laughed. "All uv a sudden I sot in fer Mary Finnel, and give the store folks a rest on buyin'."

Then what happened?" I inquired, with a hope that I would now get some information.

He laughed a low, gurgling laugh, such as a boy would give vent to when caught in some of his natural depredations.

"Well," he said, "she kinder swapped eends on t'other fellows, and swung 'round my way, but I wuzn't givin' a inch, and I didn't have no talk with her fer mighty nigh two weeks, and then one evenin' as I wuz passin' her house on my way to Mary's and she knowed it, I seen her hangin' on the gate lookin' out into the future er somethin' uv that sort that I seen a picter uv onc't an agent wuz sellin'.

"'Good evenin',' says I, not offerin' to stop.

"'Good evenin',' says she. 'Pears to me you're in a powerful hurry.'

"Kinder,' says I, slackin' up some. 'I promised to be down to Mary's 'bout this time.'

"She kinder looked down at the ground when I told her that, and kicked a little rock out of the path that wuz lyin' thar, and I felt like a sheep-stealin' dog fer sayin' what I had.

"'I reckon you'd better be hurryin' along then, for Mary ain't the kind that likes to be kep' waitin,' says e.

"'I s'pose,' says I, 'that you don't keer ef I stop and talk to you fer a miuute, do you?'

"'I ain't keering' what you do,' says she, kinder sullen.

"'You look like you wuz expectin' somebody yerself,' says I, feelin' ez ef I'd like to choke whoever the feller wuz.

"'That's what,' says she, and I felt more'n ever like choking somebody.

"'Who is it?' says I, watchin' the streaks uv laugh 'round her mouth and eyes.

"'That's for me to know and you to find out,' says she, laughin' right out.

"'I reckon I'll be goin' on down to Mary's, says I, thinkin' that I wuz'nt makin' nothin' hangin' 'round Susan.

"'Mebbe you wouldn't ef you knowed who wuz comin' says she, kinder reachin' over the gate.

"'Well, tell me,' says 'I, 'and see ef I'll stay.'

"'I reckon not,' says she. still a-naggin' me, 'mebbe they wouldn't like it!'

"'Who's they?' says I.

"She give a little chuckle, and I come up to the gate and rested my hands on it to one side uv her'n.

"'Pap and mother,' says she. 'They've gone down to the schoolhouse to preachin' and won't be back till 8 o'clock.'

"'Ain't you kinder lonesome waitin' hyer by yerself Susan!' says I, half way tryin' to pull the gate open, but she held it shet.'

"'I reckon I wuz,' says she. 'That's why I come out and hung on the gate. It's mighty still like in the house'

"You reckon you wuz?' says I. 'Ain't you now?' and I chuckled myself for ketchin' her.

"'P'r'aps I am and p'r'aps I ain't,' she sniggered, and tossed her head.

"I tried to open the gate, but she held it shet."

"'Ef you want me to stay, why don't you say so?' says I gettin' ugly.

"'I reckon you kin ef you want to,' says she, mighty pesky.

"'Susan,' says I, 'what's the use uv foolin'?'

"'Foolin' about what?' says she.

"'About me and you,' says I.

"'I ain't a foolin',' says she.

"'You air,' says I, 'and you know it,'

"Ef you don't like me, Lem Skaggs,' says she, brindlin' up all over, 'you kin go 'long. I didn't ax you to stop, did I?'

"'But I do like you, Susan, says I, gettin skeert, and tryin' to pull the gate open so's I could git clos't enough to her to coax her.

"I reckon you like Mary Finnell a sight better,' says she,' holdin' the gate ag'in' me.

"'I reckon I don't,' says I, and I could feel the gate give a little.

"'You wouldn't talk that a-way ef she wuz in hearin' distance,' says she.

"'Wouldn't I?' says I, and I heaved and sot on the gate, but it didn't move a peg. 'You jist fetch her up here and see ef I wouldn't.'

"'No, you jist go down thar,' says she. 'That's whar you started fer.'

"'I didn't do nothin' uv the sort,' says I, gettin' despriter every minute.

"'You told me you did,' says she, and I could feel the gate give some and then shet up ag'in.

"'You oughter know, Susan,' says I serious, 'that I wuz jist a-foolin', and I could feel the gate a-givin' way and shettin' and then givin' way ag'in.

"'An' you ain't lyin' now, Lem!" says she, a heap sight softer than any time in her life.

"'Course I ain't, Susan,' says I, and the gate come open about six inches.

"'Ef I only thought you wuzen't, Lem' says she lettin' the gate slip my way a leetle more every minute.

"'You know I ain't, Susan, says I, givin' the gate the strongest pull yit. 'You know it, and you know I never give a snap uv my finger fer any other gal in these parts and that all the time I've been a-hankerin' after you and wantin' you for my wife, but you kep' foolin' with me all along, and bustin' my heart mighty nigh and makin' me want to go off and chop a tree down on myself. You know it, Susan you know it,' and she h'isted her hands and the gate swung wide open.

"'What about Mary?' says she, standid' thar before me lookin' sweeter'n peaches and rosies.

"'Dern Mary,' says I clean fergittin' my manners and I retch out both hands fer Susan.

"'Oh Lem!' says she, and well Colonel,' he laughed as his honest face reddened beneath its saffron hue. "I reckon you're old enough to know the balance."

"I wouldn't be surprised Lem," I replied, blushing just a shade myself as a memory or two came slowly back from the rosy past.

He looked up smiling.

"And say Colonel," he said, "I wuzn't any purtier that night than I wuz before."

"Come off, Lemuel, " said I slapping him on the back, "it was so dark Susan couldn't see you."—New York Sun.

The Indians Regarded It As Sacred.

The white buck of Nevada County, probably the last of its kind in California, has fallen before a hunter's gun. It's stuffed hide is on exhibition in Ladd's gun store. It was not an Indian hunter who killed it, for no red man would have dared to draw a bead upon the beautiful creature for fear of a curse falling upon his family and his tribe. The Indians in that locality believed that the white deer contained the spirit of one of their great and good chiefs, and to kill it would have been worse than murder. For several years the animal had been occasionally seen by the Indians in the mountains in various parts of the country, but they rarely spoke of it to the whites, fearing the latter would start in pursuit. A few white men saw it but none were very desirous of taking its life because of its beauty. It weighed about 65 pounds and its hair and hide were of pure white. Near the horns the hair was tinged with gray.

It required nine large Winchester bullets to kill it. The hunter ran across the animal on a mountain side and opened fire. Although wounded by the first bullet the deer bounded into a small clump of brush, the only shelter within a mile. From his position on the hillside the hunter poured shot after shot into the thicket whenever he could catch a glimpse of the white hide. The wounded creature was afraid to leave the bushes and make a run for shelter deeper in the mountains, and it was literally burned to death with hot lead. The last shot entered the heart.—San Francisco, Call.

Sure of His Train Time.

"What time will the train be in, do you think?" asked the impatient man.

"It is purty hard to tell," answered the agent of the little Southern branch line in the presence of a Cincinnati Tribune reporter. "Sence Bill's tree was cut down he finds it a heap ef trouble makin' jest the right time."

"Bill's tree!"

"Yas, Bill; he is conductor, you know. The tree I was speakin' of stood alongside the track about thirty mile up the road from here, an' when the train came along and the shadder of the tree laid across the middle of the top rail of Buck Johnson's fence, Bill knowed he was on time, and could gage her about to get here on schedule time. Now they cut it down, and all Bill has to go by is his own guess. Company was talkin' some of puttin' up a pole in the place whar the tree uster be, but they hain't done it yit."

Why He Is Popular.

Professor Horseburner of Sayville, Conn., is exceedingly popular with his fellow citizens. When Cleveland was last elected the professor lost a wager by the terms of which he has had to play the trombone for four hours a day three times a week ever since the 4th of March, 1893, and he is to do so until March 1, 1897. In order not to disturb his neighbors he has a small balloon anchored to his roof by 450 yards of rope and he goes up in it when he plays. He will probably be the next mayor of the town.—New York Mail and Express.

Liverpool is the most densely populated city in Great Britain, having a population of 97.9 per acre, or 114 per acre, excluding the docks and quay.

QUAINT AND CURIOUS.

The crocodile's egg is about the size of that of a goose.

Naturalists are still in doubt as to whether the plant is a sponge or an animal.

Over 7,000 varieties of microscopic seashells have been enumerated by naturalists.

The average depth of all oceans is supposed to be between 2,000 and 3,000 fathoms.

A Russian economist estimates the annual cost of the armed peace in Europe at $2,000,000,000.

Meuzel, the artist, is a curious case of ambidexterity. He draws with his left hand, and paints with his right.

The licorice of commerce is the product of the plant known as Glycyrrhiza glabra, grown in the north of Spain.

In China all business is done on credit, and there are but three pay days in the year, in May, July and December.

Charles Bengel, a Freeport, Illinois man, who was shot in the heart lived for eleven hours with a bullet lodged in his heart.

A few days ago a man died in Chicago, leaving an estate appraised at but $700, though a few years ago he was worth at least $2,000,000.

A large church-bell at Hildesheim, Germany, weighing 17,400 pounds, and seven years in use, was cracked on May 19, although it was rung no louder than usual.

Some of the tops with which the Chinese amuse themselves are as large as barrels. It takes three men to spin one, and it gives off a sound that may be heard several hundred yards.

A New York editor, Mr. Roys, of Goshen, has been fishing with a line 300 feet long through the pipe of an artesian well. He caught four blind fish that averaged one foot in length and one pound in weight.

A Washington landlady hauled a boarder before the police court, for insulting and abusing her. After the judge had patiently listened to both sides of the case, he dismissed it, declaring that it was a draw between them.

Dr. Stuhlmann, who is traveling in Africa has come upon a tree whose fruit gives out a tallow-like fat. The tree is one of the largest in the forests of Usambara, and the fruit is big and heavy, measuring a foot in length by half a foot in diameter. It is a new species of the guttiferi. The natives call it mkani, but the botanists name it Stearodendron Stuhlmanni.

Origin of the Four-post Bedstead.

In mediaeval times, when life was very insecure, it was usual for people to sleep on a bed which was surrounded by sides of board, with strong posts at the four corners. These sides contained sliding doors, which could be fastened inside. When men retired to rest they took a weapon with them. If attacked in the night they were aroused by the noise made by the crashing in of their wooden defences, and were able to defend themselves. When the law became strong enough to protect human life, the sides of the bedstead were gradually dispensed with, but the four posts remained. The boxlike bedstead still survives in the rural parts of Scotland, and is almost necessary where the earthen floors and imperfect ceilings cause much damp. Emily Bronte in "Wuthering Heights" describes one of these bedsteads in the old mansion as forming a "little closet." Mr. Lockwood, who had to sleep in it, says: "I slid back the panel sides, got in with my light, pulled them together again, and felt secure."—London Tidbits.

A Tree's Limit of Fruition.

The amount of fruit which a single tree can produce year after year is a question of interest to biologists. At Hampton Court in England, is a grape vine which has been permitted to occupy the whole glass house. This one vine has been bearing grapes for nearly a century and occupies an area of 2,250 square feet. It is estimated that during the vine's existence there at least 120,000 pounds of grapes have been gathered from it.—New York Independent.

Saving the Colors.

From time immemorial the armies of every warlike people have set the highest value upon the standards they bore to battle. To guard one's own flag against capture is the pride, to capture the flag of one's enemy the ambition, of every valiant soldier. In consequence, in every war between peoples of good military record feats of daring performed by color-bearers are honorably common. The civil war was full of such incidents. Out of very many, two or three stand as especially noteworthy.

One occurred at Fredericksburg on the day when half the brigades of Meagher and Caldwell lay on the bloody slope leading up to the Confederate intrenchments. Among the assaulting regiments was the Fifth New Hampshire, and it lost 186 out of 300 men who made the charge. The survivors fell back suddenly behind a fence, within easy range of the Confederate rifle-pits. Just before reaching it the last of the color-guard was shot, and the flag fell in the open. A Captain Perry, instantly ran out to rescue it, and, as he reached it, was shot through the heart; another Captain, Murray, made the same attempt, and was also killed; and so was a third, Moore. Several private soldirs met a like fate. They were all killed close to the flag, and their dead bodies fell across one another. Taking advantage of this breast-work, Lieutenant Nettleton crawled from behind the fence to the colors, and bore back the blood-won trophy. — Harper's Round Table.

Good Joke on a Beau.

Friends of Charley Leffert a popular young railroad clerk, are telling a good story at his expense, says the Louisville Commercial. They say that one Sunday night he took a young lady to church. When they entered the church a few drops of rain had fallen. Charley had no umbrella. When church was over several wags in the neighborhood stood in front of the church door with their umbrellas raised. This gave the congregation who were about to leave the church the impression that it was raining.

The people in church were afraid to venture out, although the stars were shining brightly. Of course Charley and his girl were among those who anxiously waited for the rain to cease, but the wags hung about the door with their raised umbrellas and no one ventured out. Then to do the proper thing Charley gave a little boy a dime and chased him to the nearest drug store to telephone for a coupe. The coupe arrived in due time and Charley pushed his way through the crowd. When he reached the pavement and looked up the stars shone bright and beautiful, but it was too late to dismiss the coupe.

His ride of three squares on a beautiful night cost him $1, and now some of the church people say Charley was putting on style.

An Old-time Lobster's Claw.

Over forty years ago, Elias Totman of Phippsburg was fishing off Bald Head, Small Point, when his hook caught in something heavy and he began to pull up a dead weight that might have been a small anchor. Imagine his astonishment when a huge lobster came over the side—a lobster so big that it weighed thirty-five pounds, and its claws were thirteen inches long and nine inches broad. The lobster was boiled in a wash boiler because the family kettle was not large enough. About six years ago Mr. A. Y. Johnson of this city came into possession of one of those great claws, that had been kept in the Totmon family all those years. The other day he gave the claw to Mr. Henry Sargent.—Portland Daily Press.

Reservation.

"So you are married at last, are you, Jen?" said the large, lymphatic lady, and the other passengers on the car got ready to listen.

"You bet," replied the black-eyed lady with the large red hat. "Had the reg-lar 'Piscopalian ceremony, too."

"So you promised to love, honor, and obey, did ye?"

"Oh yes; but when they come to the 'obey' part of it, I said 'I will' as loud as you please; and then under my breath I said 'not.'"—Cincinnati Tribune.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

If a match is held to a celluloid billiard ball, the ball will catch fire and burn.

The newest puncture-proof band for use on bicycles is made of strips of whalebone inserted between the air-tube and the outer cover.

Already over 12,000 tons of armor plate have been completed and delivered to the government by the Bethlehem and Carnegie companies.

British bicycle makers find it difficult to get sufficient steel tubing, as the American makers early this season had got about all there was in sight.

Uranus is really a gigantic world more than sixty times as large as ours. Its vast distance, now about 1,700,000,000 miles from the earth, is what causes it to look so small.

In Louisville the Associated Press dispatches are taken direct from the wire by a man with a linotype machine, and the subscribers are furnished with stereotypes all ready for the press.

It is stated that Dr. Bertillon has discovered a new method for identifying handwriting by enlarging the letters by photography and measuring the alterations due to beating of the pulse.

An electric weed killer has been invented which is designed to kill the weeds along a railroad track by running an electric current through them, root and branch. It can be attached to a train running at full speed.

Herschel calculated the total weight of the atmosphere at eleven and two-thirds trillions of pounds; and yet with this inconceivable vast weight it is only one one-million two hundred thousandth of the weight of the earth itself.

Cyclomania.

"Is your sister at home, Johnny?"

"No, sir; she hasn't returned from the academy yet."

"What academy?"

"Why, haven't you heard that she is an instructress at the bicycle school—teaches the women to ride and sells them bloomers and things?"

"Well, are your father and mother in?"

"No, sir; they are out in the park on their tandem tricycle."

"Your brother Bob is traveling, isn't he?"

"Yep; he's with one of the big racing teams. I tell you he's a crack-a-jack! Wins a bushel of diamonds and gold cup every week."

"And where are the twins?"

"They've got Rover, our dog, out in the barn and are teaching him to ride the new quadricycle which has just been invented for household pets."

"But how does it happen that you are not riding a wheel, too?"

"Sprained my ankle trai ing for the race."—Buffalo Express.

Pleasures for the Deaf and Dumb.

In the Massachusetts School for the Blind is a little girl named Edith Thomas, who is deaf and dumb, as well as sightless, but, thanks to the admirable training of the institution, she can read and write, and is as intelligent as any child of her age. She has thus far been able to have many pleasures in common with more fortunate children, and she is a living example of the noble work done by such institutions to make the world brighter and pleasanter to those who are so afflicted as to be shut out from all participation in the pleasures of life without such training.—New Orleans Picayune.

A Parliament Recognizes Cycling.

While the village of Babylon, L. I., has presumed to legislate against the bicycle, the parliament of Belgium has taken official cognizance of the wheel. It has established a system for checking and taking care of the wheels of those of its members who have adopted this means of riding to and from the houses of parliament.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Uncle Sam's Cotton Seed Oil.

The United States exported two and a quarter million gallons of cotton seed oil to Germany last year. Six million gallons went to Holland. Germany has put a duty of $2.50 on each 200 pounds of the oil.—Chicago Times Herald.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The New York Advertiser asserts that most men in the English army and navy enlist because, as one of them was heard to remark, "I was too cowardly to steal, too proud to beg and too lazy to work."

Even Zululand is in the van of progress, notes the Chicago Times-Herald. Money orders may now be obtained at any money order office in the United Kingdom payable at Eshow, Melmoth, Nqutu and Nonwent, in that country.

The Legion of Honor costs France about $2,400,000 a year. There are thirty-four grand crosses, receiving $600 each, 176 grand officers at $400, 811 commanders at $200, 4,039 officers at $100, and 25,441 chevaliers at $50, with 51,011 military medalists receiving small pensions.

Henry C. Strong of Chicago, claims to be the first inventor of the telephone. He made his first one in 1877, out of a piece of gas pipe, a block of wood, a reel of copper wire, and a bit of sheet metal. He applied for a patent in the spring of 1877, but only got it a few years since, as a fire in the patent office destroyed his model, and caused a delay.

The American Farmer observes: "Talk about having money to burn. The Cubans are burning molasses, and the Louisiana sugar-growers are considering the practicability of doing the same thing. The high heat developed makes the syrup a cheap fuel. They are also thinking of the more general use of molasses as stock feed. This is no experiment. English farmers use large quantities of molasses as forage."

Investigation by the New York Sun shows that more money is spent by New Yorkers of the rank and file in donations to street organ grinders, than by fashionable and musical persons on the whole season of Grand Opera. This fact alone is enough to refute and annihilate those cantankerous and melancholy individuals to whom the wandering purveyor of popular airs is an abomination. This cheerful response of the public shows that the peripatetic Italians supply a real want.

The special cotton mill edition of The Manufacturers' Record shows that the amount of capital invested in Southern cotton mills increased from $21,900,000 in 1880 and $61,000,000 in 1890 to $107,000,000 at present, while about $12,000,000 additional will be spent in the construction of the mills now building and projected. In 1880 the South had 667,000 spindles; in 1891, 1,700,000 spindles, and at the present time 3,00,000 spindles, while the mills under construction will add 500,000 spindles more, or a total of 3,500,000 spindles, thus doubling the entire cotton mill business of the South since 1890.

AN EDITOR'S DUTIES

The following is given as an editor's duties by the Sank Rapids Sentinel:

"We apologize for mistakes made in all former issues and say that they were excusable, as all an editor has to do is to hunt news and clean the rollers, and set type, and sweep the floor, and pen short items, and fold papers, and write wrappers, and make the paste, and mail the papers, and talk to visitors, and distribute type, carry water, and saw wood, and read the proof, and correct the mistakes, hunt the shears to write editorials, and dodge the bills, and dun delinquents, and take cursings from the whole force, and tell subscribers that we need money. We say that we've no business to make mistakes while attending to these little matters, and getting our living on gophertail soup, flavored with imagination, and wearing old shoes and no collar, and a patch on our pants, obliged to turn a smiling countenance to the man who tells us our paper isn't worth $1 anyhow, and that he could make a better one with his eyes shut."

EARLY DAYS IN AND AROUND MONTEVALLO.

NO. 1.

"Sweet Auburn—loveliest village of the plain."

Montevallo, as our readers all know, was originally called Wilson's Hill. It took its name from its first citizen who was named Wilson, an uncle to Dr. John B. Wilson, and a great uncle to Henry, Frank and John Wilson. He moved here from Georgia and settled at this place where he built a log house on top of the hill near the large spring on Shoal creek. This was in 1817, and before the state was admitted to the Union.

He was soon joined by Edmond King, who also came from Georgia and settled on the King place. He first built a log house near the dry branch on the Tuscaloosa road, about a hundred yards to the right of the road.

It was here that Mrs. Judge Shortridge, the mother of Webb Shortridge, was born. King built the brick house, known as the King house, soon after this and it was the wonder and admiration of the country for miles. Great numbers came to see it and it was considered the finest house they had ever seen.

He then built a brick store on the Reynolds lot, where their warehouse now stands. He traded with Indians, shaved notes in after years and gradually amassed a fortune. The creek Indians lived here and cultivated rich spots in the King, Steel and Morgan bottoms. Even now arrow heads can be picked up in those fields. Beyond the place now owned by Jackson Gentry was their ball ground, known as the "Indian Field." Indian pipes and other curiosities could be found there up to time of war, also foot race tracks could be seen there.

The Indians made an oil from hickorynuts and chestnuts which they used in place of lard. They always raked the leaves from under the chestnut trees so they would not be injured by fire in the woods.

Among the early settlers were the McHenrys, who settled the Harrison place. The creek now known as King's creek was formerly called McHenry's creek. On a beach tree near the Davis falls can now be seen the name of McHenry cut there in 1821, seventy-four years ago. About this time, 1825, the Bowdons moved here and settled the Killough place. It was there the talented Frank Bowdon, Sr., of Talladega was born. The Killough mill was built by Robert Bowdon, a great uncle of Lewis Bowdon of this place.

Thomas Walker, the father of Judge Walker, who died a few years ago, settled what is now known as the Lawhon place and built a saw mill and grist mill just above the ford of the Montgomery road. This was in 1835.

Old man Powell moved here from East Tennessee and settled on the land now owned by H. C. Reynolds where he has his orchard.

Alex Nelson then moved here from East Tennessee and married Powell's daughter. He bought the Walker property, now known as the Lawhon place, and then built a merchant mill near the large spring at the head of the pond and made flour and meal in large quantities. He sold his flour as far south as Selma, Marion and Greensboro and hauled it there in wagons. Previous to the erection of this mill wheat was carried from this section to Prattville, Autauga county, where it was ground into flour.

The oldest house now standing in town is the two story house near the negro church. It was built by Fred Watrous, who afterwards moved to Texas.

It has always been understood here that this place came within one vote of being the state capital. We are reliably informed that this is a mistake. It did come within one vote of getting the state university away back in the thirties. Alva Wood came here from Tuscaloosa on a committee to select a site, and seeing the great natural advantages of this place reported back to the legislature in favor of Wilson's Hill. In the meantime he gave it the name of Montevallo. When left to a vote our opponent got it by one vote.

Shoal creek will be seen on the old field notes in the original survey of 1819 as Wilson's creek.

The Mardis family were also among the early settlers. They were all intellectual people and great believers in state's rights; so much so they named one of the boys "States Rights," who afterwards became a celebrated lawyer in New Orleans.

W. W. King, a son of Edmond King also, moved to New Orleans and became one of the first lawyers there. It is said he had many cases in the United States supreme court and never lost a case. In one case he received a fee of $75,000, but eventually died a poor man.

The house in which church was first held was the old masonic building which stood on the bluff above the big spring. It is said school was taught in this building all the week and a big dance on Friday night and Sunday school and church on Sunday. The first church and school house, however, was built near the center of the Montevallo cemetery, down near the Wilson spring.

Daniel Watrous also came here in the early drys of Montevallo. He emigrated from Elmira, N. Y. He was the first lawyer ever in the town. He ran against William L. Yancy for congress. Watrous was the whig candidate, and Yancy the state's rights democrat, commonly called "fire-eaters."

The first hotel was in the building now occupied by H. C. & W. B. Reynolds as a store house. It was known as the Bell hotel.

Horace Ware was reared near the Thompson place, now known as Birmingham Junction. He read law under Judge Shortridge. He afterwards ran an iron works at Thomson's mill.

Old man Jimmy Nabors, an uncle to French Nabors, was also one of the "old-timers," and represented the county in both branches of the legislature. Jimmy Nabors was known as a great temperance man, and organized a temperance club here. At that time whisky was worth twenty cents a gallon. It is said when people in the county had a falling out they would make an appointment to meet each other in town the following Saturday and fight it out.

One of the first and best teachers in the early days was Prof. Livingston, a fine Greek and Latin scholar, who afterwards moved to Talladega and married Miss Willis, a cousin of General Morgan's wife.

The most noted school in all this section, however, was at Salem graveyard. It was kept up there for three years and very often had from 75 to 150 pupils in attendance. One of the first teachers there was Prof. Billy Peters, the father of J. L. Peters, Esq., of Columbiana—a kind gentleman and a good teacher.

"Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault,
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amaz'd the gazing rustics 'ranged around,
And still they gazed and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew—
But pass'd is all he knew. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot."

OUR SCHOOL.

Montevallo, Ala., July 16, 1895.

Editor of the News: Dear Sir—The Executive Committee of the Board of Trustees of the Girls Industrial College, appreciating the enthusiastic interest with which you and your readers are watching their labors, desire to give to you and to them authentic information in regard to the result of their late deliberations at Montevallo. They found here available for immediate use a brick school building of eight rooms, and four frame cottages containing twenty-four rooms. It was proposed to erect a temporary building adjacent to the school building, and attempt to open the school this fall or the first of January, 1896. After carefully considering all the circumstances the committee unanimously decided that such a course would be undesirable for several reasons.

First: With so little money on hand for so vast an undertaking they deem it unwise to waste any amount, however small, in erecting temporary buildings.

In the second place: Even such buildings could not be properly finished in time for a Fall opening; and it would be bad policy to open in January when the girls of the state are for the most part already at work in their chosen schools. All desirable teachers will also be engaged elsewhere.

Thirdly: The amount of money available for this current year and the next is not sufficient to put up suitable buildings and pay the expenses of the school, even though the opening should be delayed until January, 1896, and the first scholastic year made only six months long.

The committee cannot hope to command more than $20,000 at this time, $15,000 from the state and about $5,000 from the cash contributions of friends, and from the sale of lands donated. These lands will no doubt eventually bring far more than this amount, but the committee cannot hope to sell the whole tract for its real value at this time.

Twenty thousand dollars will not be more than enough for the erection of a large and handsome school building, warmed by steam, lighted by electricity and furnished with the very best school appliances.

The legislature which meets in 1896 will be asked to appropriate not only enough for the annual expenses of the school, but an additional sum for other buildings. We cannot doubt that there will be a liberal response to this appeal. Having begun a good work the law-makers will not let it languish for lack of means.

For more than seventy years the girls of the state have had no recognition from its rulers; now that tardy justice is being dealt out to them, it must be with no niggard hand. This school must be made the worthy sister of the state institutions at Tuscaloosa and Auburn. We must have such buildings and appliances that we shall feel proud to exhibit them to visitors from other states. We must not be satisfied with doing merely so much as they have done in this line, we must go beyond them. As ours is the latest founded institution of this character, it must be the best.

When I was once spending some time in Canada, I was struck with the fact that whenever I was introduced to educated Canadians as an Alabamian, the first question asked me was always, "Do you know Dr. Peter Bryce?" The indefatigable efforts of this noble man had made the institution over which he presided a model for the world, and had thus won honor for Alabama in every civilized land. Why should not our Girls Industrial School take the same high stand among similar institutions? One of the very finest industrial schools in the world is the Negro Industrial School located at Tuskegee, Alabama. It owes its wonderful success in part to its wise management, and in part to the great liberality of its Northern friends.

If I am rightly informed it received from this source for the current expenses of last year more than $50,000. Now we cannot believe that the fathers and brothers of Alabama will be less liberal to the girls of their own race and state, their daughters and sisters, than northern men are showing themselves toward girls of an alien race and a distant state. We can reasonably expect from the next legislature a liberal appropriation for another reason. The income of the state will be largely increased by the new mode of taxation inaugurated this year. So the state can afford to be generous to its long neglected daughters. In view of this prospect the committee are not willing to begin this enterprise in a style that would be humiliating to every one connected with the school and disgraceful to the state.

They intend by October, 1896, to open with such buildings and appliances as will excite a just pride in the heart of every Alabamian, and especially gratifying to the loyal citizens of Montevallo. J. S. T.

A DOUBLE MURDER.

A Father and Son Brutally Murdered by a Body of Masked Men.

LOUISVILLE, KY.—A special to the Post from Princeton, Ky., dated Tuesday says: A mob of masked men went to the residence of Joseph Howton at Lewiston, eight miles from this county last night and murdered him and his son Howlett Howton. Just as the clock struck 12, one of the mob knocked on the door and asked to see Howlett Howton. He came to the door and after talking a minute or two was seized and pulled outside and shot through the body. The mob then dragged him to the gate and shot him seven times. After they had finished him the gang went back to the house. The white-haired father begged that they spare his life and the lives of his family but his entreaties were unheeded and they made him back up into a corner so they could shoot him without danger to his wife and daughters. The leader deliberately counted ten and five of the men fired at the old man. One ball struck him in the wrist, another in the abdomen and a third in the groin. The men then left the house. One of the women was so badly frightened that she was utterly prostrated and her death is looked for. There is no theory as to the cause of the mob's action. The Howtons were quiet, inoffensive people and stood well in the community. The sheriff and a posse, with the county attorney and the coroner, have gone to the scene of the double murder to make a thorough investigation and it is believed that the murderers will be apprehended.

NEW POSTAL REGULATION.

WASHINGTON, D. C.—Postmaster General Wilson has amended the postal laws and regulations so as to prohibit postal clerks from opening more than one sack of mail at the same time. The object of the order is to assist in fixing the responsibility for mistakes.

CHEAP RATES

To Talladega and Return, Account Alabama Chautauqua.

Southern Railway will sell round trip tickets from all points on its line in Alabama to Talladega and return at rate of one fare for the round trip from July 1 to 27 inclusive, good to return till August 1, on account of meeting of the Alcbama Chautauqua.

The following was found written on the back of a wagon, which came through this place Wednesday. The occupants had tried the "wild and woolly west" and were evidently not much pleased with that section of the country: "Nebrasky for starvation, Colorado for irrigation, Kansas for stagnation and populist administration. Hell and damnation, I'll go to old Kentucky to my wife's relation."—Stanford Interior Journal.

WOMAN'S WORLD.

PLEASANT LITERATURE FOR FEMININE READERS.

COSTUMES OF BARBARIC MAGNIFICENCE.

The Princess of Montenegro and her daughters, who are now staying in Venice, are occasionally to be seen wearing their National costume. This is one of barbaric magnificence, being heavily embroidered with gold and uncut gems of great size; golden fringes and sequins hang from the sleeves, waistbands and end of the sash, and the "Greek" jackets and little caps are a mass of gold. The princesses wear their splendid black hair in long plaits down their back, threads of gold being woven into their meshes, while jeweled knives and daggers are stuck in their belts. Prince Nicholas, of Montenegro, also frequently dons his National dress on state or festive occasions in his own country.—New Orleans Picayune.

ROUGE OUT OF FASHION.

There is news from France—very important news to those whom it may concern, and rather unexpected to all, though rumors have indeed been flying about. Rouge has gone out. There are to be no more florid complexions, and pallor is to be the rage. Of course, as a corollary, golden hair is to disappear—which is rather a relief, on the whole—and the taste will be for brunettes. But not for all brunettes; in a matter of such importance it is well to know the worst at once. The rich, full olive tint is no beauty henceforth; the hair must be coal-black, and the face must be extremely pale. And it seems it is all due to M. Henner. That morbid but eminent artist has created a type. He has shown it in his Virgins and his Magdalens, and Paris has at last now decided that beauty is only admirable when it comes near the Henner type.—Westminster Gazette.

THE STANDARD OIL HEIRESS.

Miss Edith Rockefeller, who is to marry Harold Fowler McCormick, of Chicago, is not out of her teens. The Rockefeller girls, though probably the richest in America, have never gone into so-called society in New York City. They have a very nice circle of their own—solid, substantial Christian folk—but the gay world has not numbered them. No doubt, had they pushed the doors a trifle, as other rich and ambitious women have done, they might have penetrated the charmed circle, but it seems they had too much good sense. Both the young ladies are beautifully educated and highly accomplished. Both are very charitable and spend much of their time to hospital work, having endowed beds in various well-know institutions. Miss Edith is quite a pretty girl and an accomplished musician. She is very fond of horseback riding and walking. Thank goodness! Here's one less American heiress to be snapped up by some miserable little foreign popinjay with a worthless handle to his name and not a penny in his pocket, la de da.—Chicago Times-Herald.

WOMEN AT WORK.

An exceedingly interesting bulletin dealing with the occupations of the people has been issued by the Government Census Bureau. According to this bulletin, very nearly one-half—forty-eight per cent.—of persons ten years of age and over may be classed as working people or people engaged in "gainful occupations." The total number of working people is placed at 22,735,661, and of these 18,820,950 are males and 3,914,711 are females.

There has been a very large gain in the number engaged in gainful occupations between 1880 and 1890, such increase being 5,343,562, and of this gain 1,267,554 are females. In this connection it is interesting to notice into what branches of business the million and a quarter of women have entered to earn their living. The occupations into which this vast number of wage-workers have gone are trade and transportation, and in these occupations the increase of males has been seventy-eight per cent., while the increase of females has been considerably over 273 per cent. The female wage-workers have gone chiefly into stores and offices as clerks, bookkeepers, stenographers, cashiers, typewriters and saleswomen. A number also have gone into various departments of the printing and publishing industries.—Chicago Record.

FASHION NOTES.

The tartan craze has attacked parasols as well as shirt waists.

The lace collar, now so fashionable, cannot be too wide or too deep.

White crepe Chinese shawls with a deep silk fringe will be among fashionable wraps for summer evenings.

White duck suites are to continue in vogue, but not the cheap, domestic duck. The material that comes over the sea will have the preference.

Neapolitan straw is the material of which some of the most beautiful of the newly imported bonnets are made. And it is declared they cannot be imitated.

The furniture revival next year for the drawing room will be the rosewood and red velvet of over fifty years ago, when there was less style, but more solidity.

Fichu and fichu effects are in vogue. Chemisettes and turn over collars and cuffs are the style for tailor made gowns. When of linen they are stiffly starched.

Mohair costumes imported from Paquin have short, jaunty jackets trimmed with small, dull gilt buttons and straight bands of the mohair, less than an inch in width.

A new caprice in sleeves shows the portion from elbow to wrist moderately close fitting, then a flaring cuff shaped like a funnel. This is all cut in one piece and needs an expert to make it in a satisfactory style.

Ribbon sashes will be worn with the Swiss, organdie and lighter summer gowns. Flowered ribbons and those in stripes are pretty. Those in Roman and plaid designs are also seen. The sunburst patterns, in delicate colors, are very handsome and effective.

Thin hose and bathing shoes, with some sort of loose trousers, are considered indispensable by many ladies. For those who cannot bear too much bright sunshine there are hats of waterproof straw or braid, trimmed with ribbons, that are not affected by water.

Shoes grow narrower. We have gotten to the "needle toe." Low shoes with leggins and gaiters are much worn. Fancy shoes are of perforated leather over skins of a different color. They are, however, excepting in the quieter tones, only for the more fortunate sisters who own their own carriages.

Cameo Carving.

It sounds formidable—cameo carving—but in reality it is quite simple. First you provide yourself with a working table; it need not be large; then, at any store, buy half a dozen gravers and scoopers of varying degrees of fineness; the next outlay is for a shell upon which you are to cut the cameo. Black, red and yellow "helmets," as the shells are called, are required, and they cost from $3 to $5 each, but from a good shell several ovals or rounds can be cut.

After it has been cut the required size and shape it is then fixed with hot cement upon a holder—a little block that can be held in the hand. The upper surface of the shell is made sufficiently smooth to take the design, which is then traced upon it, as one traces on china; all the white part beyond the design is cut away, leaving the pattern on the dark ground to be, by degrees, cut into form. The thickness and quality of the white stratum cannot be known until the shell is cut. It varies a good deal, so that sometimes the figure will stand out in much higher relief than at first anticipated.

Sometimes, when a particular design is to be made, several shells are cut before a suitable one is found.

The skill of the artist is shown in the arrangement of the design so as to make the best use of the shell. For instance, the foliage must be arranged to come where the white is thinnest and figures where the thickness of the white will give roundness to the limbs.

It naturally follows that the one who understands the arts of drawing and painting and all about lights and shadows will make the greatest success as a cameo engraver.

To take out any scratches made by the graver the cameo or shell must be polished by rubbing it with pumice stone and water, after which it must be washed in warm water, when a second polishing follows with pumice dust and oil and with a small box-wood stick. Then it must be washed again. The third and last finish is given with fine rotten stone and sulphuric acid; a very high degree of polish is thus obtained, and behold your cameo! Perhaps not at first the success you dreamed, but still very satisfactory, while with practice you go on to perfection and in time have a choice bit to offer a friend.

"What! a cameo, and you cut it?"

"Yes; oh, that's nothing. I've done dozens of them," and so forth and so on, while you in turn initiate your friend in the mysteries of cameo cutting and feel sufficiently awarded for your labors in her exclamations of surprise at your cleverness.—Chicago Record.

Scaring Unwelcome Visitors.

During the Franco-German War a couple of hundred Uhlans arrived in a Norman village. One of the peasants hurried to a neighboring hamlet to warn a well-to-do farmer that he might expect a visit from unwelcome raiders. The farmer was equal to the emergency. Calling his wife and daughters, all went to work with a will. Torn quilts, tattered petticoats, dilapidated gowns, were thrown over the backs of the cattle, enveloping them up to their horns, while their feet and their heads were bound with straw.

Then the sheep and goats were treated in the same fashion; bottles of medicine were scattered about; a large trough was filled with water, and in its midst was placed a great syringe. Up came the Uhlans, but at sight of the strangely attired animals and the squirt they hesitated.

At last one of the troopers inquired what was the matter. "The rinder pest," said the farmer. He had to answer no more questions. His visitors turned their horses' heads and galloped off at their best speed to make requisition elsewhere.—Pearson's Weekly.

Bogus American Lard Abroad.

The Department of Agriculture has received from France an extended notice of the condemnation by the municipal chemist of Paris of a compound which is being sold in France under the name of American lard. The chemist has ascertained that the compound consists of hog offal treated chemically at a high temperature and under strong pressure. It is deodorized and bleached with chlorides. The Journal des Debats, a Parisian newspaper of prominence, denounces this compound sold in France under the name of American lard as unfit even for dogs to eat. The authorities at the Agricultural Department knew nothing of this alleged American product, and intimate that it may not be of American origin at all.—Washington Star.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Watermelons seem to be plentiful in our country.

Mr. J. L. Suttle of Selma was in our town Friday.

Miss Ona Harrell of Atlanta is visiting Mrs. P. J. Kroell.

Mr. C. C. DuBose of Columbiana was in the city Monday.

Editor Graham of the Sentinel was in our town a few days since.

Mr. R. E. Hall is visiting friends and relatives in Shelby this week.

Dr. McGaha delivered a fine sermon at the Baptist church Sunday morning.

Messrs. S. A. & H. S. Latham moved into their new store last Monday.

Mr. H. E. Reynolds of Blocton spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wilson of Demopolis are at the Alden House for a week or so.

Misses Mary and Katie Kroell left for Talladega Sunday to attend the Chautauqua.

Mr. Henry Martin of Atlanta spent a few days with Mr. S. A. Latham and family last week.

We have been told that two ladies of our town are going to study "medicine." What next?

The Misses Latham entertained a few of their friends at their beautiful home last Friday night.

Mrs. Parker of Columbiana, who has been visiting Mrs. C. L. Meroney, returned home a few days since.

Mr. James G. Harris has the sympathy of the entire community in the loss of his wife, who died Saturday.

Mr. John P. Kennedy of Centreville, accompanied by his sister, Miss Annie, spent two days in the city last week.

Mrs. Cora Bondurant of East Lake, accompanied by her little son and daughter, spent Monday with Mrs. A. E. Davis.

Rev. John W. Stewart, manager of the Baptist orphans' home of Evergreen, preached at the Baptist church Sunday night.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, who has been visiting relatives at Faunsdale, returned home Saturday, accompanied by her sister, Miss Minnie Walker.

Mrs. Powers, an aged lady living three miles from here, died last Friday night. The News extends sympathy to the bereaved ones in their great loss.

Rev. Stewart informed us Sunday that the Sunbeam society at this place was one of the leading societies of the state. This speaks well for our town, and we hope the Sunbeams will continue to do their good work.

We regret to chronicle the departure of one of our most charming visitors. Miss May Lenoir impressed us as an original and entertaining young lady. She unconsciously made friends of all with whom she was associated during her too short stay.

To My Neighbors and Friends.

I take this method of thaking you all for the kind attention given me and my family during the illness of my beloved wife. I feel that no one in this vicinity was ever more kindly treated, and I wish to express my gratitude to all.

Respectfully,
James G. Harris.

Mrs. Mattie Allen returned home from Birmingham Tuesday, accompanied by Mrs. Carrie Nicholls.

Miss Linnie Curry, Dry Valley, is visiting friends of this place this week.

FOR SALE

The Newt Eddings Farm.

Only (2) two miles from Montevallo, (1 1-2) one and a half miles from Birmingham Junction, containing two hundred and forty (240) acres.

Two hundred acres of fine timber, forty now in cultivation, a good dwelling and tenant houses. A bargain for cash.

For further particulars apply at this office. tf

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISMARCK ITEMS.

C. C. A. went to Dry Valley Sunday.

Mr. J. R. Boyd and wife of Mc Comb City, Miss., are visiting friends here this week.

Died, at the residence of C. R. Power, at 2:20 Friday morning, July 12th, Mrs. Power, aged 69 years. Mrs. Power has many friends who will feel her loss and miss her. We extend to the bereaved family our sincere sympathy.

The Sunday school at this place is progressing nicely.

The Bismarck boys are talking of trying to get up a game of ball with the River Bend boys.

Quite a refreshing rain fell here on Sunday afternoon, which is a great help to corn.

—o—

MALVERN HILL ITEMS.

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt preached an able sermon to the good people of Spring Creek Sunday; house crowded.

What's the matter with Professor Yearger? He had two strings to his bow Sunday.

Ebenezer has lost her balance on the school question. Gentlemen, be solid. No division in the rank. Trusteeship does not pay one cent. Remember, you all are Alliancemen. Stand firm. What's the matter with the county superintendent? He should investigate matters.

We understand that Bennett wants forty pieces to guard his watermelon patch. He has secured five of them from Col. B. F. Cunningham. By the way he is a hustler. Now, Mr. Editor, can't youens get him thirty-five more? Do all you can for him to save his melons.

A Miss Alice Huff, who was teaching school on the Calera road, we are informed, had to vacate her school on account of thrashing one of her pupils.

Now, gentlemen, so long as a scholar goes home and tells his father he has been whipped and the blood cut from his bones, you never will have a school. Don't allow your children to come home and tell tales. This should not be tolerated by parents. Stop them at once.

Fatty is all O. K., gentlemen. He gets there all the same. I am a friend to him.

Will Thompson, please, for my sake, don't eat so many peaches and watermelons. You can't sell so many Guides for C. C. He likes butter. And, by the way, where did he learn the art of kissing? Where did he graduate? John Mc seems to be in the line of kissness. Say to John I've found him a six-footer. Don't cry any more.

Well, Mr. Editor, Columbiana is all right, so long as she sends down one of her fairest damsels; ain't she? A certain one, I mean.

Charley Mills goes to Chilton now and then.

John Barfield goes to South Calera occasionally.

Crops are good and the outlook is promising.

We had a fine rainfall last Sunday, which was refreshing to crops.

Three cheers for the Industrial college and the good people of Montevallo. We intend to attend this school in order to receive an education.

Your aunt,
Tilda Ann.

—o—

SPRING CREEK.

A very heavy rain fell here last Sunday.

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt filled his regular appointment at Spring Creek Sunday.

Rev. J. W. Alexander is visiting friends at Norala this week.

Miss Ona Harrrll of Atlanta is visiting her cousin, Miss Bama Harrell.

Mr. James Ozley passed through this settlement this week in search of the Prestridge thresher.

Mr. Fayette Roy of Helena was a visitor at Rev. P. D. Lee's Saturday.

Bud Nabors says his corn will make three ears to the stalk and a pint of shelled corn in the tassel. Who can beat that?

Mr. B. E. Hill and Miss Cappie Pilgreen attended church here Sunday.

Miss Leonia Lee spent Saturday and Sunday with homefolks.

The girl on the hill says if you want to know anything just ask S. J.

Fee has lost his mustache. He applied cream at night. The cat found it, with the above result.

OBserver.

—o—

NEWALA DEAD SHOTS.

That Will Nash says he had one of Salls' times-

That George Nabors said he was strictly in it on the 4th at the picnic.

Jack Curtis wears a smile like foam on a soap pot. She has come home.

Capt. J. D. Hardy was called home to the bedside of his mother, who was taken suddenly ill.

W. E. Brinkerhoff had a glass broken out of his door which will cost him ten or twelve dollars to replace.

What is the matter with Mossback that he doesn't come out any more? He advertised her ball nine, which is the sorriest thing known. He wouldn't play Calera's 10-year-old nine after challenging them.

That Clay Fulton's knife has come and he can peal peaches.

Earnest still goes to Hamp's.

Will N. loves the night watchman's girl; but he doesn't know about Carter. If I couldn't wear the bell I'd get rid of the collar, boys.

Jim McGlenn asked her to go home with him and succeeded. Stand to the trough, feed or no feed, brother.

John Johnson has left us and says he is going to marry if he can. Now is your chance, girls.

One of Ebenezer's goslings strayed off. When last seen it was up about Walker's. Tie a string around his neck, or keep him under a basket.

We are still alive and bachelors have come out. Annie.

—o—

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Rev. F. M. Woods delivered an able sermon at the Baptist church last Saturday.

We were favored with a nice rainfall on last evening.

Mrs. D. B. Lacy of Mayline is spending the week here with relatives and friends.

Prof W. Butler on coming home last evening was overtaken by a rain, the ground became slippery, he made three steps, slpped back two, and landed in Boothetown.

Dogwood is booming—the small boys are contemplating matrimony—Master Roland Bennett has fallen in love with one of old Shelby's fair little damsels.

Mr. Isaac Powell says that Dogwood never gets any rain until Prof. Butler goes off. Perhaps we had better run Butler off occasionally.

Mrs. F. M. Woods of Jemison spent last week in our town with friends and relatives. T. A. T. E.

—o—

ALDRICH ITEMS.

Owing to the dullness of work several families have recently moved from here to other places. Among the number we note Mr. Pink Lawley and Mr. Will Nash. We regret very much to see such good men leave us.

We are pained to announce the death of Mrs. Jim Harris, who passed away Saturday evening at her home, after a lingering illness of several weeks. She leaves a large family and many friends who mourn her death.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Farrar of Blocton are visiting the family of Mrs. Ambrose.

Mr. G. B. Monroe made a flying visit to Blocton.

Prof. C. N. Pritchard returned Friday from a pleasant trip to Brookside.

Mr. and Mrs. George Kline have returned from a visit to Blocton.

Wednesday a small but select crowd of our young people enjoyed a pleasant picnic at Falling Rock. Among those present were Messrs. W. P. McConaughy and E. L. Davis of your city. The day was pleasantly passed in rambling, conversation and a few tete a tetes; but the most pleasant feature of the day was the dinner that was spread upon a large rock, which looked as if it was placed there by nature for that purpose.

Our little town has been quite gay for the past two weeks. Friday evening, July 12, will long be remembered by the guests who were invited to the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Hoskins to a necktie and apron party given complimentary to the young lady visitors. Ten happy hearts and busy fingers prepared aprons and ties to correspond, and even older hearts were made glad to see the joyous anticipations. One might have thought that life's destiny depended on the event of who should be the chosen partner. Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins are particularly gifted as host and hostess, and their manner of entertaining cannot be excelled. About 10 o'clock, amid great excitement, the neckties were drawn, and the following couples repaired to the dining room, where the most delicate refreshments were served:

Dr. Jeff S. Davis and Miss Annie Jones.

Mr. Ed Davis and Miss Hattie Stein.

Mr Sam Allen and Miss Bessie Hoskins.

Mr. George Monroe and Mrs. Dickens.

Mr. Pat McConaughy and Miss Alice Delaney.

Mr. Joe Hoskins and Miss Lizzie Monroe.

Mr. Ed Hoskins and Miss Helen Hinolf.

After which lively games were indulged in, and beauty and wit held high carnival until the wee sma' hours.

The company were very much gratified over the presence of Dr. Jeff Davis, as he seldom favors Aldrich with his genial society, except in a professional way.

When the guests took their departure their happiness found expression in song that must have thrilled even the "man in the moon."

I am sure there was a unanimous wish that Mr. and Mrs. Hoskins might live long to place many more such mile stones in the journey of life.

Misses Alice DeLaney of Stockton, Ala., Hattie Stein of Birmingham and Annie Jones of Warrior left Monday evening, much to the regret of all. There are three sad, hearts, I am sure—two in our town and one in your city. A. C.

—o—

BLOCTON LOCALS.

Everybody is feeling good in our town on account of the five cents per ton advance to the miners. The company has also advanced the wages of outside laborers. The mines are running on full time now.

Lawn tennis is a great game here now with the young people. There are five tennis courts in town.

The Bessemer Manufacturing and Improvement company has opened up three new mines at Belle Ellen, which is three miles from Blocton. They are grading a road to Hargrove, or Crdle's Switch.

The Cahaba Southern Coal company is opening up a mine at Hargrove. Messrs. Pete Thomas, T. H. Aldrich and J. N. Campbell compose this company.

Mr. Swepton Carleton, a former citizen of Montevallo, died suddenly on the 7th inst. He was taken sick after eating too heartily of ice cream.

Mr. Mick Kuffner has charge of the Belle Ellen blacksmith and repair shops.

Several of Mr. William Weaver's family have recently removed from Aldrich to this place.

All Blocton and Bibb county are highly delighted at the location of the industrial school at Montevallo. Several citizens here intend sending their daughters over as soon as the school opens. Applications are being made to the county officers for certificates for the free scholarships. The location of this institution at Montevallo is a God-send to this section.

—o—

CONCORD LOCALS.

It pains us to say we have had some sickness in our community the past week.

Mrs. N. C. Moore, who had a light stroke of paralysis, is improving slowly.

Miss Viola Woolley has returned home from Clanton where she has spent several months. She will teach school in Dry Valley in the future.

One of our young ladies has a frequent visitor from Saginaw. We truly hope he is worthy of her affections, should he be so fortunate as to win them, for we are sure she will be a bright jewel in any man's home.

Dry Valley is blessed with schools, but she is behind on religion.

Boys, if you are too lazy to raise watermelons, be men; ask your neighbor for one and you won't have so many sins to account for. This does not mean you.

We are sorry Tuscaloosa was so disappointed in losing the industrial school. She has the insane hospital, and she deserves it. Wonder where the editor of the Gazette boards?

May the Lord be with C. C. A. when he "calls over the creek," for I cannot. I wish I could, Charley.

The Moore family consists of eleven members, and George wants to know if there is room for one more.

Who said they had to keep one of Concord's boys blacked to keep him at home?

One of our boys ssys he is going to spend a week with his girl in Jemison when through with farming.

With best wishes to "Son and the baby," I am yours lovingly.

Guess Who.

A DELIGHTFUL EVENT.

On Friday evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Hoskings quite a number of the friends of Miss Bessie Hoskings attended an apron party, given in honor of the visiting young ladies Miss Bessie is a charming little hostes, and to her we are greatly indebted for the pleasant evening.

Many new and interesting games were introduced, which were very much enjoyed by all. At 11 o'clock all adjourned to the dining room and partook of the many good things which were so bountifully provided by our fair hostess.

After a few pleasant hours all bade adieu with many regrets that the time was so near when the young ladies should return to their homes in and near Birmingham. We hope the time is not far distant when we shall again have the pleasure of being with just such another jolly crowd.

JUNIORS.

THE KANSAS FLOODS.

SALINA, KAN.—The Smoky Hill river has broken over its banks and people are leaving their homes. There is great danger of a thousand people being driven from home. Boats are running in the streets on the east side.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,

tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—
1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil
all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron..ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No. 168†		No. 61*	No. 169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1.27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv .Selma. ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	....Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.48	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	...Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.

C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Dumas' Suffering.

When Alexander Dumas, the younger, was just out of college, his father took him on a hunting trip. They put up at a farmhouse, and occupied two little bedrooms which opened into each other. In the middle of the night the son was awakened, and saw his father walking back and forth.

"What are you doing?" asked the boy.

"You see. I'm walking."

"You are sick?"

"Yes, I am in great pain; but I am used to it. I have it every night."

"Is there nothing to cure it?"

"It is incurable."

"But can't it be relieved?"

"No. When it takes me I get up and walk. If it is very bad I go to reading."

"And when it is insupportable?"

"I go to work."

It was true; and in later years his son often saw him in the night sitting at his desk writing with one hand and holding upon his stomach with the other.

"How can you work always?" some one asked him on such an occasion.

"I have nothing else to do,"

Half the people in the world are working the other half for chumps, and doing well.

Madam Boisvert.

I am a mid-wife and have been giving McElree's Wine of Cardui and Black-Draught tea to my lady patients, both during pregnancy and after birth as a tonic, and have found the treatment will do more than is claimed for it. Two years ago I was so troubled with female weakness myself, that I could not work at all. I heard McElree's Wine of Cardui recommended, and got six bottles of it, and a mammoth package of Thedford's Black-Draught. I began the treatment as directed, and in two weeks I had improved so much I could do my work, and have never been troubled with it since.

MRS. V. M. BOISVERT.

Zurich, Kansas.

Mrs. MARY F. MCCLARIN, Rockmart, Ga., writes: "I have always been a great sufferer during child birth. I used McElree's Wine of Cardui before confinement the last time, and the pains were much less and shorter than ever before, and my baby is larger and much healthier than any of the others.

Always Cures

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress After Eating, and all evils arising from a weak or disordered stomach. It builds up from the first dose, and a bottle or two will cure the worst cases, and insure a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is no better way to insure good health and a long life than to keep the stomach right. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to do this. The Tranquilizing After-Dinner Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

The Trust After No-To-Bac.

Chicago Special.—Reported here to-day that a large sum of money had been offered for the famous tobacco habit cure called No-To-Bac, by a syndicate who want to take it off the market. Inquiry at the general offices revealed the fact that No-To-Bac was not for sale to the trust at any price. No-To-Bac's success is marvelous. Almost every Druggist in America sells No-To-Bac under guarantee to cure tobacco habit or refund money.

Tallahatta Springs, Ala.

It cured me of a very annoying case of Piles in a few days. I have sold a good many boxes of Tetterine for the common itch, and it has never once failed to cure. It's all that's claimed for it. T. L. Bedsale. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

And Make Money At It.

If you only knew it, the trouble is with your digestion. If that was good you would sleep better, wake better, work better, and make more money at it. How can one "get on" when the whole system is sluggish? But people don't realize what is the trouble. A box of Ripans Tabules makes life worth living. At druggists.

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With

Hindercorns, we wonder so many endure them. Get it and see how nicely it takes them off.

Conductor E. D. Loomis, Detroit, Mich., says: "The effect of Hall's Catarrh Cure is wonderful." Write him about it. Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

There is Pleasure and Profit

and satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

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If not, it is important that you make it pure at once with the great blood purifier,

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Because with impure blood you are in constant danger of serious illness.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

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PISO'S CURE FOR — CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. — CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS

AGRICULTURAL.

TOPICS OF INTEREST RELATIVE TO FARM AND GARDEN.

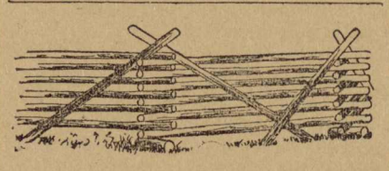
TRUCK FARMING.

Truck farming is a specialty that calls for aptitude, for a knowledge of detail in sowing the seed, raising the plants, planting, cultivating and marketing, as separate and distinct from farming as any one business can be from another. The man who confines his operations to ten acres had to have more help, do more work and perform that work in season and out of season all the year round, and all the time know where he can find a daily marketing, without dabbling in the pettifogging details of the everyday duties that belong to the truck farmer, details of which he has neither taste nor inclination, and probably never will have.

A farmer may conclude to raise a field of potatoes, and if he has the land and knows how, may make a crop of thousands of bushels and be able to ship them by the carload to any market in the country. But this is farming. He may do the same with other crops, for the cultivation of which he has an aptitude and a fancy, and in some seasons make quite a success of them. There are many reasons why these outside crops should be adopted and cultivated by farmers as a specialty much as some make a specialty of dairying, swine-breeding, horse-breeding, small fruits, poultry or bees. But be the venture what it may, the soil, the training of the farmer, the nearness to market, the shipping facilities, and certainty of finding sale at profitable prices have all to be taken into consideration. Successful truck farming calls for special training and a thorough knowledge of every plant to be grown, and how and when to grow it.—Coleman's Rural World.

FENCING STACKS.

Ideal farming does not require stacks to be fenced in to protect them from cattle, for it is not considered good practice as a rule to pasture meadows in the fall. But it sometimes happens that it is most convenient to place stacks in fields where



SECURE STACK FENCE.

they are obliged to be protected from stock by a temporary fence of rails around each stack. Where this is done, if the corners of the temporary fence are cross-stayed and capped when the stack is opened in the winter, the stakes will be found frozen in the ground, which generally necessitates breaking or chopping them off. A better way of securing the corners of such a fence is to bind them by placing a rail on each side of a corner, one end resting on the ground close to the fence and the other locking into the corner, as shown in the illustration. By this means the fence is well secured to resist severe winds and the crowding of cattle, and when moved is not found frozen in.—American Agriculturist.

THE HAY CROP.

To the majority of farmers the grass is the most valuable crop raised, but one which generally receives very little attention, writes B. F. Simons.

This being a most unfavorable season for grass, greater care must be taken to secure it at its best.

As a rule, this crop should be cut early. Mr. Martin J. Sutton, a recognized English authority, says: "I was quite unprepared to find, as experiments prove, that hay can be made with advantage when the grass is only seven inches high, and that even at the flowering stage meadow hay has passed its best."

Grass should be cut when the plants contain the most nutriment, which may be determined by observing the amount of milk received from the dairy. When the grass is at its best the flow of milk will be greatest; as the amount diminishes, the grass is of less value. When grass is cut early the field will often produce a crop of aftermath, which, when not injured by frost, is chemically proven by Dr. J. A. Voelcker to be equal in value to an early first cut. Late cutting greatly injures the roots of clover plants. Three late harvests generally destroy all the plants. Late cut meadows almost always suffer from drouth, grasshopers, or the frost of winter, and quite frequently from all three.

If the hay is the most important it should be harvested at its best, regardless of other crops. The pecuniary loss from lack of attention to other crops is much more noticeable, but seemes insignificant in comparison when everything is taken into consideration.

Grass should be dry at the time of cutting. That method is the best for curing, in which the hay when dry is handled the least. Since water greatly injures both the color and nutritive value, haycaps should be used and the utmost care taken to protect the hay, when dry, from the rain.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It is not natural for a pig to be wallowing in the mud all the time.

The talk of the successful corn harvester is again in the land, for the sake of stimulating the growers of this royal crop. The successful corn harvester is one of the destinies of the future.

C. Meeker, Consul to England, reports that American fruit arrives at England usually in an overripe condition, and suggests that it will find a better sale if gathered before complete maturity.

The farmers of Texas use ordinary baking soda with quite good success in keeping weevil out of corn and other grain. The amount used is twelve to fifteen pounds of soda to every hundred barrels of corn in the shock.

Choice varieties of rhubarb are always propagated by dividing the plants and not from seed, because the seedlings are likely to vary almost as much as seedling apples and pears. One of the most popular varieties of the rhubarb here in the East is known as Myatt's Linnæus, an old excellent-flavored sort.

A large quantity of American hay found its way into Switzerland last season, the municipalities of each town or village being the purchasers. They bought large quantities and distributed it among the people at cost, thus preventing unscrupulous dealers from taking undue advantage of the crisis by raising the price of hay beyond the reach of the poorer classes.

Advance in Dental Science.

The new electrically operated dental engine recently invented by a gentleman in this city, is something new in dentistry. It embraces the latest and most approved principles in the science of electricity, and has been designed with a view to safely and conveniently adapting the power of electricity to the uses and requirements of the dental operator.

The device is very simple in construction and of small and compact design. It consists of a small electric motor and two disks or friction wheels so arranged that by shifting their positions, by means of a speed and reverse lever, any speed may be given the drill or its motion reversed independently of the speed or direction of rotation of the motor. This device also permits of instantly stopping the drill or burr in case of accident to the patient. Being very small and light, it may be attached directly to the side of the bracket table, swinging immediately in front of the chair and having the advantage of all the convenient positions of the bracket table.

With its use the operator is enabled to stand on both feet all the while and to work from either side of the chair with equal facility. It allows him also to concentrate his attention solely on the work in hand and the manipulation of the burr or plugger. The machine is stopped and started automatically by picking up or laying down the hand-piece. All cords and pulleys are eliminated in its construction, and, being so small and simple and almost entirely automatic in operation, it requires no care to keep in running order. The foot switch and rheostat have both been eliminated in this machine, and, the mind of the operator being thus freed, he is enabled to perform his operations quicker and with more freedom of movement, with consequent saving of time, shortening of the operation and mitigation of the pain of the patient.

This electric dental engine is especially adapted to running the different forms of mechanical mallets, as it ranges from a low to a very high speed. It is wound for use with a battery, or incandescent circuit.—New York Herald.

Strange Use for Aluminum.

The metal aluminum lends itself so readily to all manner of conditions and manipulations that it naturally falls into strange uses. A patient in an English hospital had a virulent disease of the ear, and, although the hearing was eventually restored, the external organ had to be removed. The house surgeon proposed to replace it with aluminum. An artificial ear was molded in wax to match the healthy ear on the opposite side, reproduced in vulcanite and aluminum, and tinted and enameled to harmonize with the complexion. A support for the artificial ear was devised, and adhesion to the head was secured by means of a saturated solution of mastic in absolute alcohol. The man can now hear as well as ever, and the substitution defies detection.—Chicago Record.

Improvement in Field Cannon.

The improvement in field-cannon, writes General Fitzhugh Lee in the Century, has kept pace with that in small arms. It is doubtful whether troops can be held in column or mass formation within two miles of an enemy firing the present modern breech-loading field-guns. The extreme range of these 3.2 and 3.6-inch-calibre field-guns is over five miles, and when a suitable smokeless powder is found, they may throw a projectile eight miles. Had McClellan had these guns when his lines were five miles from Richmond, he could have ruined the city. No troops can live in front of them when they are rapidly discharging shrapnel, two hunded bullets to the case; and they can defend themselves without infantry support, and can be captured only by surprise, or when their ammunition is exhausted.

Queen of the Sahara.

Timbuctoo is the great city of the desert. the Queen of the Sands, which sweep up against its walls and invade its squares and streets. It has from 7000 to 8000 inhabitants. There is not a vestage of a monumental building, nothing but big houses built of mud and straw or wood.

The population consists of Africans, with the blood of all the races of Northern and Central Africa in their veins. Such elements, which appear modest and at first disconcert the visitor, do not prevent the commerce of the city amounting to millions of dollars a year.—London Standard.

CURIOUS FACTS.

All the American Indian languages are singularly lacking in abstract terms.

Only in Mexico, Central America and Peru were there laws or courts among the Indians.

The most ancient Mexican monuments display elegant taste in art and remarkable skill in execution.

The railroad across Siberia will be four thousand miles long when finished. The two sections now operated are 761 miles long.

A carp taken out of the water may be kept alive for twelve hours by a piece of bread soaked in brandy placed in its mouth.

The production of aluminum has increased from 150 pounds in 1884 to 339,629 pounds last year. During this time the price has dropped from $9 a pound to about seventy cents.

Seven-year-old Sadie Campbell, of Port Jervis, N. Y., took her pole and went fishing the other day. She got lost and walked some fifteen miles, but she brought home nine big trout.

It is reported that at some of the markets in Minnesota wheat five and six years old has been brought in by the farmers, the owners saying they would hold all intermediate crops.

It is said that in Lima, Peru, it is the custom to keep animals on the roofs of the houses. A calf makes its first appearance on the roof, and never descends until it comes down as beef.

There are only four days each year in which the sun and clock time exactly correspond. April 15 was one of those days. The other three are June 14, September 1 and December 24.

An important recent invention is what is known as the magazine loom. Hitherto one man has been required to operate six looms, but it is claimed that sixteen looms can be managed by one man by use of this invention.

A portion of a swordfish's sword, measuring about twelve inches in length, has recently been cut out of the copper bottom of a vessel lying at Shanghai, China. The sword had gone clear through three to four inches of pitch pine planking.

On the mountains Laplanders live in tents made of reindeer skins. Some of them build small huts of earth and brushwood. For their meat and other supplies they build small stores standing on high poles, so as not to be reached by the wild beasts.

The two postoffices in the United States most widely separated from each other are those at Key West, Fla., and Ounalaska, Alaska. They are 6271 miles apart, and yet a two-cent stamp will carry a letter from the one to the other as readily as from New York to Brooklyn.

The number of unfortunates banished to Siberia last year in Russia, including those who followed the prisoners voluntarily, was 11,580—7525 men, 1715 women and 2339 children. According to their religious creeds there were 8831 Orthodox, 1224 Mahometans, 510 Hebrews, 506 Catholics, 274 Lutherans, 119 Roskolniks, thirty-five Gregorians, thirty Skopzes and fifty-three "heathen."

The First Wills.

Wills were at first oral, as were also gifts of lands, and were only morally binding on the survivors. Origen and other fathers of the early church credited Noah with having made a will, and in the fourth century the bishop of Bresica declared all those heretical who denied Noah's division of the world to his three sons by will. The oldest known wills are those of Egypt. Both oral and written wills not infrequently contained imprecations on those who should neglect them.

The earliest written will in existence is that of Sennacherib, which was found in the royal library of Konyunjik. There is a great sameness about all our own royal wills. They mainly relate to beds, bedding, clothes, personal ornaments, gold and silver cups and payments for massos.

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Government Food Report.

ABSOLUTELY PURE

How Children Play.

The boy has his doll-love also, and is often hardly less faithful than the girl.

The doll is the all-important comrade in that solitude for two of which the child, like the adult, is so fond.

Mrs. Burnett tells us that while sitting and holding her doll in the arm-chair of the parlor she would sail across enchanted seas to enchanted islands, meeting with all sorts of thrilling adventures.

At another time, when she wanted to act an Indian chief, the doll just as obediently took up the part of squaw.

Very humanly, on the whole, is the little doll-lover wont to use her pet, even though there come moments of rage and battering.

A little boy of two and a half years asked his mother one day: "Will you give me all my picture books to show dolly? I don't know which he will like best."

He then pointed to each in turn and looked at the doll's face for the answer.

He made believe that it selected one, and then gravely showed it all the pictures, saying: "Look here, dolly," and carefully explaining them.

In this way does the child seek to bring his mute playmate into the closest intimacy with himself, sharing his life to the full.

The same thing is touchingly illustrated in the fact that Laura Bridgman, the first deaf, dumb and blind girl to be educated, when visited by Dickens in 1842, was found to have put a tiny band over her doll's eyes to match the band she herself had to wear.

It is illustrated further in the fact that a child is apt to insist on dolly's being treated by others as courteously as himself, expecting them to say good night to it on saying good night to himself, and so forth.—Popular Science Monthly.

Childish Sayings.

Lives there a child who would not rather eat butter than bread?

The following remark, made by a bright 4-year-old at the breakfast table, and accompanied by a deep sigh, will be understood:

"Oh, dear, how I wish bread had never been born, then I need eat only butter."

John, 4-year-old, crept up to his grandmother with his book of fairy stories.

"Grandmother, do you think you could hold on your lap a little boy and a big book?"

"No, not just now, John."

"Well (reflectively), suppose you just hold the little boy and I'll hold the big book."

Must Reckon with Gladstone Again.

Mr. Gladstone may pretty certainly be reckoned upon as an active political force in what remains of the present session, and probably in the general election which will follow it. He is said to have expressed his conviction that the real feeling of the country is in favor of the policy of the present Cabinet, and he is not likely to lose any opportunity of making it favorable. If a year ago, his health had been what it is now, he would certainly be at this moment Prime Minister of England. In one form or another, the Unionist party may make up their minds to the fact that they will have to reckon with him in the House of Commons, and at the polling booths.

You can carry the little vial of Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Pellets right in the vest-pocket of your dress suit, and it will not make even a little lump. The "Pellets" are so small that 42 to 44 of them go in a vial scarcely more than an inch long, and as big round as a lead pencil.

They *cure* constipation.

One "Pellet" is a laxative; two a mild cathartic. One taken after dinner will stimulate digestive action and palliate the effects of over-eating. They act with gentle efficiency on stomach, liver and bowels. They don't do the work themselves. They simply stimulate the natural action of the organs themselves.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, JULY 25, 1895. NO. 18.

In Sun or Shade.

A fair boat lightly seeks the sea,
Whose waters blue are crested white;
The filling sails in buoyant glee
Are bearing forth into the light,
And like an angel's wings are bright,
From every earth-stain free.

Another tack, and, turned away,
The white sails, shadowed, are but dark;
So good deeds look like ill the day
That idle slanders set their mark
Upon a life's fair-sailing bark,
Heedless as clouds at play.

But slanders are like shadows, all,
They shift, or pale and die;
'Neath rudest blame we need not fall,
Face we undauntedly the sky,
And light before the storm winds fly
At only duty's call.

—HELEN SMITH, in Independent.

BRADSHAW'S RUSE.

BY ALICE IVES.

Bradshaw was jealous. There was no denying it. But what can you expect of a man who is very much in love, or at least thinks he is?

The mother of his charmer approved of him and had promised a friendly alliance, but the charmer herself remained neutral, which, you must admit, looked doubtful for the alliance, and especially for Bradshaw.

He was a well-meaning, well-conducted, industrious young man, who by strict attention to business had become the confidential clerk of Mr. Joseph W. Burphy, wholesale dealer in tea, coffee, spices, etc., a liberal discount to the trade, etc.

"But I tell you I don't care for him." Miss Vera White spoke decidedly and looked straight into her mother's eyes.

"He's a young man of such nice, steady habits," remonstrated the mother."

"So am I," retorted the daughter. "Seems to me it's a thing to be in earnest about. I should say he ought to be."

"But my dear, you let him come here."

"It's you who let him."

"But you talk with him and go out with him. I don't think you dislike Mr. Bradshaw."

"No, I don't."

"You'll throw over a man who'll make you a good husband and take up with some dashing, showy spendthrift yet."

"But, my dearest mother, the spendthrift hasn't even appeared to ask to be taken up. So what's the use of borrowing trouble? I don't want to get married anyway. I should have to fall in love first, you know. And, as I've got all that to go through with there's plenty of time."

"But, you know, dear, since the reduction in the rates of interest our income has grown so small I can scarcely make both ends meet. You need more than when you were little, and—and I don't know what to do. I hate to put a mortgage on the house."

"Oh you mustn't do that! I will get some work to do.

It was true there was very little to live upon. Mrs. White had been a widow for ten years. Vera was her only child, and at 19 was as unsophisticated in the ways of the world as many girls are at 12.

It was settled she should learn typewriting. After she had mastered it the next thing was to find something to do. Here Mr. Bradshaw came to the rescue and got her a place in Mr. Burphy's private office. Of course he didn't want them to lose the home he had had his eye on it for some time. His desk was in Mr. Burphy's office and it was an admirable arrangement.

"You know," he said to the widow, "they call Mr. Burphy a crank. To be sure he is an old bachelor and has stuck so closely to business all his life that it has made him a little gruff and peculiar. But if any one could be with him as I have been and could see the real tenderness underneath, the good he does in a quiet way, and the strict, fine integrity of the man, they'd know, as I do, that he's one in ten thousand. Oh, I'll look after Miss Vera; she'll be all right, I assure you.

So Vera went to work. The next day after she began she made some mistake in a dictation, and Mr. Burphy spoke sharply to her. The tears rushed to her eyes, but she choked them back and said quietly: "I shall try faithfully to do what you wish. If I make too many mistakes and don't suit, you have only to send me away."

There was something in the independence of the answer that caused him to think twice about her. He studied her furtively and found the study interesting. She attended strictly to business and he saw that she was intelligent and reliable.

After a time Mr. Bradshaw made an unpleasant discovery. He believed Miss Vera was in love with her employer. The signs were to him unmistakable. It was here that he became jealous.

Besides his own feelings in the matter he felt that he must save a young innocent girl from wrecking her happiness on a man, who, he believed cared no more for her than the ledger on his desk.

So he resolved on a bold step. He went to Mr. Burphy and told him he had reason to believe Miss White was in love with him, and for her sake something ought to be done to cure the infatuation.

Mr. Burphy looked positively stunned, but he agreed to do his best in any plan Mr. Bradshaw might suggest.

"Suppose you dictate a letter to a young woman showing your admiration, etc. How would that do?"

"Excellent—excellent!" cried Mr. Burphy.

Accordingly, the next day, after Miss White took her dictations, her employer in a rather embarrassed manner gave her this:

"My dear Miss (you can leave the name blank)—Will you ask your mother if I may have the privilege of calling at your home? I am anxiously awaiting your reply. Faithfully yours,

JOSEPH W. BURPHY."

Somehow there were so many mistakes in the letter she had to make the second draft, and that wily old bachelor actually saw her fingers tremble.

"I will address it myself," he said, taking it from her.

"Beautiful!" chuckled Bradshaw to himself, seeing how finely his plan worked.

The next day there was another letter to be written to the same woman.

"I love you," it said. "I want to make you my wife. If you care for me, say that I may come to your house to-morrow evening."

This time the typewriter made worse mistakes than before, and complained of feeling ill, and asked to go home a little before the time.

As she rose to put on her wraps Mr. Burphy sent Bradshaw out of the room for something.

"Will you please mail these letters for me?" he said, handing her two. "And—and I wish you'd see if I've addressed them right."

She looked at them, then at him in a dazed way.

"Why, they're addressed to me!"

"Yes," said Burphy shortly. "Number right? Please open them and see, too, if the contents are correct?"

"Good heavens! Was it a dismissal?"

She opened the envelopes with trembling finger and a faint heart.

"Why, Mr. Burphy," she said, it's a mistake. These are the letters I wrote to that lady."

"No mistake at all. Quite correct," replied that businesslike individual very brusquely. "Will you have the kindness to give me my answer?"

"You may come tomorrw evening," she said, and ran out of the office.

"How did it work?" asked Mr. Bradshaw when he came back.

"I'm afraid not just as you expected," replied the proprietor, with his back to him.

Bradshaw thought so when he got the wedding cards.—New York Advertiser.

Africa Needs Railways.

The Paris Figaro publishes an account of an interview which its London correspondent has had with Mr. H. M. Stanley on the subject of African colonization. Mr. Stanley is represented to have said in the course of the interview:

"The future of Africa belongs to those who shall the soonest and the quickest act on the simple truth that what is wanted is railways to bring travelers back in three days from the Western Soudan to Algeria. The construction of such railways would not cost more than $6,000 per kilometer, and with some Tirailleurs as an advance guard the Tuaregs would leave the working parties alone. When you have 1,200 miles of navigable waterway on the Niger—that is to say, almost the entire commerce of that great river—then you will have ivory, copal, skins, gold, india rubber, etc. There is indeed, as great a wealth of resources in Africa as in France, as has been proved by the results obtained since 1825 by the English in the South, where gold, diamonds, and the rest today bring England in $2,000,000 a year.

"Why," Mr. Stanley is reported to have continued, "has France still done nothing with the Niger, although you have many French explorers in its vicinity? The French are very good explorers, and thanks to them, you know perfectly the topography of the country. But how many years will it be before you know what there is underneath? Surely there is gold, surely there is coal, perhaps diamonds, but they have to be sought for. Today the French may dispise the Soudan, but the Soudan is for them the means of arriving at the Niger basin, which is a marvelous garden provided with a very luxuriant vegetation, and filled with charming spots watered by countless tributaries, which will pour into the great river which is yours the immense wealth of their banks."

In conclusion Mr. Stanley is reported to have said: "The French are still engaged in the policy of annexation. Explorers are always on the move, but the time has now come to set to work. You have established a military station at Timbuctoo, but that is an isolated post connected with no point of the French colony. The river is waiting for the steamboat, and the country for its railway. Without them all these conquests of yours will remain barren."

The Wrong Tip.

A Boston story is told of Jones, whose idiosyncracies are a tremendous desire for good service at dinner, and an equally tremendous aversion to "tipping." Now, one day recently, Mr. Jones left Boston on a business trip to New York. He is not accustomed to New York, and he does not know the New York restaurants. Therefore it is not surprising that dinner time found him in one of the worst of the many bad Bowery eating houses. The dinner was vile, the waiter homely and clumsy. He stepped on Mr. Jones' corns, he dropped soup on his head, and when Mr. Jones rose to go, he ruffled the latter's silk hat. Mr. Jones was not disposed to alter his rule about tips. But the waiter pursued him to the door, and at last cried out despairingly.

"Don't forget the waiter, sir!"

"No," replied Mr. Jones, "I'm not likely to. One doesn't forget a mug like yours in a hurry."—New Orleans Picayune.

A Clever Smuggler.

New methods of swinlding have just been unearthed at the international boundary in North Dakota.

With connivance or because of the ignorance of the customs inspector at Bottineau hundreds of cattle have been driven across the line in defiance of quarantine and customs regulations, paying no duty. One herd just driven over saved $3,000 of duties.

Opium is being smuggled over in a new way. Old cattle are bought, fed with opium balls wrapped in lead foil in such a way as to be swallowed whole. They are then driven across and killed, when the opium balls are extracted.

Two old oxen brought over opium Saturday that should have paid $2,800 duty. One firm of smugglers has made $40,000 since fall in this way.—Cleveland Press.

The Fisherman and the Bullfrog.

"The bullfrog," said a fisherman, "seems to like to have its back scratched. I reached over one the other day that I came across sitting quietly in the bullrushes and scratched its back gently with the tip of my fishing rod, and when I drew the rod away it put up its clumsy hands as much as to say, 'More!'"—New York Sun.

Only a Slight Blaze.

Mr. Softleigh—Oh, Miss Vere, your resplendent beauty sets my brain on fire.

Miss C. Vere—Well, never mind, it won't be much of a conflagration.—Truth.

An Irish Mud Cabin.

It consists of two rooms and possibly a small semi-detached outhouse which is used as a store-room for perishable articles. There is not a chink in the walls or thatch save a narrow chimney, which seldom if ever answers its purpose; the doorway faces the east and emits the smoke. What little light penetrates inside through the tiny window discloses the deep chocolate stain from the eternal turf-reek which pervades the atmosphere of the interior, and literally paints walls, roof and furniture a uniform color. The furniture is rough and also scanty, a few stools atoning for the occasional complete absence of chairs.

The mud floor is always more or less wet from the patter of the children's bare feet or from the animals which have free access to the house. At night there is a goodly company within the walls of this spacious mansion. In the inside room there are two or three box beds or berths, where the children sleep, according to their age and sex; from nine to twelve is not an uncommon number in a family. In the state berth in the calliogh, or recess at the side of the hearth, the father and mother repose unscreened from the live stock of the farm, and breathe the same atmosphere as some eight quadrupeds beside the poultry. Pigs, cattle, dogs, cats, and probably a horse or donkey, have their bed space, respectively, and jealously resent any encroachment by a bedfellow.

Astonishing as it may appear, there are hardly any disagreeable odors. The overpowering smell of the peat smoke evidently acts as a complete disinfectant, and fortunately it is innoxious to the inhabitants of the hovel. Equally astonishing is the fact that the whole community are in comparative harmony, and even the babies rarely cry. There is plenty of occupation for all the family who are able and willing to work, the mother doing little else but nurse the youngest infant.—Cornhill Magazine.

New Treatment For Burns.

A Paris medical man of resources and alternatives had in hand a case of severe and extensive burning, caused by boiling water. So deep was the injury that the healing process was greatly delayed. The patient's family objected to skin-grafting, which seemed to be the only way to accelerate the process of recovery, and the doctor as an experiment, applied the internal membrane of the hen's egg—the white film with which everybody is familiar. The injury must have progressed beyond the suppurative stage, and shown signs of healthy healing. A freshly laid egg is broken and the membrane immediately cut into narrow strips and laid carefully across the raw surface, then antiseptic dressings are applied with carbolic solutions, and the whole is covered by tin-foil. In a number of cases this procedure has been eminently satisfactory.

Anthrax in Human Beings.

Some extraordinary statements as to the ravages of anthrax, and the attitude of the Board of Agriculture in relation thereto, were made at a recent meeting of the Leicestershire County Council, England. The disease broke out on the farm of a Mr. Warren, at Arnesby, and not only the cattle but human beings and all kinds of animals were attacked. The farmer and sixteen men were ill at one time, one man dying at the Leicester Infirmary. A woman in passing the plague-stricken spot was stung by a fly and died from anthrax. Cats, dogs and birds in the neighborhood also died.—Scientific American.

Wide-Reaching Influence.

The neighbor leaned upon her garden rake and called over the fence:

"I noticed a light in your house last night, Mr. Bimley," she said, "are your baby's teeth bothering him again?"

The man with the lawn mower stayed his hand.

"Don't know how much they're bothering him," he answered shortly, "but they're bothering the life out of me."—Rockland Tribune.

Bicycle riders of the City of Mexico are now compelled to label their machines. This is to show that the tax has been paid thereon.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A French photographer has recently been able to photagraph objects under water.

Zoologists say that all known species of wild animals are gradually diminishing in size.

It is probable that in a very few years it will be a common thing to sell electricity in jars like milk.

Paper is being used as an insulating agent for three main telephone wires that are being laid in Nottingham, England.

Dr. Schott believes that even in a violent storm waves fifty-five feet high are rare, and even those forty feet are exceptional.

An engineer has figured out that an inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 16,000,000 gallons, weighing 145,200,000 pounds, or 72,000 tons.

In a paper read before the Paris Academy, M. Hericourt and Ch. Richet announce that they have applied the method of injecting serum in the treatment of cancer. Two patients only have undergone this treatment, one of whom is said to have been completely cured.

Professor Forel, who has written two volumes on Lake Geneva, Switzerland, has come to the conclusion that the color of the water depends not merely on the quantity of minute mineral matter present in a state of suspension, but also on the amount present in solution.

As a result of the demand for platinum in electrical industries the Russian mines are now exporting about 7,200 pounds a year. The mines in the Ural district of Perm were actively worked as long as Russia coined platinum as money, but when the coinage was discontinued the price of platinum fell, the mines were closed and were not opened again until recently.

Captain Asbury Adams of the United States Fish Commission says that last year the work of hatching lobster eggs was begun at Ten Pound Island, and 100,600,000 young lobsters were hatched and liberated. He says he has seen eels suck eggs from lobsters in an aquarium, and he has become convinced that the greater part of lobster spawn is destroyed in this manner.

His New Straw Hat.

The friends of Billy McHale, who is popular with the bankers and brokers along Third street, are having a quiet laugh at that young man's expense. One of McHale's friends, while passing a hat store during one of last week's sizzling hot days, noticed him inside negotiating for the purchase of a straw hat. Now, Billy is particularly tidy in his dress, and like most people possessing that characteristic, is somewhat sensitive regarding adverse criticism. Knowing this, the waggish friend determined to play a practical joke. Despite the broiling hot sun the joker visited twenty or thirty of Billy's friends in different parts of the city and related the fact of the purchase of the hat. He then arranged to have McHale at a certain resort that evening, and instructed all the friends to drop in one at a time, and remark in an off-hand way: "That's a nice hat you've got, Billy, but it's too old for you. That shape was intended for a man 50 years old." Billy started in to explain to the first six or eight friends; that he was tired of flippant straw hats, as they made one look so giddy; then he swore at the salesman, but finally, when twenty-five friends had criticized the new headpiece, Billy grew furious and tearing the unlucky hat from his head, he dashed it to the floor, and with a wild yell jumped upon it. "There's the hat, take it, keep it, and you can all go to thunder!' The next day Billy appeared in his old hat.—Philadelphia Record.

A Historic Playground.

In the city of Parchim, in Germany, is a group of thirty-three lindens—the most frequented playground for the children. These trees were planted to commemorate the visitation of the city by "the plague" or "black death," 400 or 500 years ago, when only thirty-three men were left. They formed a guild, which exists today, and celebrate yearly their anniversary, when they also march under the lindens.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Is the burden heavy? Don't try to bear it.

Tact wins where great gifts without it would fall flat.

Thinkers have their hands on the wheels of the world.

It is never hard to believe when we get on believing ground.

It is the wolf in sheeps clothing that has the sharpest teeth.

Gold never stops looking bright because somebody calls it brass.

Give thorns the right to live, and you make a law against killing snakes.

The lazier a man is the greater things he is going to do when tomorrow comes.

You take something from the burden of sorrow when you give it something to do.

Satisfy one desire, and you will find that it has brought a large and hungry family along.

It is more needful to be able to suffer long and be kind, than it is to preach with the tongue of an angel.

Only the wise can profit by the experience of others. A fool has to find out for himself that fire is hot.—Ram's Horn.

The Arctic Musk Ox.

But there is one large bovine animal on our continent which is not destined to be snuffed out of existence like the unfortunate bison, and that is the musk-ox. He is under the protection of the Frost King, whose game pastures are seldom penetrated by white poachers. On the map of Arctic America you can put your finger down almost anywhere, so that it be and north of the Great Slave Lake, and east of the Mackenzie River, and say, "There lives the musk-ox," without fear of successful contradiction.

Just beyond the limit of trees and bushes, even the smallest and scantiest, on the silent, desolate, and awful Barren Grounds northeast of Great Slave Lake, at 64 degrees north latitude, the musk-ox draws the line marking his farthest south.

A man who can endure cold like an Eskimo, travel like a caribou, live for weeks on frozen caribou meat, starve as cheerfully as a Yellow-Knife Indian, and endure the companionship of vermin-covered natives, can reach the southern border-land of the musk-ox, and possibly get back alive with two or three skins. Mr. Warburton Pike, Englishman, can do and did all those things no longer ago than 1890, and his book on "The Barren Grounds of Northern Canada," is a most interesting and valuable contribution to our knowledge of that very desolate country.

The musk-ox is perhaps the rarest, and to white men the most difficult to secure, of all our land quadrupeds. Robes are by no means uncommon, and often sell for as little as $15 each; but of mounted skins there are in our country exactly seven. Three of these constitute a group in the National Museum; two are at the American Museum of Natural History in New York; and the museums of Philadelphia and Cambridge have one each. Although during their long sojourns in high latitudes Gen. Greely and the members of his expedition party killed many musk-oxen, you will notice that they were unable to bring back even so much as a single horn.—St. Nicholas.

Healthfulness of Sunshine.

A sunbeam is a small thing, yet it has a power to fade the carpets and curtains, to rot the blinds, and for this reason some people carefully exclude the sunshine. What is the result? The family is always ailing; The young girls have a waxen white skin and a weary, pinched expression of countenance. Their appetites fail; they fall into such a bad state of health that the doctor is called in. In olden days he would have shaken his head, perhaps, and friends would have whispered that dreadful word "decline!" Nowadays he notes the pale gums and waxen skin and says "anæmia;" prescribes iron and milk, fresh air and exercise, and often a change. If he knows nothing about the darkened rooms he will be puzzled as to why no permanent improvement manifests itself, and possibly the patient will seek other advice.—New York Ledger.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The American catfish has been planted in the streams of Belgium and flourishes there, to the delight of the fishermen. It is regarded as a superior food fish.

In Chicago was built the first great elevators, boasts the Times-Herald. Before the grain elevator era handling of grain was excessively costly. Safe and cheap storage not only lowered the price of bread, but tranquilized the commercial world by furnishing exact knowledge as to the quantity of grain on hand.

The Baptist general missionary in the northwest says its hard to get ministers to stay there, they get so lonesome. It is interesting to note, says the New York Recorder, that the same difficulty was found in New York in the early years of the century, when that state was the "far-West" of New England.

The Canadian Minister of the Interior reports a decrease in immigration of one-third during last year. His report says: "It is unfortunate that our fellow countrymen in Great Britain and Ireland do not realize that by the comparative neglect of Canada as a field for immigration in recent years they are allowing the choicer lands of the Crown to fall into the hands of Scandinavians, Germans, Belgians, French and people of other European nationalities."

Professor Wiley says that "one of the grandest discoveries of modern science" is the agency of microbes in enabling plants to absorb from the air the nitrogen, which is the chief factor of their growth. The theory was first suggested by Pasteur, and it is thought to be fully confirmed by the researches of independent investigators. If it does not deceive expectation it will completely revolutionize agriculture. To increase the growth of plants it will be necessary to feed their roots with water containing the proper microbes.

By no means the least interesting items of news from London, maintains the New York Tribune, is that the carriage roads of Hyde Park have at last been opened to bicycle riders, at least until 10 o'clock in the morning. This will be a great boon to clerks and others who must do their riding before before business hours, if at all It is shrewdly suspected, however, that fashionable society is really most interested in the matter, and that Lord This and Lady That will be seen wheeling about the Park. Royalty itself has set the fashion, and its loyal devotees must follow it.

The Washington Star observes, Sarcasm and reproof have been hurled at the kodak fiend. Professional humorists have depicted him as doing all sorts of absurd and annoying thing until even the uninterested citizen has come to regard the amateur photographer as an unmitigated nuisance. But even as the despised mother-in-law is generally much better than she appears to be in the comic papers, so is the amateur photographer superior to such portraits of him as have compelled laughter. It is entirely reasonable to insist that the amateur is responsible for the tremendous advances made during recent years in the art of photography. Taking up the camera first as a toy, many of the brightest of Americans have become interested in improving the mechanism of that remarkable instrument, and so well have they succeeded that we now have cameras capable of doing about everything that a camera could be expected to do. Scientists, who, had photography remained in the hands of the purely professional, would never have become interested in the wonderful art, found themselves deeply concerned soon after becoming possessors of the magic boxes, and as a result photographic methods have bounded forward so that they are now quite abreast with the times and far ahead of where they would have been had matters remained entirely in the hands of those whose interest in photography was of the purely commercial sort.

MONTEVALLO.

In and Around it in the Early Days.

NO. 2.

In our last chapter the type made us say the school at Salem graveyard continued only three years. This was an error; it should have said thirty years. It was a noted school in that day and time and was patronized from miles around. One of the old settlers of the country was Jerry Lolly, who came here with several of his brothers and settled the Wilton Allen place, at the crossing of the Tuscaloosa and Elyton roads. This was in 1820. They were the ancestors of the Lolly family, who have since that time lived within a few miles of the spot where old man Jerry Lolly first struck camp seventy-five years ago. Along with the Lollys came Daniel and Hiram Holsomback, two sturdy old pioneers. They too settled near Dogwood church, and their numerous descendants still occupy that portion of the country. About 1825 Mose Johnson came along, and at one time lived on the McMath place, near town. His children moved to Texas. It is said that the father of our town had quite a weakness for a good old fashioned game of poker, and at one time in a game of cards with a Tennessean on the bluff above the spring he won in one sitting five thousand bushels of corn. Noah Haggard was a well known character in his day. He was a Baptist preacher and lived near the French Nabors place, below Birmingham Jnnction. At the many camp meetings he was noted for always finding the best dinner on the grounds. He was the father of Mrs. Almoth Woods. The first chnrch he had was on the creek about a half mile above the Perry place. It was built of logs in 1820. In 1846 Judge Shortridge bought the house and moved it to the Davis place, near Aldrich. In the primitive days goods were hauled in wagons from Selma and Wetumpka, and it is said salt was brought from Tuscaloosa on horseback, the roads being so bad. The merchants of that day and time generally made purchases but once a year, and the goods were on the road from one to three months. The first newspaper that the town had was back in the early fifties. It was edited by a man named Norman and called the Montevallo Herald. In an old copy of this paper can be seen an article on the culture of apples and pears, written by the father of L. B. Musgrove, the present United States marshal. It is in the form of a letter written to Judge Shortridge. Norman sold the paper to Dr. Hale and Nat King. They in time sold to Howard Shortridge, who is now living in Cisco, Texas, where he is engaged in the paper business. Along in the forties Hubbell Pierce came here from Montgomery. He lived in the Fowler house, which stood in front of the Methodist church. He died here. His sons bought the lot and house where Pat Kroell now lives and cut down the famous weeping willow. This was a noted tree, being over three feet in diameter and covered more ground than any tree ever known in this county. It was known far and near and was considered a great curiosity. It stood at the rear end of the Kroell lot. The Pierces moved from here to Montgomery. Wash Wooten first settled the Wm. Lovelady place in 1840. He was the father of Mary, Bob and Ben Wooten and Mrs. Jack Caldwell. "Buck" Lawler, the father of Levi Lawler, who died last year, was one of the early settlers also. He lived on the Perry place, where his son Levi spent his boyhood days. "Buck" Lawler, as he was familiarly known, was elected to congress at one time over Judge Eli Shortridge. He was buried at the graveyard on the Perry place. Robert Caldwell, an Irishman, lived on the Wilson lot, near the Latham hotel. He came here in 1835, and afterwards went to Nashville, where his three sons, who were all born here, became distinguished men. One went to congress, one a professor in the largest school there, and one was city attorney. Caldwell's wife was sister to Judge Sam Rice's first wife and came from South Carolina. Among the many distinguished men whom Montevallo claims as citizens in past years was Gen. John T. Morgan, our United States senator. He built a house on the Vandegrift place, near Aldrich, and lived there for a while. Ex-Gov. Rufus W. Cobb came here from Ashville, Ala., along in the fifties and practiced law for several years. John Large, father of Samuel J. Large of Calera, was among the early merchants here. His store stood just below the depot in the "bottom," where the row of houses now stands. He carried on quite a successful business for some time. The first two stores, however, in the history of the town were kept by Edmond King and Seth Randall. We have made mention before of the King store, and Randall's store was at the northwest corner of the Latham hotel lot, in a little frame building that formerly stood there. We suppose that very few of the younger generation know that on the corner of the lot now owned by W. B. Reynolds there once stood a brick dwelling. In this dwelling there was a murder committed that created much excitement at the time. Dr. Porter, a promising physician. the father of Judge Porter of Birmingham and grandfather of Wm. A. Walker, lived there. Having had some misunderstanding with his father-in-law, —— Wade, they met at Porter's house and a difficulty took place in which Wade stabbed Porter with a dirk and killed him. Wade's daughter, Dr. Porter's wife, was the only witness to the tragedy, and when it came up for trial in Jefferson county her evidence cleared her father of the murder of her husband. Daniel Watrous represented Wade and was paid an enormous fee in negro slaves for his services. He secured a change of venue to Jefferson county on account of the prejudice against him in this county.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

SIN is deadly only when it can hide its face.

Don't pattern after men, when you would please God.

God is still calling to some people to do small things.

To say "Thy will be done," means to say good-by to self.

God's warriors are always chosen from his worshipers.

The only things we really know, are those God tells us.

When you shut your closet door, lock it with a promise.

Whatever is gained in Sodom must be lost with Sodom.

The rod never does good unless the hand of love holds it.

Let us do right, and God will see to it that we come out right.

The devil is most like a lion when he looks most like a sheep.

It is the wolf in sheep's clothing that has the sharpest teeth.

It is never hard to believe when we get on believing ground.

We can only walk with God when we are willing to go his way.

Our mission of sorrow in this life is to show us our need of God.

To make those around us want religion, we must show them what it is.

Give thorns the right to live, and you make a law against killing snakes.

Praying is sometimes done, when God wants us to first do something else.

Some men whom God calls to preach misunderstand him, and write essays.

The devil has to work hard for all he gets in the house of a praying mother.

The old serpent hasn't grown an inch since he crept into the garden of Eden.

When the devil goes about as a roaring lion he is careful not to show his teeth.

It is a long step toward heaven to be born in a home where the Bible is loved.

It is doubtful if the man who makes a long prayer ever expects a quick answer.

There is something wrong with the preaching that won't hit a sinner somewhere.

The man who enters the straight gate has to leave behind him all that is crooked.

Whatever we undertake in the name of the Lord, is sure to have God's help behind it.

We must do the thing that God tells us to do, before any other good work will count.

The prayer that opens a window in heaven, can only be offered when God is worshiped.

The Bible will not long remain a closed book against the one who opens it to look for Christ.

Only the wise can profit by the experience of others. A fool has to find out for himself that fire is hot.

ENFORCING NEUTRALITY LAWS.

A Tug Arrested and Returned to Port by a Revenue Cutter.

The city of Key West, Fla., was greatly excited Sunday afternoon by hearing reports of cannon and it was soon learned that the revenue cutter McLane was firing at the tug George W. Childs, which left that port in the morning. Soon after leaving the collector of customs, upon information from the Spanish consul, ordered the McLane to overtake the Childs and bring her back into port. It is rumored that a deck hand by the name of William Lynch, who was shipped at Jamaica, had furnished the consul with information to the effect that she was bound on a filibustering expedition.

Lieutenant Hay of the McLane says that signals were set for the Childs to heave to, but no attention was paid to them, and seeing no chance of overtaking her two solid shot and one shell were fired before she came about. She was boarded by a crew from the cutter, with Lieutenant Hay in command, and brought into port at 3 o'clock.

Captain Swain of the Childs is very indignant at having been fired upon, and states that he knows of no reason why such action should have been taken.

Prosecuting an Incendiary.

William Goodman, late of Sweetwater, Tenn., was tried Tuesday before 'Squire F. M. Fills, charged with burning the depot at Loudon about a week ago, and was bound over to the next term of the circuit court, and in default of bond went to jail. The testimony was very strong against him. The circumstances point to the fact that this man was not alone in the work, and other arrests will follow.

Goodman has served one term in the state prison, and is regarded as a bad citizen.

FOR SALE

The Newt Eddings Farm.

Only (2) two miles from Montevallo, (1 1-2) one and a half miles from Birmingham Junction, containing two hundred and forty (240) acres.

Two hundred acres of fine timber, forty now in cultivation, a good dwelling and tenant houses. A bargain for cash.

For further particulars apply at this office. tf

PRETTY COTTAGE FOR $1,800.

How a Seashore or Mountain Home Can be Built at Small Cost.

(Copyright 1895 by the Co-operative Building Plan Association, N. Y.)

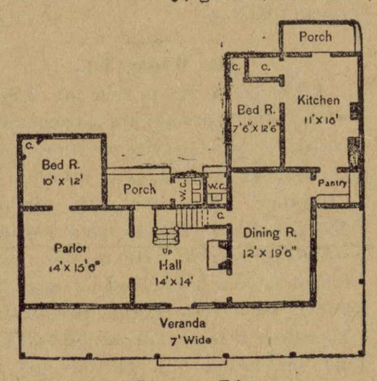
If there is one thing more than another for which Americans are noted it is that they are practicable. It is not that they are lacking in the finer qualities, but the country is young and for years they have been forced to wage a constant struggle with the realities of existence. The wilderness and the desert have been conquered and "made to blossom like the rose," and problems are to be met every day that long ago were settled by older countries. Scores of cities can be pointed out that were barren prairies but a few years ago. In all of our settlements there is resless growth and ceaseless activity.

Despite their devotion to business, Americans are finding time for brief sojourns in the mountains and by the seashore. The annual vacation period is increasing in length and Americans are learning to enjoy outdoor life. Hundreds of city dwellers

of moderate means have found it possible to build comfortable homes for the summer months away from the heat and bustle of the crowded streets.

What could be more homelike than the cottage pictured here, with its broad veranda, its pleasing effect of roof construction, vieing in artistic appearance with surrounding nature herself? The cost of the house, as shown by the perspective view and the two floor plans, is $1,800, not including mantels and range, which are generally selected after the owner's own taste. The estimate is based on New York prices for materials and labor, and in many sections of the country the cost would be less.

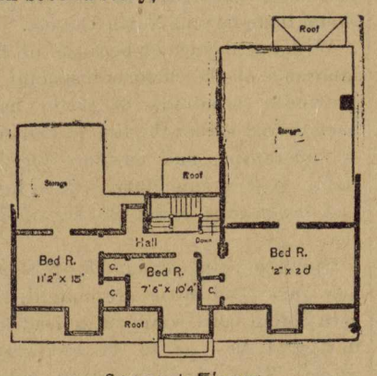
Its general dimensions are: Extreme width, 50 feet 6 inches; depth, including veranda and porch, 48 feet 6 inches; first story, 9 feet high; second story, 8 feet. Exterior materials: Foundations, stone piers; walls of first story, gables, and roof,



First Floor

shingles. Interior finish: Two coats plaster, hard white finish; soft wood flooring and trim; staircase, ash, chair rail in kitchen and diningroom. All interior woodwork finished in hard oil. These general dimensions and materials may be changed, and as to colors, would offer a suggestion: Shingles on first story and gables, pearl gray; trim including water table, corner boards, casings, bands, etc., white; sashes and shingle roofs, dark green; veranda, floor and ceiling oiled.

The principal rooms, their sizes, closets, etc., are shown by the floor plans. No cellar or blinds. Open fireplaces in first story hall, making a cheerful and attractive room in itself. Portiere opening between parlor and hall; servants' bedroom off kitchen; good sized room for storage in second story,



Second Floor

This design is capable of many feasible modifications. A cellar may be put under a whole or a portion of the house, with inside and outside entrances and concrete floor; bath room could be introduced in second story, with full or partial set of plumbing. Open fireplaces may be introduced in parlor and dining room. A brick set range may be placed in the kitchen. The design also presents a very attractive appearance if it is run up a half story more, with a mansard roof. Let it be by the seaside or on the slopes of the mountain, with broad veranda inviting repose; everything around is restful, and a man gains rest and strength in peaceful enjoyment.

How to Mail Flowers.

This is the season when one who lives among the flowers longs to send some of the frail treasures to friends who are cooped in city walls. But unless they are properly packed for mailing the final result is apt to be only a conglomeration of wet pasteboard, cotton, stems, leaves, and what have once been blossoms, all crushed into an indistinguishable mass over which the letter-carrier says hard things, and the receiver is inclined to weep.

A tin box is best for packing if you have it, but a pasteboard box will do very well if it is strong and not too deep. The more shallow it is in proportion to its length and breadth, the firmer it will be. Line it with waxed paper, such as confectioners use. If the waxed paper is not at hand, common manilla paper well rubbed on one side with butter makes a good substitute. Lay the buttered side in, next the flowers, and protect them by a layer of grass or leaves. If the buttered side were put next to the box, it would grease the pasteboard and soften it.

Cut the flowers in the morning, before the sun has wilted them, but after the dew has dried off. The common mistake made in mailing flowers is to have them wet. Their own juice will preserve them during a long journey if the air is excluded, but water soaks through and ruins the whole package.

The sooner they are put in the box after cutting the better. Put the larger and stronger ones at the bottom and around the sides, saving the middle for the fragile roses or violets. Pack them as tightly as possible. You can scarcely get them too close, for they will shake down after a little, and the jolting together bruises them. Fill up all corners and empty spaces with dry cotton or moss. Not a drop of water, remember. Lay a sheet of the waxed or buttered paper over the top, tie but don't seal it, direct it legibly, and it will reach its destination with its fragrant contents as fresh as if just gathered.

American Precious Stones.

The recent report of the geological survey on precious stones of the United States for the calendar year 1894, completed by Special Agent George F. Kung of New York, has been made public. The principal developments of the year are summarized as follows: The finding of a 10⅞ carat diamond at Dowagiac, Mich.; developing of a new ruby mine near Franklin, N. C.; finding of emeralds at Mitchell Peak and near Earles Station, N. C.; memorial to Congress to preserve the world renowned agatized forest; finding of a remarkably compact variscite, giving a new ornamental stone, utahite, and smaller output of turquoise mines due to the depressed financial conditions. The rumor that circulated early in this year of the discovery of brilliant diamonds at Mount Edgcombe, near Sitka, Alaska, was proven on investigation to be without foundation. Sapphire deposits are reported twenty-five miles west of Phillipsburg, Mont., 1,400 acres in extent. A new locality of true emeralds was also found near Bakersville, N. C. A big output is predicted upon development of the vein. The output of turquoise, of which so large a quantity was mined during 1891 and 1892, was limited to not more than 30,000 for 1894. No new turquoise mines of value were opened.

Plowing by Electricity.

An electric plow has been brought out by Messrs. Zimmerman & Company, of Halle, Germany. A chain is stretched around the field in which the apparatus is to be used, and runs over a sprocket wheel on the motor, which is thus able to wind itself along and drag the plow after it. The cable to the motor is carried on a number of small trolleys running over the ground. The length of the cable is sufficient to reach across the field, as the motor, as it winds itself backward and forward, swings the cable over the ground. By starting work on the side nearest the motor and working up the field away from it, the cable does not foul the plow. The trials of the installation are said to have been exceedingly satisfactory.

For the Suppression of War.

A Paris paper, Les Petites Affiches, contained the following announcement in one of its recent issues: "M. G. Bouys, 89 Rue d'Aboukir, Paris, has the honor to inform his fellow citizens that he still holds his plan for the suppressions of war in Europe at the disposition of the French government whenever it chooses to do him the honor to ask him for it." An enterprising citizen of Connecticut once advertised that, on receipt of $1, he would send an infallible recipe for fat persons to become thin. His formula was, "Don't eat anything for a year." M. Bouys' plan for the suppression of wars may be, "Don't fight."

Diffident Geniuses.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe tells two anecdotes illustrating the shyness of Hawthorne and Irving. She says Irving attempted to make a speech at a dinner given to Charles Dickens, but after mumbling a few words indistinctly, he remarked: "I can't go on," and sat down. Of Hawthorne's timidity she had a glimpse while calling with her husband on Mrs. Hawthorne, in Concord. While they were in the parlor they saw a tall, slim man come down the stairs, and Mrs. Hawthorne called out: "Husband, husband, Dr. and Mrs Howe are here!" Hawthorne bolted across the hall and out through the door without even looking into the parlor.

The horse, of all animals, is the quickest to succumb to cold.

ANIMALS IN WAR.

BRUTES AND BIRDS TO BECOME MAN'S AID IN BATTLE.

New Uses for Swallows, Storks, Falcons and Dogs by Ingenious European Military Experts.

When the next European war comes it is more than probable that it will have a novel and picturesque point of military interest about it in the employment of animals, which will play quite as important a part in the campaigns in their way as the Generals and soldiers. Ever since the earliest days of war—from the very beginning of things, that is—horses have, of course, been military aids of the greatest value. Now it is planned—indeed, several of the European powers are actively making experiments—to draft other animals into the service, with the expectation that they will be of great help.

France, during the times of the Franco-German conflict, brought the science of carrier pigeons up to a high standard of efficiency. Then it was thought that no superior to this lithe little bird could be found as a carrier of dispatches. But the French military authorities are beginning to think differently now. Experiments have been made with the swallow, and he has proved to be swifter, surer and altogether more satisfactory. There is the greatest probability, therefore, that swallows will be part of the army equipment for the next campaign.

A new idea has sprung up in French military circles, nevertheless, that after all it is rather imprudent for a great army to intrust its messages, frequently of great moment, to such small birds, so subject to attacks from the great birds of prey that are continually on the outlook for such as they. It has been proposed that storks be trained for dispatch service, the theory being that the "nest instinct" in these birds, their swift, certain flight, their tremendous wing and leg power and their strength to meet any attack whatsoever in the air would render them ideal messengers of war.

The stork certainly could combat successfully any hawk and almost any eagle. Beside his splendid strength would make it possible for a great bundle of dispatches, of a weight and size that a dozen carrier pigeons or swallows would be unable to convey, to be sent at once under one cover.

In Russia a theory a good deal like this has already been put into practice, and a number of falcons have, this past year, been put into training for the Russian army dispatch service and have proved eminently satisfactory. The falcon himself is a most warlike bird, and ardently resists every attack made upon him. Warsaw and Brest-Litewski, on the western frontier, have been the seats of these experiments.

As to animals pure and simple, the elephant cannon-drawers in use in the British Army in India are very familiar, and, from the days of the earliest British possession there, have done magnificent service. In fact, they were indispensable in the Sepoy campaigns. The camels of the East are also valuable adjuncts in the battles and forced marches around desert regions, because of their tremendous powers of endurance.

But it has been reserved for Germany to bring forward dogs as war animals. An exhibition of "war dogs" has recently been held in Dresden, and some splendid specimens of canine warriors shown. As an attacking column these dogs will show a formidable front against the soldiery of any other nation, and as discouragers of hesitancy during the retreat of an enemy they will prove invaluable to the regiment possessing them. Brigades of dragoons and hussars will doubtless be superseded by dog platoons. The only difficulty that the German officers foresee is teaching the dogs to keep ranks until the order "Charge!" is given. Internal dissensions over bones and rations are also to be feared. Yet, at all events, there will be no difficulty in getting the new-fangled warriors to advance upon the enemy in spite of shot and shell.

Even that traditionally stupid animal, the goose, stupid in spite of the fact that she is reported to have saved Rome at one time—has a possibility of military glory under the new ideas. There is an authentic incident of a Bavarian regiment of light hussars, stationed at Ingolstadt, Germany, who adopted a young goose during their stay there and made it, through kindness, become so tame that it was quite the pet of the regiment. It showed its gratitude by assuming the responsibility of sentry duty and remaining faithfully in the vicinity of the sentry-box each day from sunrise to sunset.

There was no need whatever for the sentry to keep careful guard, or even to walk up and down, for the goose (this is a historic incident) kept her eye open, and when any one approached would set up a tremendous squawking. The sentry could go to sleep if he pleased (and indeed, many of them did). Yet, strange to say, no sentry during the goose's sojourn in the camp was ever caught napping or found wanting. In fact, the soldiers used to say that the goose did the best duty in the regiment. Such are animal possibilities of the near future at military outposts.

Didn't Want That Kind.

She went into a store to buy some toilet soap, and while the clerk was expatiating on its merits, about made up her mind to purchase, but when he stated "It would keep off chaps," she said she didn't want that kind.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Just look at the visiting girls.

Miss Moore of Dry Valley is visiting Mrs. Ida West.

Miss Alice Huff of Ashby is visiting Miss Alice Rhodes.

Mrs. A. E. Davis is spending this week in Centreville.

Miss Ona Harrell of Atlanta is visiting Mrs. P. J. Kroell.

Misses May Harris and Alta Perry were in the city Monday.

Mr. H. C. Reynolds, Jr., is spending this week in Birmingham.

Miss Lennie Curry of Dry Valley is visiting Miss Fannie McMath.

Miss Minnie Walker of Faunsdale is visiting Mrs. W. B. Reynolds.

Messrs. W. P. Reynolds and H. S. Latham visited Selma last week.

Mr. Durwood Foshee of Clanton is visiting Mrs. S. A. Latham and family.

Dr. Leatherwood of Tuscaloosa is visiting Mr. S. A. Latham and family.

Misses Rosa and Genie Brown of Mobile are visiting Miss Belle Reynolds.

Misses Newton and Nona Wells of Faunsdale are visiting Mrs. Henry Wells.

Mr. Charles Williams of Selma is visiting Mrs. S. J. Williams of this place.

Misses Maggie and Hattie Thomas of Selma are visiting Miss Daisy Canterberry.

Capt. Ed Booker and wife of Shelby Springs passed through our town Saturday.

The juniors are not in a humor to write this week. Ask them what the trouble is.

Mr. T. J. Perry of Birmingham spent last week with friends and relatives here.

Miss Tutwiler left last week for Birmingham. She will go to Mississippi from there.

Quite a crowd of jolly young people from here spent a few hours at Aldrich on Tuesday.

Somebody said that Pat McC. might keep his kittens in the future or pay for damages.

Mr. Rome Boyd of Mobile passed through our town en route to Talladega Monday.

Call at H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' and get a bottle of Bromo Selzer, the sure headache cure.

Misses Kenan of Benton and Emma Wilson of Columbiana are visiting Mrs. C. W. Cary.

Mr. C. C. Vandegrift and family went up to Talladega Sunday to attend the Chatauqua.

Well, "Brur," why didn't you give her an opportunity to talk to you last Saturday night? Ha, ha!

What is the matter with our string band? Can't we reorganize and have some sweet music as of old?

Brur says, "She tried so hard to ship that fellow so she could get to talk to me awhile."—Conceit.

When you have the headache call at H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' and get a bottle of Bromo Seltzer.

Hon. W. C. Fitts, who is spending the summer at Shelby Springs, stopped here a few days last week.

Our agent is now in his glory. He says it is a pleasure to live to ride his wheel alone—but now how different.

Somebody said it was all the go for some of our boys to rush "complimentary tickets" to minstrels and concerts.

No services were held in the Methodist church Sunday owing to the absence of the pastor, Rev. C. L. Dobbs.

Still they come. There are now sixteen visiting girls in town, and the end is not yet. This makes two girls for every boy.

Mr. R. E. Hall returned from Birmingham Monday. Bob says he saw "her" and several others and all of them were "M's."

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cary, accompanied by Misses Kenan and Emma Wilson, spent the day at Cary & Randal's kiln Tuesday.

Misses Fay Cleveland of Randolph, Fannie Lawrence of Plantersville and Mollie Morgan of Memphis, Tenn., are visiting the Misses Latham.

Columbiana has the baseball fever and they are doing some good playing. They took two games from Montgomery last week. The score being 9 to 2 and 8 to 2.

We hear that work on the park, on Kroell's island, will soon begin. This is a nice, convenient place for it, and we hope to see it completed before the summer is over.

W. E. Harrison of Dogwood has a flourishing school at that place. Will is thoroughly competent for the position he occupies, and we are glad to know he is doing well.

The C. E. Society held its monthly business meeting at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cary last Friday night, and decided to have an entertainment at Mrs. Cary's tomorrow night.

Miss Joana Farrington, who has been visiting Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen, returned home last Saturday, accompanied by Miss Bessie Allen. Miss Joana is a sweet girl, and has a host of friends here who regretted very much to see her leave.

Mr. Romaine Boyd, a former resident of our town and now a merchant in Mobile, had a serious difficulty with a Mr. Henstis in that city last week. Mr. Henstis was badly cut by Mr. Boyd, but from newspaper accounts Mr. Boyd seems perfectly justifiable.

Miss Thomas of Selma came near having a serious accident near the depot on Saturday last. While coasting down a very steep hill on a bicycle the handle bars turned in such a manner as to overthrow the wheel, which gave her a very hard fall, but fortunately she was not hurt as badly as was at first thought.

A coal compauy has been organized at Columbiana with a view of developing a fine seam of coal on the E. S. Martin place, about eight miles north of Columbiana. The coal has been used in Columbiana to a small extent for several years and it is thought the Saginaw Lumber company will be induced to run their railroad to it.

The following invitation has been received by us. We shall be very glad indeed to attend. The C. E. entertainments are always a grand success: "The Y. P. S. C. E. request your presence at a 'Title' sociable to be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cary Friday night, July 26. Please represent the title of some book on your person, and the company will try to guess what the title is. The one guessing the most titles will receive a prize.—Social Committee."

While the good work of improving our town goes on the News takes the liberty to suggest several changes which might be made to advantage. For instance, that old stable of Mr. ——, and those old storehouses of Mr. ——, and those unsightly cottages of Mr. ——, and several other buildings might be torn away to make room for better structures. All these things impress a visitor, and we must put our best foot forward, now that the eyes of the people of the state are upon us.

A few of our young people spent the day at Falling Rock last Thursday and all report a most delightful time. Late in the evening they drove over to Ebenezer and took supper and from there home, arriving here at 8 o'clock. Following are the ones who went:

Miss Fannie Lawrence with E. L. Davis.

Miss Minnie Walker with W. McConaughy.

Miss Bertie Allen with F. K. Reynolds.

Miss Bessie Allen with B. B. Rogan.

Miss Joana Farrington with F. E. Davis.

Miss Emma Wilson with L. N. Bowdon.

HUGGING BY MUSIC.

The girls who indulge in the dizzy waltz will hear with interest that the heads of Washington and New York society have decided that "sitting out" a waltz next winter would be more fashionable than dancing. The "sitting out" embodies the same position as dancing—the only difference you sit instead of dance. The man's right arm is around the girl's waist, while his left hand holds her right; her left hand is placed lovingly on his shoulder, and all you have to do is to listen to the music. Now that is something like it. It is always a nuisance to gallop a mile or two to get a hug or two. A room full of people sitting around on sofas hugging to music without violent effort is much to our notion.—New Era.

THE ONLY ONE.

The secret society recently organized here is in a most flourishing condition. It is only a few days old and its membership has already reached twenty—all boys so far. It is known as the L. E. C's. It is the only one of its kind in existence and originated here. Its by-laws are very peculiar and must be obeyed, or sure punishment follows.

There is no initiation fee, and the fines cannot be paid in money. As to the aim and object of the society, you may know all by joining, and in no other way can its purpose be discovered.

Wages of Employes Advance.

The Rome, Ga., Iron company, which operates two furnaces and is one of the few that kept the furnaces in blast on full time during the depression, has voluntarily raised the wages of all employes 10 per cent.

The Etna furnace near here has also made an increase. The iron industry indicates a return of prosperity, as do all other industries.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Seasons continue and farming in this community has been a success this year.

It should be the aspiration of every parent to have their sons and daughters in Montevallo society. We speak from an associated experience, that Montevallo has one of the most moral societies of any town in the state. This correspondent has been in your town at all hours and never found a young man that was the least intoxicated, or that was a habitual swearer. No card playing practiced, no pool rooms and no gambling hells to ruin our sons. Four churches, and well attended, and good conduct. "If God be for us who can be against us?"

Geo. Moore says if a chariot was to descend from heaven to transfer him home to glory, he would politely inform the driver he much preferred old Sam and his little red buggy, and on his "pleasin'" march to Mr. Lawrey's.

Sam Curry, jr., certainly has fallen in love with Miss R. J. In fact he is quite a ladies' man any way; but he cannot help it.

One of our young ladies says she wants the editors of the News to know she does not reside in Dry Valley.

Mrs. James Woolly of Jemison has spent several days in our community with friends and relatives.

Our energetic citizens have gone to work with zeal to erect a new church at this place, and we feel sure that in the near future we will have a nice, neat, comfortable church.

A series of services began in Dry Valley at the Baptist church last Sunday, and our young people should remember that "religion never was designed to make our pleasure less."

F. H. Farrington and his lovely sister, Florence, are visiting the Misses Woolly this week.

A young lady says, no wonder our popular beef man can make such a handsome profit on beeves; if the man he was buying from was as anxious to get him away as she was on Sunday evenings he would give him a small beef to see him ride off.

The News is read with much interest in our community and we wish you much success. SIDE BURNS.

EBENEZER ITEMS.

A protracted meeting is being carried on at this place this week.

We are having fine rains and crops are looking well.

The health of this community is not very good.

We are proud to learn that Frank is improving. Get well, Frank, and come see us.

Well, the varmints have run the goslin' in home.

Thos. Alexander says he can beat any of the boys working tricks.

We saw in the last week's News that Mr. Jas. Ozley was in search of the Prestridge thresher. We learn that it is under the shelter.

Mr. Bruse Denson spent Sunday with his parents and friends in this section.

We learn that there has been no fishing on Spring Creek lately. Guess the suckers have quit biting.

Fanny Lee is taking in the meeting this week.

Alex says he thinks of taking music lessons soon.

Some of the girls don't like to see the boys wear sideburns.

KASOOSE.

BISMARCK ITEMS.

Rev. H. Cornell preached two able sermons here Sunday to large and appreciative audiences.

Miss Sallie Moreland, one of Brierfield's charming young ladies, spent a few days with friends here last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James McDonough of Pea Ridge visited relatives here Saturday.

Mrs. J. B. Farrar of Blocton visited friends and relatives here the past week.

Some of our girls wore sad faces Monday. We sympathize with you, ladies. Live in hopes if you die in despair.

Bismarck and Aldrich will play a game of ball on the Bismarck ground Saturday at 2 o'clock. Wish our boys success.

What has become of N. T.? Has he retired from society?

We feel quite an xious about E. W. McDonough. He left Saturday to attend a picnic near Jemison accompanied by his best girl and hasn't returned yet. How about your board bill, Lige?

Tersia Ann.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Quite a crowd from here attended church at Ebenezer Sunday and Sunday night.

We are sorry to learn that Mr. Frank Harper is very sick, and we hope he will soon convalesce.

Mrs. Newton and her affable daughter, Miss Nona, of Faunsdale, Ala., are visiting relatives and friends at this place.

Mr. Albert Harper of Ebenezer was in town Monday on business.

Several of our boys contemplate going to the Lone Star state where they can sniffle the sweet zephyrs of the panhandle region.

Miss Pearl Harrison is spending the week with relatives and friends near Mayline.

Mr. Gallant Jinks treated the girls of Dogwood with a lot of delicious cider the other day. They tender many thanks to him for it, and hope he may land in the land of sweetness.

T. A. T. E.

SPRING CREEK.

Mr. John Hamilton left here last Saturday with wrath in his heart and blood in his eyes. He was armed with a gun, pistol and a 10-inch butcher knife. When last seen he was crossing the railroad at Montevallo depot.

Mrs. Belle Dupriese of Elmore county is visiting her daughter, Mrs. Alice Allen this week.

Mr. J. F. Allen made a flying trip to Chilton county Saturday.

J. W. Alexander's girl says, "John, please cut off them burnsides." So it is no mistake; to succeed one will have to "amputate his mustache" when he visits Mr. M. N. Alexander's. The girls say that some of the boys have mustaches like grandada legs. Boys, you had better get in with the old man before you escort his girl to church. He might tell you that he was running that shebang.

One of our young preachers says he don't intend to marry until he finishes his education, but if he can get a certain young lady his education will be complete.

Boys, take warning from J. P.; be sure your girl is not joking before you get your license.

Some of our girls are taking Georgia dots. Observer.

Don't Read This; We Will Lose Money if You Do.

Did you ever hear of 20 yards of best standard drilling for $1, and two spools good sewing thread for 5 cents? You never will again. Go to Reynolds' at once and get it.

Just received a lot of pocket knives from a bankrupt knife concern that is ahead of anything you ever saw—a 4-bladed congress knife for 25c; a 4-bladed carved pearl handled, brass lined, German silver bolsters, pocket knife for 50c. Did you ever see the like?

Twenty yards of bleaching for $1.

Sugar has advanced, but we bought thirty barrels before the rise and are on the ground floor for low prices.

Good tobacco for 5c a plug, 6 plugs for 25c.

Seven balls sewing cotton thread for 5 cents.

Ladies' slippers at 60c a pair.

Boys' suits, 5 to 13 years, at $1.00 a suit.

Three papers of pins for 5c.

A beautiful gros-grain silk belt with German silver buckles, just the thing for shirt waists.

A box of Baile's swandown face powder and a bottle of fine perfume, both for a dime.

Don't forget us when you are in the market for anything. Recollect we "underbuy and undersell." That is our motto. Don't buy anything until you get our prices. We guarantee to save you money.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

In the Toy Business.

Hamamatsu was quite unlike any other Japanese town I had ever seen; the houses had a projecting upper story and broad overhanging roofs, and the principal trade seemed to be in toys. There were shops full of drums and kites, and dolls with all their belongings, and the thousand and one things which the Japanese delight in giving to their beloved children. As I passed the little garden I saw what looked like a fearful atrocity—dozens of babies' heads, pale and gray as if in death, cut off at the neck and impaled on short stakes, stood about the ground; but on coming nearer the mystery was explained; they were life-sized dolls' heads of papier-mache, put out to dry in the sun before receiving their final coat of paint.

The neighboring villages were peculiar; every cottage was protected from the winds by a high hedge of clipped yew, and the street seemed to pass between two green walls, over which the heavily thatched roofs just peeped. The openings gave a glimpse of courtyards and cottage fronts where women and men were hard at work threshing their beans of many colors and spreading them on mats to dry, weaving blue cotton cloths, or winding off the skeins of shining yellow silk.—Harper's Magazine.

Sir Henry Layard.

It is but a few weeks since that Sir Henry Layard passed away. He was a man to whose abilities, achievements and personal qualities but scant justice was done in the obituary notices which appeared at the time of his death.

He did not "wear his heart upon his sleeve," and those who had only a slight acquaintance with him may, perhaps, be excused for not perceiving the stanch and genuine kindness of that heart—a kindness which none of his friends could fail to experience; but his achievements and his career are written large in the history of the nineteenth century, and the impetus which his researches and discoveries gave to the study of archaeology—to say nothing of the inestimable value of the light they throw on the Old Testament narrative—will never be forgotten or underrated by those whose opinions on such subjects is worth having. Sir Henry Layard's later years were chiefly devoted to historical, archaeological and artistic research, and during his residence in Venice, where he spent a considerable part of every year, he came to be regarded almost as an unaccredited representative of his country in that city. —John Murray, in Good Words.

When a member of a brass band buys a new horn, all the other members say it has a "mighty sweet tone."

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

We are constantly making additions to our 10-cent counter. We offer this week:

A 30-foot galvanized wire clothes line for 10c.

Port curb bits, regular price 20c, for 10c.

Lemon squeezers for 10c.

3-quart coffee pots for 10c.

Horse brushes, 10c.

Good hair brushes, 10c.

A good dish pan with two handles for 10c.

The following assortment—
1 quire best note paper
1 package (25) envelopes
1 bottle Sanford's best black ink
1 penstaff
1 pen
1 rubber-tipped lead pencil
all for 10 cents.

1 bunch (12) covered dress stays, 5c.

Don't forget we are selling spool thread at 25 cents a dozen.

6 papers of needles for 10c.

Uncovered genuine whale bone dress stays at 10c a dozen.

3-pound can peaches for 15c.

7 bars "Lucky Soap" for 25c.

H. C. & W. B. BEYNOLDS.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No. 168†		No. 61*	No. 169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	.....York.....	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1.27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar / lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv / ..Selma..ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.00pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	...Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.40pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga.....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	...Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n	5.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar / lv	8.50pm / 9.10pm	11.40am / 4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

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The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

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H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

The Uses of Electricity.

A chloro-chromic battery has been invented in France to be used in a miner's safety lamp. The power of the voltaic combination is such that both lamp and battery weigh but little more than the oil lamp usually employed, and a light of greater power is furnished.

The electrical mercurial thermostat is an automatic instrument in use upon British steamships for indicating changes of temperature in the various apartments, Instant warning is given of any appreciable changes of heat or cold.

A sloop has sailed from San Diego, Cal., upon a fishing excursion that takes its novelty from the fact that the fish are to be captured by means of a net and incandescent lights. It has been shown by experiment that everything alive under the water is attracted by the glare of the light, and that thousands of fish of every description can be taken in a short time and with little trouble.

The fan motor is in great demand for ventilating purposes, as is shown by a quotation of the fact that "in Cincinnati there are 300 of them on one central station circuit for incandescent lamps—covering a radius of less than half a mile; and all but a very few of them have been installed since the first of May of this year.—[Hardware.

Curiosities in Eggs.

We met our old friend, Mr. Jessie Eaton on the street the other day, and he told us of a wonderful egg his daughter came across a short sime ago. On breaking it she discovered another perfectly formed egg with a shell inside of it. It was about the size of a partridge egg. Another gentleman standing by told of a curiosity in the shape of a double chicken that had been hatched on his place. The backs of the twins were united, and while one would be standing on its feet the feet of the other would be pointing upward. When growing tired of this position it, or they, would flop over and stand on the other feet, the positions being reversed. He said the chickens lived several days.

The Ladies.

The pleasant effect and perfect safety with which ladies may use the California liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs, under all conditions makes it their favorite remedy. To get the true and genuine article, look for the name of the California Fig Syrup Co., printed near the bottom of the package.

The best stage managers of the present time are said to be men who have been actors.

Does He Chew or Smoke?

If so, it is only a question of time when bright eyes grow dim, manly steps lose firmness, and the vigor and vitality so enjoyable now will be destroyed forever. Get a book, titled "Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away," and learn how No-To-Bac, without physical or financial risk, cures the tobacco habit, brings back the vigorous vitality that will make you both happy. No-To-Bac sold and guaranteed to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

After Dinner.

After the heartiest dinner a dose of TYNER'S DYSPEPSIA REMEDY will remove all unpleasant feelings, aid digestion, and build up your health. As an after dinner drink it is far superior to all other remedies, as it never disappoints, and leaves an appetite for the next meal. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by CHAS. O. TYNER, Atlanta, Ga.

One Gives Relief.

It is so easy to be mistaken about indigestion, and think there is some other trouble. The cure is Ripans Tabules. One tabule gives relief. Ask any druggist.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns.

It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 15c. at druggists.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Albert Burch, West Toledo, Ohio, says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure saved my life." Write him for particulars. Sold by Druggists. 75c.

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERIEG, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1895.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

A Good Appetite

Indicates a healthy condition of the system and the lack of it shows that the stomach and digestive organs are weak and debilitated. Hood's Sarsaparilla has wonderful power to tone and strengthen these organs and to create an appetite. By doing this it restores the body to health and prevents attacks of disease. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently before the public eye today.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25 cts.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S

Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

AM. N. U. No. 30, 1895.

FARM AND GARDEN

GETTING BEEVES READY FOR MARKET.

Finishing off beeves quickly for market is highly important at times, and never more so than now when the continuance of present high prices can only be conjectured. It is a most favorable time, therefore, to fatten and sell not only all creatures that will make prime beef, but all farrow cows, light oxen or lean steers and any description of neat cattle that can no longer be kept at a profit. As a rule, the sooner a farmer is quit of such stock the better. Rich pasture and heavy feeding with cotton seed or linseed (crushed or ground), wheat bran, oat meal or corn meal, will put these cattle in passable condition in a surprisingly short time. Begin with a small quantity when cattle are not used to grain, increasing the allowance steadily until they are taking all they can eat without apparent detriment.—New England Homestead.

A PAYING BUSINESS.

The most salable farm animal today is a first-class dairy cow. We often wonder why more farmers back on the hilly, rough pasture farms do not make a business of raising heifers of good milking strains to supply milkmen in the milk-producing counties. Let the milch cow pass the first two years of her life on cheap land and not try to pay interest on costly land until she is able to give milk. Last year we told of a Massachusetts farmer who takes his hiefers by rail to cheap pastures in Maine every spring, wintering even on grey-hay and oil and cotton-seed meals. These hiefers are sold to milkmen with their first calf. We believe that a man could, in a few years, establish a reputation for good milking stock, and be assured of a steady income. Some men can make this pay better than ordinary dairying.—Rural New Yorker.

PREMATURE SOURNESS OF MILK.

This common trouble in hot weather is mostly due to some infection of the milk by acid of previous milkings adhering to the pails. Sometimes it may be caused by overheating of the cows, but rarely. The most common cause is neglect perfectly to clean the pails or milkpans. These should first be cleaned in cold water, in which common washing soda is dissolved. A stiff brush is used to clean the corners thoroughly. The vessels are then rinsed with hot water twice, then again with cold, and then turned bottom upward on a stand in a shady place out of doors to drain for an hour or two, when they should be removed to the dairy room. Before being used they should be rinsed with perfectly pure cold water. It is alleged, and possibly with truth, that in the majority of instances in which diseases have been conveyed in milk the cause has been the use of impure water for rinsing the utensils.—New York Times.

PLANTING TREES ON THE SURFACE.

It is customary to dig a hole for the tree to be transplanted; but this is not necessary to success. There are places where the rock comes so near the surface that there is not room to dig a hole without putting the roots on the rock. The tree may then be set on the surface of the ground, first removing or turning over the sod, so that the roots will not come in contact with that. A tree thus planted, with its roots spread on fine mould and covered with sufficiency of soil procured from a distance to hold it in position, is better fitted for growing than are most trees set in a hole and covered even with the surrounding surface. Stakes should be driven into the soil beside these trees, and the trees should be tied to them until they become firmly rooted. This plan is of advantage where stagnant water comes near the surface, as the tree is thus put on a mound and is not obliged to extend its roots into the subsoil.—Boston Cultivator.

CURING GRASSES AND CLOVERS.

The natural grasses, when cut for hay, are generally spread and dried as rapidly as possible in order to secure them in the best possible condition. The same method is not applicable to the clover crop. It requires a longer time to cure properly, and if exposed to the scorching sun it is injured more than the natural grasses, since its succulent leaves and tender blossoms are quickly browned and lose their sweetness in a measure, and are themselves liable to be wasted in handling over. Many prefer curing in the cock. Mow clover when dry and free from dew; let it wilt, and the same day it is mown fork it into cocks which will weigh from forty to fifty pounds when fit for the barn. Do not rake and roll, as that will compress it too much. Place it in the barn according to the weather, but it may be safely mowed away while the heads and stalks are comparatively green and fresh. When fit to cart, the green stalks will be found to be destitute, or nearly so, of sap, as the sap has candied and the clover will keep. On the day of carting turn the cocks over, expose the bottom to the sun an hour or so, and to each ton of hay as it goes into the mow add four to six quarts of salt.—American Agriculturist.

CHICKEN CHOLERA.

We have no confidence in remedies for chicken cholera, and believe the prevention is the only thing that can be done. When cholera breaks out among fowls the first thing to be done is to separate the sick from the well fowls. At once give a change of food, which should be of a nourishing character. Many writers believe in giving iron in some form. The old method was to put rusty nails in the drinking water. English poultrymen use what is known as "Douglas Mixture." This can be made by putting eight ounces of sulphate of iron (also called copperas or green vitriol) into a jug (never use a metallic vessel), with two gallons of water, adding one ounce of sulphuric acid (oil of vitriol). The ingredients can be obtained of any druggist. This medicine is to be put into the drinking water in the proportion of a teaspoonful to a pint, and is found to be a useful tonic. As soon as the disease breaks out give this to the sick fowls and also to the well ones to help them resist the disease.

One writer says that he made a saturated solution of alum, and whenever a bird was attacked gave it two or three teaspoonfuls, repeating the dose next day. He mixed their feed, Indian meal, with alum water for a week. After adopting that course he lost no fowls. Others advocate cayenne pepper, gunpowder and turpentine, feeding a little every other day for a week. Fowls that are well fed, well housed and kept in a dry place will seldom have cholera. In fact, we do not know that they ever have it when properly handled.—Rural Life.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

More butter is injured in the ripening of the cream than at any other point.

It is undoubtedly true that food of all kinds flavors milk to a greater or less degree.

In Copenhagen last year 16.28 per cent. of the animals which entered the slaughter houses were found to be tuberculous.

Nut cake made in India from rich, nutritious nuts is being extensively sold in Europe as far superior to oil cake or oil meal.

The size of the cow and the amount of food eaten are no indications of what she will do at the pail or what the milk will churn out.

The lady-bird beetle are usually numerous this season. They are one of the fruit grower's best friends and should never be destroyed.

Swamp muck is not generally as valuable as it appears and requires to be heavily dosed with lime the first season to produce much effect.

The Growth of One Generation.

Thirty years is one generation, and it is estimated that 200 generations will take one back to the time of Adam. In these 200 generations much has been done by mankind in the way of improvement and much of what has been done is now claimed by the modern woman as due to womanly influence.

Unfortunately statistics are wanting for a considerable portion of the above period, and the modern woman is forced to base her argument more or less on comparisons and analogy. It may be of interest in this connection to view the progress made by the sex in the generation between the last two censuses, as shown by official statistics. These figures show a remarkable increase in the number of women as wage-earners in the professions. A few of the more important classes are tabulated as follows:

Women employed as—	1890.	1870.
Actors	3,949	691
Architects	22	1
Artists and teachers of art	10,810	412
Authors, literary and scientific persons	2,724	150
Chemists, assayists and metallurgists	46	—
Clergymen	1,235	67
Dentists	337	24
Designers, draughtsmen and inventors	306	13
Engineers and surveyors	128	—
Journalists	888	35
Lawyers	208	5
Musicians and teachers of music	34,518	5,753
Government officials, Federal, State and local	4,875	414
Physicians and surgeons	4,555	527
Teachers	245,965	84,017
Theatre managers, showmen, etc	634	100
Veterinary surgeons	2	—
Bookkeepers and accountants	27,777	—
Clerks and copyists	64,048	8,016
Stenographers and typewriters	21,185	7
Saleswomen	58,449	2,775

It has been chiefly within the last five years, however, that "the coming woman" has begun to take a really National position, and it was not until 1892 that the tendency became a craze and women began to crowd into every branch of business. Startling as are the above figures, the census of 1900 may be expected to show an increase, which, gratifying as it may be to the woman enthusiasts, will undoubtedly demand the close attention of those who are authorities on industrial problems.—New York Mail and Express.

Where It is Hottest.

A comparison of the maximum temperature in different parts of the world shows that the Great Desert of Africa is by far the hottest. The vast plain, which extends 2000 miles from east to west, and 1000 miles from north to south, is said to have a temperature of 150 degrees Fahrenheit in the hottest days of summer.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

In Great Britain there are 1047 women to 1000 men.

Dr. Leslie Phillips, a scientist, warns women against wearing their hair short.

The American Duchess of Marlborough has settled $30,000 a year on her new husband.

Miss Lizzie Buckwalter, of Lebanon, Ohio, is defendant in slander suits aggregating $114,000.

The guests at the recent Burden-Sloane wedding at Lenox, Mass., were worth $800,000,000.

Some young women are wearing their watches set like a large button on the lapel of their jackets.

Mlle. Lucie Faure, daughter of the French President, writes the Paris art criticisms for the Journal du Havre.

Lotta, now a retired actress, was the guest of honor lately of the Professional Woman's League, of New York.

Jim Fisk's widow is living in very humble circumstances in Boston, but is not in dire want, as reports have stated.

The Rev. Anna Shaw, of Boston, is out with a declaration in favor of the appointment of women as Police Commissioners.

The Woman's Rescue League, of Boston, has denounced bicycling as having a tendency to demoralize young girls.

Miss Susane Adams is the name of an American girl who has just made a successful debut at the Grand Opera House, Paris.

Miss Daisy Barbee, niece of Bailey Waggener, of Atchison, Kan., was licensed to practice law a few days ago at St. Louis.

The "complexion brush" is the latest addition to the toilet. It is said to give a "healthy glow to the face, and removes wrinkles."

Actress Lotta announces her retirement from the stage and says she is the only star who has entered private life without a farewell tour.

Miss Grace Babb, the first woman graduate of a college of pharmacy, was a lecturer in the Women's College of Medicine, Philadelphia, 1884.

Some of the girls of the "smart set" strongest in athletics are weakest in grammar. But fashionable life is full of those "glaring inconsistencies."

Mrs. Susanna Dunklee, of Newton, Mass., has the distinction of being the first woman bank treasurer in America. She was elected to that office in 1874.

In Hebrew marriages the woman is always placed on the right of her bethrothed. With every other Nation of the world her place in the ceremony is on the left.

Miss Edith Rockefeller, one of the two wealthiest heiresses in America, is to marry Harold McCormick, of the Chicago family. Her expectations are $35,000,000.

Jean Ingelow is now a venerable woman of seventy-four. She spends most of the year at her quiet home in Kensington, alternating her time with a sojourn each season at Nice.

The Armenians of Boston have presented to Miss Alice Stone Blackwell a valuable clock bearing the shield of Armenia. It is a testimonial of appreciation of her efforts for the race.

Queen Margherita, of Italy, spends her leisure hours in the study of foreign languages and literature. She is noted for her liking for American writers, Longfellow being her favorite poet.

The first woman in America to make literature a profession was Hannah Adams, who was born in Medfield, Mass., in 1875, and died at Brookline, same State, on November 15, 1832.

The Empress of China is passionately fond of jewels. It used to be illegal for a Chinese woman to wear diamonds, but the present Empress changed all that by persisting in her fancies.

Mrs. "Phil" Sheridan is said to be one of the prettiest of the numerous young widows in Washington. She was married when only nineteen, and she is still of slender and youthful appearance.

Mary Moore Davis, who became well known in the literary world through her charming story, "Under the Man Fig," is the wife of Major Davis, political editor of the New Orleans Picayune.

Each successive mistress of the White House has had certain favorite flowers, which have been grown there very plentifully during her stay. Mrs. Hayes's favorites were the rose and the apple geranium, Mrs. Garfield and Mrs. Harrison preferred orchids, while Mrs. Cleveland likes the pansy, and next to that the cape jasmine.

Mrs. Olney, wife of the Secretary of State, does not take a great interest in the woman question, although she hasn't the slightest objection to other women settling the matter to their own taste. For herself, she thinks her home duties are enough to occupy her whole time. Mrs. Olney is a young looking woman, especially for a grandmother.

Alphonse Daudet was not exactly complimentary in his references to English women, of whom he met many in his recent trip to perfidious Albion. "Not only is the English woman not handsome in features," he says, "but there is nothing seductive in her physical form, and, moreover, she is an utter stranger to elegance and good taste."

Up a Tree With Bees.

Once upon a time, about 1877 or '78, I had a swarm cluster about twenty feet up on a tree near my apiary, and as I could not get at them with a ladder on account of the small limbs, I climbed. I could get nothing to stand on in reach of the cluster but two small limbs, about as large as a man's thumb, and held on by a limb about 1½ inches diameter, and about four feet from the body of the tree. The limbs I stood on being on a small fork that terminated in small branches outside of and around the cluster, I had cut the small limb from around the bees and was about tying a line to the limb to climb, when the two branches I was standing on broke. The limb I was holding to, by the jerk of my weight coming all on it, bent quickly, striking the cluster, and that precepitated a large part of it on to my bare head, my hat having been knocked off while climbing. Think of the joy of my situation—hanging by one hand some eighteen or twenty feet high, with perhaps a hundred lances busily testing the hardness of my head and the sticking qualities of my grit, but I did not fall. I had had a broken thigh once, and I would prefer a thousand beestings to one broken leg. I quietly pulled myself on to the body of the tree, climbed down, combing the stings out of my scalp, while my wife picked a dozen or two out of my forehead, face and neck, after which I climbed again, knocked the cluster into a basket, let them down by a rope, carried them to the hive, and emptied them out. Thus I learned that we could carry bees in an open-topped vessel as well as any way, and with no risk of jarring the cluster off.—[Gleanings in Bee Culture.

Every few months a discovery is made of a wholesale murder, weeks before, of servants in the environs of Vienna. Readers living in the western world are puzzled by the circumstance that such crimes are so frequent and remain so long undetected. But those who know that capital explain the fact thus:

Vienna suburbs are like those of no other large town. The wild country comes up to the very wall of the city. On three sides the capital is surrounded by hills, woods and glades, absolutely lonely and deserted, save for a short time in the summer, when the wealthy Viennese merchants go to their villas. These residences are left untenanted at other times, and crimes might be committed in their near neighborhood as easily as in the Yellowstone Park, or the courts and alleys of Whitechapel.—[The Ledger.

He Will Not Drown Himself.

(*From the Troy, N. Y., Times.*)

R. W. Edwards, of Lansingburgh, was prostrated by sunstroke during the war and it has entailed on him peculiar and serious consequences. At the present writing Mr. E. is a prominent officer of Post Lyon, G. A. R., Cohoes, and a past aid de camp on the staff of the commander-in-chief of Albany Co. In the interview with a reporter he said:

"I was wounded and sent to the hospital at Winchester. They sent me, together with others, to Washington—a ride of about 100 miles. Having no room in the box cars we were placed face up on the bottom of flat cars. The sun beat down upon our unprotected heads. When I reached Washington I was insensible and was unconscious for ten days while in the hospital. An abscess gathered in my ear and broke; it has been gathering and breaking ever since. The result of this 100 mile ride and sunstroke was heart disease, nervous prostration, insomnia and rheumatism; a completely shattered system which gave me no rest night or day. As a last resort I took some Pink Pills and they helped me to a wonderful degree. My rheumatism is gone, my heart failure, dyspepsia and constipation are about gone, and the abscess in my ear has stopped discharging and my head feels as clear as a bell, when before it felt as though it would burst, and my once shattered nervous system is now nearly sound. Look at those fingers," Mr. Edwards said, "do they look as if there was any rheumatism there?" He moved his fingers rapidly and freely and strode about the room like a young boy. "A year ago those fingers were gnarled at the joints and so stiff that I could not hold a pen. My knees would swell up and I could not straighten my legs out. My joints would squeak when I moved them. That is the living truth.

"When I came to think that I was going to be crippled with rheumatism, together with the rest of my ailments, I tell you life seemed not worth living. I suffered from despondency. I cannot begin to tell you," said Mr. Edwards, as he drew a long breath, "what my feeling is at present. I think as you lifted ten years right off my life and left me prime and vigorous at forty-seven, I could feel no better. I was an old man and could only drag myself painfully about the house. Now I can walk off without any trouble. That in itself," continued Mr. Edwards, "would be sufficient to give me cause for rejoicing, but when you come to consider that I am no longer what you might call nervous, and that my heart is apparently nearly healthy, and that I can sleep nights, you may realize why I may appear to speak in extravagant praise of Pink Pills. These pills quiet my nerves, take that awful depression from my head and at the same time enrich my blood. There seemed to be no circulation in my lower limbs a year ago, my legs being cold and clammy at times. Now the circulation there is as full and as brisk as at any other part of my body. I used to be so light-headed and dizzy from my nervous disorder that I frequently fell while crossing the floor of my house. Spring is coming and I never felt better in my life, and I am looking forward to a busy season of work."

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Frozen Forty-seven Years.

In 1844, forty-seven years ago, a native of Passy, Chamounin, Switzerland, disappeared. His body has recently been discovered in the crevice of a glacier near Mount Blanc. He left his home on a pilgrimage to the Great St. Bernard, and had never been since heard of until a pedestrian, exploring the glacier, came upon the body, which was in a perfect state of preservation, and papers found on his person fully identified him. The body was strapped and carried on the back of a guide over the mountains to Passy, where it was buried after lying in state for twenty-four hours.—[Atlanta Constitution.

THE newest occupation for women is said to be that of superintendent of weddings. The superintendent, who is usually a youngish woman, is installed in the house of the bride to be, some time before the ceremony. She selects the trosseau, advises what is latest and finest in underwear, buys the material and designs, and makes or superintends the making of the gowns, knows all about stockings, boots, gloves, lace and handkerchiefs, sees to the millinery and jackets and wraps, tells the bride's mother and sisters what to wear, dictates to the bridesmaids, thinks of everything, and lets the engaged couple enjoy themselves with unanxious minds.

Experiments in growing tea plant are now being tried in Southern California.

Old Rip Van Winkle went up into the Catskill mountains to take a little nap of twenty years or so, and when he wakened, he found that the "cruel war was over," the monthly magazines had "fought it over" the second time and "blown up" all the officers that had participated in it. This much is history, and it is also an *historical fact* that, it took the same length of time, for Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery to become the most celebrated, as it is the most effective, Liver, Blood and Lung Remedy of the age. In purifying the blood and in all manner of pimples, blotches, eruptions, and other skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings, and kindred ailments, the "Golden Medical Discovery" manifests the most *positive* curative properties.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 1, 1895. NO. 19.

A Song of Love.

Where Love may make his nest,
Where shall my soul abide:
The sun may pass from east to west—
The ocean wander wide;—
But Love, my dear, where'er I be,
Shall make a heaven on earth for me,

I cannot hear the birds
Whose breasts the blossoms gem:—
There is such music in Love's word,
I have no heart for them!
Sweet sing the birds from land to sea,
But Love sings sweeter songs to me!

What is the sweetest song
The rarest bird can sing,
To Love that lasts a whole life long,
And then to heaven takes wing?
It is on earth—in heaven above—
One song, one song of love—of love!

—F. S. Stanton.

A ROUGH PEACEMAKER.

BY ROSE HARTWICK THORPE.

"I have ordered the house painted dark green, with pencilings to set it off," said Ned Winters, after his usual salutation, as he threw himself into one of Mrs. Hall's easy chairs in her pretty parlor, and cast a proprietorship glance of admiration at Mrs. Hall's pretty daughter, who was reclining languidly in an easy chair just opposite.

"Green!" she exclaimed, suddenly assuming an erect position. "Ned Winters, have you no taste at all that you can even think of having it painted green? Green and red! How ridiculous!"

"I am sure you will like it, Minnie," expostulated Ned, in a slightly-annoyed tone. Judge Eldridge's new house is painted green and it is very pretty."

It was the evening after Mrs. Danford's party, and Ned Winters should have known better than to visit his betrothed so soon after that exhausting affair. Not only this, but they had both been dissipating, in the way of parties, to an unusual degree for the past few days, and neither of them was in proper condition for a pleasant, agreeable visit all by themselves.

Human nature will rebel after a certain amount of abuse, and the sweetest disposition is liable to be converted into its opposite with very slight provocation.

Usually, when vexed questions arose, Minnie would say, "Oh, Ned!" in that pretty, coaxing way of hers, and then she would use all of her "woman's arts" so artlessly and innocently, he thought, to win her own desires in the matter.

She never failed of winning, or of leaving the impression on Ned's mind that he was having his own way in granting her requests: but now they were compictely exhausted and ill-tempered on that unfortunate evening.

"You must countermand your order at once, Ned," said Minnie, decidedly. "Drab is the color we want. It is so modest and unassuming! Have it painted a lovely shade of light drab with slate-colored cornice."

"I have already given my order, and I shall not revoke it," said Ned, in tones which had a suggestion of angry resentment in them. "I have given you full sway over the inside of the house, and you have kept the carpenters in hot water from the first by changing the plan of the rooms so often. I don't mind that so much because you are to live in the house and the inside ought to be arranged to suit you; but I reserve the right to paint the outside any color I choose, and I choose to have it painted green."

"I won't live in a green house!" cried the little woman, looking very severe and dignified, with her diminutive figure erect and haughty. "I tell you I won't live in a house that is painted green!" more emphatically; "and if you persist in having it green, you can get some other girl to share it with you, that's all!"

"Which I can do without any serious trouble?" said Ned, springing to his feet and starting for the door. "When you desire to see me again you can let me know!"

He scarcely realized what he was saying in his angry impatience.

"Or perhaps come and fling myself at your feet and implore forgiveness!" she cried out sharply, with a husky tone in her voice, which was followed as soon as he had gone out and he had closed the hall door behind him by a tempest of tears.

"How could I say such hateful things to him?" she murmured, reproachfully, after she had wept her resentment away. "The dear fellow has allowed me to have my own way from the first, and I might give up in the matter of the paint. Oh dear, I'd rather have the house painted a bright yellow than to have quarreled with Ned!"

And Ned as he tramped noisly down the street, called himself all the hard names he could think of for allowing such a trifle to make him use "dear little Minnie" so shamefully.

The night passed with very little sleep for either of these unhappy "grown-up" children.

Minnie spent it in tears, while, in his bachelor apartments, Ned paced the floor restlessly; but neither felt like offering the necessary apology, when the morning came, and so another miserable day began.

It is hard to tell how large a mountain might have grown out of that insignificant little mole-hill, if something terrible had not rushed to their assistance at that opportune time and settled the matter for them.

In the midst of her self-reproaches, Minnie became aware that there was an onimous silence all about her, and that the people in the next house were gazing at the sky in the west with anxious glances.

She went to the door, and the sight presented to her nearly deprived her of her senses, it was so terrible.

She now heard a distant roar and rumbling, and afar in the west saw a mass of black, angry clouds, high up in the sky, rolling and tossing about in a most formidable manner, with a narrow point at the base which seemed to be gathering up fuel for the black-browed monster's wrath to vent itself upon.

"A cyclone!" she cried.

Her first thought was of Ned and the safety which, she was sure, his strong arms would afford her in this dreadful time of danger.

His office was two blocks away, and without a thought of her appearance, or her probable fate should the storm overtake her in the street, she ran down the path, out of the gate, and had started with flying footsteps for Ned's office, when the cyclone struck the village.

She was lifted from her feet and carried forward with bewildering haste.

It was only the outer edge of the cyclone which had caught her in its grasp, and when it had whirled her about a dozen times or more, and had thoroughly shaken her, it dropped her as suddenly as it had caught her—dropped her at the very feet of the young man she had started to find.

Their thoughts, in that first moment of peril, had been the same and he was on his way to Minnie's home when she fell at his feet in a most unceremonious fashion.

"Oh, Ned!" she gasped.

"My darling!"

He caught her in his arms, and kissed her white frightened face in a most scandalous manner, considering that they were in the street—on Main street, in fact—and that everybody was "out."

But it so happened that the "village gossips" were too busy just then to make a note of this item and it passed unnoticed.

"Dear Ned," said Minnie, meekly, as soon as she regained her breath, "I—I don't mind if the house is painted green."

"I've acted a fool, Minnie," he said humply. "I don't care a copper what color the house is. I've wished a hundred times since last night that there wasn't any house at all."

"So have I," said Minnie.

And later in the day they discovered that the cyclone, which had brought them together with such unbecoming haste, had also removed the cause of their quarrel.

The new house had been taken up carried several rods, and set down, in a pitiable condition, in Farmer Jones' barn-yard.

"I was just a-goin' to build a new barn this summer on that very spot," he said to Ned a short time after the the storm, "an' if ye'll sell it sort o' cheap, I'll rig it up for a barn."

And so the house was sold to Farmer Jones, and in time a new one took its place, entirely satisfactory to both Ned and Minnie.

But when it was finished it did not wear a coat of green. Oh, no! it was drab, with slate-colored cornice!—Saturday Night.

Notable State Papers.

"The original McKinley tariff law is written on parchment similar to that of the Sherman law, and like it, it is bound into a big book that contains the original documents of many other laws. It fills sixty-three of these large parchment sheets, and the engrossing of it was done by three different clerks. The title of the bill is, 'An Act to Reduce the Revenues and to Equalize Duties.' It is attested in the same manner as the Sherman law, and signed by Speaker Reed, Vice President Morton, and President Harrison. The Wilson bill, which supplants the McKinley bill, fills about as many pages of the heavy unruled parchment, which, by-the-way, we send to England to buy. The Wilson bill mentions almost every article of commerce that one can think of, grouping similar things into paragraphs, and naming the duties that shall be paid on each. There is a long list or articles on which there is no duty.

"Proclamations by the President of the United States have maintained one form since the foundation of the government. The original Emancipation proclamation issued by President Lincoln is written upon very heavy white unruled paper that is folded once. The fold is at the left, like a sheet of four-paged letter-paper, and each page is ten by fourteen inches in size. It begins, as do all Presidential proclamations, 'By the President of the United States of America—A Proclamation.'

"The first line is written with a pen in a bold hand, and the words, 'A Proclamation,' form a line of themselves—printing characters, although executed with a pen. It proclaims that on a certain date, and under certain conditions, a race is free from bondage, but in nowhere calls itself an 'Emancipation Proclamation.' That is a popular name given to this, one of the most famous of state papers. The text is in the handwriting of Secretary Seward—a hand that was strikingly like that of Mr. Lincoln.—Harper's Round Table."

Modern Arms and Gettysburg.

At Gettysburg, in July, 1863, had the Federal troops been armed with the rifle now being issued to the United States infantry, and with the present improved field-guns, Pickett's heroic band in the charge on the third day would have been under fire from start to finish, and the fire of masses of infantry, combined with breech-loading cannon, would probably have destroyed every man in the assaulting lines. Pickett's right, when formed for the charge, was 1,800 yards from the Union lines; and the magazine-rifle sight is graduated, it will be remembered to 1,900 yards. With the weapons then in use, the Federals did not open with artillery on the charging Southern troops until they were within 1,100 yards of their lines, and their infantry did not fire until they were within a much closer range. In the recent war between China and Japan, it was stated that a ball fired from a Japanese rifle called the Murata, similar to the United States magazine rifle, struck a Chinese three-quarters of a mile away in the knee, and crushed it to atoms.—Fitzhugh Lee, in the Century.

Straw Hats of Wood.

A Massachusetts inventor has patented a machine which is supplied with fine planing teeth. A log of wood cut square is fed to it, and when the log passes through it it has furnished a hundred strips of wood much resembling excelsior. Their length, of course, is that of the log. It is claimed that these, when moistened, can be woven much more readily than straw and make as durable a hat.

The inventor says it is twice as light as straw, and that, because of its easier manipulation and cheaper cost, it will supersede the straw now used for the construction of headgear. Even women's Leghorn hats and the finest Panamas may become possible for those who can't afford them now.—New York World.

Always Useful.

"What do you do with your big sleeves when you get through with them?"

"Oh, I send them to the orphan asylum. They make excellent suits for the little ones."—Boston Saturday Gazette.

Lassoing a Bear.

After an hour's weary traveling down the winding way we came out on the plain, and found a small cow outfit belonging to Mr. Stevens, and under a tree lay our dead silver-tip, while a half dozen punchers squatted about it. It appeared that three of them had been working up in the foot hills, when they heard the dogs, and shortly discovered the bear. Having no guns, and being on fairly good ground, they coiled their riatas and prepared to do battle.

The silver-tip was badly blown and the three dogs which had stayed with him were so tired that they sat up at a respectable distance and panted and lolled. The first rope went over Bruin's head and one paw. There lies the danger. But instantly number two flew straight to the mark and the ponies surged, while Bruin stretched out with a roar. A third rope got his other hind leg, and the puncher dismounted and tied it to a tree. The roaring, biting clawing mass of hair was practically helpless, but to kill him was an undertaking.

"Why didn't you brand him and turn him loose?" I asked of the cowboy.

"Well," said the puncher, in his Texan drawl, "we could have branded him all right, but we might have needed some help in turning him loose."

They pelted him with malpais, and finally stuck a knife into a vital part, and then, loading him on a pony, they brought him in. It was a daring performance, but was regarded by the "punchers" as a great joke.—Harper's Magazine.

The Dandelion.

The dandelion belongs to the largest, oldest, and most widely diffused order of plants. While other orders of plants have died out and become mere fossil remains in the rocks, this order has survived the geological changes of many different periods, on account of its power of adapting itself to those changes. And these changes in their turn have only made it better suited for all the varied soils and climates of the earth at the present day.

We find members of this order in every part of the globe, in places as far apart from each other as they can be. It is the prevailing and dominant order of vegetable life, the most highly finished, and the most successful family of plants. And the dandelion is one of the most perfect forms belonging to it.

It is the head and crown of the vegetable kingdom, as man is the head and crown of the animal creation and it is curious how this highest type of plant is always found only where man, the highest type of animal life, is found, and where he dwells or cultivates the soil. It is never found apart from him; it follows him wherever he goes—to America, Australia and New Zealand, and there in the new home it becomes a silent but eloquent reminder of the dear old land he may never see again.—Good Words.

A Remarkable Memory.

One Sunday a few weeks ago Ben Oakford took a walk through the railroad yard at Tulare and read the numbers of the cars and their destinations and noticed the tracks they were on. There were ninety-six cars on the different tracks, and, having looked them over, he went into the office, took up a paper clip, and, beginning with the last car, set them all down back to the first one.

Running them over in his mind, he said, "I have missed one," and set down the figures of this car in the order in which it stood on the track.

He made three mistakes in the whole list, writing C. P. 32,761, when he should have written 32,791, also 69,652 when he should have written 69,675, and lastly 19,653, when it ought to have been 19,863.

It is not likely that any man with an ordinary memory could take the numbers and descriptions of five cars and remember them five minutes, and the writer will bet his hat that he himself could not remember the description of two of them ten minutes unless he had half an hour to learn them in.—Tulare, (Cal.,) Register.

Salmon P. Chase has been dead twenty-two years, and in all that time his grave at Cincinnati has remained unmarked.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Hematite is a variety of iron ore fit for jewelry.

The crocodile's egg is about the size of that of the goose.

The average weight of 1,000 women in Paris is 110 pounds; in Russia 122.

The water of the Mediterranean contains a greater proportion of salt than that of the ocean.

When the Gulf Stream passes out of the Gulf of Mexico its temperature is about seventy degrees.

The pupils of the Chicago Manual Training school, have completed a tower clock, the market value of which is said to be $5,000.

Minneapolis, (Minn.), capitalists are planning to spend $1,000,000 upon a dam below the falls of St. Anthony, to utilize waste water power.

In experimenting to find the effect of sunlight on disease germs it has been discovered that such spores are killed by the blue and violet rays of sunlight in a few hours.

The prime of life in a man of regular habits and sound constitution is from thirty to fifty-five years of age; of a woman, from twenty-four or twenty-five to about 40 years of age.

It is supposed by some that when a tree is struck by lightning it is torn not by the electricity, but by the explosion of water suddenly converted into steam by the heat of the arrested current.

Sergeant O'Keefe, who spent five years in the observatory on Pike's Peak, Colorado, says that the lowest temperature observed was fifty degrees below zero, the highest sixty-two degrees above.

The Bank of France is about to issue 1000-franc notes of a new type. These will be chiefly colored with bistre, red and blue, and are expected to put a stop to the extensive forgeries now carried on by the aid of photography.

Some interesting discoveries have recently been made about animal life on the Hawaiian Islands. It appears that all the land and fresh water shells are peculiar to the locality. Nor is that all. Fifty-seven out of the seventy-eight species of birds, and 700 out of the 1,000 species of insects do not exist in any other portion of the globe.

Japanese Fruit.

The Japanese are fond of eating fruit of most kinds while it is still unripe, to "get ahead of the worms," as Mr. Yabi said to Mr. Finck. Japanese fruit is not at best, equal in quantity and variety to our own, although at Sapporo apples are grown successfully. Probably they can be, and soon will be grown in other parts of the empire.

The Yezo apples grown away in the north of Japan, are the best in Japan. All over the country, cherry and plum trees are grown for their blossoms rather than their fruit, and as a natural consequence the fruit is small and poor. There are rose haws or rose berries which the Ainos eat, though we should think them very poor. There is a small yellow mellon not much better than a ripe cucumber which is eaten with great eagerness by the Japanese. All these things are sold at railway stations by boys with big trays.

How They Kept Him Quiet.

I went to see a woman last Tuesday morning who has a young son; I think he's not much over a year old, in fact. He's the noisiest little fellow I ever saw, but this morning he kept still so long that the mother and I rushed into the nursery to see w at the nurse had done to him. She had simply found a way to keep him quiet and out of mischief. He had little bits of raw cotton stuck to his hands with molasses and he was trying to pick them off. He was too busy to cry, and for the first time since I've known him, he was absolutely quiet for a quarter of an hour.—Washington Post.

A Poor Student.

Mr. Haicede—You say you belong to the workin' class, do ye?

Everett Wrest—That's what.

"You must be about th' foot of the class, ain't ye?—Cincinnati Tribune.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Sarcasm is the wasp of conversation.

A woman's wit is sharper than it is sweet.

We may shape our friendship, but not our love.

Fanaticism is the froth on the courage of convictions.

If we had better sight everybody would be good looking.

There are some people who make even work a dissipation.

A man gains nothing by having a laugh at another's expense.

The man who keeps his heart to himself is a selfish creature.

Love listens to flattery; friendship is never given the opportunity.

Some men have no to-morrow. They have borrowed it all to-day.

It does not take long to find out just how little talkative people know.

A woman loses her chief attraction when she begins to let her head guide her heart.

A politician can see no more of the public good than he can see from the public crib.

It is hard to convince a pessimist that there are any chestnuts that do not have worms in them.

It is always pleasanter to give than to receive, especially when the thing transferred is an opinion.

It occasionally occurs to a man not burdened with conceit that his wife wouldn't have married him if anything better had offered.

Familiarity, no doubt, breeds contempt, in most instances, but certainly not in the matter of money. The more we have of that, the better we like it.

Value of Family Records.

It is the omission of some of the simplest duties in life that frequently causes the most trouble and expense. Among other things, the common failure to keep and preserve family records is a most prolific source of regret and annoyance to many generations. The fact that the simple dates of births, deaths and marriages can be found for only a limited number of years in thousands of families throughout the country bothers courts, lawyers, fraternal societies, genealogists, heirs at law, penslon claimants and many other classes. While the information concerning the past can be gleaned only in part, and then through the expenditure of considerable money, the present and future should witness a change in this direction. Family records should not only be kept, but they should be preserved by all the members, because in a very few years the nearest relatives become separated forever. By a slight correspondence, these records could be kept up, and the descendants of the present generation would be very thankful therefor. The past neglect in this matter is excusable to a large degree, considering the vicissitudes in the lives of the settlers of this country, but there does not appear to be any reasonable excuse for the present generation to overlook it. Let such records be kept fully, and they will be of great value in the future, and save much needless and fruitless outlay of money.—Boston Globe.

An Industrious Clerk.

He was president of the new labor union, and he came into the side-street store hunting up statistics. "How many hours per day do your clerks work?" he asked the proprietor.

"I have but one clerk and he works seventeen hours a day, seven days in a week," answered the proprietor.

"Great Cæzar! I'd like to see the clerk that would stand that."

"Here he is," said the proprietor, as he picked up a paper and showed him a neat and attractive ad.—Printer's Ink.

No Punishment.

"Say, said the deputy, "I put 711 on the treadmill eight hours ago as a punishment, and he's goin' on jist as chipper and happy as can be."

"Why, of course," said the Prison Warden, in tones of disgust. "Didn't you know that the feller was sent here for bicycle stealing? That sort of thing is right in his line."—Indianapolis Journal.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

Most people think that the civil wa was over in April, 1865, but the United States Supreme Court says that it did not end until August 20, 1866.

Owing to the large infusion of German blood the Chileans of the future will have a large proportion of men with yellow beards and blue eyes.

A New York doctor asserts that crying is a benefit to the baby. Most parents would prefer that such benefits be given at matinee performances.

"About the only cloud on the country's prosperity at present is that formed by the growing smoke from industrial chimneys," remarks the Philadelphia Times.

Some of the lands in San Bernardino County, California, which a few years ago were listed on surveys as "desert land," are this year yielding from $325 to $400 per acre in almonds.

The Boston papers have been telling of a Harvard student who has an income of $50,000 a month. He is Walter S. Hobart, twenty-two years old, and is the son of a California mine owner. He is the owner of a racing stable, and is a fine rider.

The comparative cheapness of shipment by water and by land is illustrated in the matter of the new traffic of New York with Hawaii in sugar by way of Cape Horn. Sugar could be sent via San Francisco in perhaps three or four weeks, but it is profitable to take it around the Horn, a journey of from ninety to 120 days.

Statisticians who are fond of mathematical problems have figured that the treasures sunk in the sea, especially those of gold and silver, are of more value than all of the specie at present in circulation. Gold and jewels have been the prey of the pirate, and these, in stress of weather, and under untoward circumstances, have been consigned to the deep.

Jerome B. Stillson, who started Mr. Moody on his evangelistic work, listened to him the other day in Rochester, N. Y. Mr. Stillson was at the time a Government contractor in Chicago, and found Mr. Moody giving out tracts in the lumber yards. He took him to a mission, and got him interested in active Christian work. Mr. Moody at the time was only eighteen years of age.

Many a people regard a bank check as a kind of bank note, and take their time about cashing it or intrusting it to a bank for collection. The British tribunals now decree that the keeping of a check for two days before depositing it in a bank constitutes an act of negligence which, if the bank fails in the meantime, debars the holder from recovering the amount from the drawer of the check.

Mexican onyx has suffered a gradual decline in value for many years past. It is generally becoming known that Mexican onyx is not true onyx, but a species of marble. It is really an aragonite, and is composed of calcium, oxide of iron, and magnesium. The presence of these last two elements gives it its beautiful color. It was used by the ancient Mexicans for masks, idols and similar small objects.

The knighting of Henry Irving emphasizes the wonderful advance in social position which the histrionic art has made in the past few centuries in England, soliloquizes the New Orleans Picayune. Under "Good Queen Bess," and in Shakspeare's own times a law was enacted to the effect that "all common players, jugglers, tinkers, peddlers and petty chapmen should be taken aud adjudged rogues, vagabonds and aturdy beggars, and should be stripped naked and be whipped until his or her body should be bloodye and sent streghts way to the parish where he was born." It was not until the reign of George III that a "common player" was freed from the danger of a public whipping.

THE WATER MILL.

Listen to the water mill,
All the livelong day—
How the clicking of the wheel
Wears the hours away.
Languidly the autumn wind
Stirs the greenwood leaves;
From the field the reapers sing,
Binding up the sheaves;
And a memory o'er my mind
As a spell is cast—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Take the lesson to yourself,
Loving heart and true;
Golden years are fleeting by;
Youth is passing, too.
Strive to make the most of life
Lose no happy day;
Time will never bring you back
Chances swept away.
Leave no tender word unsaid,
Love while love shall last—
The mill will never grind
With the water that is past.

Work while yet the daylight shines
Man of thought and will;
Never does the streamlet glide
Useless by the mill;
Wait not till to-morrow's sun
Beams upon your way.
All that you can call your own
Lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect and health
May not always last—
The mill cannot grind
With water that is past.

Oh, the wasted hours of life
That have drifted by;
Oh, the good we might have done,
Lost without a sigh;
Love that we might once have saved
By a single word.
Thoughts, conceived but never penned,
Perishing unheard.
Take the proverb to thine heart,
Take! oh, hold it fast!
The mill will never grind
With the water that is passed.
—Sarah Doudney Clarke.

He Never Knew

MRS. SANDRYL-KEMPTON sat before the fire in her wide, airy, faded drawing-room and thoughts of Theodore Vellan of old days, and wondered what the present Lord Vellan would be like. She had got a note from him that morning, dispatched from Southampton the day before, announcing: "I shall be in town to-morrow—at Bowden's Hotel, in Cork street," and asking when he might come to her. She had answered by telegraph: "Come and dine at 8 to-night," to which he had wired back an acceptance. Thereupon she had told her son that he must dine at his club; and now she was seated before her fire, waiting for Theodore Vellan to arrive, and thinking of thirty years ago.

She was a bride then, and her husband, her brother Paul and Theodore Vellan were bound in a league of ardent young mannish friendship, a friendship that dated from the time when they had been undergradates together at Oxford. She thought of the three handsome, happy, talented young men, and of the brillant future she had foreseen for each of them, her husband at the bar, her brother in the church, and Vellan—not in politics; she could never understand his political aspirations; they seemed quite at odds with the rest of his character—but in literature, as a poet, for he wrote verse which she considered very unusual and pleasing. She thought of this, and then she remembered that her husband was dead, that her brother was dead, and that Theodore Vellan had been dead, to his world, at all events, for thirty years. Not one of them had in any way distinguished himself; not one had in any measure fulfilled the promise of his youth.

Her memories were sweet and bitter; they made her heart glow and ache. Vellan, as she recalled him, had been, before all things, gentle. He was witty, he had humor, he had imagination, but he was, before all things, gentle—with the gentlest voice, the gentlest eyes; the gentlest manners. His gentleness, she told herself, was the chief element of his charm. She smiled as she remembered it, but at the same time she put her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Why did he go away? What could it have been?" she wondered, her old longing to comprehend it reviving with something of the old force. "Could it have been? * * * Could it have been?" * * * And an old guess, an old theory, one she had never spoken to anybody, but had pondered much in silence, again presented itself interrogatively to her mind.

The door opened; the butler mumbled a name, and she saw a tall, white-haired, pale old man smiling at her and holding out his hands. It took her a little while to realize who it was. With an unthinking disallowance for the action of time, she had been expecting a young fellow of eight and twenty, brown haired and ruddy.

Perhaps he, on his side, was taken aback a little to meet a middle-aged lady in a cap.

* * * * * * *

After dinner he would not let her leave him, but returned with her to the drawing-room, and she said that might smoke. He smoked odd little Cuban cigarettes, whereof the odor was delicate and aromatic. They had talked of everything; they had laughed and sighed over their ancient joys and sorows. We know how in the courts of memory merry mirth and melancholy wander hand in hand. She had cried a little when her husband and her brother were first spoken of, but at some comic reminiscences of them a moment afterward she was smiling through her tears. "Do you remember so and so?" and "What has become of such a one?" were types of the questions they asked each other, conjuring up old friends and enemies like ghosts out of the past. Incidentally he has described Porto Rico, and its negroes and its Spaniards, its climate, its fauna and its flora.

In the drawing-room they sat on opposite sides of the fire, and were silent for a bit. Profiting by the permission she had given him, he produced one of his Cuban cigarettes, opened it at its ends, unrolled it, rolled it up again and lit it.

"Now, the time has come for you to tell me what I most want to know," she said.

"What is that?"

"Why you went away."

"Oh!" he murmured.

She waited a minute. Then, "Tell me," she urged.

"Do you remember Mary Isona?" he asked.

She glanced up at him suddenly as if startled.

"Mary Isona? Yes, of course."

"Well, I was in love with her."

"You were in love with Mary Isona?"

"I was very much in love with her. I have never got over it, I'm afraid."

She gazed fixedly at the fire. Her lips were compressed. She saw a slender girl in a plain black frock, with a sensitive, pale face, luminous, sad, dark eyes and a mass of dark, waving hair—Mary Isona, of Italian parentage, a little music teacher, whose only relation to the world Theodore Vellan lived in was professional. She came into it for an hour or two at a time now and then, to play or to give a music lesson.

"Yes," he repeated, "I was in love with her. I have never been in love with any other woman. It seems ridiculous for an old man to say it, but I am in love with her still. An old man? Are we really old? Our body grows old, our skin wrinkles, our hair turns white, but the mind, the spirit, the heart? The thing we call 'I?' Anyhow, not a day, not an hour passes, but I think of her, I long for her, I mourn for her. You knew her—you knew what she was. Do you remember her playing? Her wonderful eyes? Her beautiful pale face? And how the hair grew around the forehead? And her talk, her voice, her intelligence! Her taste, her instinct, in literature, in art—it was the finest I have ever met."

"Yes, yes, yes," Mrs. Kempton said, slowly. "She was a rare woman. I knew all the unhappy circumstances of her life; her horrid, vulgar mother; her poor, dreamy, inefficient father; their poverty; how hard she had to work. You were in love with her. Why didn't you marry her?"

"She wouldn't have had me."

"Did you ask her?"

"No. It was needless. It went without saying."

"You were wrong not to ask her. One never can be sure. Oh, why didn't you ask her?" His old friend spoke with great feeling.

He looked at her surprised and eager. "Do you really think she might have cared for me?"

"Oh, you ought to have told her! You ought to have told her!" she repeated.

"Well—now you know why I went away."

"Yes."

"When I heard of her—her—death"—he could not bring himself to say her suicide—"there was nothing else for me to do. It was so hideous, so unutterable. To go on with my old life, in the old place, among the old people, was quite impossible. I wanted to follow her, to do what she had done. The only alternative was to fly as far from England, as far from myself, as I could."

"Sometimes," Mrs. Kempton confessed by-and-by, "sometimes I wondered whether, possibly, your disappearance could have had any such connection with Mary's death—it followed it so immediately. I wondered sometimes whether, perhaps, you had cared for her. But I couldn't believe it—it was only because the two things happened one upon the other. Oh, why didn't you tell her? It is dreadful, dreadful!"

When he had left her she still sat for a little while before the fire.

"Life is a chance to make mistakes—a chance to make mistakes. Life is a chance to make mistakes."

It was a phrase she had met in a book she was reading the other day. Then she had smiled at it; now it rang in her ears like the voice of a mocking demon.

"Yes, a chance to make mistakes," she said, half aloud.

She rose and went to her desk, unlocked a drawer, turned over its contents, and took out a letter—an old letter, for the paper was yellow and the ink was faded. She came back to the fireside and unfolded the letter and read it. It covered six pages of note paper, in a small feminine hand. It was a letter Mary Isona had written to her, Margaret Kempton, the night before she died, more than thirty years ago. The writer recounted the many harsh circumstances of her life, but they would all have been bearable, she said, save for one great and terrible secret. She had fallen in love with a man who was scarcely conscious of her existence; she, a little obscure Italian music teacher, had fallen in love with Theodore Vellan. It was as if she had fallen in love with an inhabitant of another planet; the worlds they respectively belonged to were so far apart. She loved him—she loved him—and she knew her love was hopeless, and she could not bear it. Oh, yes, she met him sometimes, here and there, at houses she went to play, to give lessons. He was civil to her; he was more than civil—he was kind; he talked to her about literature and music.

"He is so gentle, so strong, so wise; but he has never thought of me as a woman—a woman who could love, who could be loved. Why should he? If the moth falls in love with the star, the moth must suffer. * * * I am cowardly; I am weak; I am what you will; but I have more than I can bear. Life is too hard—too hard. To-morrow I shall be dead. You will be the only person to know why I died, and you will keep my secret."

"Oh, the pity of it—the pity of it!" murmured Mrs. Kempton. "I wonder whether I ought to have shown him Mary's letter."—London Sketch.

DIAMOND QUEEN OF GOTHAM.

Although 60 Years of Age, She Goes to London to Purchase Gems.

The Diamond Queen has gone to Europe on her vacation. Mrs. Lynch is another example of the modern woman in business. She not only owns and controls several large jewelry shops in New York, but has an extensive house in London, and still another in Paris. Her fame is world-wide, not only as a woman of wonderful business power in general, but supereminently in that line wherein as a mere girl she displayed such marvelous acumen. Men who know say that Mrs. Lynch is a born judge of diamonds, and has but few equals. Every year this elderly lady—she is now past 60—journeys to London to buy diamonds in the rough. This from the selling side, is the best business in the world, for it is cash with no shadow of credit. To rank high as a buyer one must be an expert.

The remarkable woman, known as the "Queen of Diamonds," was some fifty years ago known as little Teresa Riley, the prettiest girl in the famous old Sixth Ward, where her father kept a fruit store. All her life Mrs. Lynch has been a religious woman, and a liberal giver to every worthy cause, and she has found time among her business cares to bring forth and educate in all the graces and dignities of good society five valuable American citizens—two daughters and three sons. Mrs. Lynch is interested in other enterprises besides jewelry. The Pelham View Park in Westchester, and a hotel at Mountain Dale, in Sullivan County, a hundred miles from New York City, in sight of the famous Catskills, are two investments of hers possibly of more direct and permanent advantage to the general public than her jewelry business, which caters to the luxury of the rich rather than to the comfort of persons with moderate means. She has also established one of her sons at Matawan, N. J., in the business of manufacturing white enamel bricks, an industry of which she controls the American patent. Such are the varied activities of this remarkable woman, who carries 60 years with as much apparent ease and grace as if they were only 40. —New York Advertiser.

A Poem in Yellow.

Nature wisely provides that even the wisest men and women cannot estimate each other's mental furnishings with any degree of accuracy, and it is also arranged that even the foolishest among us knows something that some one else doesn't know. A Third avenue matron forgot all this, however, the other day when her door bell rang and the servant brought up the card of a prominent local literary woman. As the lady of the house touched herself up before the mirror preparatory to descending to the parlor she fairly quaked in her boots.

"Goodness," she said to herself, "what can I talk to Mrs. Goggles about? She belongs to so many clubs, reads and studies so many languages, writes such deep papers and all that! What on earth can I say to entertain her? I just know I will appear unusually ignorant and foolish."

She nerved herself, however, and went down to greet the appalling guest. And the formidable Mrs. Goggles nestled up to her on the sofa, took her hand in hers with a timidly confiding touch, and said in almost a mysterious whisper:

"Mrs. Chic—tell me—do you know any artistic way to cook turnips?"

A Cat that Yearned for Water.

One of the most curious and interesting of the animals at the Philadelphia Zoological Gardens died the other day. It was the fish-cat from India which had during its sojourn in this country been a center of attraction. The animal looked very much like a common housecat, although a trifle larger. The antipathy of cats for water is well known. It rivals that of a confirmed inebriate or a tramp. Therein lay the difference between the late lamented fish-cat and others of its species. It simply yearned for water. In its native land it not only took hourly swims for its health, but it earned its living in the streams which it frequented. When the pangs of hunger approached it it was wont to go out in the river, dive under the water and catch fish as they passed. It was a clever fisherman. Nothing with fins was too quick for it, and consequently it was always sleek and well fed. It was the only fish-cat in the garden, and of course its death is a great loss.

Quite Enough for Her.

Mrs. Gabley—What do you think of the new woman?

Mrs. Placid—Nothing; I'm bothered enough about the old man.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Tell a girl she has a Madonna face, and she begins to long for a more prominent place to show it.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozer.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.0 .

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

"Fatty" has met his match at last.

Montevallo now has a first class barber shop.

Miss Fannie Kenan visited Wilsonville Saturday.

Mr. John Camer, of Shelby Spring, was in town Tuesday.

Mr. A. W. Splawn has moved from our county to Tupelo, Miss.

"Dock" says, Rogan got the wrong fifty cents for the milk shakes.

Handsome Thomas Moore, of Longview, paid us a call on Tuesday.

Mrs. Thomas and daughter, Miss Maggie, returned home Saturday.

Miss Fannie Lawrence and Fay Cleveland returned home Saturday.

Judge Joseph Montgomery of Birmingham spent Sunday in our town.

Rev. Thomas of East Lake preached at the Baptist church Sunday and at night.

Mr. F. W. Rogan is preparing the Walker storehouse and will move into it at an early date.

We learn that Mr. C. W. Cary has purchased an interest in the Harris & Dunham Coal Co.

The game of ball between Aldrich and West Blocton resulted in a tie. The score being 8 and 8.

Mr. George Morgan will purchase a lot and erect a handsome residence in our city at the near future.

Miss Emma Wilson and Kathleen Reynolds are spending a few days with Mr. C. B. West this week.

We have had several letters from persons wishing to start a newspaper here. All are perfectly welcome.

A few barrels of the celebrated United States Standard Flour at $4.10 per barrel at H. C. & W. B. Reynold's.

William Lawrence has purchased a very fine high grade wheel, and will soon be seen skimming through our streets.

Messrs. E. S. Lyman, C. L. Meroney and F. W. Rogan attended the Knights of Honor conference at Talladega last week.

One of our soclety boys was heard to remark, that he would have to give up society as it was too great a strain for a man of his constitution.

Mr. George Peter, we understand, is opening a mine on the B. B. B. railroad. The vein is said to be 7 feet thick and the coal a superior quality.

Since going to press we are informed that Mr. William Lyman won the "booby" and not Mr. C. W. Carey—although it was awarded to Mr. Carey.

By our carelessness the South Side items were misplaced and did not appear in our last issue. Let us hear from you again sister, for we like your news.

Messers. Charles and Mose Fields, accompanied by Mrs. Davidson, of Calera, visited our town last week for the purpose of investing in real estate. We welcome all such good citizens in our midst.

One of our editors, F. E. Davis, went to Selma Wednesday with the Shelby team to pitch for them in a game which took place there Thursday. We will give full account of the game on his return.

Mr. John Fletcher, one of our farmer boys, of whom we are all proud, but now of Chattanooga, was in the city Sunday shaking hands with his many friends. John is studying medicine in Chattanooga.

The ladies of the Episcopal church gave a birthday party in connection with an ice cream at the industrial school building on Thursday night. It was a very nice affair and quite a handsome sum was realized.

Mr. H. C. Reynolds visited Birmingham last week by appointment to confer with Mr. J. N. Ross, superintendent of the Southern, in regard to the advancement of Montevallo's interest. He found Mr. Ross very much interested in our welfare and will do all he can to help us. He will visit our town soon to see more of our rising little village.

On Monday last Mr. and Mrs. Kemp of Jemison, accompanied by Mrs. R. L. Wooley and daughter of Dry Valley, while coming down the long hill on the Calera road, about a mile from here, came near being seriously injured. Just as they reached the top of hill the holding back straps broke and the carriage dashed down at a break-neck speed, throwing Mrs. Wooley out and under the wheels, the carriage passing entirely over her, but beyond a few bruises she was not hurt. Mr. Kemp also received a few bruises, but, we are glad to know, no bones were broken and no one seriously injured.

IN SPEAKING OF SOCIETY WE SAY

That the town is full of girls.

That "Bill" looks lost since Monday.

That Burr said he had to "stag" it Friday night.

That F. H. R. says a trip to Randolph would please him well.

That "Brur" says if they can't go to church with me, they shant go to ice cream suppers.

That Lawrence said she wouldn't go Friday night, so he spent the evening in his room.

That Frank Kroell is certainly driving his horses these Sunday evenings.

That only one boy found the seats in the yard Friday night.

That Burr and Brur have decided that the Concord trip killed them with the old folks.

That "Chas. Thomas" feels easy while Harry is in Birmingham.

That Lee is singing "First Love is the sweetest."

That John Davis goes up just the same.

That the L. E. C's are thinking of giving a Lawn Party to-morrow night.

That R. E. Hall can't sleep since his return from Birmingham.

That "Son" says "papa" just won't let him go to see his little girl.

That our town is soon to have a new drug store and millinery establishment.

That "Dykes" thinks bicycle girls are the proper ones.

That John Mc. looks like he was on a "high lonesome."

A LITTLE PARTY.

On Friday evening one of the most novel and interesting entertainments of the season was given by Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carey to the members of the C. E. society. Quite a large crowd was present and it was much enjoyed by all.

The excitement ran high, every one striving for the beautiful prize offered for the one guessing the greatest number of titles represented. Most of them were very good and showed a good deal of forethought, one deserving especial notice, thrt of Mr. Walton Williams, who represented an essay on Human Intelligence.

When the final count was made it showed Miss Joana Farrington to be the winner, every one congratulating Miss Farrington on being the best read person present.

Miss Joana is one of Shelby counties fairest and brightest young ladies, and we are sure of expressing the sentiments of all when we say, we regret her stay in our midst was of so short a duration.

Mr. C. W. Carey, one of the most popular married men in town, carried off the "booby," (a blue back speller.)

The prize won by Miss Farrington was an illustrated book, entitled Bugle Sounds.

Long shall the evening be remembered by all present as one overflowing with pleasure.

We failed to ascentain the names of all present, but among them were Miss Joana Farrington with S. S. Allen, Miss Bessie Allen with F. E. Davis, Miss Bertie Allen with B. B. Rogan, Miss Genie Brown with Dr. J. S. Davis, Miss Rosa Brown with A. J. Lee, Miss Belle Reynolds with F. W. Rogan, Miss Katie Reynolds with N. L. Nabors, Miss Bettie Dill with John C. Davis, Miss Minnie Walker with L. N. Bowdan, Miss Eucy Vest with C. T. Acker, Miss Daisy Canterberry with W. J. Williams, Miss Hattie Thomas with John Kroell, Miss Sue Shuford with W. H. Lyman, Miss Alice Huff with James Dykes, Miss Allie Rhodes with R. E. Hall, Miss Fannie Lawrence with E. L. Davis, Miss Fay Cleveland with F. K. Reynolds, Miss Rhoda Latham with W. P. McConaughy, Miss Della Latham and Mrs. Lawrence with J. H. McMath, Misses May Harris, Alta Perry and Lena Nichols with W. E. Perry, Miss Cindy Moore with P. O. West, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McConaughy, Mr. C. L. Meroney, Burr McMath and Burr Nabors. Mrs. Carey was assisted by Misses Lyman, Kenan, McMath and Wilson.

A WONDER FROM AFRICA.

Erasco Alonzo Gustavus, the snake charmer who jumped the show here last week, is still in town. He is a most wonderful negro, handling any snake without the least fear or danger. He uses no drug and will catch any snake at any time, letting them bite him in any place without causing him any pain. He eats them alive and says he really likes them better than chicken. He seems happier while playing with them than a baby would be playing dolls.

Four Children Cremated.

BRISTOL, TENN.—Four children, aged fourteen, five, three and one year, respectively, were cremated in a burning building at Big Stone Gap, Va., early Saturday morning. John Hicks, their father, with his wife and four other children succeeded in escaping, but one more of the children may die. The family were sleeping when the fire broke out in the kitchen before daylight.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EBENEZER LOCALS.

The health of the commuity is improving.

The meeting closed here on Saturday and we trust that much and lasting good has been accomplished.

A series of meetings is being carried on at Elliottsville this week. Rev J. H. Zwingle preached an able sermon at that place Sunday.

A large crowd from this place attended the services at Spring Creek Sunday.

Our gosling wore a sad face Sunday.

A marriage took place at Rev. P. D. Lee's Sunday at 4:30 p. m. The contracting parties were Mr. W. F. Lee and Miss Nannie Harrell, one of Ebenezer's fair youngladies. The ceremony was impressively performed by Rev. Eugene Lee. Mr. and Mrs. Lee will make their future home at Spring Creek.

We are sorry that our "suckers" can't take music lessons.

Keep on, Charlie; perhaps she will speak sometime.

We are sorry that Miss Esther did enjoy her trip here Friday. Don't grieve; he will get well soon.

Success to the News.

Kasoose.

—o—

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Quite a number of boys and girls from here went down to Aldrich Saturday to see the game of ball between the Suttletown team of Blocton and Aldrich.

The Dogwood Mining company has resumed work again and times are looking promising here at present.

Mr. R. C. Jones is all smiles now-a-days. It's a 10-pound boy.

Whitewashing seems to be the order of the day in Dogwood. Let's not cease until everything is whiter than snow.

Messrs. Pat and Walter Harrison took Pea Ridge by storm last Sunday. Say, Pat, how about the mistake you made in getting with your girl? Now, Pat, when you want to sit down by a girl don't sit down by a boy and then ask to be excused.

Prof. W. O. Butler is attending the series of meetings at Elliottsville this week. We wish him a merry time.

Mr. Oscar Harrison is attending the series of meetings in Dry Valley this week. We also wish him a jolly time.

T. A. T. E.

There seems to be quite a dispute between two of our old bird hunters, Vest and Acker. Acker says Vest out counts him, and some times its three years, before Vest will tell of some little tricks he played on him. Vest says Acker is a good hunter, but he thinks that many are the little short cuts Acker takes on him, when they are looking for birds. Vest says Acker will some times get off his horse and attempt to get a shot, without letting him know that the dogs have stood. We notice they are already getting up their shot and powder, and we expect a regular fusilade this winter. They are both hard cases.—Semi Monthly.

FOR SALE

The Newt Eddings Farm.

Only (2) two miles from Montevallo, (1 1-2) one and a half miles from Birmingham Junction, containing two hundred and forty (240) acres.

Two hundred acres of fine timber, forty now in cultivation, a good dwelling and tenant houses. A bargain for cash.

For further particulars apply at this office. tf

Murder and Suicide.

CLEVELAND, O.—At an early hour Sunday morning Emma Mitchell, a pretty mulatto girl, aged 16, was shot and fatally injured by James Lock, a musician, who at once turned the revolver upon himself and sent a bullet through his brain. Lock had been paying attention to the girl for some time. Sunday night he called upon her. It was long after midnight when he started to leave her home at 28 South Alley. The young people stood at the door for more than half an hour. Then the girl's mother was startled by two reports of a pistol. Going to the door, she found Lock lying dead and her daughter unconscious, with a bullet wound in her forehead. The girl was taken to a hospital, where she died in about an hour.

Flood in the Arkansas.

PERRY, OK.—From parties arriving from the Arkansas river bottom it is learned that the river overflow is doing great damage to low bottom farms along the river from Ponca City for 100 miles southwest. Many fine fields of corn are now under water, waist deep, and hundreds of acres have been washed away. The Osage Indians, who live in the bottoms on the north side, have been compelled to move to higher ground. It is reported that the new bridge across the river at Blackburn has been washed away.

A Suspected Postoffice Thief Escapes.

CAMDEN, ARK.—The postoffice at Chidester was robbed about a month ago, but no clew to the perpetrator could be had. A United States marshal has been at work on it. Friday he got out a search warrant for Peter Bragg, an old citizen living near Chidester. Some of the mississing articles were found, and when Bragg heard this he jumped from the window and made his escape Bragg's action is a great surprise to the whole county.

MONTEVALLO.

In and Around it in the Early Days.

NO. 3.

The more we write the more we discover can be written of the early days of this historic town. The health-giving springs and pure mountain air were discovered and sought after long before the State of Alabama was admitted into the Union. Many strange names appear on the headstones in our cemeteries, and many graves go unmarked and will probably never be known.

"Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

One of the most striking epitaphs that we have seen is that of Rev. Joshua West, who lies buried in the Montevallo cemetery. From the History of Methodism in Alabama we gather much information regarding this remarkable man. He was born in Rockingham County, Virginia, in 1771, and was licensed a Methodist preacher in 1792. The following is a verbatim copy of his license to preach:

"This may certify to whom it may concern, that Joshua West is permitted as a local preacher in the Methodist Episcopal Church. Given under my hand this 17th day Oct., 1792.

Bennet Maxey. E. M. E. C.

Maxey was the preacher in charge of Bottetourt Circuit, Virginia.

His license to preach, his credentials to the orders of deacon and elder and his certificate to Bishop Asbury with his own signature, certifying to his belief of Methodist doctrine, etc., are all in a good state of preservation, clean and legible, and are on file in the archives of the Methodist Conference.

Dr. West was also a physician and did an extensive practice. He came to Alabama in 1816, and spent most of his life at Montevallo.

He practiced medicine as far south as to where he and the physician from Cahaba met, there being no such place then as Selma.

Soon after he came to Alabama he, assisted by Lovelady, Lee, Powell, Walker, and others, established camp grounds about a mile from Montevallo, just below the cemetery on the Wilson Branch. Meetings were held here for some years. After this camp ground was abandoned another named Ebenezer, for the Rev. Ebenezer Hearn, was established about five miles north of Montevallo.

He brought up a family of eleven children, five sons and six daughters. Rev. Sam P. West is one of his grandsons. John P. Morgan, the father of Sam and George Morgan, was also one of his grandsons.

Dr. West died in 1860, being 91 years of age.

Among the early settlers were the McElroys, who came from South Carolina in 1821. Maj. Jacob Perry and Wm. Moore married two of the McElroy daughters and the remaining members of the family moved to Louisiana.

The father of Thos. Harrison and grandfather of the Harrison boys, Henry, Frank and George, came to this section of the country from Tennessee in 1818 and settled on the Ad. Griffin place. He brought his corn with him and had to make frequent trips back to Tennessee after more corn, owing to the fact that the country was all woodland and no open land for cultivation.

Between 1825 and 1830 Dr. Wheeler Randall emigrated from South Carolina and settled the Meroney place. He was a physician of much reputation, and had two sons who afterwards became celebrated physicians in Galveston, Tex. This family were not related to the ancestors of the Randall family now living here, of whom we make mention later on in our sketches.

Dudley Randall, representative of another Randall family, was a man of large property and married a daughter of Mrs. Powell and lived in the house on Main street south of Kroell's store.

Daniel Prentice was one of the original and striking characters who lived here previous to the war. He was a man of much influence and merchandised here for many years. His name as justice of the peace appears on many old papers.

The first Methodist preacher on this circuit was named Powell. This must have been in 1820. His circuit extended from Cox's Chapel, below Randolph, to the Isaac Johnson place at Highland.

The oldest known grave in the Montevallo cemetery is that of Jane McQuirter, whose tomb bears this inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Jane McQuirter, born in the year 1800, died 1820." We fail to get any information whatever of such a family and will be under obligations for facts concerning them.

We notice another tombstone which was erected to Elizabeth Wilson, who was born in 1807 and died in 1822. She no doubt was a daughter of the founder of our town. Her mother, Elizabeth Wilson, also wife of Jesse Wilson, lies buried by her side. She was born in 1779 and died in 1830.

There are no doubt graves in this cemetery nearly a century old, but in the early days but few tombstones were used and the last resting places of many are no doubt now lost to view.

The Rate War in Texas.

HOUSTON, TEX—The action of the Rock Island, which was the first road to cut, in refusing to restore passenger rates as agreed on the 25th, will compel south Texas roads to resort to one of two courses—to ignore the Rock Island and restore rates, as agreed, and leave that road to get the cut rate business, which is small, or else to come to an agreement and make a real war. Both plans are being considered.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! ∴ FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

A. .
POINTER.

If you want to increase your Business try Advertising

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv...Selma...ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron..ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No. 168†		No. 61*	No. 169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	.....York.....	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	...Demopolis....	8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	...Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	.....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....?	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12 16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.50	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....
M. BORN & CO.
The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Summer Weakness

Is caused by thin, weak, impure blood. To have pure blood which will properly sustain your health and give nerve strength, take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Miss Brown of Dalton.

By the simple Wine of Cardui Treatment of Female Diseases, thousands of afflicted women are restored to health every year. It corrects the menstrual irregularities from which nearly all women suffer, and is being universally used for that purpose now. Ask your druggist for McElree's Wine of Cardui. Speaking of this class of women diseases, Miss Laura P. Brown, of Dalton, Ga., says: "I have been suffering from excessive menses for two years, constantly getting worse, and I feel that McElree's Wine of Cardui has saved my life. I looked forward to each month and thought I could not endure such misery another time. I can't express my gratitude for the wonderful relief."

Always Cures

Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Bad Breath, Debility, Sour Stomach, Want of Appetite, Distress After Eating, and all evils arising from a weak or disordered stomach. It builds up from the first dose, and a bottle or two will cure the worst cases, and insure a good appetite, excellent digestion and result in vigorous health and buoyancy of spirits. There is no better way to insure good health and a long life than to keep the stomach right. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is guaranteed to do this. The Tranquilizing After-Dinner Drink. For sale by Druggists. Manufactured by C. O. Tyner, Atlanta.

Tobacco-Weakened Resolutions.

Nerves irritated by tobacco, always craving for stimulants, explains why it is so hard to swear off. No-To-Bac is the only guaranteed tobacco habit cure because it acts directly on affected nerve centers, destroys irritation, promotes digestion and healthy, refreshing sleep. Many gain 10 pounds in 10 days. You run no risk. No-To-Bac is sold and guaranteed by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Dindem, Ala.

Tetterine is a most valuable remedy and good seller. One of my customers, Capt. W. B. Amas, had a very bad case of Salt Rheum or Eczema, that had caused him much suffering. It would not yield to the Doctor's treatment, but two boxes of Tetterine has completely cured him. I have also used it in my family with same gratifying results. Alonzo J. Lee. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps, J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

They Call It Overwork.

Business requires a clear head; yet how few business men—with all their sense—realize what is the trouble with their heads. They call it over-work, worry, anything but what it really is—*indigestion*. This stealthiest of ailments usually comes disguised as something else. Wouldn't you be convinced if a box of Ripans Tabules cleared your head and brightened up the business outlook?

Just How it Does it is Not the Question.

It is enough to know that Hindercorns takes out corns, and a great relief it is. 15c. druggists.

W. H. Griffin, Jackson, Michigan, writes: "Suffered with Catarrh for fifteen years, Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has saved me many a doctor's bill.—S. F. HARDY, Hopkins Place, Baltimore, Md., Dec. 2, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

In Laurens County, Ga., Richard A. Odom has some tea plants growing in his yard "which yield an abundance of leaves to supply the family, and the beverage is of the best quality." The plants were obtained from the United States Commissioner of Agriculture in 1880. "They have had no protection and very little care."—[Boston Transcript.

LEAVES ITS MARK

—every one of the painful irregularities and weaknesses that prey upon women. They fade the face, waste the figure, ruin the temper, wither you up, make you old before your time.

Get well: That's the way to look well. Cure the disorders and ailments that beset you, with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription.

It regulates and promotes all the womanly functions, improves digestion, enriches the blood, dispels aches and pains, melancholy and nervousness, brings refreshing sleep, and restores health and strength.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS, New York. ★

NO VACATIONS — SMITHDEAL PRACTICAL Business COLLEGE, Richmond, Va. Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Telegraphy. Both sexes. English Dept. Smithdeal's Book-keeping, 75c.; Grammar, Speller and Letter-Writer, 31; Pens, $1 per gro., post paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

AM. N. U. No. 31, 1895

25 CTS — PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS

FARM AND GARDEN

HOW TO KEEP DITCHES FROM WASHING.

If the ditch is in a meadow or pasture, round off the banks with a spade or plow, and sow heavily with grass seed. They will soon become covered with a good sod, often extending to the bottom of the ditch. If the ditch is in a cultivated field plow it and sow to grass. If the seeding should fail it can be sodded, if one chooses to put that much work on it. All this applies more particularly to ravines and ditches used only during floods. —New England Homestead.

RUST IN OATS.

The red dustiness on the oats is due to the rust, which is a fungus growing in patches on the leaves of this plant, and, feeding on the sap of it, causes it to fade and wither. If the red spots are examined by a magnifying glass they will appear as hollow cups or red egg-shaped bodies, which are the spores of the fungus, the roots of which penetrate all through the substance of the leaves of the oats. The probability is that by and by, when the oats are in head, they will be affected by smut, which is thought to be a secondary form of the rust. This appears as black dust, filling the grains, in place of the usual starchy matter. The remedy for both forms of the disease is, before sowing it, to steep the seed in a solution of sulphate of copper (bluestone), four ounces in a gallon of water. This destroys the germs of the fungus that are adhering to the seeds.—New York Times.

INJURIOUS INSECTS.

We would be glad to have our readers make a note of the insects that do any decided injury to any of the crops of the garden, farm or orchard. What insects are preying upon the cabbages this season, likewise the corn? Keep a keen lookout for the first appearance of any upon the melons, potatoes, cotton, etc. Any damaging insect that you are not acquainted with we would be glad to have sent to us (in a pill box), that is, if you feel any interest in regard to them or their work. Some insects are very numerous this season, and we would like very much to know which sections are the worst infected. Now that our birds are about exterminated, the fruit grower, the farmer and the gardener will be forced to resort to measures for protection that perhaps he has never before been called on to make. It appears that from now on, at least for a while, the fight against insects and blight must be of an intelligent and unanimous character, else the effort to grow crops will be in vain.—Atlanta Journal.

PUMPKINS FOR COWS.

One of the most valuable crops for feeding cows is that of pumpkins. But the best product of this, as of all others, is when it is made the single effort, and not as a side show in a corn field. When grown alone and well cultivated, it is easy to get as much as thirty or forty tons on an acre of good land. The growing them is not any matter of dispute, but the feeding of them is. It is a common belief that they cause the milk of cows to shrink; at least, this is said of the seeds. But experience gives no cause for this belief. On the contrary, the milk is not only increased in quantity, but the quality of it is improved. The color of the butter made is also considerably higher than from the dry food used at this season, when a stock of pumpkins is found most useful. One good-sized pumpkin chopped into slices, given to each cow twice a day, will be found a valuable addition to the best feeding. And no trouble need be borrowed in regard to any ill results from the cows eating the seeds. The seeds and stringy matter attached to them are the most nutritious part of the gourd.—American Farmer.

DRAUGHT-HORSE FAMINE IN PROSPECT.

In view of the dearth of yearling and suckling colts throughout the country this spring it is pertinent to inquire where the geldings to horse the trucks and wagons of American towns and cities a few years hence are to be derived. The teams now in harness will not last forever; that much is certain. On our city pavements even the best wearing sorts must sooner or later succumb and in time give way to fresh stock from the farms. When that inevitable day arrives will the farmers be prepared to supply the desired grade of stock or not? At present there can be but one forecast of the situation: The end of the century will find our markets practically bare of big horses of the right stamp. Even the wayfaring man can figure this out. From every farming district in the land we get the same report: No breeding of any consequence in prospect; few colts last year and practically none this spring! And not only this, but a buyer connected with the export trade is our authority for the statement that sixty per cent. of the current receipts of horses of all descriptions in the Chicago market are mares! Stallion keepers without an occupation, and the mares going by tens of thousands into the barns of the big dealers in the great cities of the North and of Europe! From these stables they never come out save to begin a career of drudgery in the traces, which leads to but one place—the boneyard. Where are the colts to make up the requisite future supply to come from?

One surprising feature of the Chicago market at present is the great number of active, "nervy" 1350 to 1500 pound "chunks" being exported by French, German and English buyers at prices ranging from $100 to $160. The demand seems to have shifted from "drivers" to chunks, and at least one-half of the latter are mares going to help horse the omnibuses and lighter trucks of Old World cities. This removes many mares that to the cover of heavy draught stallions would have given good, big geldings for the United States markets of 1900, but never a one of them will nurse another foal. Query: Why this demand for a class of stock which Europe was supposed to produce in sufficient numbers to satisfy its own markets? Have the foreigners been abandoning horse breeding of late years, as well as the farmers of America? And, if so, to what extent will this affect the future of market values here?

It is pleasant to note that a few men who have not lost their heads have retained some good mares and have kept them stinted to stallions of a proper sort. These are the men who will not be found without choice "draughters" to sell when the day of reckoning arrives. Evidence is accumulating to show that by another spring many farmers will want to patronize the stallion keeper again, but the colt crops of 1894, 1895 and 1896 will be found light beyond all repair. Those who begin next spring will be in time for the markets of about 1902. The fact is we have now to practically begin draught-horse breeding anew. We have lost substantially all that was gained at such great cost in point of weight and quality by the free patronage of pure-bred horses during the twenty years ending with 1893, and the coming year will witness the beginning of the work of reconstruction. That it will proceed along better lines than before cannot be doubted. Farmers have learned by bitter experience the difference between mere bulk and quality, and it will never again be possible to impose upon them to any serious extent with ill-bred, post-legged hulks that never should cover a mare.

When there are many buyers after every big, fine "span" of geldings in the market a few years hence will you be caught empty handed, or will you be among those who, taking time by the forelock, have prepared against the day?—Breeders' Gazette.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

If the rain fails to come, keep the cultivator going in the corn every day. Shallow and often is a good rule.

Don't wait till ready to drive into the field to rake up the hay before finding out the condition of the hay rake.

Give the fowls a little meat, or cut green bone, and don't forget to cut some grass for them every day. Chopped onions is one of the best of green foods.

Watch out among your young stock for specially perfect specimens, and give them special care, as you may want to exhibit stock this fall, and these will then be right in line.

As soon as the chicks are hatched, put them in a basket, and with the old hen, remove them to the coop you have prepared for them. Then immediately take the old nest and burn it. This will remove all trouble from lice.

If the mower was carefully stored in the fence corner when through haying last season, do not be surprised to find it rusty and badly weather worn, for such shelter is apt to "preserve" machinery that way. You may have to buy a new machine.

Rolled oats, or cracked wheat is the best feed for little chicks. It requires no preparation, and they will do nicely on it. It is cleaner than mush, and soft feed, as it does not get mixed up with the dirt of the coop, hence there is less danger of disease.

It is not too early to be studying the litters of pigs to determine which of the females are the very best. Of course, the sensible breeder will reserve these or some of them for his own use as the breeding stock for a part of next year's crop.

When your chicks have hatched and you put the old hen in a coop, be sure and have no bottom in it. Let her be on the ground. A close box, with a board bottom, such as is sometimes used, is bad in summer, as it gets so hot the hen suffers greatly, and not infrequently dies.

During the warm weather it is not unusual for a hen to hustle the hatching process along so that the chicks will appear one or even two days ahead of time. Last week fourteen Brown Leghorn chicks surprised us by coming a day or two ahead of time. So it is well to watch out for them, toward the last, or before you know they are on deck some of them will be trampled to death.

One tie in time may not, like the proverbial stitch, save nine, but it certainly will save many broken branches and shoots, and lessen the ever present danger to be apprehended from strong winds. Therefore, just as soon as the plants need support, they should be staked and tied, or otherwise secured, according to their requirements.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Mrs. Langtry's jewels are valued by experts at over $850,000.

Portugal has 1,080,000 women more than seventeen years old.

Holland, though small in size, has 1,070,000 women, young and old.

There is a flourishing Young Women's Christian Association in Calcutta, India.

All over Washington State the ladies are organizing co-operative home industrial associations.

"Ouida" is small, with a seamed and wrinkled face, overhung with gray ringlets, and is afflicted with a distinctly bad temper.

Unless a Chinese father happens to be a schoolmaster, and at home with nothing to do, he never thinks of teaching his daughter to read.

Durham (England) University has been authorized to bestow degrees upon women. Oxford and Cambridge Universities, however, still refuse.

The widow of John Brown, of slavery-day fame, lives in a pretty cabin in the Sierra Azure Mountains, about fifty miles from San Francisco, Cal.

Over 40,000 women are attending colleges in America, yet it has only been twenty-five years since the first college in the land was opened to women.

The furniture revival next year for the drawing room will be the rosewood and red velvet of over fifty years ago, when there was less style, but more solidity.

The glove manufacturer who will make "black kids" of a kind that will not "rub off on everything" may not be knighted, but he will be blessed by everybody.

The first woman admitted to practice law before the courts of California was Mrs. Clara S. Foltz, who was admitted to the bar of that State on September 5, 1878.

The first woman to act the part of a woman character on the stage was Margaret Swartz, who made her first appearance in London on the night of November 9, 1656.

A few courageous women have appeared carrying canes on the promenade. Of course, it is generally understood that these articles are more ornamental than useful.

The first woman elected Mayor of an American city was Mrs. Susanna Madora Salter (nee Kinsey), of Argonia, Kan. Mrs. Salter was elected in the spring of 1887.

Dickerson County, Virginia, has a woman mail carrier. She is a widow, sixty years old, and covers her route regularly and punctually in all weathers, rendering the best of service.

Mrs. Frances Klock introduced a bill in the Colorado Legislature providing for an industrial school for girls, and the general feeling seems to be that she has struck in good time.

Mrs. Langtry declares herself so much pleased with the United States that she has determined to put her daughter Jeanne, who is now thirteen years old, at school in New York City.

It is now reported that since the presentation of a copy of the New Testament to the Dowager Empress of China, a Christian Chinese woman has been called to the royal palace to fill the position of nurse.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, who is now in Paris and is showing herself more than at any time since the death of the Prince Imperial, was present at the dinner given by Princess Mathilde on her seventy-fifth birthday.

Women have worn corsets from the earliest times. The mummy of the Egyptian Princess, who lived 2000 years B. C., was discovered in 1872, and around the waist was a contrivance closely resembling the modern corset.

The quiet Swedes, who make capable servants, are now in such numbers in Boston that an attempt is being made to raise funds to finish the structure, partly completed, designed for a Methodist Episcopal Swedes' Church.

Miss Mary M. Haskell, of Minneapolis, is about to exhibit her courage and endurance by venturing alone on horseback, in her capacity as census-taker, into the wilds of Cass County, Minnesota, which is largely inhabited by Indians.

Princess Nasle, of Egypt, one of the most intelligent and progressive women in Europe, is a constant laborer for the advancement of her sex. She is now arranging an exhibit of the work of Egyptian women at the Atlanta Exposition.

Miss Maria M. Love, of the Buffalo (N. Y.) W. C. T. U., told the local conference of charities and corrections, a few days ago, that if girls would learn to coook, sew and keep house tidily, there would be much less drinking by men.

Tacoma, Wash., claims the only woman custom house broker on the Northern Pacific coast. She is Miss Florence B. Moffatt, daughter of a steamboat captain, and is said to be actively interested in shipping interests, and to know more on the matters of transportation and commerce than many men in the business.

Miss Fanny Elkins is a New York artist in a special line of work who received an exposition medal and diploma awarded for "accuracy, detail and beauty." She devotes her attention to making drawings for physicians and surgeons. These drawings she renders from dissections, photographs, sketches or books. She has recommendations from leading physicians in New York, and probably is the only woman who has made a distinct success in this work.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A DARING FEAT.

Capture of a French General By a Young English Officer.

An English exchange has at this late day discovered authority for an incident of the Battle of Waterloo that has probably never been in print. It says:

The only prisoner made by the English reserve at Waterloo was a French General, whose capture was due to the cool head and stout heart of a young brigade Major, anxious for an adventure.

During the battle several regiments of cavalry and infantry were kept in reserve, under a heavy fire from the French guns. Great was the havoc and neither men nor horses relished the passive attitude to which they were condemned.

While a group of young officers, in front of the left wing of the reserve, were discussing the situation, their attention was attracted to a French general and his staff, all on horseback, who were looking through their glasses at the Englishmen. One of the group was Captain Helkett, a young brigade major, mounted on a thoroughbred. Suddenly he exclaimed:—"I'll lay any one £5 that I will bring that French general over here, dead or alive. Who'll take my bet?" "Done, done, done!" shouted several officers.

The captain examined the saddle girths and his pistols. Then, shouting "Good-by!" and putting spurs to his horse, he dashed at a furious pace across the plain between the British and French lines. His comrades followed him with their glasses, not speaking a word. The Frenchmen opposite seemed puzzled. Believing that the Englishman's horse had bolted and that the rider had lost control of him, they opened their ranks to let the runaway through. Halkett steered his steed so as to graze the mounted general on the right side. At that instant he put his arm around the Frenchman's waist, lifted him bodily out of the saddle, and, throwing him over his own horse's neck, turned sharp and made for the English lines. When the general's staff realized the meaning of the bold rider they dashed after him, but he had a good start and not a Frenchman dared to fire for fear of hitting the general.

The Part of the Argonauts.

At one time there was not in California any vehicle except a rude California cart; the wheels were without tires and were made by felling an oak tree and hewing it down till it made a solid wheel nearly a foot thick on the rim and a little larger where the axle went through. The hole for the axle would be eight or nine inches in diameter, but a few years' use would increase it to a foot. To make the hole an auger, gouge or chisel was sometimes used, but the principal tool was an ax. A small tree required but little hewing and shaping to answer for an axle. These carts were always drawn by oxen, the yoke being lashed with rawhide to the horns. To lubricate the axles they used soap (that is one thing the Mexicans could make), carrying along for the purpose a big pail of thick soapsuds, which was constantly put in the box or hole; but you could generally tell when a California cart was coming half a mile away by the squeaking. I have seen the families of the wealthiest people go long distances, at the rate of thirty miles or more a day, visiting in one of these clumsy two-wheeled vehicles. They had a little framework around it made of round sticks, and a bullock hide was put in for a floor or bottom. Sometimes the better class would have a little calico for curtains and cover. There was no such thing as a spoked wheel in use then.—[New Orleans Picayune.

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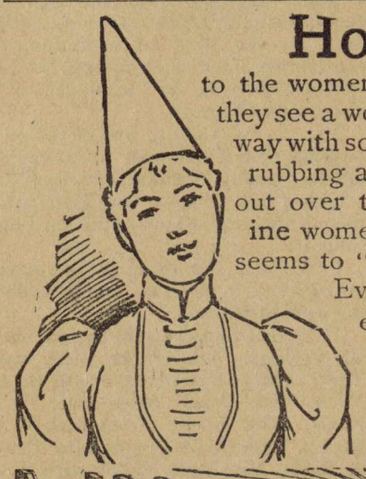

to the women who wash with Pearline, when they see a woman washing in the old-fashioned way with soap—rubbing the clothes to pieces, rubbing away her strength, wearing herself out over the washboard! To these Pearline women, fresh from easy washing, she seems to "wear a fool's cap unawares."

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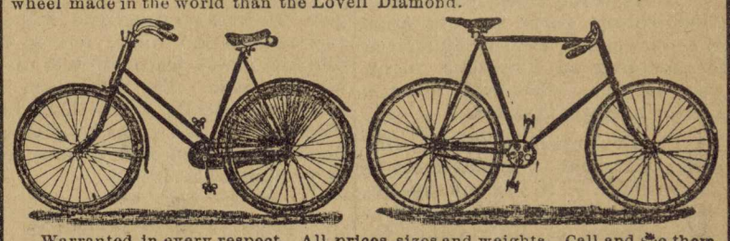

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 8, 1895. NO. 20.

A Lyric of Joy.

Over the shoulders and slopes of the dune,
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, a snowdrift in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood,
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good?"

—Bliss Carman in the Century.

"SCRAP."

BY MATT CRIM.

Mrs. Heath rolled up her knitting and went to the door. The November air was tinged with frost and she shivered as she leaned out listening for sounds of travel upon the road.

"I declare, its plum night and Seab ain't here yet. I do wonder what's keepin' him. He's mighty nigh always home 'fore this time when he goes to Atlanty, on' he took a early start yesterday. It can't be that he's had any trouble a-sellin' that cotton. No, it was as fine as anybody need ask for."

"There' he's comin'! I hear him scolding old Whiteface. I don't know why that creetur can't work peaceably in the yoke."

She left the door open while she hustled cheerfully around, spreading the cloth and slicing the bacon. The frying-pan was over the fire when Seaborn Heath unyoked the oxen at the front gate and gave them their feed.

"Humph, Jane, that smells good," he declared, as he stopped to scrape his feet on the doorstep.

"I 'lowed you'd be hungry."

"That I am. How've you been gettin' on?"

"Oh, puty well. Miss Abemathy came over and stayed all night with me. Why don't you come in an' shet the door, Seab? I'd think you'd be tired as well as hungry, an' it ain't warm as it might be outside."

"Tis gettin' winterish, that is a fact. I fetched some company home with me, Jane," finally stepping into the room.

Mrs. Heath had just taken the frying pan from the fire to turn the rashers of bacon. She wheeled quickly with it in her hand.

"Comp'ny, Seab? For goodness sake, who is it!"

"Here it is," and he drew a little colored boy into the room, then retreated, leaving the child standing alone in the full glow of the firelight. He was a forlorn object, his ashy skin dry and withered, his face as full of wrinkles as an old man's. His clothes hung upon him a mass of rags; a battered old straw hat, probably picked out of a ash heap, covered his head. His bare legs were as thin as sticks, and appeared all the more pitable from the size of the rusty old shoes upon his feet. Mrs. Heath sat down with the pan of smoking meat still in her hand.

"Well, I never! Where did you find that creetur, an' whatever persessed you to bring it home with you?"

"I'll tell you just how it happened, Jane. I didn't finish sellin' that cotton till this mornin', but I made a right good bargain. As I was walkin' along the street afterwards, feelin' so proud that all my debts was paid an' I had some money in my pocket, this little feller piped up an' 'lowed:

" 'Mister, won't you have a shine?"

"I looked at him, and I 'lowed that I would, seein' that he 'peared to be a sight poorer than me. I asked him where he'd got his breakfast, an' he 'lowed that he hadn't got any at all. Then I asked him where he lived, an' he 'lowed that he jest slept around anywhere he could, that he didn't have no home. An' Jane, he was workin' away at them shoes o' mine till they shone like a lookin' glass." He paused and glanced at his big shoes half pleased, half ashamed. "Potlicker's always ben good enough for me to put on 'em, but I didn't grudge that dime, no I didn't. An' Jane, I begun to think o' our own little Matthew an' what might become o' him if he'd a lived an' we'd a died, an' the more I thought the sorrier I felt for this pore little chap, for if he is black, he's a human bein', an' oughter have somebody to take keer o' him."

"But I don't think you need to be comparin' your own child to a little negro, Seab," his wife remarked, wiping her eyes on a corner of her apron, as she rose to put the meat back over the fire.

"He's a human bein', as I said, Jane, an' I 'lowed I'd fetch him out home with me to sorter be comp'ny for you an' help you 'bout the house when I ain't at home."

"You do beat all, Seab; you certainly do," she declared, in a softened tone. "I couldn't begin to count the stray cats and lame dogs you've fetched home with you to be comp'ny for me, and now this pore little chap. What's your name?" she demanded of the little fellow. He had removed the old hat and stood twisting it around in his hands.

"My name's Scrap, ma'am, said the boy, timidly.

"Nothin' else?"

"No'm."

"Well, I'll declare! Come up to the fire an' sit down on that stool in the corner. You must be plum froze in them rags. Did I ever? They're worse than a patchwork quilt, they're in so many pieces. How old air you?"

"Mos' twelve."

"Twelve, an' you ain't bigger than a child seven or eight. No wonder your'e called Scrap. Sit right down an' eat this hot potato. He's been half starved, most likely," she muttered as she dished up the supper.

Scrap smiled to himself and went out to get some wood for the fire.

It was a strange new world to the little boy. He sat down and spread his small, chilly hands before the fire, watching the flames leap up the wide, black chimney with fascinated eyes. He didn't have much to say to his new friends, but when the cat came purring around his legs he picked it up and stroked it softly. He was given a warm, abundant supper, and when Mrs. Heath saw him swaying drowsily on his stool she brought out a little trundle bed and prepared it for him.

"I don't know as I ought'r do it Seab," she said hesitatingly.

"He's a human bein', Jane, an' it can't hurt Matthew if he sleeps in that bed. We ain't got no other place nowhere.

So Scrap lay down on a clean bed with the cat curled up against his back and the firelight dancing on the walls, and the stillness of the wide, dark country spreading out all around him. It was such a strange silence and darkness to the child who had never known anything but the sights and sounds of a city with its crowded, gas lighted streets and crowded houses. He might have been homesick if he had not had that great blazing fire, that delicious warmth sending him to sleep as soon as he had eaten his supper.

On Sunday Mr. Heath found Scrap sitting on the bench in the sunshine at the south side of the house, with the big Bible open on his knees. Mr. Heath had bought that Bible from a book agent, and it was full of highly colored prints.

"Lookin' at the pictures, Scrap?"

"I was readin' 'bout where Isaac's pa took him to be crucified."

"Sacrificed, ain't it?" corrected Mr. Heath, sitting down on the bench at his side. "Do you mean to say that you can read, boy?" looking at him with something of awe.

"A little, sir."

That was the beginning of a new occupation for Scrap during the winter evenings. Mrs. Heath could not read either, so while her husband sat at one corner of the hearth feeding a fresh pine knot to the fire occasionally, and she sat on the other side with her knitting, the boy occupied his stool between them, the Bible open on his knees. He had to read very slowly, one thin black forefinger traveling over the page to guide his eye. Often he had to stumble over the hard words or skip them altogether. But his auditors didn't mind that. They were not critical, and it was such a novelty to have some one to read to them that they always listened gladly.

It came very suddenly, the end to this reading, and to some other things. Spring had come, and one Saturday afternoon Mr. Heath took Scrap over to where they were cutting the timber and clearing the way for a new railway line. Seaborn had some friends among the laborers, and he sauntered down the line where they were felling the trees, speaking to first one and then another. He had stopped to look at the time of day, measuring the height of the sun with his eye, when he heard the peculiar rending, rustling sound of a tree tottering to its fall, then wild shouts, and a shrill, piercing scream. It was the scream which warned him of his danger. He turned, saw Scrap fliping toward him on the very wings of the wind, the whites of his eyes shining, his black face a picture of agonized terror.

"Run, run! It's a-fallin' on you, sir; it's a-fallin' on you!"

He did get out of the way, he hardly knew how, and the great tree came down with a thundering crash, the earth trembling, the air full of hissing vibrations. He covered his face with his hand for a moment, shuddering at his narrow escape.

"If it hadn't a-been for Scrap I'd be right under it now. Where is Scrap?" he questioned aloud.

The workmen were already frantically cutting away at the timber to get him away from under a branch of the tree. But he was dead when they lifted him gently and placed him out upon a bed of grass.

"It all comes o' my bein' such a dog-gone fool," said Mr. Heath brokenly, the tears trickling down his face. He rubbed the dry, thin, black fingers he held in his, he passed a hand caressingly over the boy's wizened face, but it was no use. The breath of life had passed his lips for the last time.

He received burial in the country graveyard beside Matthew, and there were some sad tears shed over him.

"He was only a little colored boy, I know, but he done a great thing for us," Mrs. Heath explained to a neighbor.

"He was a human bein' an' one o' God-a-mighty's heroes," declared Mr. Heath. —Utica, (N. Y.) Press.

York---An Ancient Prophecy.

The suggestions that the city and state of New York shall drop the prefix "New" and be called simply "York" recalls an ancient saying which has long been prevalent in the north of England, in Lincolnshire, if not in Yorkshire. It ran thus:

"Boston was, London is, and York is to be the greatest seaport of the three."

The age of this prophecy is unknown, but it undoubtedly dates back to a time when Boston in Lincolnshire had recently been a rival of London as a seaport. In 1204 its shipping was next to that of London and nearly as great. Perhaps not very long before that time it had exceeded the shipping of London.

But how "York was yet to be" the greatest seaport was a difficult problem until the settlement of America and the foundation of the New York in the new world. The English York is an inland city that has no facilities for commerce. It is nearly 100 years ago when some Lincolnshire people, recalling this ancient prophecy, decided that if York was to be a greater seaport than London it must be the American, or New, York, which commanded the most important harbor on the entire Atlantic coast. —New York Sun.

The German Foot Powder.

A powder is used in the German army for sifting into the shoes and stockings of the foot soldiers. It is called "fusstreupulver," and consists of three parts salicylic acid, ten parts starch, and eighty-seven parts pulverized soapstone (speckstein). It keeps the feet dry, prevents chafing and rapidly heals sore spots. It is to be recommended to walking tourists.—New York Dispatch.

His Last Wish.

Mrs. Westside—I hear that Charlie Knickerbocker is going to get married on the 25th.

Mr. Westside—Yes; he has only got three days more.

Little Tommy (who has been reading about an execution)—The last three days they give him everything to eat he calls for, don't they, pa?—Texas Siftings.

A Small Affair.

"You have a pretty extensive ranch down in Texas, haven't you Colonel?"

Colonel Alamo—Oh, no. Just a little seven by nine concern.

"Seven by nine what?"

"Miles."—Indianapolis Journal.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A New York surgeon cured a moribund case of sunstroke the other day by covering the patient in chipped ice in a bath tub.

An Old Orchard (Me.) man, who ran a needle into his foot, extracted the same by passing his foot near the dynamo in the local electric light plant.

A German man of science who lives at Florence, Italy, states that the insane occupants of San Salvi howled and screamed for days before the recent earthquake.

Wheat can be grown in the Alps at an elevation of 3,600 feet, in Brazil at 5,000, in the Caucasus at 8,000, in Abyssinia, at 10,000, and in Peru and Bolivia at 11,000.

In the fiords on the Norway coast the clearness of the water is wonderful. Objects the size of a half dollar may be seen at a depth of twenty-five or thirty fathoms.

A determination by Prof. Barnard with the Lick telescope places the diameter of Neptune at 32,900 miles—from two thousand to four thousand miles less than is stated in most text books.

Paper indestructible by fire has been invented by M. Meyer of Paris. A specimen of it, which was subjected to a severe test, 148 hours in a potter's furnace, came out with its glaze almost perfect.

Astronomers calculate that the surface of the earth contains 31,625,626 square miles, of which 23,814,121 are water, and 7,811,504 are land, the water thus covering about seven-tenths of the earth's surface.

The longest unbroken stretch of telegraphic cable in the world is the one which connects the Red Sea with India. The weight of iron employed in its construction was not less than 61,126,714 pounds, while the copper weighed 547,404 pounds; 3,590 knots was the total length of cable used.

How hot our clothes are has just been determined by a Dr. von Bebber, a German meteriologist. When the outside temperature is fifty degrees Fahrenheit, the temperature of the coat is 71.2 degrees, that between the coat and the waistcoat 73.6 degrees, between waistcoat and shirt 75.9 degrees, between shirt and undershirt 77.4 degrees, and between the woolen undershirt and the skin 90.9 degrees.

Acadian Peasant Life.

"Life drifts placidly amid these quiet scenes. The spring comes late; the summer is like summer in other quarters, though nowhere save in Normandy and England, can one see so quaint an outdoor life. In the little cabins there is clearly comfort and domestic joy. The grass grows on the marshes, the cattle fatten on the pastures, the busy house-wife weaves the simple homespun garments, while growing sons work on the joggin reefs or hew in the forests of Minudie. But in the winter season industry ceases. The hay is hauled on quaint sledges from the marsh, while in the woods the dark-eyed peasant boys set their snares and trap their game. The winter nights are brilliant as in polar lands; the far-off sky is unflecked by clouds, and the moonlight glints the seamless robe of snow spread over field and forest. The shore is piled high with great cakes of ice, which through the long night crunch hoarsely one upon the other as the tides shoulder them together. Within the great forests and upon the wastes of Elysian Fields broods that strange silence, but peculiar sombreness, which we never fail to feel and see in the old pictures of wintry New England in the Pilgrim days."—Outing.

Valley Forge's Lone Gravestone.

Only one grave, that of John Watterman of Rhode Island, marked with a rudely carved sandstone, has been been identified of all who died at Valley Forge during that perilous winter of 1778. "J. W., 1778," are all the marks that are on the stone, but the records show whose grave it is. All the other graves have been plowed over for more than a century.

The United States produced in 1890 over two-fifths of all the silver mined in the world, the best silver-producing country being Mexico, with a product of $50,000,000.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Borrowed troubles are the heaviest.

A lie is the blackest thing outside of the pit.

A hyprocrite never fools anybody but himself.

The faultfinder works at least ten hours a day.

We punish ourselves when we hate other people.

It there were no difficulties there would be no men.

No man is pure who is not filled with love of purity.

A civil tongue will protect us where a revolver wouldn't.

A good man will hate a lie, no matter how white it looks.

We cannot do our best for a cause we are not sure is right.

When a wise man steps on a banana skin he learns something.

There is more heat in a burning match than in a printed sunset.

The man who would lead others, must first learn how to stand alone.

It means something when a cheerful giver puts his hand in his pocket.

Some people are as much afraid of letting their light shine as a stingy man is of burning gas.

How quick there would be war among the birds, if the owls and pelicans should insist that the robins and blue jays should behave as they did.

The life of more than one girl has been blighted, because she had a mother who made her go to church in a faded gown and a last year's bonnet. —Ram's Horn.

Wealth in Irish Peat Bogs.

Peat is a carbonaceous substance formed by the decomposition of vegetable matter in localities where the conditions of moisture and temperature are favorable. Ireland contains the largest deposits, it being also found in Holland and North Germany. There are two varieties of peat—the red and the black, found directly under the red. Heretofore its commercial value has been very low, as it was used chiefly as a fuel and as an ingredient in naphtha, paraffine, etc.

By a new process red peat, which is fibrous in nature, is combed out until it resembles wool, and then woven into either cloth, which is half the cost and far more durable than shoddy, or mattings and rugs of fair commercial value. The waste product caused by the refined combing, bleached by the patent process, is utilized as peat pulp, which is cheap and equal to wood pulp.

The dust produced in refining is also a good disinfectant. Black peat is reduced into powder, compressed into blocks that are a perfect counterfeit of ebony, and can be readily used where it is required. It is not brittle and can be worked into pulleys, handles, etc., and as a non-conductor it can be used for electrical insulators. The process having been perfected, its manufacture is to be commenced in Ireland.

It is estimated that Ireland contains nearly 4,000,000,000 tons of peat, so that a new industry may soon be developed.—Industries and Iron.

The Bicycle as an Educating Agent.

The bicycle is, in fact, the agent of health and of a wider civilization. It will give stronger bodies to the rising generation than their fathers have had and it will bring the city and country into closer relations than have existed since the days of the stage-coach. What the summer boarder has been doing for the abandoned farms and deserted villages of New England, the wheelman is doing for the regions surrounding our great cities. He is distributing through them modern ideas and modern ways of living, and is fructifying them with gentle distillations of city wealth. Above all, he is teaching their people that a sure way to prosperity lies before them in the beautifying of the country in which they live, and in the preservation of all its attractive natural features.—Century.

A "size" in a coat or trousers is one inch; in underwear, two inches; in a sock, an inch; in a collar, half an inch; in shoes, one sixth of an inch; in gloves, a quarter of an inch; in hats, one-eighth.

Made an Electric Spring.

In one of the shipyards of Cleveland there is a young man who demonstrated to some people of the Rocky Mountain country the great influence of the mind over the body. In their cases this influence was sufficient to cure various diseases, until they discovered the hoax, and then a relapse came to some who had not as yet thoroughly recovered.

The young man and his companions were not posing as priests of any peculiar faith, but were simply looking out for the dollars that might come from their patients, and the cures were in no wise accredited to faith, but to the natural properties of an "electric spring." This they claimed to have discovered under the bluff at Pike's Peak, and over the water they built a fancy sanitarium. Soon people came from far and near, and not only came but were cured. From various diseases the patients obtained relief, and the sufferers from rheumatism were numerous some being terribly crippled.

The phenomena of the spring were remarkable and unique. Those who bathed in its waters felt pleasing currents of the subtle energy coursing through their anatomy; and when a cup (which was chained) was touched to its surface a shock was felt by the arm which held the cup. Marvellous success came to the sanitarium, and wealth was rapidly coming to the young men during the several months that the cure was in operation until one day a party of electricians visited the place and discovered the secret of the spring's peculiar action. Thereupon, fearing the wrath of the people, the young men fled, leaving thing behind.

The visiting electricians, strolling over the mountain, had found wires, and these were traced into the spring. Beneath the rocky bottom of the basin there was a network of the conductors. The secret of the shock obtained at the drinking place was found to lie in the fact that the water was connected with a wire, and when the cup touched the surface a circuit was formed. The discovery of the fraud destroyed in many cases all the good that had been done by the treatment. —Cleveland Leader.

The Exact Quantity.

An Irishman was hauling water in barrels from a small river to supply the inhabitants of the village, which was not provided with water works. As he halted at the top of the bank to give his team a "blow" before proceeding to peddle the water, a gentleman of the inquisitive type rode up and, after passing the time of day, asked:

"How long have you been hauling water for the village, my good man?"

"Tin years or more, Sor," was the simple reply.

"Ah! And how many loads do you make a day?"

"From tin to fifteen, accardin' to the weather, Sor!"

"Yes. Now I have one for you, Pat," said the gentleman, laughing, "How much water have you hauled altogether?"

The Irishman jerked his thumb in the direction of the river, at the same time giving his team the hint to start, and replied:

"All the wather that yez don't see there now Sor."—Judge.

Not Acquainted.

It was not entirely a serious occasion at Oakwoods Cemetery recently. Some little scintillations of humor crept out among the solemn observances. Following is a sample: A lady searching for the lot where friends were buried accosted an old Irishman whose general appearance might lead one to imagine he was familiar with the locality.

"Can you direct me to lot so and so?"

"No, mum," was the reply. "I don't live here."—Chicago Tribune.

The Clock Stopped.

Mr. Staylate—Dear me! I don't believe this clock is going, is it?

She (wearily)—No. We always wind it before going to bed. It ran down an hour ago.—New York Weekly.

Some cricketing devotees in England want the government to knight the champion cricket player of the country, W. C. Grace.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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The Chicago Chronicle thinks that the army of Americans who do not find their own country good enough for them, and annually troop to Europe to squander their American dollars, are the gold carriers who threaten more danger to the United States Treasury reserve than is likely to come from any other source.

Most medical men consider that a cold bath every morning is apt to do more harm than good to any put persons of a very vigorous constitution. The sensible thing to do, the Scientific American maintains, is to see that the temperature of the water in cold weather is not lower than that of the air. A daily bath is a most healthful practice, but it should not be so cold as to give a shock to the system.

They say in France all that it is necessary to do in order to have a man arrested and thrown into prison is to accuse him of being a German spy. This appears to be the only accusation that will produce such a result, proof and evidence being wanting. Of course, when the arrested person proves his innocence, he is released, but there seems to be no way by which he can get even with his accuser.

What strange fate pushes poor girls into such a miserably paid profession as painting, and draws such a large proportion of rich girls into such a splendidly paid career as singing is a mystery which, in the opinion of the San Francisco Argonaut, is explainable only on the physiological ground of feeding. A girl must be well matured and cared for from her youth to be a great singer; while there is something in the proud dejectedness and restless weariness of the painter that goes best with high thinking and poor living.

Western farmers find that individual attemps at fighting the Russian thistle avail nothing, because the plague grows again faster than the individual farmer can find time to hoe it down, so they all unite as often as convenient to have "hoeing bees" in designated localities. The details of operations are settled by the Town Councils, every one in the neighborhood takes a day off to fight thistles, and in this way it is possible to make at least some stand against the persevering plague, and to keep some sections fairly free for other than thistle crops.

Hardly a week passes nowadays without the smashing of an idol by some scientific iconoclast. The other day attention was called to the demolition of the belief that Mars is a congenial neighbor and might some day be annexed to the earth and joined in a sort of planetary partnership. Now comes a rude physician and chemist, asserting that beef tea, that staple means of sustaining the strength of the sick, is not a nourishing food, and that often invalids are starved by being kept on regular diets of beef tea and similar productions. He writes in "Modern Medicine" that the chemical action through which the ingredients of beef compounds necessarily pass has not only a deleterious effect upon their nourishing qualities, but also in some cases renders them positively injurious to the health of the cunsumer. One chemist has ascertained that bouillon contains much less than one per cent of gelatin, which is said to be the sole element of nutrition that beef can yield to boiling water. This is partly so from natural causes, and partly from the necessity of preventing too much gelatin from being retained, as that substance is in a high degree liable to putrefactive changes. The other constituents, says this authority, are "decomposition products of foodstuffs," which phrase has undeniably a repellant, appetite-discouraging sound.

Hanged at Corsicana.

Corsicana, Tex.—Ree Thomas was hanged Friday for the murder of J. M. Farley. The body of the victim was found partially buried in a ravine near the home of the murderer. The homicide was the result of a game of cards.

"Where is Montevallo." This query you could hear on every side when it was first decided that the Girls Industrial school should be located here, but now that we have it there is not much doubt but what the people all over the state, at least those living in the towns and cities, will know all about Montevallo. And now we think that Shelby county should make herself heard from in the agricultural way by making an exhibit at the state fair once a year as we feel confident that she could do as well as most counties in the state did last year. We feel that the way to start this is to hold a county or tri-county fair in Montevallo in October and let Shelby, Chilton and Bibb come together and arrange to pay a small premium for, say largest and best display of farm products grown by any farmer of either of these three counties. Then a premium for best bushel corn, oats, wheat, rye, peas, potatoes, etc. Then have a department for stock, horses, mules, jacks and cattle, sheep and swine. The writer has heard quite a number of farmers say that they had the best hog in the county or the best horse or best cow and this would give them a chance to show the superiority of their stock (or some one else.) It may not be practicable to go further than the tri-county fair this year but even then there is no doubt that if this could be carried out it would not only be somewhat of an education to most of us farmers in a small way but would be an incentive to us to improve our products or stock. Enclosed you will find an editorial from Home and Farm of August 1, which I think a good article on this subject which you may deem worth producing.

[Article referred to is published elsewhere in this issue.]—Ed.

At any rate I think I have said enough to introduce this and would now like to hear from some one else.

A. B. C.

T. B. M'CLUSKY.

One of our most honored and useful citizens, Mr. T. B. McClusky died suddenly at his home on July 30. He was a man of sterling worth and will be greatly missed in his community. We sympathize with his family in their bereavement.

MINE HORROR.

Fourteen Men Entombed With No Hope of Escape.

Glasgow, Scotland.—The Auchen Harvie colliery in Salt Coats, a town on the Bay of Ayr, twenty-four miles southwest of here, has been flooded. Sixty men have been rescued and fourteen are entombed in the mine, and it is believed they have perished. Searching parties have been formed, but are unable to penetrate to the point where the unfortunate victims are. There were many narrow escapes on the part of those who succeeded in getting out of the doomed mine in time. One boy was drowned while venturing into the pit to warn his comrades of their danger. There is a scene of intense excitement at the pit's mouth, where the wives and mothers and families of the entombed miners are engaged in wringing their hands and giving all sorts of manifestations of grief and despair. Those who were rescued arrived at the surface in a most exhausted condition, and many were resuscitated only with the greatest labor. One man, who was carrying a brother, who had become too much exhausted to save himself, was hurled back by the flood, so that he found himself utterly unable to make any headway with his burden. He was finally forced to put his brother down and proceed alone.

The Dallas Fair.

Dallas, Texas.—The attractions of the Dallas Fair next fall will bring together the largest crowds that ever assembled in the South. The game bird men of the country are coming along with the rest, and a series of cocking mains of twelve days duration will be an element of the sporting feature of the great fair of the Southwest, upon which the eyes of the civilized world are now turned. An amphitheatre with a seating capacity of 2,500 or 3,000 will be provided for the comfort of the spectators, lovers and patrons of this ancient and ever popular sport, and the relative merits of the different strains of game fowls in all the States laying claim to distinction in this line thoroughly contested. Georgia will be here with a carload of cocks and a barrel of money to back her birds. The famous game cock State of Michigan has signified a desire to bring her best birds. Missouri writes that she will be on hand if a main is to be pulled off. Indiana has challenged Texas to a main of twenty-one events and the rest of the States. This challenge will be accepted by Henry Nassbaumer, of Dallas.

Big Haul of Bogus Stamps.

Buffalo, N. Y.—Secret service detectives have found a satchel containing $28,000 worth of bogus stamps, which belonged to Mrs. McMillan, alias Mrs. Mack, of Hamilton, Ont., who is now in jail awaiting trial for participating in a stamp counterfeiting scheme. The satchel was found on the terrace, in possession of a person whose name is withheld and who may be a member of the gang. The search for this satchel, which was in Mrs. Mack's hand when she visited the express office to ship her stamps to Chicago has taken two months, and the detectives are jubilant over the discovery. Mrs. Mack fainted when she heard of it.

Tennessee's Copper Boom.

Nashville, Tenn.—Advices from Ducktown show that there is a greatly increased activity in copper mining. New mines are turning out 350 tons a day and preparing to increase the output.

"THE GROUND OF THE DEAD."

Bullets Were Not the Only Deadly Things on This Night.

We went into camp on a wooded ridge to the west of which was a desolate strip of ground about a mile long by half a mile wide. The soil was light and without grass or bush. One could not look down upon it without thinking of the ashes of the dead. Beyond this strip was the dry bed of a creek; at the foot of our ridge was a creek not yet run dry.

Just at sunset two rabbits which had been hiding in the bed of the dry creek came running towards us in great affright, though we could find no reason for their action. Behind them came a wolf and a fox, and we finally suspected that an Indian scout had crawled down the bed of the stream from the hills to ascertain our strength and spy out the lay of the camp. Sentinels were posted on that side of the camp at an early hour, with instructions to exercise the greatest vigilance, and as we rolled ourselves in our blankets each man placed his carbine and revolver where they could be seized at a moment's notice.

At midnight the sentinels heard strange sounds from that "ground of the dead," as some had named it. It was a sound akin to that made by grasshoppers as they swarm over the earth, devouring every green thing as they advance. Ten minutes later three or four rabbits came rushing across the strip and through the sleeping camp, but the sentinels saw nothing in pursuit. The rabbits were followed by half a dozen coyotes, and a minute later a wolf down by the dry creek set up a great yelping, as if wounded by bullet or arrow. At half past 12 the sentinels heard faint splashes in the creek at he base of the ridge, but they looked in vain for sight of man or animal. They finally decided that the noise was made by beavers swimming about, and the half-formed idea of calling out the corporal of the guard was abandoned.

At 1 o'clock there were sixty Indian braves crouched n the bed of the dry creek opposite our camp. They had crept and crawled and skulked a distance of two miles to reach the position. The scout had reported that we were the paymaster's escort—twelve troopers and paymaster and clerk. An Apache Indan always wants scalp and money, but seldom finds the combination. Here it was on this night, and sixty to fourteen ought to win, especially as they planned on a sudden and complete surprise. Fourteen scalps, $6,000 in cash, fourteen saddle horses, four mules and an ambulance, with an outfit of carbines, revolvers, overcoats, blankets and small stuff—that was the prize. Its taking would enrich the whole tribe and crown every warrior with a laurel wreath.

At half past 1 the warriors formed for the charge—sixty men in a single line. The light, ashy soil of the "ground of the dead" muffled their footsteps and the darkness hid them from view. The bark of a wolf was to be the signal to rush forward. They would be at least half way to the ridge before discovery. At the flash of the sentinel's carbine they would raise their warcry, dash ahead with new impetus and they might figure on finding at least half the white men dazed and confused from the sudden awakening and therefore easy prey for bullet or tomahawk. At a quarter of 2 the signal is given and the line dashes away as one man. It is half way across the field of desolation when a warrier cries out—then another and another—and the sentinels fire their carbines and shout an alarm. The line dashes ahead, but mingled with war whoops are cries of affright, and the line bends and wavers and is broken. It reaches the creek under the steady fire of the sentinels—a few warriors leap the stream and utter shouts of victory. Twenty seconds after the alarm is given every sleeper is on his feet with weapons in hand. Five seconds later every man is pulling trigger on the black objects swarming up the hillside. It is a strange battle, inasmuch for every war whoop there is a scream or shriek. It is over in two minutes and the Indians are retreating—all who can walk or limp or crawl. The warcries cease, but the strange cries and shrieks ring in our ears for the next ten minutes. Two wounded Indians creep up the hillside into camp and beg to be taken prisoners, and they look down upon the "ground of the dead" and shiver like children who hear a strange sound in the darkness. We ask them to explain, but they cannot.

Morning comes with a mist hanging over the desolate strip. The sun comes up to drive it away, and then the mystery is solved. There are four dead warriors between us and the creek—all killed by our bullets. There are six more dead beyond the other bank. Half way the the bed of the dry creek are three more. On the bank of the stream is a single one, and we doubt not that under the bank, hidden from our sight, are yet other corpses in warpaint and feathers. We stand and stare and wonder, but only for a moment before finding the solution. The "ground of the dead" is swarming with centipedes and serpents, driven from the plains to the west by the continued drought. They came before the line of warriors, and they had slaked their thirst and were lying about in scores to be trodden on and in turn to use their deadly stings and fangs.—M. Quad in Detroit Free Press.

To Put Out Potato Eyes.

M. Schraibau, of the French Institut Agronomo, has discovered a means of preventing potato eyes from shooting, which will be of great value to potato raisers and consumers the world over. As is well known to everybody, one of the chief obstacles to keeping potatoes is their predisposition to shoot. Life germinates through their eyes, but this is death to the tuber as an edible. The struggle of a potato to shoot toward the stray beam of light in a darkened cellar has delighted the soul of many a poet, but the thrifty farmer says "dog gone them pesky shoots," except when they peep through the eyes of his seed potatoes.

Now M. Schraibau stops all this nonsense by treating potatoes to a bath in a 2 per cent. solution of sulphuric acid. Start not, gentle lover of potatoes—baked, boiled, mashed, fried, lyonnaise, stewed in cream, hashed brown, au pratin, etc. Two per cent. of sulphuric acid is not half as bad as it sounds. There is more of the acid in ordinary seltzer water than in M. Schraibau's solution. It will do no harm, as it does not penetrate the skin. The potatoes are kept in the solution for twelve hours. Then they are taken out and dried, when their power for sprouting is forever gone and they are only fit to eat, which everybody will admit is the chief end of potatoes.—Chicago Journal.

REMEDIES OF SAVAGES.

Absurd as They Seem, They Sometimes Have in Them a Little Truth.

The scientific mind is often exercised to account for the reason of certain ceremonial remedies of savage and primitive peoples which, while absurd by reason of the manner of their administration, have in them, nevertheless, a substratum of truth. Accident will account for the discovery of the remedy in a great many instances, and the desire for power would induce the "doctor" or medicine man to surround the remedy with an elaborate ritual in order that he might act on the credulity of human nature and minister to its love of mystery. In the Sunday Magazine the Rev. S. Baring Gould relates the following story, and, apart from its humor, it is interesting to speculate on the probable outcome of a similar incident in more superstitious times: "A poor woman came to the parson of a parish with the request, 'Please, pass'n, my ou'd sow be took cruel bad. I wish now you'd be so good as to come and say a prayer over her.' The parson protested that it would degrade his sacred office, but, the poor woman being very importunate and beginning to sob, to pacify her went to the cottage to see the sow. Raising his right hand in a solemn manner, he said, 'If thou livest, O pig! then thou livest; if thou diest, O pig! then thou diest.' Singularly enough the pig recovered. Some time after, the parson falling ill with a quinsy that nearly choked him, the woman went to see him when he was almost in extremis, and, raising her hand, she pointed to him with her finger, saying: 'If thou livest, O pass'n! then thou livest; if thou diest, O pass'n! then thou diest.' An explosion of laughter burst the quinsy, and the 'pass'n recovered."

"Africa Makes de Biggest Show."

A young matron of New York having a strong liking for the sunny South, imported from "old Virginny" a colored cook named Penina, who understood the mysteries of corn pone and hoe cake, and whose dishes of terrapin, wild turkey or venison ragout could not be beaten.

One day Penina's mistress conceived the idea of giving her a treat, and took her to the park to see the animals in the "zoo." She was delighted with everything she saw, and standing before the lions' cage asked:

"What dat say, honey?" pointing to the label at the top of the cage, "Lion hab. Africa."

"Oh, that says the lion came from Africa."

"Shore 'nuff! And de elfant, whar he come from?"

"Africa."

"An' de' de hippotmusses, whar dey come from?"

"Africa."

"An' de corkerdiles?"

"Africa."

"An' de ostriches?"

"Africa."

"An' de monkeys, an' camels, an' giraffs, an' cape bufflers, an' ant-eaters, an' big snakes—whar dey come from?"

"Africa."

"An' de big pink flowers down by de fountain?"

"Yes, they came from Africa. Why, Penina, your ancestors come from Africa, too."

"Shore 'nuff! Shore nuff! Bress your heart, honey, pears to me Africa makes de biggest show on dis yere yearth."—New York Home Journal.

Good Reason for It.

"I will not go, Marie," he said firmly.

"But John——" she expostulated.

"It is useless to argue," he interrupted. "Frankly, I am astonished that you should suggest such a thing."

"Everyone is going!"

"I can't help that."

"It is all the rage."

"So much the worse."

"Surely, John, you are not one of the people who object on the grounds of morality?"

"I know nothing about her morality."

"Then why——"

"Marie, do you want me to put myself in a false light before the public? Do you want me to stultify my record as a consistent business man? Do you want me to kiss the hand that smites me?"

"Of course not, John, but Trilby——'

"The brazen, bare-footed wretch!"

"She is a fad, anyway."

"A disreputable, shoeless fad!"

"What makes you so bitter, John?"

"Bitter! Why shouldn't I be bitter? Do you forget, Marie, that I am in the boot and shoe business?"

Who Has One?

The silver dollars issued in 1804 are worth $1,000 each. There were only 18,570 coined in that year

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.0?.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

All the latest styles in stationery just received at Reynolds'.

Miss Ona Harrel left Monday for Dallas county.

We are very sorry to learn of the illness of Mr. E. L. Davis.

Presiding Elder Dobbs preached at the Methodist church Sunday night.

Misses Mary Lee Perry and May Harris are visiting in Calera this week.

Visiting cards, Hurd's linen note paper, tablets of all styles, at Reynolds'.

Mr. E. D. Reynolds, of Blocton, spent Sunday with friends and relatives here.

The finest line of stationery ever brought to Montevallo just received at Reynolds'.

The many friends of Miss Bessie Allen are very sorry to learn of her sickness, and we wish her a speedy recovery.

Our handsome agent, A. J. Lee, is off on a short vacation. He will be gone a week or more. Mr. Carley is filling his place (at the depot).

Reynolds has a fine linen paper at 10c a quire. This paper was purchased at a sacrifice sale and is really worth 30c a quire. Envelopes to match.

Mr. L. W. North, formerly of Montevallo but now of Birmingham, is spending a few days with friends and relatives here. We are always glad to see "Scrap."

The game of ball between Selma and Shelby resulted in a score of 11 to 9 in favor of Selma in the first game, and the second game was won by Shelby by a score of 15 to 14.

Professor Dask Poiners, president of the State Normal school of Florence, Ala,, spent Monday in our town. While here he inspected the Industrial school grounds and was highly pleased and predicts a brilliant future for the school.

Miss Cora Newton, of SanFrancisco, Cal., daughter of our former townsman, R. J. Newton, is visiting Mrs. Wells. Miss Newton is a very bright young lady, having received a splendid education at the Convent in New Orleans, and afterwards traveled over almost the entire Continent.

The ground was in a terrible condition and therefore the games were rather "rotten." The manager of the Selma team treated the visitors rather shabbily, refusing to pay expenses or any part of it. The umpire was a Selma player so you may imagine how we were treated. In the last game they just simply tried to take the game but failed.

Misses Mary Lee and Alta Perry entertained quite a number of their friends from Calera and this place on Wednesday evening. The night was lovely and the house and yard brilliantly lighted as they were, looked handsome indeed. Tables and chairs were scattered around in all the cozy corners, and it was enough to make even the old bachelors grow sentimental, as they partook of the delightful refreshments in the cool breezes. After some hours spent in chatting, the band struck up a dreamy waltz, and this was kept up until the time arrived for all to go home. The evening, so delightfully entertained were the guests, passed like a fleeting moment, for the reckoning of time amid such joys was among the impossible.

We were very sorry to learn of the sad accident which happened to Mr. Milford Cleveland's little 4-year-old child at Randolph last week. The child was attacked by a hog and part of its face was torn off and will lose one of its eyes. At last reports it was very doubtful as to whether the child would recover or not. Mr. Cleveland has endeared himself to Montevallo citizens by his liberal assistance in securing the Industrial school, and we all hope that his child will soon recover.

A colonel in the English army may allow only 10 per cent. of his men to marry.

TITLE SOCIABLE.

Rev. Herring, of Calera, was in the city Saturday.

W. R. Oliver, of Calera, was in our town Saturday.

Mrs. Allen, of Blocton, was in the city Tuesday.

Bro. Simpson, of Blocton, was in the city Saturday.

J. C. Holdrich moved from here to Gurnee last week.

Mr. Adler, of Selma, visited our town a few days since.

Miss May Lenoire, of Selma, is visiting Mrs. Dr. Trammell.

W. W. McCollum, of Brierfield, was in the city Saturday.

Miss Lillie Oakley, of Ashly, was in the city a few days since.

J. Sistrunk, of Columbus, Ga., was in the city one day last week.

Miss Fannie Boyd, of Montgomery, is expected here in a few days.

Wm. Lawrence left for Plantersville Monday to visit friends and relatives.

A full account of the lawn party given by the members of the L. E. C., will appear next week.

Miss Daisy Welch passed through here Saturday enroute home after a pleasant visit to Miss Lula Bowdon of Calera.

We acknowledge with thanks an invitation to attend a mid-summer reception given by the Epworth League of Birmingham on Friday evening August 9th.

Mr. J. C. Suttle, of Centreville, was in the city Tuesday. He is a prominent candidate for Probate Judge in Bibb county, and if appointed will fill the office with grace and dignity. He is a man well fitted for the place.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds gave a "needle party" last Friday night in honor of Miss Minnie Walker. The one who threaded the greatest number of needles in fifteen minutes was to win the first prize. This was won by Miss Mary Kroell who threaded 109. Several went as high as 100. W. J. Williams and H. C. Reynolds, Jr., tied for the "booby," they threading eight needles each. After this was over refreshments were served and greatly enjoyed by all. Everyone expressed themselves as having had a most delightful time, and were only too sorry when the time came to say goodbye and return to their homes with many good wishes for Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds. Among those present were: Miss Hattie Lyman with Wm. E. Perry, Miss Della Latham with Wm. H. Lyman, Miss Rhoda Latham with Chas. T. Acker, Mrs. Lawrence with Sam S. Allen, Miss Daisy Canterberry with John K. Kroell, Miss Hattie Thomas with Robert E. Hall, Miss May Lenoir with Fred K. Reynolds, Miss Mary Kroell with Fred W. Rogan, Miss Kathleen Reynolds with Dr. Barney B. Rogan, Miss Alline Rhodes with Fred E. Davis, Miss Katherine Kroell with Harry C. Reynolds, Miss Belle Reynolds with Nat L. Nabors, Miss Genie Brown with Walter P. McConaughy, Miss Rosa Broun with Dr. Jeff S. Davis, Miss Bertie Allen with Burr Nabors, Miss Sue Shuford with John C. Davis, Miss Emma Wilson with Louis N. Bowdon, Miss Eunice Latham with John H. McMath, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. J. K. McConaughy and Walton J. Williams.

TWO OLD BIRD HUNTERS.

Our two old bird hunters, Vest and Acker, are still wrangling. Acker says he has had the lost motion taken up in his gun and that it will kill a bird ten steps further than it would before. Vest says that's too thin; his gun always would kill them further than Acker's. Acker says Vest shoots with glasses on; says he can see like a hawk with the glasses. Vest says they are the only pair of the kind in the country. Vest keeps them well wrapped up till he gets to where the birds are, then he gets them out and on and says, "Now, old fellow, I've got you; fire in." Acker says Vest uses all kinds of epithets to intimidate him. Vest savs he is going to cut some high stubble over in the coaling this winter. Acker says if he keeps his heels and stomach he'd see what Vest does in the coaling or anywhere else. I tell you they are getting desperate. If you could hear them talk, you would not think there would be a bird, hawk, rabbit, snake or any other creeping thing left after they get through. I think they are doing the talking now and the other part will come later. They went to Dennis' pond a few days ago to catch trout. They started very early. If you could have seen the long poles and buggies as they drove off, you would have expected them to bring back twenty trout. What you reckon they caught? Just what the boy shot at—nothing. They say they got several strikes, but they didn't catch the fish—hook too dull was the excuse. They had plenty of ice along and you know they are both getting old and easily overcome by the heat. I think likely they spent a good deal of the time, by keeping cool, by taking ice water in small quantities, and while they were attending to this important duty, the turtles, trout or some other marine animal took the bait. They say it was trout. Vest's little boy, 8 years old, was with them. He caught two nice trout, and he says he never half tried. He told them they ought to be ashamed. I suspect they had something else good besides the ice, and after they had taken two or three nibbles at the good things carried from home, they did not care whether they caught fish or not.

SemiMonthly.

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCORD LOCALS.

J. B. Moore drove a fine herd of cattle over to Bessemer last week.

It is a fact that Burr need not worry for Harry is the proper folks at Mr. Curry's. Side Burns.

Mrs. Kemp, of Clanton, is spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Woolley.

Miss Laura Reynolds is spending several weeks in Jefferson with her sister, Mrs. William Moore.

The first Saturday night in September seems to be a noted and long looked for date with some of our people.

Charley Ambrose says he wishes he had a home near this place, or Mr. Eddings would purchase one near Aldrich.

Kirk says it would afford him much pleasure to call on Miss L., but he is sure she would remind him of his "wife" too often.

Mrs. Norris and sister, of Tuskaloosa, who have been visiting S. A. Curry's family, returned home last Saturday.

Mr. Luther McElroy, of Six Mile, is a frequent visitor to one of our homes. We must admit that he is a man of excellent taste.

P. I. West attended quarterly meeting at Ebenezer last week. He said he drove over to see Frank Harper who has typhoid fever, but we are impressed that it was not only Frank he visited.

A series of meetings closed last Sunday at Sessions Chapel and we are sorry to say that, if any good was derived from it it was not demonstrated, notwithstanding Revs. Anderson and Dobbs did some eloquent preaching.

We regret that our items were neglected last week, but your correspondent wore a sad face, and had a sad heart, and if he had attempted to write it would have been under many disadvantages.

Miss Willie Murphy, who has been visiting Miss Lula Eddings left last week for Autauga county, where she will spend the remaining part of the summer. Miss Willie is a noble girl, and those that know her, loved her.

The erection of our church is progressing nicely, our people feel an interest at heart in our society and they are aware of the fact that without a good school and church that society is nothing. Our prospects are bright at present and may the time speedily come when we may feel a deeper interest in the welfare of our children, and our neighbors' children.

—o—

SPRING CREEK.

Mr. T. B. McClusky, a well known citizen of Shelby county, whose home was near Dogwood Grove, was buried here on lnst Wednesday. He was a member of the fraternity of Free Masons who performed the burial services with their usual ceremony.

A notice appeared in last weeks paper of the marriage of Mr. F. W. Lee. The bride was Miss Nannie Harles instead of Miss Nannie Harrell as stated in that issue.

It pains us to report a considerable amount of sickness in our community.

Mr. Fayett Roy, of Helena, attended church here Sunday.

A protracted meeting is expected to begin here the second Sunday in this month.

Mr. William McEwin, of Fonr Mile, spent Saturday and Sunday at Mr. J. M. Allens.

Will says that he has done his talking, we will hear the wedding bells soon.

Fee says the next cat that gets on his chin will get its jawbone broke.

Crops are badly damaged by drouth in this section.

A few nights since some malicious persons entered the melon patch of Mr. W. H. Bennett. Smashed all the melons and also destroyed some corn and potatoes. How long will such villains escape punishment?

J. T. Williams is seen wearing a smile four and one-half feet long now a days. He can go to see her now.

J. W. P. says that he had one of Sall's times last Thursday.

Success to the News.

R. M. Alby.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

1. Professor Williams, of Blocton, formerly of this place, was in town Saturday and Sunday shaking hands with his many friends.

2. Professor Ellenburg, of Pelham, Ala., was in town Saturday looking after the interect of Pelham High school.

3. Mr. Charles Dunnam and wife, of Helena, spent Saturday and Sunday in town with relatives and friends.

4. Mr. Charles Vest, of Birmingham, formerly of Montevallo, accompanied by his affable sister, Miss Lucy, spent Sunday here with friends and relatives.

5. Mr. Oscar Harrison accompanied by his elder brother—went down to Ashby Sunday—Dear hunting.

6. We were greatly shocked by the sudden death of Mr. T. B. McCluskey, on the 30 ult, and we extend our many sympathies to the entire family—in their bereavement.

7. Mr. W. W. Dunnam has retired from merchandising and will remove back to his farm—we wish him much success.

T. A. T. E.

THE COUNTRY FAIR.

Anything that lifts men out of mere routine and gives fresh opportunities is a benefit; and this is what the country fair does. It is to farming what the country school is to education.

The season of the country fair is the season when generally the farmer is in his happiest state of mind. On much of his year's labors he has already realized and for the rest he can in the main see what is coming. The year when he has not reason for thankfulness is rare; and, having done his utmost, his heart turns now to the social side of life and conducts to higher grounds and better things.

The fact is that into much of farming life there is not enough of this sort of thing. The wise speeches that for the most part spring out of the experience are not suited to the moods or conditions of the young; and so when this is not remembered the young will quit the conditions that do not suit and go to those that do. For this reason, the older of the country folks should do all in their power to make the local fair an attraction and a success.

At the head of the fair place some enterprising broad-gauged man, and hold up his hands, remembering that the profits from such a service may continue all through a long life. The officering should be on this order all the way. Nothing can build up or pull down a fair more than the judging, and so those for this work should be selected on account of their reputation for fitness and fairness. Certainly even such men will err, but there will result from their action none of the soreness that arises when there is known to be a spirit of prejudice or partiality.

The well managed local fair enlarges the life of the entire county that it touches. Friend meets friend and jokes old and new are cracked and enjoyed and new friendships are formed and, with time to heal the sores, enmities pass out of existence. Heroes, too, are made and that perhaps over things no more consequential than the best pumpkin; for each victor is, at such time, hero to some one. Everything from local industry not in itself wrong that asks for admission to the country fair should be allowed. The deal on this score must be liberal enough to make all realize that their rights are respected. The country fair should be particularly strong as regards the products of the country from which it draws its support. At most fairs the horse will be prominent as a drawing feature. The trotter especially, few, if any now objecting to his presence, though once trotting met opposition from many at local fairs.

A fair thus conceived and carried forward becomes an institution and the time for its holding is thought of in advance with delight by both young and old; but, of course, by the young especially. Hospitality abounds and a spirit of friendly emulation is in the very air. Granted a pretty day and with the fair fully on, you have there, if anywhere, a picture of the bright side of life. Certain phases of human nature manifest themselves there very strikingly. There you find the man who sees a "world-beater" in a present home success; and also from having failed, the man who, falling back on his philosophy, is trying to look at ease in what is by no means an easy part. And the winners are in a frame of mind to communicate the story of how it was all done.

At the country fair you find well represented the neighborhood characters—the Sir Oracles, with their admiring groups. And there, too, is the old school teacher, a man abounding in interesting folk lore and delightful reminiscence. Possibly he is Goldsmith's man in duplicate, and uses words of learned length and thundering sound, so that still they gaze and still the wonder grows that one small head can carry all he knows.

No county fair would be complete without the politicians. Without an occasional shake of the hand of the honest farmer they could not, they say, get through. And so there they are to add to the humors of the entertainment. Beauty abounds and all the styles abound at the county fair, and there we see fine achievement and promises finer still.

EBENEZER LOCALS.

The health of the community is still improving.

Corn crops in this section are cut off to a great extent owing to the dry weather.

Quite a number of people attended the quarterly meeting at this place Saturday and Sunday. The services were conducted by the presiding elder, Rev. S. L. Dobbs.

It seems that the revival services have but little effect in the hearts of some of the school patrons.

We learn that a series of revival services is to be carried on at Spring Creek next week.

They say that Ebenezer ought to have a music teacher.

That Charley has been wearing a sad face since the Elliottsville meeting. Guess someone has torn his doll's play house down.

That A. H. says that time will bring changes.

Kasoose.

LECTURE FRIDAY NIGHT.

Hon. J. M. Caldwell of Anniston will deliver his famous lecture, "John," at Lyman's hall Friday night the 9th inst. He is justly celebrated as a lecturer, and we are indeed fortunate in having so distinguished a person in our midst. Let all turn out to hear him. Admission only 25 cents.

Rolling Mill Advances Wages.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA.—The Birmingham Rolling Mill Company has advanced the wages of 200 puddlers twenty-five cents at once, commencing Monday of this week, which will raise the price from $4 to $4.25. The Gate City Rolling Mill and other mills in this district will follow the example, which will considerably increase the pay roll in the Birmingham district. Common mill labor will be likewise advanced. The advance is in accordance with the action of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers.

FOR SALE

The Newt Eddings Farm.

Only (2) two miles from Montevallo, (1 1-2) one and a half miles from Birmingham Junction, containing two hundred and forty (240) acres.

Two hundred acres of fine timber, forty now in cultivation, a good dwelling and tenant houses. A bargain for cash.

For further particulars apply at this office. tf

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No.168†		No. 61*	No.169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv...Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	(ar .Selma.. lv)	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	(lv .Selma.. ar)	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12 16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38* a.m.	36* p.m.	18* a.m.		37* p.m.	35* p.m.	17* p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.50	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.56	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4 55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00 n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.

C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

A Baby on Wheels.

"Baby" Sherman is the youngest bicycle rider in the city. She does not ride alone, however, but on the 'cycle of her uncle, William Honig. Mr. Honig recently purchased a chair which he affixes to the handle of his 'cycle. As he rolls through the street with his young passenger much comment is called forth.—[Albany Journal

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

A man's morality depends somewhat upon he size of the town he is in.

Supreme Court Decisions.

Since Chas. O. Tyner began the manufacture of Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy, many people have inquired as to its efficacy. Chief Justice Bleckley, of Georgia, has tried it for indigestion and dyspepsia, and gives this as his decision:

"Atlanta, Ga., March 14, 1894—Chas. O. Tyner, Atlanta, Ga.: I have used, and am now using, Tyner's Dysdep-ia Remedy. It is a mental as well as a physical elixir. With its aid and a pair of spectacles I can frequently see the law in spite of unsuitable or too much diet. "LOGAN E. BLECKLEY."

This is a splendid decision and people are profiting by it.

Skinny Sufferers Saved.

Tobacco users as a rule are aways below normal weight because tobacco destroys digestion and causes nerve irritation that saps brain power and vitality. You can get a quick, guaranteed relief by the use of No-To-Bac, and then if you don't like your freedom and improved physical condition you can learn the use of tobacco over again, just like the first time. No-To-Bac sold under guarantee to cure by Druggists everywhere. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Do You Know Its Cause?

Indigestion: Do you know when you have it? Do you know its cause and cure? Ask your druggist for Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

Walking Would Often be a Pleasure

were it not for corns. These pests are removed with Hindercorns. 15c. at druggists.

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "Two bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girl." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The More One Uses Parker's Ginger Tonic

the more its virtues are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every weakness.

I am entirely cured of hemorrhage of the lungs by Piso's Cure for Consumption.—LOUISA LINDAMAN, Bethany Mo., Jan. 8, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

I Can't Sleep

Is the complaint of many at this season. The reason is found in the fact that the nerves are weak and the body in a feverish and unhealthy condition. The nerves may be restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which feeds them upon pure blood, and this medicine will also create an appetite and tone up the system, and thus give sweet refreshing sleep and vigorous health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp. Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

NO VACATIONS — SMITHDEAL PRACTICAL Business COLLEGE, Richmond, Va. — Shorthand, Typewriting, Book-keeping, Penmanship, Telegraphy. Both sexes. English Dept. Smithdeal's Book keeping, 75c.; Grammar, Speller and Letter-Writer, $1; Pens, $1 per gro., post paid.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

25 CTS — PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION — 25 CTS

FEEDING SOFT FOOD TO HENS.

To keep a hen in good condition for laying, she should never have a full crop during the day. It is not wrong to give a light meal of mixed food, warm in the morning, in the trough, but such meal should be only one-fourth the quantity the hens require. They should go away from the trough unsatisfied, and should then seek their food, deriving it grain by grain, engaging in healthy exercise in order to obtain it, and in such circumstances the food will be passed into the gizzard slowly and be better digested. Gradually the hen will accumulate sufficient food to provide for the night, going on the roost with a full crop, where she can leisurely forward it from the crop to the gizzard. Feeding soft food leads to many errors on the part of the beginner, causing him to overfeed and pamper his hens, and by it they will reach a condition that is entirely antagonistic to laying. It is much better to feed hard grains only than to feed from a trough, unless the soft food is carefully measured. A quart of mixed, ground grain, moistened and in a crumbly condition, should be sufficient for forty hens as a "starter" for the morning, but two quarts of whole grain should then be scattered in litter for them to seek and secure for themselves.—Farm and Fireside.

CELERY.

Celery is one of the neglected vegetables that should find a place in every garden great or small. It comes so late that it may be grown as an after crop where early potatoes or sweet corn has been grown. The seeds should be sown in seed bed, that has been made perfectly fine and the seeds must be very lightly covered. The best way to sow them is to make very shallow furrows in the bed and cover the seeds after they have been drilled in the furrow, by sifting fine soil over them. When the plants have grown to be an inch high it is a pretty good plan to clip the tops off as this makes the plants stocky and vigorous.

Celery delights in a moist soil and to do well it must be watered if the weather is at all dry. The common custom is to set the plants in trenches six or eight inches deep. These trenches should be deeply dug and thoroughly fined in the bottom and made very rich with fertilizers of some kind, as it is a rank feeder and must be furnished abundant plant food within a short distance as the roots are short. Set the plants during damp weather if possible, and as they grow draw the earth into the trenches, gradually filling them as the plants grow higher, taking care to keep the soil from getting into the centre of the bunch. This can be prevented by holding the tops with one hand and drawing the soil around them with a hoe, or preferably, with the other hand. When the trenches are filled the banking up begins and at every working the soil should be banked a little higher until the plants stand in a ridge reaching as high as the stem of the plants. This makes them white and crisp. At the last working the ridges should be patted into firmness with a spade so they will retain their shade.

A new plan that has been tried with some success is to set the plants only a foot apart each way and let them grow in this shape; they will be so thick that they will half blanch themselves, and when they are fully grown they can be taken up and put in a dark cellar in boxes with a little soil around the roots to finish the blanching process, or reset in trenches and left there to blanch.

The old plan we think is best for beginners, and we should have a lot of them in this country, for there is nothing that is better for nervousness than to eat liberally of celery.—Atlanta Journal.

CURING HAY.

So much depends upon climate, sunshine and wind that no definite rules can be laid down for cutting and curing hay. If possible, hay should be housed on the day of cutting, but this will only answer if the mow is large and the amount to be stored limited. Those who grow the crop on a large scale adopt the plan of cutting it late in the afternoon. There is no moisture on the grass at this time, and it is so late that it does not wilt at all that night, and therefore is not injured by the dew. The next day after the dew is off it should be tossed twice by the tedder, and, after it is thoroughly wilted, it should be raked up and put into good sized shocks, covered with waterproof hay caps to protect it from dew or rain, and left to cure. Exposure to the sun for a few hours just before drawing to the barn will complete the process.

The common mistake in making hay is usually allowing it to lie in the hot sun too long. The best hay is made by air curing rather than by the sun drying. As far as possible hay should be cured in the bunch. It may be cocked up much greener than formerly believed, provided it is fairly wilted and contains no extraneous moisture. If allowed to sweat before drawing it will rarely heat in the mow.

When hay is first cut it should be long enough in the sunlight to dry it sufficiently to allow it to be readily raked together into windrows. The hay tedder is of great assistance in curing the hay by tossing it in the air, thus exposing it so that all moisture is rapidly dried out. When cured by the wind rather than the sun hay preserves not only its green color, but the aroma which renders it so palatable to stock. As the nutritive properties of grass are all soluble in rain or dew, care must be taken to protect the hay from all moisture. If exposed to a long rain it becomes almost as worthless as straw, so greatly is its feeding value impaired.

In no direction have farmers progressed more than in their methods of curing hay. If is no longer considered necessary to get every particle of moisture out of the grass. Excessive dryness is avoided. They have learned the difference between curing and over curing, and that while hay when twisted should not show moisture, neither should it be so dried as to show brittleness.—New York World.

DIRECTIONS FOR HOME CHEESE MAKING.

Strain the milk into a vat and add half a pint of rennet to 100 gallons of milk, which should bring the curd in one hour when the temperature is at about eighty degrees. Stir the rennet and milk thoroughly. Many of the unknown troubles of the amateur cheese maker arise from the use of ill-conditioned rennet; if doubts as to its purity exist, it should be filtered through a flannel or cotton fibre. As the condition of rennet, quantity of milk and temperature vary at nearly every cheese making, the prepared rennet tablets sold by dairy supply houses are undoubtedly more certain in results. To the beginner, a thermometer accurately graduated is essential to success. The curd is cut into one inch squares immediately after it has formed, to hasten the separation of whey and curd. The cutting is repeated two or three times at half hour intervals, and then dipped carefully into a basket in which a strainer has been placed. Arrange the basket on a ladder over the whey receiver and cut the curd occasionally to hasten draining. When compact and fairly free from whey, tie the strainer ends by opposite corners and hang in a cool place until the morning run is made. Proceed with the morning's milk precisely in the same way until ready to hang. This curd requires a little more draining that it may be firm and decidedly free from whey.

Cut the night and morning curds in slices, place in a bowl and chop into pieces a half inch in diameter. Pour over the curds a gallon of hot whey or water and stir until a squeaking sound is made. Drain off the scalding water, add salt to taste, and thoroughly mix in the curd. Place a dry strainer in the hoop, carefully introduce the curd, fold the strainer neatly over the top, put the follower on and consign to the press. Only enough weight should be used to nicely consolidate the cheese and press out the small remaining portions of whey. If placed in the press in the morning, at night turn the cheese, substitute a fresh strainer, the next day remove from the press, butter the sides, top and bottom, and place on an odorless board in a cool, airy place to cure. Four weeks for curing is necessary, and during this time the cheese should be turned daily and buttered if inclined to adhere to the board. As cheese is liable to expand, a band of strong cloth should be drawn and sewed tightly around it to obviate cracking.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

The best crop to grow in an apple orchard is apples.

Every piece of ground put into early vegetables should produce at least two crops a year.

In France, chickens are not raised for the market; eggs and young fatted fowls are the ends kept in view.

See that the hens have plenty of sand or gravel. They have no teeth, and must have gravel to grind the food in the gizzard.

As the peas, radishes and early potatoes are taken off, do not let the land lie idle and grow a crop of weeds. Set out cabbages, celery, or sow turnips.

In the precise meaning of the term, there is no poultry farming in France. But there is "poultry keeping," and very generally followed by peasants and small farmers.

As hay is made when the the sun shines, so is money increased to that dairyman who manages so that his cows yield milk abundantly when dairy prices are high.

Space, air, sun and pure water are essentials to success in poultry raising. In yards where trees cannot be raised, a few shrubs will repay planting; in summer these will form a shade, and in the event of sudden rain a shelter.

To preserve eggs it is not absolutely esential to to pack them in anything, if you have a cool place and can, place them on shelves where they can be turned three or four times a week. Eggs from hens not with males will keep where fertile eggs will not.

Many amateur growers plant trees with enthusiasm and then grow discouraged over borers and rabbits; over spraying and prunning; over curculio and knots, and lice and mice and grubs. They are the growers (?) who will never glut the markets. They are a great help to the nurseries and give the progressive orchardist a chance to sell his superior products.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

No Italian girl can marry without a dowry.

Scarlet is mourning color for unmarried women in Brazil.

Kansas has twenty-five newspapers which are edited by women.

The Empress Elizabeth of Russia was one of the stoutest women of her time.

Mrs. Siddons was large, with very striking features, and an air of great personal dignity.

Eight ladies hold commissions as colonels in the German army. They are all queens or princesses.

Queen Victoria has signed but one death warrant, and that was for an execution in the Isle of Man.

The British matron is nettled by Daudet's caustic observations on her lack of physical charms and of taste of dress.

Princess de Polignac, formerly Winnaretta Singer, daughter of the great sewing machine man, is said to be the best amateur musician in Paris.

The Empress of Austria says she will never wear anything but black hereafter, and is distributing her court dresses among her intimate friends.

A movement is on foot to erect a memorial to the late Christina Rosetti in Christ Church, Woburn Square, London, where she worshiped for twenty years.

A number of girl students in the University of Michigan decided to wear knickerbockers hereafter. They expect that all the girls in the university will follow their example.

Miss Carrie Liebig, who has just been appointed a division surgeon of the Northern Pacific Railroad at Hope, Idaho, is the first woman physician to be appointed in the railway service.

A number of women are making a good income in Philadelphia designing and drawing pictures for illustrating the newspaper advertisements of the big retail mercantile advertisements.

It is the suggestion of a thrifty woman that pieces of children's dresses of wash materials should be included in several launderings to secure the requisite change of color that will make patches unnoticeable.

"Mme. La Presidente," as Mme. Faure is called in Paris, is described as the highest type of French womanly character. She abhors scandal, disapproves of flirtation, loves her home and frowns upon all risque tendencies in Parisian society.

Miss Boswell, the only woman delegate in the Republican Convention at Cleveland, is decidedly handsome, though of delicate physique. She has what is described as "warm colored" hair, transparent complexion and expressive brown eyes.

The up-to-date ladies of the Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Towson, Md., are raising money with which to buy a bicycle for the rector of the church, which he is to use in making pastoral visits and in attending to other parish duties.

The college at Benzonia, Mich., is thirty-two years old, but had its first graduation this term. The scholar is a girl who took an eight years' course, carried off all the class honors because she was the whole class, was honored with Ph. P., and is a new woman.

Marie Corelli, the novelist, who has been much talked of recently in England, is in private life Miss Minnie Mackay, daughter of the late Charles Mackay. Her first book, "A Romance of Two Worlds," was published in 1886, when she was twenty-two years old.

The old homestead of Jane Grey Swisshelm in Swissvale, Penn., is the Mecca of many visitors to Pittsburg. Mrs. Swisshelm was the first woman engaged to report Washington news for a daily newspaper. She was employed for that purpose by Horace Greeley.

A woman angler, Miss E. T. Crosby, caught thirty-one trout, averaging three-quarters of a pound each, in thirty minutes at Rangeley Lake, Me., a few days ago. She is noted in that region for her skill with the rod, having earned the sobriquet of "Fly Rod" by her achievements.

It is said that Queen Victoria has had a chair constructed which will support her in a standing position while receiving visitors. The chair is cunningly arranged, so that its form is covered with regal draperies, and report says it would deceive any one who didn't know it was there.

Lady Randolph Churchill, formerly Miss Jerome of New York, widow of Lord Randolph Churchill, is now to be seen in Paris in the smartest cycling version of mourning. It is added that she wears a black alpaca suit edged with black leather knickerbockers, concealed by a short skirt and a black straw hat.

Suburban women may be seen boarding the trains these days for a town shopping expedition carrying flat wicker baskets in lieu of bags or satchels for their small pick-ups. These are in the basket-fawn and light-brown shades or of dull red, and are both lighter and prettier than the leather bag.

There is a very evident intention on the part of designers to modify the Dutch bonnet that had such a sudden boom early in the season. The style is becoming to but very few, and the shape is not at all easy to keep on the head. The bonnet with a round crown is every way more desirable, and may be trimmed at the sides and arranged so that it is broad without being hard to manage.

Vegetable Flavoring.

In the window of a great confectioner's shop on Broadway, New York city, is a statue of the Venus of Milo. It is of colossal size, like the original—in fact a cast—but the remarkable thing about it is that it is composed entirely of chocolate. A most appetizing female this is, but she would not be really good to eat as she stands, because she lacks vanilla.

Chocolate is not very good without vanilla for flavoring. There are plenty of other delicious things which would not be so at all without its aid. It enters into the manufacture of candy, pastry, ices, liqueurs, cordials, and even perfumery.

The bean is of Mexican origin, although found in almost every tropical country. It is a vine of the orchid kind, with sea-green foliage, thriving best in dense forests, where its branches climb and interlace with the trees. This is when it grows wild, but it is cultivated with profit. The plant begins to yield in its third year and continues to bear until its thirtieth year, the beans being gathered in a green state before they have matured.

There are two ways of curing vanilla. One is to lay the beans on cloths spread upon the ground and exposed to the sun. Thus treated they attain a dark brown color at the end of two months, when they are bunched in bundles and packed in tin boxes for exporting. The second method consists in immersing the beans in boiling water until they become white. They are then exposed for a few hours to the sun, after which they are covered with oil of the cashew nut.

There are four qualities of vanilla and these are determined by the length and size of the bean, it being found that the flavor and perfume are in direct ratio to the weight and measurement. The best and largest beans exude a sort of crystal frosting, which covers their surface. These crystals are found to be almost pure benzoic acid

When one buys chocolate, it is found of various prices. If you go to a first-rate confectioner's you will find it at 50 cents a pound, 75 cents, $1, and even higher. However, the quality of the chocolate is about the same. The difference is in the amount of vanilla. The difference is not sufficient to be of any importance in the cost of production, but the flavor is improved proportionately and the price is put on with a due respect for the imagination of the consumer. All the same, the Venus of Milo in the candy maker's window would be flavorless indeed without the aid of this humble bean from the south. It is said that when a confectioner employs a new hand, usually a woman, he turns her loose among the candies and requests that she help herself. Thus her appetite becomes immediately cloyed by surfeit. If the most avid devourer of sweetmeats were asked to consume in her lifetime a Venus of Milo containing, like the one described, 1,925 pounds of chocolate and deliciously flavored with vanilla, it is likely that she would lose off-hand and forever her appetite for all such delicacies.

Acute Rheumatism.

From the Keowee Courier, Walhalla, S. C.

For several years Mrs. Mary Hunter, wife of Mr. William Hunter, of Mountain Rest, Oconee County, S. C., was a constant sufferer from rheumatism and could find no relief, even though she consulted the best doctors and tried every remedy prescribed by the most eminent physicians of the South. But she finally stumbled, as it were, on a medicine which wrought her cure in a simple, but nevertheless a most remarkable, manner. Such was her experience, and for the benefit of suffering humanity she consented to an interview touching her peculiar case.

"Yes, it is true that I had chronic rheumatism of long standing," said Mrs. Hunter to a reporter, "and the most celebrated physicians of South Carolina could effect no cure. But I have been cured, and that completely." And she spoke the words with a bright smile and cheerful countenance.

"I am sixty-six years of age," she continued, "and about five years ago I began to suffer from acute rheumatism. The pain soon became constant, and for four years I could find no relief. I could not remain still in any position, either lying, sitting, walking or standing. There was no rest nor ease for me, and thus it continued until life itself became a burden. During these years I consulted several of the most capable and eminent physicians of our State and took their prescriptions. But short and temporary was the relief afforded by any of them, and some failed to give any relief at all. The malady would return with accumulated force after every period of temporary suspension, and at last it seemed that my case was hopeless.

"About this time I received a letter from my sister, Mrs. Lucinda Stewart, of Texas, who wrote me to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and she told me how much good they had done her. She had been sick for seven years and had had two strokes of paralysis. None of the doctors of Texas could do anything for her, and her cure seemed impossible. But she was told by a friend to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and she at last did so. She wrote that she had taken only half a box when she experienced a decided change for the better, and soon she felt like a young girl again, even though she was over forty years old. In a short time she was cured, and she is now enjoying good health.

"But, even after receiving that letter, it was some time before I consented to try the pills. I continued to receive treatment from physicians for a year or more, because I had little or no faith in patent medicines of any kind. But finally, being reduced to a dire extremity, and all else failing, I concluded to write for one box of the pills, and did so. Within a week after beginning to take them I commenced feeling better, and when the first box was used I ordered six boxes. But two more boxes effected my cure, and that permanently, too; for during the past year I have been entirely free from rheumatic pains, and count my cure complete. Since then I have given the pills to other members of my family, and in no instance have they failed to give speedy and permanent relief. I am convinced that the pills are all that Dr. Williams claims for them, and more too. I cheerfully recommend them to all sufferers."

To confirm her statement of facts beyond all doubts, Mrs. Hunter made the following affidavit:

Sworn to before me this, the 9th day of May, A. D. 1895.

(L.S.) R. T. JAYNES, Notary Public.

Mrs. Hunter is well and favorably known, being the wife of one of Oconee's most successful and substantial farmers. No one can doubt her statement for a moment, and many of her neighbors, moreover, are cognizant of her remarkable cure.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

The First Great Ocean Steamship Race.

There are, undoubtedly, many men and women in New York to-day who went down to the Battery and cheered and waved their hands in greeting to the first steamship that entered this port from Europe. This important event took place on April 23, 1838, and it was doubly interesting and significant because not only the first transatlantic steam-ship came to anchor in the harbor on that day, but the second also; steam travel across the sea thus beginning with a race that was earnestly contested and brilliantly won. Furthermore, it was a race that atttracted infinitely more attention than any of the contests that have succeeded it. Two steam-vessels had crossed the Atlantic in years previous, both having started from this side; the Savannah, from Savannah, in 1819; and the Royal William, from Quebec, in 1831; but neither of these voyages had demonstrated the feasibility of abandoning the fine sailing packets and clippers for steamers when it came to a long voyage. The Savannah used both steam and sail during eighteen of twenty five days required for a passage to Liverpool, and more than one clipper overtook and passed her during the voyage. The Royal William had to utilize all her hold for coal in order to carry sufficient fuel to insure a completion of the voyage. Public interest, accordingly, was deeply stirred on both sides of the ocean when, in 1837, it was learned that two steam vessels were on the stocks, building for the American service. These were the Sirius, at London, and the Great Western, at Bristol. It was these vessels that made the first race; the Sirius making the trip, measured from Queenstown, in eighteen and a half days, and the Great Western in fourteen and a half days. The Sirius, having had nearly four days' start, came in a few hours ahead of the winner. She brought seven passengers, and whether the Great Western had others than her crew on board, cannot now be ascertained.—[Scribner.

Ornamental Buttons.

We are once more to have buttons for ornament as well as use. The stores of of the antiquary will be ransacked by his feminine relatives for miniatures and dainty enamels. For evening dress these will be set round with pearls and diamonds, and antique gold and silver are to be worn encrusted with jewels. For the daytime they will be simpler, miniatures of Wedgewood china being the very smartest. Great care will be taken in selecting the costumes to be honored by these ornaments, for we shall have to dress "up" to our buttons, and the color of our gowns must harmonize with the ground of the miniature. I have seen a perfectly beautiful set, ornamental with portraits of the beauties of different reigns, set round with pearls, which made me feel very envious, and several other sets in old paste, with which I should have been quite satisfied.—[London Letter.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this complete, interesting and valuable common medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THRSDAY, AUGUST 15, 1895. NO. 21.

Greatness.

Give me the life that animates the oak,
Its calm, its depth of spirit and its power;
These, and its constancy would I invoke,
Rare things that pass not with the passing hour.
Whether it be in time of leaf and flower,
Or when all life endures the winter's stroke,
Nobly it rears its head; a deathless dower
Of gradeur aye invests it like a cloak.
Give me these gifts, and I shall ever fare
Untiring, far up toward the longed-for height;
No more strong, dauntless, in the morning air,
When all the way is clear with lucid light,
Than when with folded pinions I must bear
Along the dreadful gloomed gulf of night.

—Wm. F. Barnard, in Goodby.

A Ray from a Jack-Lantern.

BY LAURA M. SMITH.

I was only a girl. The Colonel, my elderly brother, said I couldn't go, it was too hard a tramp, too far away, too exposing for a woman.

"Why, my stars, Sis! you have to walk about three miles through cedar swamp; it's the worst trail in the ountry, and you couldn't keep awake all night. You'd be a total wreck on our hands. Just you ask Billy."

That last remark cheered me. Billy was my brother's guide, with the big heart of the true backwoodsman. We were staying--well I won't say where—but game had more attractions for me than novels, and I had made up my mind that I wouldn't poke around in camp another day.

So I waylaid the genial Billy while the Colonel was at breakfast.

"You bet you can go," was his hearty answer. "I'll lend you a pair of my rubber boots and a hat, and that'll be all right," he added, with a meaning look in his eye.

Billy had been the Colonel's guide for many seasons, and he had a way of managing him, so I jumped to the conclusion that it was the Colonel who would be all right.

And it was. "But if you don't get sick of your bargain, my girlie, I'll eat my hat," was his comment, adding with a sigh: "If Billy can put up with it. I can."

That afternoon, about five o'clock, we left our boat ten miles up the river, and prepared for the march through the forest to the pond where the Colonel was going to hunt that night.

The guide led the way, bearing an enormous pack. I followed him, with the Colonel bringing up the rear.

Over logs and bogs, through mud and moss, struggling out of alder thickets and over-hanging boughs, we went on until we came to a slight ridge.

"Our pond lies just over this hill. Game may be in at any time now. Keep mum and get into this," whispered Billy.

As he spoke he shoved a canoe out from its hiding place in the bushes, and after some wobbling we were all in, and Billy paddled us over the silent water.

In a few minutes the nose of the canoe shot alongside a log and hit itself in a mass of ferns under a deep bank.

"Here's the camp!" whispered Billy.

"Where?" I asked.

"There!" said the Colonel, pointing majestically heavenward.

I scrambled up the bank and found the tiniest, cutest little shelter that I had ever seen. Slender poles for supports, with birch bark walls and roof. The bark curled up around the eaves and door in such a bewitching, welcoming manner that I felt at home at once and went in. It was built on the leanto style, and I had to sit down most of the time. When the pack and the guns and the blankets and the Colonel were all in with me it was all I could do to even sit.

The guide built a fire and broiled some venison and bacon on the coals. The Colonel poked around in the pine needles and tried to help, but after a few weak efforts gave it up.

How that venison tasted! and I had always loathed bacon before, but this melted in my mouth. The canned peaches were like nectar, and even the bread and butter was inexpressible.

"If things always taste like this, I want to go hunting the rest of my life," I whispered between bites.

I ate so much that it made me sleepy. I toasted my feet by the fire afterward, and tried to fight off my drowsiness, for the Colonel had vowed I couldn't keep awake. But the warmth sent me into a languor in which I was conscious only of the two men in the dusk making preparations for the hunt, the fire-light shadows in the trees and the lake below.

A touch on the shoulder aroused me.

"All's ready," said Billy, and kneeling, he tied some soft stuff around my feet. Then rising, he motioned me toward the canoe. Slowly, cautiously, without the stirring of a leaf, we swung ourselves down the bank and out on to the log. Billy screwed the jack into the bow of the canoe, and placed some blankets for the Colonel to kneel on.

"Now get in there without a sound," he said in my ear.

Splash! ! on the opposite shore of the pond. We held our breaths.

"By George, we've jumped a deer," breathed Billy.

With redoubled caution, we got into the canoe, I in the middle, the Colonel at the bow, rifle in hand. Not a sound had we made, we never even turned our heads, and only knew when Billy had knelt in the stern by the canoe's shooting out into the lake.

That hunt was a wonderful thing to me. We drifted through the water so silently that it seemed as though we were constantly lying motionless. I looked above me—nothing but stars and rifted clouds. I looked below me—down into the clear water, and saw reflected there the dark heavens again, star for star, cloud for cloud. With this was such death-like silence, that I seemed to be floating, suspended between two worlds.

It was beginning to be like a languorous dream, full of flowers and earthly odors, and heavy eye-lids, and soft, black darkness. And then it began to be like something else—the forest swam before my eyes and I fell asleep.

Yes, I did, before I could help it. I tried to rouse to shake it off. I would get one eye open just far enough to see the dim light of the jack, and then it would close again and my head fall forward.

I don't know how long this went on. It may have been hours, when suddenly I awoke all over, every nerve alert. A noise near the shore, and a slight snuffing as of some animal with its nose in the water. Did Billy hear it? Was he making for it? The canoe was certainly motionless—everything seemed dead—but perhaps the two men were silently biding their time.

I was beginning to get very much excited when I saw something that electrified me. The Colonel's head! Could it be possible?

I leaned over and gazed, breathless. Yes, the Colonel was sound asleep, his head down on his breast, and his noble form as limp as a linen rag. I felt better now that he was asleep, but there was that deer! What was the matter with Billy? I looked around, and, triumph upon triumph, there was the tired Billy fast asleep.

I could have shouted hurrah, but I hadn't time. I poked the Colonel vigorously with one toe; he came to slowly with a long sigh.

"Billy's asleep, I breathed," and there's a deer on the other shore.

The Colonel was awake in an instant. He thought a second, then he rocked the canoe. There was such a violent start in the stern that we nearly laughed aloud.

"Billy, there's a deer in the marsh," and before the words were well out of my mouth, the nose of the canoe swung around and the lantern was headed straight for the shore.

We listened intently; the noise was still there. Billy steadied the canoe.

"Open the jack," he whispered. The Colonel touched the lantern, and instantly a powerful stream of light flooded out across the dark water—and there in its path, shining like coals, were two great burning eyes—a deer's eyes—fascinated by the light.

Bang!! Bang!!

Two shots in quick succession from the Colonel, scarcely a kick in the shallow water, and the deer lay dead. They took me to shore, then returned and got the deer. It was a buck with magnificent antlers. They dragged it out under the bank. The Colonel gave me his hand across its neck.

"I take it all back, Sis." You're a brick! You got that deer, and I'll have the head set up for you. Come along every time and keep us awake.

This was magnificent in the Colonel, and I have always felt a little mean that I never owned up to having been asleep myself. I've done it now, though, and I feel better.—Outing.

Linen for Liners.

There are no laundries on board ship; they take up too much room. So the chief steward lays in thousands of pillow slips, sheets and towels. These come on board tied up in bales of a dozen each, and are stored in the linen locker, a cubbyhole of a place, on the main deck; the ventilator pipes from the engine room run through it, and keep it hot.

There is no danger of linen getting mildewed there. The linen which has been used is thrown into another room provided with the same atmosphere, and is kept thoroughly dry. Where there are clean napkins every day, frequent changes of stateroom linen and an everlasting replenishing of towel racks, the demands upon the linen locker are very extensive.

A liner like the New York puts to sea with about nine thousand surviettes, ten thousand towels, six thousand or seven thousand sheets, eight thousand pillow slips, and about one thousand tablecloths. Most of these find their way to the soiled linen locker in the course of the voyage. When the vessel arrives they are carted off to a laundry.—Tid-Bits.

A Remarkable Electrical Scheme.

An interesting electrical power transmission plant is in course of erection in California to supply the city with power obtained of Sacramento by damming up the American River at Folsom. The dam is of masonry, and was commenced some thirty years ago. It is founded on granite, and is 69 feet 6 inches high. A canal conveys the water from a point above the dam to the power station. A head of eighty feet is available, though only fifty-five feet of this is to be used for power purposes. The spent water from the turbines will be used for irrigation purposes. Four pairs of turbines are to be erected at the station, each of the two larger pairs being rated at 1,260 indicated horse-power.

The generators, of 1,000 horse-power each, supply a current at a potential of 800 volts, which is transformed to 11,000 volts before being delivered to the line. The power will be used for working the tram lines, as well as for lighting and other power purpose.—New York Sun.

Woman's Life in India.

The position of the native woman of Rajputana is singlarly deplorable. Penned from their babyhood within the narrow limits of the zenana, they are cut off from all contact with the outer world, with which they communicate only through their slave girls; seeing not only no men, but hardly any women, very few ladies of sufficient high rank living within visiting distance of each other. They are uneducated, unable either to read or write or work; nothing, therefore, remains to them but their natural affections, and these are outraged; their husbands professing no love for them, and visiting them but occasionally; their children being taken from them at a very early age and placed under the guardianship of men, their mothers being considered unfit, and, alas! truly, to bring them up.—New York World.

Trick of the Little German Bands.

Since the little German bands were prohibited from playing in New York streets they have learned a trick worth two or three city ordinances. They enter a street filled with flat houses, and, by getting into good standing with the janitor here and there, acquire the privilege of passing through basements and giving open-air concerts in the areas in the rear of the houses.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Fortunes in Lace.

According to the English society papers the Astors own $3,000,000 worth of lace; the Vanderbilts own $4,000,000 worth, while the Princess of Wales only possesses $250,000 worth. The Pope seems to be even worse off than the Princess, for, the society papers claim, he only has $75,000 worth.

Bohemia has furnished us with 118,000 people. Poland has furnished us with 147,000.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

There is that scattereth and yet increaseth.

Too many men march at a routstep with fate.

If the good times want to come, let 'em come.

We punish ourselves when we hate other people.

Every time you complain someone thinks less of you.

The slothful man roasteth not that which he took by hunting.

The birds with the brightest feathers do not sing the sweetest.

Life will depend largely upon what we do with leisure moments.

The man who throws mud at a good man slaps himself in the face.

It takes an extra good prayer meeting to stand poor ventilation.

The progressive man leaves a good many mean things behind him.

The hand of the diligent shall bear rule; but the slothful shall bear tribute.

None pities him that's in the snare, who, warned before, would not beware.

Preaching that is aimed altogether at the head is pretty sure to miss the heart.

The sluggard is wiser in his own conceit than seven men that can render a reason.

It takes seventy men to make a knife. It only takes one boy to lose seventy knives.—The South West.

Mr. Isaacs's Rare Cactus.

That ardent student of floriculture Colonel Alfred Isaacs is not so passionately absorbed in the flora of foreign lands as he used to be. The poppy and the pallid pelargonium are good enough for him, he says. Mr. Isaacs is a Government collector in the office at the foot of Main street.

Along the top of his desk sits a row of alligator pears and some sweet potatoes blooming in bottles of water. The other day this display was increased by the arrival of a queer-looking plant in an earthen flower pot. A note attached to the plant described it as a Hawaiian cactus and very rare.

In size and shape the Hawaiian cactus resembled a penholder covered with a thin grayish-white foilage. The upper end of the plant was tied to a stick inserted in the soil of the pot. Taken as a whole the cactas was not a promising object, but Mr. Isaacs attended it with loving care. Twice a day he watered it, according to instructions, yet the cactus did not appear to thrive.

"It must be the climate," said Mr. Isaacs.

But the hot weather of the past two days aroused the latent energies of the Hawaiian specimen to a remarkable extent. It began to shed a fragrance round about that made Mr. Isaacs sick and drove sea captains out of the office. The aroma of that imported cactus was simply asphyxiating, so much so that the sagacious collector said:

"I am beginning to smell a rat."

Mr. Isaacs was right. He pulled the cactus up by the roots and exposed a rat which should have been buried deeper or thrown overboard two weeks ago. The language he used sounded like special ravings of J. McCullough in the phonograph, and now Mr. Isaacs is trying to find out who palmed off a rat's tail as a Hawaiian cactus. He has his suspicions, and will get even before the summer is over.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Electrified Hotel.

A hotel in Chicago is so heavily charged with electricity that the guests cannot move around without getting a shock that is often painful. It is so bad that when one walks across the room a spark will leap over a space of two inches. The guests have some funny experiences. One man came near getting a gash cut in his face when he went to get shaved, because he was so startled by a spark from the razor. Then another man thought he had stepped on needles when he got into a bathtub. This peculiar condition of the building puzzles the electricians, and some think the whole house will have to be overhauled and revised.—Boston Journal of Commerce.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electricity will propel Chicago elevated trains.

A German scientist says that thinking is the chief cause of wrinkles.

The average European woman's life is shorter than the man's, but over two-thirds of the centenarians are women.

A physician declares that one-half the consumptive patients received into hospitals in Paris owe their condition to spirit-drinking.

Through the largest telescopes about 50,000,000 stars are seen, and there is every reason to believe that millions more exist.

Light acts upon the brain, and those who sleep with their blinds up will find that in the summer time, when so few hours are really dark, their sleep is not refreshing.

Glass is the most perfect elastic substance in existance. A glass plate kept under pressure in a bent condition for twenty-five years will return to its exact original form. Steel comes next.

Some remarkable deep sea fishes have been dredged by the United States Fish Commission at the depth of 700 to 1,600 fathoms. They have eyes but one genus has no teeth, the small mouth being adapted for sucking in its food.

A chemical works on the banks of the Rhone, in the Canton of Geneva, Switzerland, is devoted to the manufacture of artificial musk, and it is found that the fishes, more especially the trout, in the river, which are caught in the neighborhood, have a musky savor.

The air-tight compartment theory of building ships was copied from a provision of nature shown in the case of the nautilus. The shell of this animal has forty or fifty compartments, into which air or water may be admitted to allow the occupant to sink or float as he pleases.

To the moisture in the air, we are indebted for the maintenance of an even degree of temperature. But for it night would be colder than Greenland, even at the tropics. It is the water in the air that holds the sun's heat and keeps the earth warm, where direct sunlight fails to fall upon bodies.

At a recent meeting of the Zoological Society of London was exhibited a male tree fog from Venzuela, which carried its tadpoles on its back, in the same way as had previously been observed in frogs of the genus Denbrobates from Surinam and Brazil. A specimen of Hyla gœldii with eggs on the back was also shown.

Dr. John P. Lotsy, the Dutch botanist, who has been lecturing before the Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, for two years, has presented his entire herbarium of over 5,000 sheets to the woman's college of Baltimore. The collection represents the out-of-door work of the professor from his boyhood, and nearly every specimen was gathered by his own hands.

Crabs Have Queer Ears.

It is well known that crabs have ears situated in the basal joint of the first pair of antennæ. It is a complicated organ, sometimes called the otocist. It has been shown that this organ in a rock crab, of the Mediterranean, is adapted for feeling vibrations rather than for hearing. The crab feeds on small bivalves, which live in holes in the rocks. When the bivalve moves, its shell scrapes the rock and the vibrations are communicated to the crab in its hole, whereupon it promptly sallies forth, advancing toward its prey and feeling for it with its claws. It seems to recognize its food by the sense of touch, rather than sight, since any object used to scratch the rock will attract the crab, and be seized by it as readily as if it were in its favorite mollusk food.—New York Independent.

The Willow's Secret.

One secret of the willow's marvelous tenacity of life is to be found in the fact that it sends its roots a long way in search of moisture. It was discovered after an important aqueduct had caved in that its walls were cracked and filled for many feet with roots. These roots came from willows at least 30 feet distant.

Dining in Palestine.

A very large circular tray of tinned copper, placed on a coarse wooden stool about a foot high, served as a table. In the centre of this stood another big tray, with a mountain of pilaff, composed of rice boiled and buttered with small pieces of meat strewn through and upon it. This was the chief dish, though there were other smaller dishes, both meat and vegetable. Ten persons sat around the table or rather squatted on the carpet, with their knees drawn up close to their bodies. Each had before him a plate of tinned copper and a wooden spoon, which some used without the plate. Most, however, preferred to use the fingers of the left hand, several dipping their hands together into the dish, as the disciples did at the Last Supper.

As soon as any one had finished, he rose and went into another room, to have water poured over his hands to wash them, and the vacant place at the table was instantly filled by a newcomer. The bread, I may say, was laid on the mat under the tray, so as to be easily reached; and a jar of water, the only beverage used during the meal, stood within reach. Besides rice, stews of beans or cracked wheat, with thick soup or sauce poured over them in the great central bowl, are also in fashion. Spoons, though sometimes provided, are often, wanting—pieces of thin bread, doubled, serving instead. Knives and forks are unknown; and as there is no special dining-room, there is no furniture suited for one. Hence tables and chairs are never seen. The meat being always cut up into small pieces, there is no need for a knife, and chickens can easily be torn asunder with the hands. So far, indeed, are Orientals from thinking it strange to dip their fingers into the common dish, that it is a special act of politeness to grope in it for the visitor, and lay nice morsels before him, or even to insist on putting them into his mouth.—From Holy Land and the Bible.

Black Roses.

We learn, on good authority, that a certain enterprising gardener has at last succeeded in producing a black rose—"as black as soot," as he proudly declares. So far, his achievement is unique. though green roses were obtained some time ago by a member of his fraternity. Science, we suppose, makes every experiment worth while, otherwise one would be tempted to question whether the result were worth the trouble taken, as a black rose certainly cannot, from a purely Philistine point of view, be considered as beautsful as a pink or yellow one. Moreover, the good man is a trifle behind the time, since the artificial flower-makers succeeded in making us all thoroughly tired of black roses quite a twelvemonth ago. It is to be hoped that the craze for unnaturally colored flowers will not spread, otherwise we shall see black lilies, like those in the mosaic pavement of Santa Maria de Flori, in Florence, and what a misfortune that would be!—The Lady.

Canal Barges Towed by Electricity.

Canal barges have recently been successfully towed by electricity on the summit level of the Canal de Bourgogne. This portion of the canal is three and three-quarter miles long and is very narrow. There is no tow path, and hauling is effected by electric power. A generating house has been fixed at each end of the section, the current being generated by water power. Trolley arms of the usual type are used. The motor used upon the tug, which hauls upon a submerged chain, is of nineteen horse-power. During the passage through the tunnel the current is utilized to light the boat, and at night is used for this purpose during the entire run.—New York Sun.

Why He Said It.

Briggs—Some time ago Robinson said he would never marry for money—only for love—and now he is engaged to an heiress.

Griggs—Oh, Well! Such is life. How did he come to say such a thing, I wonder?

Briggs—I heard him tell the heiress so.—Puck.

A 2,000 acre farm near the Delaware Water Gap is devoted entirely to the cultivation of celery.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

Why do our merchants not combine and employ a man to travel Bibb and Chilton counties to turn the trade in this direction? We can without doubt meet Selma prices both as to goods and cotton. If they would send a man out and see the trade in those counties Montevallo would be alive with cotton this fall. A very small tax on each merchant would secure a good man and an overwhelming trade. We have Birmingham and Selma freight rates and large stocks of goods. Why sit idly by and let the cotton go to Selma and other points when it would as easily come here by proper efforts? The location of the Industrial School here has caused all eyes to turn on us and our friends in Bibb and Chilton will come if they are invited by right prices and fair dealing. Let the merchants combine and offer such inducements that will control the trade. They are in a position to do so. We will see if they are equal to the occasion.

A little push and enterprise by our merchants here will double the cotton receipts this fall.

On the first of September the merchants should start a good man through Bibb and Chilton and see every man in forty miles of Montevallo and explain to him the inducements we can offer to come here to trade.

It looks now as if cotton will open at seven cents, but as heretofore for many years the price will no doubt go gradually down. The surplus of over two million bales from last season will make up for the shortage of this years crop.

The Atlanta Constitution recalls that in an estimate of the riches of Americans made recently it was shown that 25,000 persons held one-half of the wealth of the country. The names of seventy men and estates were given, the average holding of each being estimated at $37,500,000. An attempt was made to show that in thirty years 50,000 persons would own practically all of the wealth of the United States. Comparisons were made with the fortunes of the richest Englismen to prove that there were greater accumulations of money here than there, and that the tendency of all time was to the greater concentration of wealth. The inference was that this was harmful. Now the facts are that the tendency is in the opposite direction, and that men who are richest now are in every way superior to the millionaires of the past. The annual income of several of the men who lived in that idyllic time "when the world was young," or at least centuries before now, was equal to the entire fortunes of the richest men of to-day. Solomon, the richest of them all, was bequeathed the fabulous sum of $8,000,000,000, and was made trustee, in addition, of a fund of $4,165,000,000, with which to build a temple. His annual income was for several years $3,000,000,000. Croesus's wealth has been estimated at $2,600,000,000. He gave $15,000,000 to the Delphian temple. Alexander the Great brought back $8,000,000 as the spoils of one expedition. Lucullus, the epicure, was worth $500,000,000. There have been many others with fabulous fortunes. One of the Ptolemys had $1,385,000,000 and was so close-fisted that he married his grandmother to keep her money in the family. Augustus was heir to $181,458,000. He spent $10,000,000 in building his baths. Tiberius left $118,000,000 which Caligula spent in one year in riotous living. One supper cost the latter $150,000. Cleopatra dissolved a pearl worth $400,000 in vinegar and swallowed it. Thomas Gresham, an Englishmen of the time of Queen Elizabeth, did the same with a pearl worth $100,000. Claudius swallowed a pearl worth $40,000. The list of foolish—rather, criminal—deeds of the rich men and women of the past might be extended indefinitely

MONTEVALLO.

In and Around it in the Early Days.

NO. 4.

In the year 1815, just 80 years ago this fall, there might have been seen a company of men, women and children leaving Edgefield District, South Carolina, for the country now known as the State of Alabama. For months they journeyed through practically a wilderness until they reached the vicinity of Montevallo. There they rested, and there they and their descendants have lived up till this good hour. This party had in it Abram Holsomback, the father of John Holsomback, who lived for some time near Thompson's mill. There his son John was born on March 28, 1818. This makes him one of the oldest citizens in this section.

Henry Lolly, the father of Joe and Lewis Lolly, was also of the same party. Jesse Lolly, the father of William Lolly, also came at the same time. The oldest one of these pioneers, however, is Andrew Lolly, who is hale and hearty and is now approaching the ripe old age of 90.

Among the others were Vince Garner, grandfather of Lewis Garner; George Lucus, father of Wm. and John Lucus; John Walker, the father of Elias Walker; Abner Pickett, the father of Braz Pickett, and John Lolly, the father of Mrs. Fronia Lucus.

The descendants of these early settlers recollect the Indians whom they found here on their arrival and, strange to say, we have found no instance of disturbance between them during their joint occupancy of the country. Mr. John Holsomback remembers while a boy to have seen an Indian bring a large fine deer to his mother's house and sold it to her for a gallon of meal and a pint of salt. At that time salt was very scarce and high. Cotton was sold in the seed to merchants, who had it ginned and shipped.

Maj. Jacob Perry and Wm. Moore were two early settlers of the country. They came here about 1825. Major Perry first lived near the Salem grave yard. Both of these old patriarchs lived to a ripe old age and died honored and respected by all who knew them.

Maj. Abner Wells came to this place along in the early forties. Me was major of the militia. The mustering of the troops known as "Muster Day," was a gala day. Very often, in the absence of guns, they used corn-stalks and sticks for drilling purposes.

Major Wells kept the "tavern" on the Walker corner for a long time. He married the daughter of Joseph Cunningham and left a large family, some of whom still live in our midst. The old tavern bell which he used, now hangs in the colored church.

EXPERIENCE OF A BUM IN MONTEVALLO.

Montevallo is a nice little town and we all like to strike it—you generally get plenty of good chuck and a loft to roost in, one thing I like about it there are no vicious dogs to turn loose on you—and another good thing, they all use coal, so there are no wood piles to turn you loose in, as they do in other places before giving you a "hand out."

While making my rounds here a short time ago, looking after the things that satisfy the inner man, I ran across many different specimens of human nature. The first one I struck was a stingy old fellow, who would not even let me come in the gate, for fear of wearing out the hinges, said I deserved no charity for I was too extravagant, for said he you wear your shoes all the time, why not carry them on your back till you get to the house then put them on and climb the fence. He is getting up a patent, in fact he already has it in successful operation, it is a half doller with a rubber fastened to it, so you can drop it in the contribution box and it will jump back up your sleeve.

After getting nothing from him I went on to a good old fellow's who actually made me ashamed of myself asking me to dinner with him and his wife, after thanking them, I went on to the next place to get a lunch to last me to the next town. They asked me to take a seat on the gallery till supper was ready, and their daughter began to play the piano. She played the Washington Post march, "Sweet Hearts Again," Loves Dreamland and one hundred other tunes until about five o'clock she struck up the tune which is all the rage here now, To-ra-ra-boom-de-day. I could stand it no longer, so I jumped up and ran away. I put my mark on that gate so none of my brethren would ever go there. I next stopped at a nice shady place, thought some good religious family lived there I went in and sat on the steps, in a few minutes out came the madam of the house, she talked, talked and she talked, she asked me a thousand questions in one got me so rattled that when she finally asked me what I wanted, I told her work, which was the biggest lie I ever told. She said she didn't have much to do, but if I would go get her cows, shell the crib full of corn, throw all the rocks out of the yard, hoe off the eight acre lawn and a few other little jobs she would see if she could find me a piece of cold bread and a plate of greens. I went after the cows first and I guess I wont get back before next Xmas, then it will be cold enough for me to take a little exercise, such as she mentioned.

TRAVELOR.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Everybody down here in a good humor except "Fatty."

We are sorry to learn of the relapse of our young friend, Farmer Lee, who has been ailing several weeks.

The members of the Bachelor club of Montevallo regret very much to see so many of their best and most faithful members getting married; and what hurts them more than anything else, none have thought enough of them to send an invitation to the "order."

P. O. West's voice could be heard above the noise and bustle at the L. E. C. party calling for ice cream. He stopped after dispensing with twelve saucers of cream and about the same number of slices of cake.

John McMath says a trip to Selma would help his feelings.

John Kroell is contemplrting a trip to Birmingham soon. Says he can't stay away much longer.

The spider-legged dude, "C. W.," has made a mash on one of our old brothers in Southside. He was heard to express a wish that C. W. study for the ministry.

R. E. H. says things ain't working to suit him, now that his Birmingham girl has found her a better looking fellow.

Wilbur North was a welcome visitor to our city last week. We have been informed that he has acquired a fondness for "Craker" since moving to Birmingham. "Quack, quack," old boy.

Pat McConaughy says he finds the course of true love even rougher than it has been represented to be.

Your correspondent will write his experience in the city of Birmingham soon with the police, street cars, churches, sweethearts and such like.

Burr Nabors says it is very consoling to know that two other fellows received their walking papers also.

Walton Williams has been looking very sad of late. Think he needs a dose of true love administered on the end of a No. 10 shoe.

Sam ain't quite dead yet. He may survive the calamity.

X. Y. Z.

JUSTICE JACKSON DEAD.

The Distinguished Tennesseean had Been Ill a Long Time.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Surrounded by most of the members of his family, Hon. Howell E. Jackson, associate justice of the United States Supreme Court, breathed his last at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon. Justice Jackson has been critically ill for a week, but only his family and a few intimate friends knew the facts, the first publication to that effect being made this afternoon.

Judge Jackson had been failing for several years, but he was not alarmed about his condition until about a year ago, when he took a lengthy trip to the far Northwest, being absent several months. He then went to Thomasville, Ga., where he spent last year, but was little benefited. He was brought home in April. One of his lungs was almost entirely gone and his condition was very serious, owing to dropsical complications. His physicians succeeded in gradually reducing the dropsical affection, and he was well enough in May to go to Jackson, where he sat on the bench on the occasion of the rehearing of the income tax case. Justice Jackson was not benefitted by the trip as he had hoped, and has lost strength steadily since his return.

A week ago he was compelled to take to his bed, absent members of his family were summoned and all were at his bedside when the end came except Miss Elizabeth Jackson and Wm. H. Jackson, Jr., who are in Europe. The end came at 2 o'clock Thursday, Justice Jackson being conscious to the last.

NEILL CORRECTED.

President Lane Says the Cotton Estimate is Too High.

GALVESTON, TEX.—Hector D. Lane, president of the American Cotton Growers' Association, and also commissioner of agriculture of the State of Alabama, who has been investigating the cotton crop throughout the South, arrived here Friday. When asked as to the result of his investigation, Mr. Lane said:

"On July 26 a letter was published by Mr. Neill, of New Orleans, estimating the cotton crop of the United States between 8,000,000 and 9,000,000 bales. I did not believe this report to be correct and thought it was issued to bear down the prices on cotton. In my official position as president of the Cotton Planters' Association I decided to go through Texas, the State he takes as his criterion, and form my own opinion on the crop. I started at Corsicana and investigated thoroughly, with the assistance of two subordinates.

I found the crop spotted in many sections of the State. From this and other things, which I shall state in a letter I shall issue, I have concluded that the estimate of the expert from New Orleans is about 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 above the real cotton crop that the South will produce this year."

Another Texas Railroad Sold.

HOUSTON, TEX.—The Texas Western railroad was sold Friday at public auction and bid in by Elijah Smith, of New York, for thirty thousand dollars, he to assume all debts. The road runs to Sealey and is a narrow guage. It is thought the "Katy" or Galveston, Houston & La Porte will purchase it, as its city franchises are quite valuable.

OPIUM A VALUABLE DRUG.

Commission Has Decided that It Is Less Harmful than Alcohol.

The opium commission, appointed in England to report on the use and effects of opium in India, has rendered its decision. It had to determine whether opium, when taken in moderation, was an injurious article of diet; whether Indian opinion was opposed to its use, and whether prohibition was a practical policy. All three questions are answered by a vote of 8 to 1 in the negative. Opium is found to be an excellent remedy in moderation all through life with practically no ill effect upon the healthy constitution, and its habitual votaries, like the Sikhs and the Rajpoots, display exceptionally fine physique. Doctors know that the effect of opium differs with every constitution, and it is proved that the Indian constitution tolerates it better than even that of the Chinese, who are not pure vegetarians. It no more injures them than wine injures Italians or beer the Bavarian peasantry. In India everybody looks upon opium as allowable, and the practice of opium eating is almost universal. In fact, its prohibition would be everywhere regarded as an unjustifiable interference with a purely domestic comfort, just as in this country an effective attempt to prevent a man taking a glass of beer with his home dinner would be considered.

There is a disposition among thoughtful natives to look upon the use of the drug as the alternative to the use of cheap alcohol and to dread the resort to the latter. Religious feeling accounts for this in some measure, but it is well known that, while Asiatics can be moderate in the use of sedatives, they lose all restraint when they take to alcohol. So the commission has decided that opium is a reputable drug, that it does infinitely less harm in the world than alcohol and that its effects in a large proportion of cases where it is used are beneficent and desirable. This decision would, of course, greatly simplify the question of prohibition, but the commission frankly confesses that prohibition is simply impossible. There is no means of preventing the manufacture of opium in the native states and throughout India, and no amount of zeal or expenditure or severity can prevent the smuggling of a drug which can be carried in a quill, which will grow anywhere on the continent of India, and which national opinion, even among the officials and the police, entirely approves. The commission says: "We can, and do, restrict the use of opium by taxing it enormously, but the prohibition of it is entirely beyond our power." The moderate use of opium is, therefore, at last pronounced respectable. There are people on this side of the world who have always looked upon it as a shining virtue compared with the loathsome habit, still tolerated by some cultured nations, of tobacco chewing in public places.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Stories of the South.

One of the most kindly and generous of his sex gave a $5 bill some time ago to a struggling, poverty-stricken colored church in southern Virginia. So large a sum had never before come from a single individual and the people were overwhelmed.

It happened that the gentleman, Mr. C——, went to the church the following Sunday and took a retired seat in the gallery. What was his amazement to hear from the pulpit the following descriptive prayer:

"O, Lawd, bless Mars' C——. He plays cards, he drinks, he races, he gambles; but he's given $5 to this church, and, O Lawd, bless him!" Mr. C—— dodged behind a post and hurriedly retired.

Those who were present at a certain convention had the pleasure of listening to another man of color who occupied the platform with his white brethren, and one of whose sentences was certainly unique.

"And now, gentlemen," he said, in his most impressive manner, as he surveyed the large audience, "I will give you a chunk of thought, without dress or garbage!"—New York Tribune.

The Small Things.

I don't think any nation pays more attention to military affairs than Germany, said a German citizen. Things of seeming little importance connected with the army are investigated with the greatest pains. Many years ago the matter of boot heels was taken up. What height of heel was best for infantry? A commission was appointed. One heel after another was tried, and a record of how far the soldiers could march a day in each was kept. Years piled on years, the commission carrying on the investigation with the care and exactitude of a chemical analysis. Constant improvements were made, and the distance an army could march in a day was thereby increased. At length the suggestion of a heel partly made of rubber was put forth. It was tried—instantaneous success! It was found that a regiment using such heels could march one-third farther a day and with less fatigue than when the investigation was begun. A small thing that to begin with, but what an important part the improved heel would play in a war.

The Food Cure.

To the many who abhor the taking of bitter drugs, the food cure opens an alluring prospect. This is positively the latest idea, introduced into England by physicians of advanced ideas. They claim that certain foods contain all the elements necessary to effect cures; that they have made up a list which embraces tonics, febrifuges, diuretics, and, in fact, every medicinal agent that is defined in the pharmacopia. These foods are of the simplest character, but the English doctors do not disclose them, except to their patients. They say that in the course of ten years there will not be one-third the medicine used that is used to-day.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

No preaching in town Sunday.

A. J. Lee is back at his post again.

More visiting girls are expected in town soon.

Miss Joana Farrington spent Sunday in the city.

Miss Ozley, of Dogwood, was in the city last week.

Miss May Lenoir of Selma returned home Saturday.

We hear of a great deal of sickness in the country.

Mr. S. A. Latham returned from Louisville last week.

Mrs. J. L. McCanaughy has purchased a beautiful horse.

Messrs. J. D. and Jasp Farrington were in town Tuesday.

We are very sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. C. W. Cary.

Miss Patti Nelson, of Birmingham, is visiting Miss Lois McClanley.

Miss Emma Wilson returned to her home in Columbiana last week.

Dr. Powers, of Helena, spent a day or two in our city this week.

Mr. C. C. VanDegrift visited Demopolis last week on business.

Everything has quieted down socially since all the visiting girls left.

Mrs. Lenoir, of Brierfield, is visiting Mrs. Dr. Trammel this week.

The event of the season was the Lawn Party given by the L. E. C.

Mr. S. H. McCauley is spending a few days with his family this week.

Mrs. Catzenstein of Talladega is visiting Mrs. George Kroell this week.

A minstrel was given by local colored talent at the hall Saturday night.

Messrs. T. Wilson and J. C. Suttle spent a few hours in the city this week.

Southside, let us hear from you; you must have some news by this time.

Misses Mary Lee Perry and May Harris returned from Calera Friday.

The friends of Miss Cora Newton are glad to learn that she is steadily improving.

Mr. Chas. Vest, of Birmingham, is spending a few weeks with his parents at this place.

Mrs. VanDegrift and daughter, Miss Imogene, are visiting friends and relatives at Ashville.

A 50-cent suspender for 30 cents; a 25-cent suspender for 15 cents. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Messrs. W. P. McConaughy and Burr Nabors attended a ball at Shelby Springs Thursday night.

Mr. W. L. North of Birmingham the popular salesman of R. n,S. Alle was in the city last week.

Mr. G. W. Canterberry has resigned his position at Aldrich and accepted a position with Latham Bros.

Miss Minnie Walker returned to her home after a few weeks' visit to her sister, Mrs. W. B. Reynolds.

Some of our correspondents got foundered at the last free supper and have not been able to write any since.

We learn that Miss Lena North, of Birmingham, will visit Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen at this place at an early date.

Crops are sadly in need of rain in our immediate neighborhood. Corn, cotton and vegetation of all kinds are burning up.

J. H. Patton passed through our city Sunday with his six thousand dollar horse, "Lamont," enroute to Birmingham.

Mrs. Amanda Hoskins, of Ashley, died last Saturday night at the age of 68 years. She leaves two sons to mourn her loss.

Just received, a bankrupt stock of hats and suspenders. If you want a $2.50 hat for $1.25, come and see us. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Messrs. W. B. Reynolds and W. S. Cary returned from the river Friday loaded with fine blue catfish. "Bully" and his crowd were unfortunate.

A fine lot of clothing just received, cheaper than ever known before. A suit formerly sold for $18 can now be had for $10. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Misses Rosa and Genie Broun of Mobile, after a short visit to relatives at this place, left for Birmingham Thursday, accompanied by Miss Belle Reynolds.

Mr. F. O. Rogan will soon move into the Walker store house and will carry the finest stock of candies, ice cold drinks and undertaker's supplies ever carried in Montevallo.

Cards announcing the marriage of one of our editors will appear in the near future. This is the first work of this kind that the News has turned out. Guess which one it is?

Do you wear pants? If so, be sure and see that 15 and 30 cent suspender at Reynolds. The regular prices on these suspenders elsewhere are 30 and 50 cents. They are part of a sheriff's sale.

We learn that Mr. Thos. D. Williams will move his family to Selma, at an early date. Mr. Williams is one of our most worthy citizens and will be greatly missed by the entire community.

During the thunder storm here on Thursday, lightning struck a vacant house near the railroad, setting it on fire, and killed three hogs. The house burned down, as no attempt was made to extinguish the blaze.

News reaches us that the negro who caused such a sensation here by handling and eating snakes, died in Bessemer a few days since from the bite of a rattle snake. The snake bit him in the mouth while he (the negro) was biting its head off.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

News has reached us of a secret marriage which took place in Columbiana some time last year. The bride went off to school last year, after the marriage, and it was kept a profound secret until a few days ago. We have not learned the names of the parties.

Messrs. M. V. Richards, of Washington, D. C., land and immigration agent for the Southern R'y, and Harry S. Fleming, of New York City, civil engineer, were in our city last week. These gentlemen were highly pleased with our town and said a better location for the Industrial School could not be found.

Let us hear from some of the farmers of Bibb, Chilton and Shelby counties in regard to the tri county fair. This would be a good thing and no doubt it would prove a great help to the farmers of the county. Montevallo would be glad to have them exhibit their products, stock, etc., in our town and assure them of a hearty welcome.

The many friends of Miss Mary McCaskey, who was once one of our most interesting young ladies, but now of Birmingham, will be very glad to learn that at a recent meeting of the board of Trustees of the Oakman High School, she was elected music teacher for the ensuing term. Miss McCaskey is an accomplished musician and will grace the position she accepts.

There are four boys in our town that can't play in a certain man's yard any more. This is indeed very sad, and we are sure the boys will grieve themselves to death over the matter. Ha! ha! Well, such is life in small cities, and we will have to stand it. Some of the boys say they think he might wait until they "even wanted to play in his yard."

Hon. J. M. Caldwell of Anniston delivered his famous lecture, "John," at the opera house Friday night to a small but appreciative audience. This lecture was only an advertisement; it is Mr. Caldwell's desire to be with us again, and by a series of lectures to raise enough money to purchase a set of chapel furniture for the industrial school. He says he knows of no worthier object than this. Those not present missed a rare treat.

WHAT SHE WANTED.

So fair was she,
As all agree,
The clerks all rushed to serve her;
On her they beamed,
But glances seemed
In some way to unnerve her.

All waited, meek,
For her to speak,
But still she hesitated,
Her face seemed flushed—
In fact she blushed,
It may as well be stated.

"I want—" She stopped;
Her eyelids dropped;
Her face a sun resembled,
"I want—" Again
She paused, and then
Her voice sank low and trembled.

Though she was new,
Alas, 'tis true,
She found the scene most trying,
She came to get
A trifle, yet
She felt much more like flying.

The boldest clerk,
With bow and smirk,
Then thought to surely fetch her,
"I want," she said,
Her face deep red,
"I want a trousers stretcher."

More Chinese Missions in Peril.

SHANGHAI.—The Mercury of this city, publishes a dispatch from Foo Chow, dated Tuesday, saying that the position of the Europeans is critical owing to the open hostility of the natives and native officials. It is added that if an outbreak occurs the officials will be unable to cope with the mob. Fu Kien province is said to be in a state of rebellion and the American mission at Fung Fu in that province has been burned. The European and Americans have telegraphed for gunboats to protect the foreign settlement.

CORRESPONDENCE.

EBENEZER LOCALS.

Fodder pulling is the order of the day in our community.

The rain on last Thursday made sad hearts rejoice.

Quite a number of Ebeneezer's young people are attending the series of meetings at Spring Creek this week.

Zeak Eddings is ready at all times to fill orders for watermelons at a very low price.

The goslin was seen Sunday evening headed toward Spring Creek singing "The girl I left behind me."

Tom W. is taking dots from T. H. A. at trick working.

Ben A. is still having a good time and Bruse D. has never been to see him yet.

P. D. K. says he made it hot for Joe Mc. Sunday evening.

Arthur W. took in the meeting at Spring Creek Sunday, and on his return home reported that he never knew what love was before.

A. H. purchased a nice boquet for his best girl the other day, and says he would present it to her if he had a chance.

Success to the News.

KASOOSE.

THEY DO SAY.

That "Pots" tried the new style dance (mentioned in our paper a few weeks ago). Says it sho is an improvement on the old style.

That one of the L. E. C's. ate eleven saucers of cream and two melons at the party, and after everyone else had left slipped back and gathered up the rinds. When last seen they were piled around him so high that one could only see the top of his head.

That "Sir Patrick" says he just can't decide which it shall be.

That John K. is out of society now.

That "Speck" is a natural born masher.

That Will P. is a high-kicker when it comes to dancing.

That "Son" did something while waltzing that she would never let him do before.

Dr. J. says he enjoyed the "lawn party." Says it is a pleasure indeed to wander around alone and gaze at the stars—while your partner is enjoying the dance.

That the visiting girls have all gone home.

That John Davis is sorry that Montevallo got the industrial school, as his girl will leave town soon.

That Burr Nabors doesn't want to go to Shelby Springs to another dance while the girls are buying friendship rings, for they tackled him for a copper the other night and he had to acknowledge himself broke.

That Frank Kroell made good time from the river home.

That Bully is a fisherman.

That Brur will soon count the crossties between here and Faunsdale.

That John Mc. is Son's great chum.

That our editor who went to Selma with the Shelby baseball club on going to his room to retire was surprised to find four bugs (you know what kind), one on each corner of the bed singing "Where is my boy tonight." They made up for lost time that night.

That Son says he won't give up, no matter what "they" say.

That a young lady was heard to remark, "Burr looks so sad and is not half so lively as he used to be." Can't you guess why?

That F. K. R. would like to move to Selma.

That Kitty came back with a long face because he was called back before he got to see "Ashville."

That Burr McMath is filling Will Lawrence's place "everywhere."

KILLED HIS FRIEND.

A Shotgun in the Hands of a Boy Does Deadly Work.

A horrible tragedy occurred near Caldwell's mill on the Cahaba river, yesterday.

The families of J. D. Mask and Calvin Bearden had been to a protracted meeting, going on in their neighborhood. Upon returning home the Masks were invited to dinner with the Beardens and accepted the invitation. While the older people were setting at the dinner table they were suddenly interrupted by the report of a gun in the adjoining room, where their children were. They rushed in and found little Noah Mask dead.

Willie Bearden had found a shotgun under the bed in the room the children were playing in and had jokingly pointed it at Noah Mask, saying: "Watch me kill Noah." The trigger was pulled and the gun, which was supposed to be unloaded, went off and blew Noah's brains out. The dead boy was seven, his unwilling slayer ten.—Birmingham News.

Sale of a Texas Railroad.

DALLAS, TEX.—The Texas Trunk railway property was sold at public outcry at noon Tuesday at the junction of that road with the Houston & Texas Central by Special Commissioner A. T. Watts. The property was bid in at $650,000 by R. S. Loyotte, for Edward H. Pardee, of New York, there being no other bidders. It is understood that Mr. Huntington buys the road, and that he will proceed at once to extend it to the pine woods of Eastern Texas and possibly to New Orleans. This road runs from Dallas to the town of Kauffman, is fifty miles long and originally cost $650,000.

OBITUARY.

Died at his home in Centreville, Bibb County, Ala., on July the 28th 1895, Judge M. Y. Hayes; aged forty seven years one month and nine days. In the death of Judge Hayes, Bibb County has lost a tried, faithful and worthy servant, the community a good citizen, his wife and children a noble husband and devoted father. As a man, he was genial and social, but reserved and modest. As a citizen, he ranked among the best in any community, always being upon the moral side of every question and ever ready to help advance with his words and with his means, the best interests of both church and state. Though Judge Hayes had not passed the meridian of life, many a poor young man and woman have received encouragement and means from him to assist them in securing an education. As a husband and father, he was affectionate and tender. His highest ambition was the noblest; it was to be a true husband to raise his children right, to be a loving father, and to make his home cheerful and happy. He leaves a heart broken wife and three daughters to mourn his loss, and to whom his loss is irreparable. But we, with them, mourn for him, not as we mourn for those who die without hope; for he left every evidence that he was prepared and ready to strike hands with, and join the circle of that innumerable host who have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. His death was the most remarkable one ever witnessed by the writer; it was more than heroic, it was inspiring, it was heavenly. When told by his physician that he had done all for him that medicine could do, he was not the least excited but told his physician to send for a surgeon. When through talking with the physician, he bid his family and the watching friends good bye in a most affectionate and touching manner. He told them to tell his aged father and mother to meet him in heaven, that the separation would only be for a little while. To his oldest daughter he said "I have tried to raise you right, you are good children, stand by your mother." He told his youngest daughter to be a good child, and make a good noble christian woman. To his wife he said, "we have lived together for twenty years and have been very happy, and it is hard to leave you and the children, but I believe it is for the best, and you must do the best you can—while we will be a broken family here I do hope and trust we will be an unbroken family in heaven." Later during the night he opened his eyes and looked at his wife, and she asked him if all was clear before him. "Yes, perfectly clear," he answered. He lingered during the day and just before sunset on that beautiful Sabbath, surrounded by his grief stricken family and friends, passed away into that realm, where the Apostle Paul tells us, "We shall know even as also we are known." Such was the scene witnessed by those who watched his bedside. It seemed not like death, but more like telling a friend good bye in sight of the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem.

"A sleep in Jesus, Blessed Sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep,
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes."

—A FRIEND.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

The people generally seem impatient at the delay in starting work on the industrial school. Many inquiries are made as to the cause of the delay. We will in brief answer them: When Montevallo was selected it was thought the board would accept our offer to build wooden dormitories as wings to the present building. An executive committee of three was appointed to meet Miss Tutwiler here and confer with her as to buildings, etc. After meeting here they most wisely decided not to have any buildings erected of wood, but take the money we had raised for that purpose together with the labor and hauling subscribed and the $15,000 appropriated by the state and put up good, substantial brick and stone structures. It was known to this committee that the state had a large lot of brick at Speigner's, on the Louisville & Nashville railroad, which they believed could be obtained on very favorable terms. It was decided also to make application to the L. & N. and Southern asking them to freight them here free of charge. The application for the brick had to be made to the governor whom it is well known has been absent from the state most of this time. He now has the application in hand and will pass on it in a short time. Those who have had occasion to deal with the headquarters of railroads know and can appreciate the delay in getting an answer from a request of this kind. The Southern Railway has sent a representative here to investigate the matter and we look for an early response from them. We will no doubt hear from the L. & N. shortly. The executive committee has filed its report with the governor and as soon as the attorney-general passes on our titles, which he is now examining, the board will be called together and plans formulated and work will begin. Our friends must remember that the trustees now have the matter in charge and they are all, with scarcely an exception, very busy men and cannot give it their entire time and attention. Their efforts will be appreciated by all thoughtful persons and not criticised. They are doing all they can for us and feel that to make haste slowly is the wiser plan. Their object is to build something of which we will be proud, and we must commend the wisdom of Miss Tutwiler when she insisted that nothing but good work be done, even at the expense of delay in opening the school.

A man who will wear made over ties will let his wife cut his hair for him.

ALABAMIANS CAUGHT.

Scottsboro, Ala., August 7.—[Special to Chattanooga Times.]—Excitement is still high here over the Langston gold fraud. The principal stockholders here are Capt. J. R. Harris and Virgil Bouldin. George W. Hunt also put money into it. Dr. May and others who were the founders of the deal were arrested near Langston by Sheriff Robinson and brought here. Dr. May is one of the oldest doctors in North Alabama and has always been highly respected. The second stockholders are B. F. Shook and Milo Moody. Dr. Haralson and others owned shares but sold out. It is expected they will be indicted. Many cases for the recovery of money obtained by false pretences were entered to-day. The whole thing is a fraud. These hills have no gold except what was brought to them. The results will be interesting. Dr. May made bond to-night.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

No. 76*			No. 77*	
2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	
4.05pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	
5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	
7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No. 168†		No. 61*	No. 169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.... Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	.... Anniston	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	... Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.58pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12 16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville....	6.59	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville....	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4 55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

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The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Impure Blood

Manifests itself in hives, pimples, boils and other eruptions which disfigure the face and cause pain and annoyance. By purifying the blood Hood's Sarsaparilla completely cures these troubles and clears the skin. Hood's Sarsaparilla overcomes that tired, drowsy feeling so general at this season and gives strength and vigor. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents

A Queer Medical Case.

There is a queer case at Gouverneur Hospital. It is that of a man who at noon yesterday weighed about 120 pounds and for a person his size was much emaciated. At 6 o'clock last night he was so puffed up that he looked as if he weighed twice as much. It took the hospital surgeons over an hour to convince his daughters that the man was really their father. Air is the cause of this transformation. The victim of this inflation in size is Paul Shonebein, a German laborer forty years old, of No 157 West Sixty-second-st. While at work yesterday afternoon on a pile of timber, it was said at the hospital, some of the boards fell upon him, breaking his ribs, One of the broken ribs penetrated his lungs letting the air out and into the tissues under the skin. This caused a general puffing out of the skin all over his body from head to heels, until he was totally unrecognizable.

At Gouverneur Hospital, where he was taken directly after the accident happened, the doctors say they have only had one case like it before. The man after a few days resumed normal shape and size and got well. But Shonebein has swelled out of all proportions. His daughters were informed of the accident to their father, and went to the hospital to see him. But when the attendants pointed out the man as their parent they were in search of, they refused to beleive what was told them.

"That thing our father? Do the doctors think we don't know our papa? Our father was a tall thin man," they said.

As to Shonebein's chances for recovery, the doctors say if he does not have congestion of the lungs he will recover and gradually grow smaller until he gets down to his natural size. They consider the case a most interesting one.

Taken at Home.

McElree's Wine of Cardui relieves the agony endured by many women month after month in modest silence. It is recommended by many physicians as the most effective remedy known for painful menstruation. The treatment can be adopted in the privacy of home, without submitting to humiliating examinations or consulting a doctor.

Mrs. W. L. Mitchell, of Pratt Mines, Ala., writes: "For the past six months I have suffered awful pains at the time of my monthly periods. A few months ago my husband got me some McElree's Wine of Cardui. Since using that I haven't felt a pain. I can't give it all the praise it shou'd have."

J. W. Follard, Pleasant Ridge, Miss., says: "McElree's Wine of Cardui cured my wife after four doctors had failed."

A Prominent Doctor Speaks.

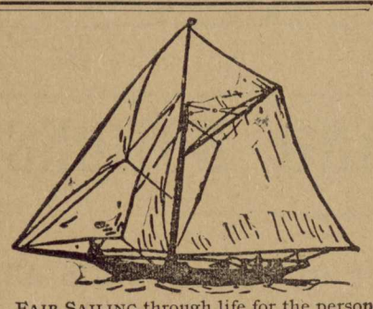
He is not talking about medical ethics, quite the contrary. The scientist is eager to grasp truth in whatever field it may be found, and the fact that Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is so meritorious calls forth from him a testimonial:

"Chipley, Ga., August 4, 1894.—Dr. C. O. Tyner, Atlanta, Ga.: I think it is due you that I should say that Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy has done more for me than all other preparations that I have tried. I think it is a valuable remedy for chronic dyspepsia and indigestion. It has cured me. I hope you may be able to cure all dyspeptics. They are legion,

DR. Q. T. PURSELL."

The Largest Family.

The human family to-day consists of about 1,450,000,000 individuals; in Asia there are now about 600,000,000, or an average of 120 to the square mile; in Europe there are 320,000,000, averaging 100 to the square mile; in Africa there are 210,000,000; in America North and South there are 110,000,000, thinly scattered and recent; in the islands, large and small, probably 10 000,000.



FAIR SAILING through life for the person who keeps in health. With a torpid liver and the impure blood that follows it, you are an easy prey to all sorts of ailments. That "used-up" feeling is the first warning that your liver isn't doing its work.

That is the time to take Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. As an appetizing, restorative tonic, to repel disease and build up the needed flesh and strength, there's nothing to equal it. It rouses every organ into healthful action, purifies and enriches the blood, braces up the whole system, and restores health and vigor.

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

AM. N. U. No. 33, 1895.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. **CONSUMPTION** 25 CTS.

DOUBLE THE FRUIT YIELD.

A generous mulching of coal and wood ashes mixed around apple, pear, peach, plum and cherry trees, grape vines, etc., in the spring will not only largely protect them from insects but by furnishing nutriment, greatly increase the yield of fruit. Try it and be convinced.—Atlanta Constitution.

SOOT A FERTILIZER.

Few people know, perhaps, that soot water made from the soot of wood fires is said to be an excellent fertilizer of house or out-door plants. The soot should be brushed down from the chimney with a long handled brush, gathered into a quart bag and soaked in rain water over night. The water will have become as black as ink by the next morning and will be ready for use. To use about house plants it should be considerably diluted, as it is apt to be too strong for the little amount of earth in window box or pot. It is a perfect destroyer of insects and worms that are the dread of the amateur florist and may be used two or three times a week when the plants are much infested.—New York Telegram.

FIGHTING THE ARMY WORM.

When the army worms leave the low meadows upon which they usually feed, it means destruction to the farmers' crops which lie in the track of the migrating host. Professor Charles B. Lounsbury, of Massachusetts, recommends plowing a deep furrow across this track, with the steep side next the crops. Make a large number of holes in the bottom of the furrow, into which the caterpillars will fall and where they can be easily crushed. The grass ahead of the army may be sprayed with paris green, or in a cranberry bog the ditches may be filled with water. A heavy roller may be run over the ground occupied by the army. A barrier of planks or fence rails may be made and smeared thickly with coal tar, crude petroleum or even with kerosene. There should be no openings between or below the planks or rails, which are laid down end to end.—American Agriculturist.

HARD-MILKING COWS.

There are many excellent cows whose only fault is that they are hard to milk. This, to the man who is not used to milking cows, may seem a comparatively small matter, but it is really most serious. It is not merely the expenditure of a little more muscular exertion twice a day for several years. The cow that milks hard usually gets more or less abuse and becomes a kicking cow. It is common for her to be only partly milked, for when the milk comes hard at all times the stripping is sure to be extra difficult. Leaving some milk in the udder at each milking is the surest way to make the cow go dry. This affects not only the cow, but her progeny, for as drying up early induces fattening this tendency is imprinted on the unborn calf. So, if two cows of otherwise equal value were offered to a man, he might be willing to pay and be justified in paying a high price for the one that milked easily, while unwilling to take the hard milker as a gift. Most cases of hard-milking cows can be remedied by inserting a coarse needle in the teats. This should be done only by those who have had experience. Making the orifice too large is a worse evil than the other. The cow will then leak her milk, and a large part of what she would furnish for her keep will be wholly lost.—Boston Cultivator.

THE SQUASH BUG PEST.

One of the most disheartening pests is the squash bug. It is the worm which came in the night and cut down the prophet Jonah's shady vine that covered his bower, under the shelter of which he escaped from the burning sun that smote his head. It is the habit of the insect to do this very thing, and the expectant grower of the hoped for prize squash, with which he hopes to gain enviable and honorable notoriety in his rural community, may well say in his distress that he does well to be angry, as the prophet did.

The pest is bad in every way. It smells bad, and it does exasperating mischief, that is remediless. It is only to be prevented. To do this is easy with the kerosene emulsion, sprayed on the vines, or a few tobacco stems spread under the plant will be helpful. A few corncobs or other absorbent material steeped in gas tar or any of the strong smelling crude petroleum products and distributed about the plants will drive the bugs away before they have done mischief. If, in spite of all preventatives, a vine is seen to wilt and the leaves hang down, the stem is examined and the opening in it where the grub has eaten its way into the vine is found, then the vine is slit with a sharp knife below the opening and the intruder is taken out and the wounded vine is covered with soil to the node, or joint, at which new roots will be made. This habit of rooting at the joints may be taken advantage of to greatly assist in the growth of the crop, for as the covered joints take root the plant has more feeders and is able to supply larger fruits.—New York Times.

HORSE'S MOUTHS.

During the many years in which the writer has been engaged in the practice of veterinary medicine there is nothing that has been more forcibly brought to his attention than the indifference of most people to the condition of the horse's mouth.

They seem to think the mouth never becomes deranged, when, in fact, it is one of the most sensitive organs of the equine economy. All young horses coming three or four years old should have their teeth and mouth carefully examined when any symptoms of tenderness are shown in the mouth, as it is at this age that some of the milk molars are replaced by the permanent ones.

In some cases the crown of the former is only partially displaced, and gives rise to much pain and annoyance.

I have seen a young horse that had its throat blistered with liniment and was treated for distemper, when the trouble was due to a misplaced crown of a milk molar, which, upon removal, gave instant relief.

Again, in some horses the structure of the teeth is of a comparatively soft nature, and wears rapidly on the grinding substances in a ragged and uneven manner, which severely cut and lacerate the tongue and cheeks.

This defect may be easily remedied by the use of the mouth rasp, an instrument that may now be found in nearly all hardware stores.

To heal the raw surfaces a little alum and borax dissolved in water will act effectually. This humane method, if pursued by people who own horses, will prevent much suffering to the horse and at the same time amply repay the owner in the improved appearance of his animal, and in many cases prevent the loss of much food by quidding and slobbering.

A few words in regard to those bugbears of most horse owners, namely, lampas, so called, and wolf-teeth. Lampas is supposed by most people to possess some mysterious power over a horse whereby his appetite becomes deranged.

They therefore resort to cutting and burning the poor brute's mouth under the mistaken notion of curing the lampas. The writer of this has been engaged in the care of horses for twenty-five years, and has yet to see a horse that was affected physically by lampas, except in the imagination of its owner.

It is the same with the so-called "wolf-teeth." These teeth are the vestigial remains of premolar teeth that, in the remote ancestors of the horse, were functional, and they have become through disuse mere rudiments, as it were, of their former selves.

They do not, by some occult means, affect the eyes of horses and cause them to go blind, nor are they responsible, as some good people contend, for a horse being in poor condition. Nor is it at all necessary to punch them out with a hammer and cold chisel.—St. Louis Republic.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Feed a pig and you'll have a hog.

Plant a piece of rye near the poultry house.

Every one hundred fowls should have an acre of land.

Millet makes good hay if cut just after it has headed out.

Cut clover when about half the blossoms are turning brown.

One animal well fed is of more profit than two poorly kept.

Just after the blossoms are gone is the best time to cut timothy.

You can sow buckwheat up to the 20th of July. Every farmer should sow some of this grain.

Sorrel can be easily gotten rid of in the fields by mowing before the seed matures. It can be killed in walks and elsewhere by sprinkling it with salt.

Hot, dry weather is very enervating to cows, and they will drink much more water than when the grass is wet with moisture and the temperature cool.

Millet, or Hungarian grass, requires a fertile soil, as it is a heavy feeder, and it wants most of the season between spring and fall frosts in which to mature.

In Bulletin 40 of the Minnesota Experiment Station is a report of continued experiments in root pruning corn. The trials for three years showed an annual loss.

Although much has been said against the feeding value of turnips, and that they cause bad-tasting milk and butter, an expert says he has always raised and fed them with success.

Flat turnips may be sown in July, but the seed bed should be mellow, fertile and clean to insure a profitable crop. Sow preferably just before or after a rain, and virgin land recently cleared is the best.

The man who knows and appreciates just when to use the roller and the harrow upon the ground for its best good and the good of his crop, is well abreast of the best thought of the age in matters of soil tillage.

Grass is most profitable of all products of the soil. It may not be so directly, but it certainly is so indirectly, for while hay sold from the farm is not a very profitable crop, yet the products of the feeding of the grass are wholly indispensable to the continued culture of the land.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

The Empress of Germany is making quite a reputation as an after-dinner speaker.

Princess Helene, who recently married the Duke of Aosta, is an enthusiastic sportswoman.

Miss Emily Faithful during the latter years of her life smoked cigarettes incessantly for nervousness.

Labouchere, of London Truth, progressive in most matters, is opposed to the use of the bicycle by women.

Florence, Italy, is rejoicing in the visitation of a party of fifty American young women who have settled at San Donato and go sketching in a body.

Pupils in the Chicago Art Institute design lace handkerchiefs, buckles, combs and calendars, as well as wall papers, rugs, iron lamps, fireplaces and grates.

Lady Lytton, widow of the author of "Lucille," who has just received an appointment in the British royal household, is said to be in quite reduced circumstances.

Paris may evolve another Marie Bashkirtseff fever out of the sad case of Motoysi Savian, a young Japanese poet who has just died in poverty and neglect in one of her hospitals.

Those who have seen her say the Queen of Madagascar is the handsomest of crowned women. She dresses in abominable taste, and dresses herself overlavishingly with jewels.

Mother Mary Gouzaga, who is said to be the oldest sister of charity in the United States, celebrated the sixty-ninth anniversary of her initiation into the order at Philadelphia recently.

Japanese women never discuss their servants. To do so would be contrary to Japanese etiquette. They may talk of dress, the theatre, the music, and the rest, but tribulations must not be referred to.

The number of women studying at the University of Geneva is constantly on the increase. This year 128, or twenty-five per cent. of all the students are women, most of them Russians or Poles.

Sir Henry Irving says that English women are singularly undemonstrative. Although women admire him greatly and often form the larger part of his audiences, he gets his applause almost entirely from the men.

Amelia Sternecker has invented a fender for trolley cars which will be given a trial by the San Francisco electric railways. She is but seventeen years of age, but has had a passion for machinery since her early childhood.

Mlle. Marie Lafargue, who has scored such a brilliant operatic success in London, was discovered in the Basque provinces by Comtesse de la Rochefoucauld, who sent her to the Paris Conservatory, where she won the first prize.

Long as she has been an Englishwoman, the Princess of Wales has never quite mastered the English accent. She cannot manage the letter "r," and "channel" she pronounces "shannel," besides other little foreign peculiarities.

A prize of fifty gold dollars, offered by the philosophy and science department of the Chicago Women's Club for original investigation by women students in the University of Chicago, has not been awarded this year, the work submitted being not up to the required standard.

Miss Ramsey, the young lady who has gained a first class in the moral sciences tripos at Cambridge, England, is a cousin to Mrs. Montagu Butler, the wife of the Master of Trinity, a lady who in 1887 took higher honors in classics than any male student achieved in her year.

In the cities of Japan there is a large class of women who make their living by furnishing amusement to ennuied female patrons. They are well educated, can converse, recite poetry, tell stories, sing songs, play the guitar and dance for the entertainment of those who send for them.

Tacoma, Wash., claims the only woman Custom House broker on the Northern Pacific coast. She is Miss Florence B. Moffat, daughter of a steamboat captain, and is said to be actively interested in shipping interests and to know more on matters of transportation and commerce than many men in the business.

The lady upon whom the great Cavendish bestowed the proud title of "Queen of American Whist Players," Miss Kate I. Wheelock, is a Milwaukeean—a petite, fascinating woman, engaging in manner and intellectual in appearance. She has been playing whist for fifteen years and teaching the game for ten years.

At a meeting the other evening in London of the Healthy and Artistic Dress Association several of the women present wore a costume of jacket, short petticoat reaching to the knees, and sandals instead of shoes. In this garb they look like old woodcuts of Captain Kidd. A Mrs. Relsey urged all her sisters to wear knickerbockers, notwithstanding the taunts of their tyrants.

Princess Maud, of England, lately appeared in Battersea Park mounted on a balloon-tired "safety." The Duchess of Connaught, being yet a learner, prefers to take her daily practice for the present in the secluded walks of Buckingham Palace gardens. Meantime the Marchioness of Londonderry, Lady Brassey, and the Princess Henry, of Pless, rank among the most graceful and expert of riders.

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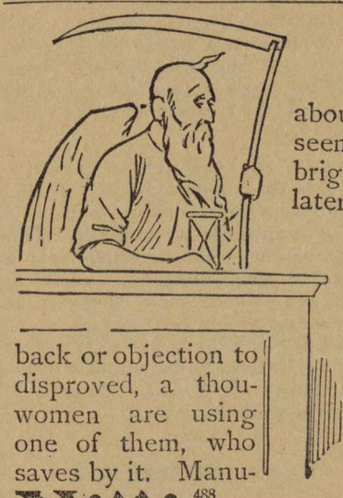

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THRSDAY, AUGUST 22, 1895. NO. 22.

LOVE AND THE ECHO.

"Love me, love me," s ill he cried,
"Ever love, forever!"
Cupid, laughing, turned aside;
Echo from the hill replied,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, for I love but thee,
Ever, love, forever.
Heart to heart for thee and me."
Echo sighed, "It may not be,
Never, never, never."

"Love me now in life and death,
Ever, love, forever."
Sadly, in an under breath,
Sobbing Echo answereth,
"Never, never, never."

"Love me, I shall worthy prove,
Ever, love, forever."
"Till a fairer face shall move!"
Mocking Echo answers, "Love?
Never, never, never."

"Love me," still the lover sings,
"Ever, love, forever."
Cupid plumes for flight his wings
As the last faint echo rings—
"Never, never, never."

—Clara B. St. George, in Inter Ocean.

THE DEACON'S REVENGE.

I first met the deacon under rather odd circumstances. A persistent touch of rheumatism under my left shoulder, which defied liniments and plasters, sent me to the celebrated Hot Springs, seven miles north of Boomopolis, Southern California. The mud baths at these springs are justly celebrated for killing or curing all the ills that flesh inherits.

The long, low, narrow bath-house was not an inviting place. It smelled too much like an Inferno, and it was not clean. But rheumatism will take a man almost anywhere, and I did not shrink when I entered those dingy portals. The place was full of steam, through which I caught glimpses of muscular men in their shirt sleves, the sweat pouring from their faces and their brawny arms as they handled long shovels. They were preparing the mud baths for the victims. A long trough ran the whole length of the building, filled with black, silky mud, over which steaming water, which emitted a sulphurous odor, was running. When I stooped and put my finger into the uncanny liquid, I quickly lifted it out again and said "ouch."

At right angles with this main trough are smaller ones. At the head of each of these is a tub for a water bath, and beyond that is a dressing room. These divisions are separated by half partitions. A quantity of mud is taken from the big trough and stirred up in one of the little ones. When it has reached a proper consistency and temperature, the patient, who in the meantime has prepared himself for the ordeal in the adjoining dressing room, stretches himself at length upon the steaming mass and is covered by an attendant with more of the same material. A few gunny sacks, neatly arranged on the top to confine the heat, make an artistic finish, and the patient's head alone protrudes. The mineral waters, heated by nature, come constantly boiling and bubling through the ground, and the baths can be made seven times hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, if desired. If the patient survives, fire baths get the glory; if he dies, his case was hopeless from the start. Deacon Hardwicke would remain in one of these baths an hour, enduring an experience which might have killed a man of less phlegmatic temperament. Then he would try to persuade others to fellow his example, greatly to the disgust of the managers, who were afraid that somebody would die in a bath, and so ruin the reputation of their establishment. For similar reasons he was unpopular with the attendants.

Thus it happened that the deacon seemed to be deserted, when, balancing myself on the plank that edged the steaming pool, I halted at the foot of his grave and gazed, half in alarm, at his closed eyes and heavy immobile features, down which trickled little rivulets of perspiration.

"Will you kindly tell me what time it is?" he asked, in a sepulchral tone, which added to the horrors of the situation.

"Ten o'clock" I said. "Want to get out? I'll call the attendant."

"Time isn't up for fifteen minutes yet," replied the deacon.

I picked up a sponge that was at hand, in a basin of cool water, and for the next fifteen minutes I bathed the deacon's perspiring forehead with the grateful fluid. Then the attendant came, prepared to lift the little gate at the deacon's feet, to slide the slippery coverlet of mud off from him and back into the trough from which it had come, and to help him out of the tenacious, plastic cast that he had made in his sticky bed into the water-bath, and thence into the dressing-room, where he would receive a thorough grooming and be put to bed between a couple of blankets, there to doze and sweat for an hour or two longer. At this stage of the proceedings I fled the scene. The spectacle of the deacon's long, lank, loose-jointed figure, clothed only in a thin, clinging coat of jet-black mud, would have been too horribly ludicrous.

"Don't want a mudbath? They are great things," asked the deacon, as I turned to go.

"Not to-day," I replied. "To-morrow, maybe, or next day, perhaps I'll indulge."

"Take them about a hundred and ten and stay in three quarters of an hour, and they will cure your rheumatism," responded the deacon, reassuringly.

Two hours later the deacon joined the other guests at the hotel, professing to be greatly refreshed by his bath. His appearance was striking. He was tall, awkward and angular, yet dignified. His upper lip was smooth shaven, but on his chin was a heavy, grizzled growth of beard. His way of speech was so slow and solemn as to seem afflicted. I was told he was a '49er"; that his title of deacon was only honorary, having originally been bestowed by his associates in the mines and clinging to him through many changes of fortune; and that his businss was real estate. He was said to be very clever in working off acreages of cactus bed, sage brush and hillside upon new comers. His ungainly, honest appearance favored him, and he could look the prospective purchaser in the eye and weave the most remarkable romances without a quiver of his clerical features.

We became fast friends, and I found him an interesting study. It was the deacon's custom to make frequent trips to Boomopolis on business, returning to the hotel for more of his beloved baths. To reach the Hot Springs the traveler crosses five miles of desert country, where the cactus flourishes like the green bay-tree and the coyote shrills at night his peculiar lay. Then he climbs "the grade," a rise of a thousand feet in two miles. This part of the way is over a mountain road which skirts precipices and winds in and out among canons in a way that makes timid people dizzy.

At this time the great boom in Southern California had just collapsed and numbers of men who had lost all their money found themselves in a strange land, penniless and friendless. As a result crime, particularly robbery, was rampant.

One bright, beautiful winter afternoon, Deacon Hardwicke started for the hotel. That morning he had procured at Boomopolis a livery team and a driver, and had been taken to different points about the valley, looking at lands which were offered for sale. Having completed his inspection he was driven to the foot of the grade, and there he dismissed the team. No one else would have done this after a hard day's ride; but the deacon thought that the horses were tired, and also that the exercise of climbing the grade afoot would do him good. He had in his hands a little black leather wallet containing deeds, and, as he walked along, in his slow and dignified fashion, his eyes bent on the ground, he looked like a gentleman of leisure, perhaps a wealthy Eastern tourist out for an airing.

At the foot of the grade is a little ranch house, and, just beyond, the road makes a turn almost at right angles and skirts the edge of a canon, where the traveler is hidden from view from either direction. In this angle of the way a man was waiting for the afternoon stage, which was about due. It carried the mail for the hotel, and sometimes considerable express matter, to say nothing of the passengers. But the deacon happened to come first, and, as he turned the corner, plodding slowly along, he heard a smooth, clear, firm, but not impatient, voice say:

"Wait a moment, sir. And kindly hand over that gripsack and your money."

Glancing up, the deacon beheld a big revolver pointed at his head.

Deacon Hardwicke was surprised and grieved. He was not a coward. He had come across the plains in '49. He had lived in many a lawless community, had seen men lynched, had himself been a target for bullets more than once. If he had been armed he would have fought - as he afterward assured me. But the appalling fact flashed over him that he had no "gun," and that the gentlemanly stranger "had the drop" on him. The politeness of the latter's address was not a balm for his wounded feelings.

"Come," said the highwayman, in a more threatening tone. "I mean business. Drop your wallet. Give me your money, or I'll let daylight through you."

The deacon halted and shook his fist at the man. What he said is not material to this recital. Then he turned and ran down the grade. His hat bobbed off and his long coat tails fluttered out behind. It was an undignified and risky proceeding, but there seemed no help for it, except to give up his money and the deacon did not consider that for a moment.

The highwayman fired twice, and the deacon afterward stated that the balls whistled in close proximity to his head. The shots flustered him. He stumbled, tripped and fell. He bruised his shins and tore the skin from his wrists. The wallet flew from his hand and he lay in the road, howling with rage and pain.

The marauder advanced leisurely and picked up the wallet. Just then the stage, which was was a trifle late, as usual, rolled slowly around the turn in the road. The deacon's assailant leaped down the steep bank of the canon and rolled headlong among the chaparral. He regained his feet, crossed the rocky bed of the stream at the bottom of the canon, and disappeared among the bushes on the other side. The deacon lifted his long, bleeding arms toward heaven as he watched his foe depart beyond the reach of effective pursuit, and fairly screamed with impotent fury. The remarks of the passengers on the stage which picked him up and brought him to the hotel, did not tend to make him better natured. "Guess it was all a fake." "I didn't hear any shots." "More scared than hurt." These were some of the whispered comments that came to the deacon's ears. But he sat glum, indignant and silent until they reached the house,

Then he drew me aside, and I helped him put court plaster on his wounded wrists. "If I only had a gun that fellow would never have got out of there alive. I don't mind the pain. It's the disgrace that hurts. I don't see how I was careless enough to leave my gun at home, these times," he said, with tears in his eyes.

"Still," I suggested, "as I understand it, he had the drop on you before you saw him. Perhaps it is just as well you did not have your gun. He might have killed you.

"Possibly,' said the deacon; "but I would have fired as long as I could have crooked a finger. Now I shall be a laughing stock as long as I live. The boys will think it rich—simply rich.'

"Do you think you would know the fellow should you see him again?" I asked.

"I should know him anywhere. He is short and wiry, dark hair, mustache, no beard, black eyes. And there is a great, red, flaming scar across his cheek—knife wound, I reckon."

"I'll tell you what we'll do," I said. "Let us go to Boomopolis and find him. He will soon see that there is no pursuit and will certainly go there. Perhaps we can arrest him yet."

The deacon grasped my hand in both of his, and wrung it until it ached.

"How can I thank you?" he exclaimed. "We'll go to-night. And if we catch him you will see the prettiest fight of your life."

I prepared myself for the expedition by donning an old suit of clothes and leaving my valuables at home. I had a perpetual winding Waterbury watch which I used when on hunting expeditions, and took it with me, also $10 in silver and a small, plain, but serviceable revolver. We procured horses at the hotel stables and rode into town in the early evening.

Boomopolis at that time was only an infant among the cities of Southern California. There were huge gaps among its business houses, now filled with stately edifices. There were no pavements, and where a hundred globes of electric fire now glare at night upon the passerby, there was then only the dim and fitful gleam of lamps from the windows of the scattered stores.

After an elaborate supper at the Transcontinental, prepared by a French chef from Dublin and served by retired cowboys from Arizona, we sallied forth to visit the saloons and gambling places in search of our robber. We made three or four circuits of the town without success, and finally found ourselves in the "Magnolia Club Rooms." The establishment was really only a single room, on the ground floor back of a cigar store, arranged for faro and other games of chance. It was lighted by a solitary, mammoth lamp, which was suspended from the ceiling over a long, green covered table, upon which were scattered cards and gold coins. Around it were perhaps a dozen men, of various sorts and conditions, all intent upon "the game." As many more, including ourselves, were interested onlookers. The room was blue with tobacco smoke, and the door at the farther end, which afforded communication with an adjoining bar, was perpetually on the swing.

I was enjoying the character of a detective hugely. So far there was a pleasant tinge of excitement—or rather, an expectation of excitement—and very little danger. But as we scanned the faces of the company without seeing our man, the deacon's brow grew black with disappointment. It was now after midnight. The cigar store was closed, but the bar was kept open all night. Disappointed in our search, we became absorbed in watching the game. There was something of the gambler in every man, and, as I looked upon the tense excited faces of the players, the contagion of their example seized me, and I felt in my pocket for a coin. Finding nothing but silver, which I did not like to stake, as there was none on the table, I was on the point of borrowing a double eagle from the deacon, when I heard a quiet but distinct voice, at the end of the room, say:

"Hands up, gentlemen, if you please."

Glancing around, I saw a man standing at the door leading to the bar, with a revolver in each hand pointed at us. He was a short, slight man, with dark hair and a flaming scar across his face.

There was no confusion. One of the loungers quietly placed his back against the door leading to the cigar store and drew two revolvers, which he pointed along the table. Two others, evidently confederates also, stood at ease awaiting the next order. The rest of us lifted our hands simultaneously. Any one could see that it was the only thing to do. The deacon's face was white as snow and his jaws were set like a steel trap.

"The gents that are seated will kindly rise," said the voice near the door.

The gamblers rose as one man.

"Now then. Everybody right about and face the wall," was the next command.

We faced about.

"March," said the cool, emphatic voice. "Two feet from the wall stop."

We advanced in two rows to the opposite sides of the room and stood, as directed, ranged against the walls. Then the two confederates stepped leisurely to the table, and scooped the gold into a couple of little sacks which they produced from their pockets.

"Keep your hands up, everybody," came a quick and sharp warning from the door, as some one inadvertently lowered his arms a, trifle. "We're not through with you yet," the voice added.

Having secured the money on the table, the brigands proceeded to rob our persons. With a great show of politeness they requested us to give up our watches, money and weapons. I was one of the first to comply. The fellow tossed my revolver and my few silver dollars into his sack, and grabbed at my watch.

Just then there was a crashing, explosive sound, deafening in the narrow confines of the room—then another—another and another. Then came darkness, a quick rush of feet, a tumult of shouts and groans.

It was the deacon, of course. I knew it before the welcome, hurried arrival of men from outside, with lanterns. He had "turned loose" at the leader. They had exchanged three or four shots before the light went out, quickly and mysteriously. The men with the sacks and the money were gone, but the deacon was bending over a form that was stretched upon the floor. There was an eager wolf light in his eye; one hand still held the revolver, and the fingers of the other worked spasmodically backward and forward, as if he longed to clutch the fallen man by the throat. The fellow tried to lift himself upon his elbow.

"I know you, pard," he said. "You're the man I stood up this afternoon. You've held over me this time. I'm gone.

The deacon's eye softened. He dropped his revolver, put his long arm under the other's head, and tried to turn him into a more comfortable position.

"I am sorry for you," he said, slowly and simply.

"Oh—it's — all — right," gasped the wounded man, evidently speaking with great difficulty. "I came —into—the—game—on—a bluff, but you've—called—me—sure."

"Is there anything that I can do for you?" asked the deacon. "Any message—any——"

"Bend down here," said the man.

The deacon lowered his head, and the other whispered something to him.

"I'll do it," said the deacon, "I'll do it, so help me, God!"

That was all. The crowd of people, attracted by the firing and the news of the robbery, gradually went away. The physicians summoned to attend the wounded outlaw explained that nothing could be done for him, except to make him a trifle easier for an hour or two. The hours of the night passed quickly, but long before morning the useless, crime stained life was at an end.

The next day in the afternoon, the deacon and I sat on the veranda of the hotel at the Hot Springs enjoying a sunbath and admiring the diversified landscape before us.

"Nature is a lavish giver, a profligate," said the deacon, in his solemn way. "See what an immense expanse of useless mountain lies before us, what a small area, comparatively, of cultivated land. It's a great waste. Don't you think so?"

"I suppose it is," I replied, "from the point of view of real estate. But it makes magnificent scenery."

"It's the same with human life," resumed the deacon. "For one who makes life a brilliant success there are millions who make a failure."

I knew that the deacon was moralizing upon our recent adventure.

"Now there was that young fellow yesterday," he said. "Had he told me who he was I would have lent him a hundred to go East, and there he might have amounted to something. He simply threw his life away."

"He wasn't much of a marksman," I said, "or he might have succeeded better here."

"No," replied the deacon, "he was no good with a gun. That chap with him, though, was very clever in shooting out the light. Now if he had been at the other door, the thing might have been different."

"What did that young fellow say to you?" I asked.

"Told me his name. You would know the family if I should mention it. Wanted me to see that he was decently buried, and to write to his father and mother."

"And you will do it, of course," I said.

"I have given orders for the funeral. That's easy enough. But to write to the old folks is quite another thing.' —Argonaut.

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE Great Northern Steamship Company, whose vessels ply on the great lakes, has announced that it will give a prize of $250 in gold for all babies born aboard its steamers Northland and Northwest this season; $500 for twins and $1,000 for triplets. The only condition is that the officers of the company shall name the babies.

BULLHEADED courage was shown in a recent sewer gas accident in London. A man went down into a sewer and did not come up, another man descended to look for him, and was followed, one after another, by three others. The sixth man who entered the death trap succeeded in bringing up the fifth still alive and in getting out the bodies of the first four.

THE census report covering statistics of churches, just printed, shows that there are 143 distinct denominations in the United States, beside independent churches and miscellaneous congregations. The total number of communicants of all denominations is 20,612,806, who belong to 165,177 organizations or congregations, having 142,521 edifices.

IT appears that the comparatively few losses to the Japanese troops in the Manchurian engagements in the recent war with China were not altogether due to the bad markmanship of the Chinese. As a means of protection against the cold the Japanese wore a quantity of floss silk under their outer clothing, and this acted more or less as a bullet proof shield.

IT is claimed that E. E. Kessler, of Richmond, Ind., was the youngest private soldier in the war. He was born June 10, 1849, and enlisted in Company B, Sixty-eighth Ohio Veteran Volunteer Infantry, at Napoleon, Ohio, in September, 1861, at the age of less than 13 years. In June, 1865, at the age of 16 years, he was mustered out, having served for three years and nine months as a private soldier. Some enlisted at an early age as drummer boys, but none, it is said, carried a musket at an earlier age than Mr. Kessler. He declared his age 18 in order to get into the service.

INTERNATIONAL agreement has been reached on the protection of birds, the Governments represented at the recent conference in Paris promising to establish regulations in accordance with its proposals within three years. Game birds were not meddled with. The birds to be protected between March and September, as being useful to agriculture, are owls and all nocturnal birds of prey; birds of passage, including martins, swallows, finches, yellow hammers, wrens, starlings, redbreasts, peewits and storks, and the climbing birds, like woodpeckers. Birds not to be protected are those that prey by day, eagles, vultures, kites, hawks, crows, magpies, jays, herons, bustards, pelicans and cormorants, though the latter list is open to objections.

GEN. LEW WALLACE says that the future of the bicycle depends on the woman riders. "If the use of wheels were confined to the men," he says, "the fad might spend itself in a season. But when the women take hold of the bicycle its future is secure." Gen. Wallace believes that bicycle racing will eventually supersede horse racing. Ladies who ride will be interested to know that Gen. Wallace is an enthusiastic advocate of the fair cycler, and that he approves of bloomers, "about which there is nothing immodest, it being merely their present oddity of appearance that now excites comment. Why, in the Tyrol the women wear skirts coming just below the knee, and no one, not even an entire stranger, looks askance."

THIRTY-THREE women's clubs of Chicago have united to support "The Model Workshop and Lodging House Association," and they seem to have struck the happiest and richest vein in the whole mine of practical charity. Dr. Sarah Hackett Stevenson is the president. A poor wandering woman can secure a night's lodging, a bath, a clean bed and a nightgown to sleep in for 15 cents a night, and have a chance to work it out by being employed either within or without the institution. A sitting room and library with music and books are attractions, and the whole tone of the place is that of constructiveness of self-respect. They even plan in the future to run opposition business to the sweatshops. The association hadn't time to build, but just rented a house and moved in and settled down to work.

THE JOKER'S BUDGET.

JESTS AND YARNS BY FUNNY MEN OF THE PRESS.

Discouraged at the Outset--Wasn't Feeling Well--A Just Rebuke, Etc., Etc.

DISCOURAGED AT THE OUTSET.

The summer girl, accompanied by her mother, descended from the train at the Springs station and looked about her.

Then she beckoned to a man driving a two seated wagon.

"Sorry, Miss," he responded, "but I'm engaged."

A shadow of disappointment fell over the face of the girl.

"Mamma," she exclaimed, "this is no place for us. The men are so scarce that even the hack drivers are engaged."

At the station beyond the outlook was less disheartening.—Truth.

WASN'T FEELING WELL.

"What cheer, what cheer!" blithely called old Cap'n Blimley, as he rolled into the parlor of the local tonsoria. artist, and began pulling off his coat,

"This one," the barber returned removing the cloth and regarding the mariner with an air of frozen repulsion.

And the Cap'n was that astonished that he forgot to yell when the barber laid open a Turkish crescent on the under side of his chin.—Rockland Tribune.

A JUST REBUKE.

Young Tutter (drawing closer)—I hope, Miss Clara, that your father, in the next room, can't hear what I am saying.

Miss Pinkerly (with dignity)—I hope, Mr. Tutter, that you will say nothing to me that you would not be willing, if necessary, to say to papa. —Life.

WARM.

Waiter—Guest wants his hash warmer.

Cook—Put in this piece of red flannel.—Detroit Tribune.

THE RULING PASSION.

"What this town needs," said the public spirited citizen, "is extension——"

"That's it," replied the street railway magnate.

"Of the streets."

"No. Of time." — Washington Star.

AT A DISADVANTAGE.

"Willie," said the teacher to the new woman's son, "you are a nice little boy; but you shouldn't give up so easily. You should be more manly."

"I can't," replied Willie, in disconsolation. "Everybody says I don't take after mother."—Washington Star.

HAD ENOUGH.

Dr. Probe—I don't want to worry you about that little bill you owe me, but I do need the money.

Dashaway—I hope you won't worry me, Doc. I don't want to get sick again.—Puck.

THE ELECTION OF THE FUTURE.

Candidate — I can't understand why my svpport was not greater at the polls.

Manager—I am told a great many of the voters had nothing to wear.—Town Topics.

RIGHT IN HIS LINE.

Parishioner—Do you ever speculate in bonds, Mr. Thumper?

Pastor — Only matrimonial, Mr. Pewrent.—Judge.

A SUMMER THOUGHT.

The poet sings in glowing rapture pent,
While the white clouds in airy grace unfurl:
"Now is the winter of our discontent
Made glorious summer by the summer girl!"

THE FEATURES.

"And what were the main features of Hannigahan's wake?"

"Eyes, to be sure."

"Eyes?"

"Yis. Blacked wans."—Indianapolis Journal.

APPARENTLY A NOVICE.

She—Don't you think he is a good dentist?

He—I'm afraid he hasn't had much experience. I knew I had two cavities in my teeth, and that's all he could find.—Puck.

INNOCENT.

Lawyer—It has been proved that the stone thrown by my client did hit the plaintiff. That very fact should acquit her.

Judge—What?

Lawyer—It shows that she couldn't possibly have aimed at the plaintiff—Philadelphia Record.

WRITTEN ON WATER.

Dillby—What have you been doing all the day?

Twillby (poetically inclined)—I have been down to the beach writing sonnets on the beautiful sea.

Dillby—Gad! What a blessing it would be if all ambitious poets wrote their poems on the sea, and left them there!

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

In another place we publish resolutions of Luckie Lodge K. of H. on the death of Hon. Henry Wilson and Benjamin Boxhorn, who died during the month of June within a week of each other. This calls to mind some of the history of Luckie Lodge, one of the best institutions of the town. It was organized in 1879 by Dr. J. B. Luckie, of Birmingham, for whom it was named, and the late Jas. E. Hawkins, with a membership of 21, It has always been a flourishing lodge until the general depression struck all orders and business two years ago, at one time numbering 65 members. It has lost by death seven full rate members in good standing, thus distributing $14,000 to its beneficiaries, much more than the lodge has paid in assessments. (Not one of these members, however, resided in Montevallo at the time of death.) Mrs. Wilson has received her warrant promptly, and Mrs. Boxhorn's is only delayed on account of complications arising out of the subsequent death of his beneficiary. We are glad to note that Luckie Lodge, like all other barometors of business, shows signs of improvement in the way of new applications. It is a grand institution and deserves to prosper.

California fruit raisers are talking about drying and canning peaches, instead of shipping them east. They say the freight rates to Chicago favor Georgia and Deleware, rather than California.

Twenty-five years ago the State of Maine received a colony of fifty-one Swedes and founded the town in Aroostook County of New Sweden. Today that colony has invested in property $664,000.

The record of shipbuilding in the United States for the past fiscal year is a most satisfactory one, not alone in the increase of 11,000 tons in steam and sailing vessels over 1894, but of the character of many of the ships produced. While there was a decrease of 8,000 tons steam against an increase of 19,000 tons sail, the steam production, it must be remembered include such specimens of American workmanship as the peerless St. Louis and St. Paul, beside the Northland and Newport News. It is a record, declares the New York Mail and Express, of which we have no reason to be ashamed.

Says the Manufacturers' Record: The world has 85,000,000 cotton spindles, one-half of which are in Great Britain alone. This country has about 16,000,000, and the South has nearly one-fifth of these, or 3,000,000. And yet the South raises over 60 per cent of the world's total cotton supply. The field for an increase in Southern cotton mills is unlimited. It would take an investment of over $1,200,000,000 to build mills enough to consume the entire cotton crop of the South, and when manufactured this cotton would command for the South over $1,000,000,000 a year instead of selling for about $350,000,000, as it does now in its raw state.

A Republic in Miniature.

The smallest republic in the world smaller than Andorra, the little republic in the Pyrennes--is Tavolara, an island about seven and a half miles across, and has only fifty-five inhabitants. Charles Albert made the head of the Bartoleoni family, Paul absolute ruler and owner of Tavolara in 1836; and for forty-six years King Paul I. ruled his little kingdom in peace and quietness. Shortly before his death, he expressed a wish that when he was gone none of his family should succeed him, but that the islanders should govern themselves democratically, as they were quite capable of doing. After his death, they accordingly made the experiment for four years, and, finding it succeeded, they solemnly declared a republic in 1886. The President is elected for six years. No public official receives any salary; and women have the same rights of voting as men. In 1887 the Italian Government formally recognised the independence of Tavolara, which greatly pleased the tiny republic.

A PROPER LOVE LETTER.

My Own Dear Boy: Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like goats over a stable roof and thrill through it like Spanish needles through tow-linen trousers. As a gosling swimmeth with delight in a mud puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture thicker than the hair on a blacking brush, and brighter than the hues on a humming bird's wing, visit me in my slumbers; and, borne on their invisible wings, your image stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like an old pointer snapping at a blue bottle fly. When first I beheld your saintly perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a tumbler; my eyes stood open like cellar doors in country towns; and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent admiration I drank the sweet infection of love as a thirsty man swalloweth a glass of hot whisky punch. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself by my shoe straps to the tops of a church steeple. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jaybird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the awakened pig ariseth from its bed and goeth forth for its morning refreshments; when the drowsy beetle wheels his droning flight at noontide; when the lowing cows come home at milking time, I think of thee! Like a piece of gum elastic, my heart stretches clear across my bosom. Your hair is like the mane of a sorrel horse, painted with gold, and the brass slide to your immaculate necktie, fills me with unbounded awe. Your forehead is whiter than snow and smoother than an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see legions of little Cupids battling and fighting like liquid cohorts in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me full in my womanly breast, it perforated my entire nature like a load of buck-shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parisian marble, and your mouth puckers with sweetness. Nectar lingers on your lips like honey on a bear's paw, and myriads of unfledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere like blue birds out of their parent nest. Your laugh rings on my ears like the wild harp's strain or the bleat of a stray lamb on the bleak hillside; the dimples on your cheeks are like bowers on a bed of roses, or like hollows in cakes made of home-made sugar. I am dying to fly to your presence, and to pour out the burning eloquence of my love as a thrifty housewife pours out hot coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat, Sometime I can hear the June-bug of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizzards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand mice, are nibbling at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts, as an old cheese full of skippers. My love for you is stronger than the smell of old butter, or the kick of a mule. It is purer than the breath of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first caterwaul. As the song bird hungers for the light of day, the conscious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap,; as a lean pup hankers after new milk, so long I for thee. You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than a yankee doughnut fried in sorghum molasses; brighter than the topknot plumage on the head of a Muscovia duck. You are candy, kisses, raisins, pound cake, sweetened toddy, all together.

If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker in a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passions, I will feel very bad. I will pine away like a poisoned bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in coming years, when the shadows grow long on the hills, and the philosophic frog sings his evening hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear and toss a clod on the last resting place of your faithful Dinah.

The Lookout Press.

The Lookout Press, of Chattanooga, Tenn., has just issued a special edition of 50,000 copies that is of especial interest. Cuts of Lookout Mountain, Chattanooga, National Cemetery and a Chickamauga Park monument and observation tower, also a good map of all the battlefields about Chattanooga appear. Short articles on Lookout Mountain, the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National Military Park and other interesting subjects are printed. Our readers can get a copy of this special edition free by addressing the publishers and mentioning this paper. Address (enclosing stamp for postage), The Lookout Press, Chattanooga, Tenn.

They're After Him.

The London Times' Vienna correspondent reports that a telegram received there from Buda Pesth says that an attempt was made to wreck Prince Ferdinand's train. The police heard of the plot and occupied the Steinbruck and Franystadt stations and caused the train to make a detour to avoid the Buda Pesth station.

TO LEARN TO SWIM.

An Instructor Gives Some Excellent Advice to Beginners.

Captain Allen, swimming instructor at the New York public baths, says: It is a very difficult matter to learn to swim correctly without a master. If possible take some lessons of a competent instructor. If but a few they will suffice for self-practice. Hundreds of my pupils have learned to swim a mile at the end of their first season. Comparatively few self-taught swimmers can do as much after swimming half a lifetime. To teach rapidly and correctly there is but one true method. The pupil is first given what is called a "dry lesson" before going into the water. In this he is taught to make the movements of arms and legs according to count. As soon as these points are thoroughly comprehended he is allowed to go into the water suspended by a belt attached to a rope in such fashion that he occupies a horizontal position, breast downward, and with the shoulders just covered by the water. In this position he is practiced thoroughly in executing the arm and leg movements separately and in combination. Many pupils master the stroke in one lesson. As soon as proficient an inflated rubber air belt is tied about the chest, supporting the pupil while he is perfected in the stroke. The quantity of air is decreased at each lesson, until the pupil has gained the confidence to make an effort without support. In this way any one, however timid, may learn the art rapidly and correctly.

To the person who is anxious to learn to swim, but cannot afford the luxury of a master, a few hints may be of service. Beware of deep water or places where the bottom is uneven, or currents swift and treacherous. Choose a quiet spot, where you can wade out gradually until the water reaches the armpits. Remember that but a slight movement is necessary to keep the body afloat—if the hands are kept under the surface of the water. The arm movement is made as follows: Palms of hands together, arms extended straight in front of breast, fingers closely touching. Using the thumbs as pivots, turn the hands over into a horizontal position nearly. Without bending the arms move the hands through the water till they form a straight line with ear and shoulder, then dropping elbows nearly to side and simultaneously pointing fingers downward, bring tips of fingers together in front of (but not touching) breast, and almost directly under chin. Now, uniting palms, push hands swiftly forward into first position. The leg movement is not made until the hands are moving toward chin. At this moment with heels together and toes pointed outward, at an angle of forty-five degrees, the legs are drawn up with knees apart (frog fashion). Then kicking feet right and left as far as possible, the legs are brought swiftly together as the hands are pushed forward to first position. Be careful to bring the legs swiftly together. This is the most important factor in the whole stroke, for it is this sudden displacement of the water that gives two-thirds of the impetus. Use the arms very quietly and depend upon the leg motion. Now with the water reaching to the armpits, place the hands together under the surface of the water and stooping until the chin touches the surface, push gently from the bottom with the feet, and make stroke quietly, but with decision, as described above.

Any one can purchase a preserver, and by following above directions in a few days learn the "breast stroke," the A, B, C of swimming. That stroke once mastered, all others are comparatively easy.

Few swimmers breathe properly. This is most important. Learn to inhale by the nostrils, and exhale through the parted lips, and at every stroke.

It is an exploded theory that drowning persons go down three times and then expire. I have seen a drowning man go down a half dozen times, and still "bob up serenely." It all depends upon the manner in which he struggles, and whether he succeeds in getting a supply of air each time that he rises to the surface.

SURE TO GET MARRIED.

Is Every Girl Who Sits at This Treasury Desk.

There is in the mail division of the Treasury Department a very popular desk, to which is attached the peculiar merit that the occupant is by that occupancy placed on the sure road to matrimony.

No sooner is the position made vacant than there is a scramble among the remaining clerks for the lucky place, the fortunate candidate feeling sure that it will only be a short time before she is advanced to the hymeneal grade.

Within the past ten years the desk has been occupied by seven lady clerks, following each other in quick succession as embryo brides, and the records during that time indicate that they have come from all parts of the country only to finally meet their destiny while occupying the fateful desk.

Miss Birdie Walker, of Tennessee, started the pace by marrying a resident of the District, after a few months' service. She was succeeded by her sister, from the same State, who readily followed her example and left the enviable position open to a newcomer. She arrived on schedule time from Virginia in the person of Miss Easby Smith, who shed the glory of a famous Virginian name over the talismanic desk for a short time, and then was led to the altar by a journalist of Washington. Next came from Delaware a relative of Senator Gray—Miss Sue Gray—who was followed in an incredibly short time by a delegate from Massachusetts—Miss Mercine Dickey.

Miss Dickey attracted much attention during her stay in the department through her remarkable resemblance to Mrs. Cleveland, and later married Mr. Simon Flynn, who at that time was connected with the Washington branch of the Baltimore Sun, and now manages a paper in Spokane, Wash.

Pennsylvania also furnishes a representative in Miss Ella Newton, a granddaughter of the first Commissioner of Agriculture. Her marriage to a well known resident of this city is a recent event. The last graduate for this sought-for post is another Southern girl, and was formerly Miss Ida Lindsay, of Alabama, but on Easter Monday she became the wife of Dr. Henry D. Fry, of Washington, and the place is temporarily unoccupied.

This happy illustration of rotation in office, as exemplified by the feminine contingent of wage-earners, is the only one on record where nobody "kicks," for each woman thinks she is advancing her interests either by filling the position or leaving as the case may be.

DEAD LETTER OFFICE.

A Falling off in the Amount of Misdirected Mail.

Very few persons have any clear or definite knowledge of the extent of the operrations of the Dead Letter Office of the Post Office Department. It is known in a general way that misdirected letters are transmitted to the Post Office Department in Washington and there are opened and if possible redirected either to the sender or the addressee. The number of letters and papers sent to the Dead Letter Office in a year is 6,500,000. Of these 5,5000,000 are what are called ordinary unclaimed letters, 165,000 foreign letters misdirected by people in the United States to persons abroad, and about 30,000 letters written to fictitious addresses, while 500,000 letters in a year are mailed by people in other countries to incorrect addresses in the United States.

According to the Post Office report more than 30,000 letters sent to the Dead Letter Office contained money to the gross amount of $50,000; 30,000 other letters contained drafts, notes, deeds, and checks to an amount of more than $1,500,000. A majority of the money and the evidences of indebtedness were returned to the owners, but last year $300,000 in checks and notes and $10,000 in cash remained unclaimed and undistributed. The number of parcels sent to the Dead Letter Office is not large. More than 35,000 finding their way to the Dead Letter Office yearly contain photographs. A very large proportion of the matter which reaches the office does so not because of any defects in the postoffice system, but because of want of care on the part of the patrons of the mails. It would not be possible to state the proportion in figures, because the technical distinctions of "held for postage," "misdirected," etc., include letters which, while properly prepaid and dispatched according to the addresses, still fail of successful delivery by reason of hasty and careless directions, confusion arising from offices of the same or similar names in different States and other causes. It is a peculiar fact that while many persons are extremely careful of their penmanship in inditing letters to persons who are familiar with their writing, they are singularly negligent in addressing the envelope which is to be read by persons unfamiliar with the writing, yet upon whose ability to read it is dependent the safe delivery of the letter.

The increase of the business of the Dead Letter Office, which continued each year until about three years ago, has recently ceased, and there is a diminition in the volume of misdirected mail matter. This improvement is accounted for in part by the improved management of the Postoffice department, but to a greater extent by the general diffusion of education among writers.

A Find in Harmony.

An immense quantity of music, some which had not been disturbed since the time of Frederick the Great, was discovered in the royal castle at Berlin about six weeks ago and has been found to comprise almost the whole of the music performed at the Prussian court from the middle to the end of the eighteenth century. The work of sorting and editing the collection has just been completed and the catalogue consists of 400 pages. It includes many forgotten operas, a quantity of ballet music, early symphonies and chamber works, folk songs and dances, and a splendid collection of military music. This music will be a picnic for any young composer of original music who wants to become suddenly famous.

The Barber's Advice.

Joachim, the great violinist, once entered a smart London hairdresser's to get his very plentiful locks cut. He wears these rather long behind, and intimated as much to the barber, whereupon that astute person replied: "I would not wear it too long, sir; if you do you'll look just like one of them fiddling chaps."

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Galveston for her oysters,
Boston for her beans,
Montevallo for her pretty girls,
Pleas West for a tub of greens.

Miss Pilgreen, of Calera, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Dobbs.

Dr. J. S. Davis was called to Calera Monday to see Dr. Humphries, who we learn is very ill.

Prof. J. T. Murfee, superintendent of the Marion Military Institute, was in our town Friday in the interest of his school.

Mrs. VanDegrift and daughter, Miss Imogene, returned home Saturday last.

Dr. L. M. Latham, a promising young physician, formerly of this place but now located at Vances, has been visiting his parents for the past few days.

The many friends of Mr. E. L. Davis are delighted to know he has so far recovered from his recent sickness as to be able to walk about town.

On last Friday Mr. Wm. Lawley, an aged man of Pea Ridge, while getting off an L. & N. train at Booth Town, fell and broke his ankle and, it is thought, injured internally. At last reports he was in a critical condition. Dr. J. S. Davis was called to see him Monday. Mr. Lawley is 63 years old.

Miss Lula Hawkins, of Birmingham, is visiting Mrs. French Nabors of this place.

A prominent belle of our acquaintance remarked lately that a certain freckled, frescoed masher appeared to have something on his mind. We trust this is an erroneous supposition, for as his acquaintance we can realize what untold dangers such a calamity would subject him to. We would advise him, however, to purchase a bottle of "Brain Seltzer" that he may be prepared in case of an emergency.

Our little picturesque and antiquated foot-bridge, built from ante-deluvian designs of Oscar "Wild" and other delerium-tremens artists, is getting "wiggly," and bids fair to some day fall down and scrunch about 250 of our summer boarders into the great billowy sea of the eternal hence. Arouse from thy siesta and bestir thyselves, thou monied boarding house keepers and immigration agents.

Mr. W. J. Williams presented the editor with a basket of fine fruit Monday, which was greatly enjoyed. Many thanks to you "Brur" for such kindly remembrance.

Col. J. L. Davidson, of Centreville, was appointed judge of probate to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Judge Payse. The Colonel is one of Bibb's most substantial men and will no doubt make an excellent judge.

Miss Lena B. North, one of Birmingham's interesting young ladies, is visiting Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen. Miss Lena, formerly of our town, has a host of friends here who are glad to see her.

Miss Vona Tinsley, of Talladega, is visiting Misses Mary and Katie Kroell.

Miss Pauline Acker, who has been visiting in Marion for a month or so, returned home Monday to the delight of her many friends here. Miss Pauline is one of our most popular young ladies and has been greatly missed during her absence.

Now that we have fixed nearly every sidewalk in town, we have neglected the most important one of all, and that is the one leading from town to the depot. This sidewalk is in a shameful condition. We will soon have a new depot and it will be a disgrace to the town for visitors to come here and find this street in such a dreadful condition. It is almost impossible for one to walk to the depot on a muddy day. The town should wake up and fix this street. We have spoken to several and they all are anxious to fix it and will gladly give their assistance. Let somebody get up a list of names of all those who will help and let us start at once and not stop until Depot street is in a good condition. If all will lend a helping hand we will soon fix it.

Has any one seen anything of a miniature mustache, lost, strayed or stolen from the upper lip of F. K. R.? It contained by accurate count eleven small, silky mouse-colored hairs. The finder of same will be given a sprout from which he may obtain a set, equally as handsome as his (Fred's) used to be.

William Lawrence has returned from a week's visit to friends and relatives in other parts of the state.

Let everybody lend a helping hand in fixing up Depot street.

Mrs. Coca left Tuesday for Columbiana to visit friends and relatives.

Wr. Williamson Hawkins, a popular fireman of the Southern, spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McCanaughy went up to Anniston Sunday.

Miss Sudie Fancher, of Bibb, was in the city Monday.

Prof. Jas. Moore was in the city on Tuesday.

Miss Bettie Dill is visiting her sister at Bridgeton, Ala.

A crowd of young people assembled at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lyman on Monday night, where for a few short hours they were highly entertained with music and games. Mrs. Lyman seems always glad to have the young people at her house, and no one knows better than she, how to entertain them.

Mrs. Hinoff, wife of the manager of the M. C. & T. Co. commissary at Aldrich, is spending a few days with Mrs. G. W. Canterberry.

Miss Helen Hinoff, of Aldrich, passed through Montevallo Sunday on her way to Rochester, N. Y., where she will spend a few weeks visiting friends and relatives. From there she goes to Brooklyn to attend school for two years, at the end of which time she will take a special course in music. Miss Helen will be absent from Alabama several years. She is a bright and attractive young girl, and leaves many friends in Montevallo and Aldrich who regret her departure. The News joins her many friends in the wish that her highest musical aspirations may be gratified.

Prof. Hicks and wife, of Centreville, were in town one day this week.

Miss Carrie Head, one of Bibb county's sweetest young ladies, was in the city shopping Tuesday.

Mr. M. Comer and his bright little daughter, of Shelby, spent a few hours in this place on the 20th.

Capt. R. H. Pratt, principal of the Six Mile academy, was shaking hands with his many friends here Tuesday.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

The Knights of Honor of Montevallo and Aldrich will jointly invite Grand Dictator E. R. Adams of Greenville to vist them in September, and propose to make the occasion one to be enjoyed by the community at large. The grand dictator is an enthusiastic knight, and his efforts will doubtless result in many accessions to the order.

THINGS ARE NOT ALWAYS WHAT THEY SEEM.

Being a salesman in a general merchandise store is not all sunshine, joy and jonny-jump-ups, although thou gentle reader, mayest at times think so. The follwoing, handed in by one of our clerk-editors, on whose venerable head Sather Time has set his mark rather prematurely, and whose massive brow is furrowed by lines of care, will suffice as an example of the various and multiform experiences of a person striving to serve his maker in the above named capacity.

One day last week a large man wearing an air of profound perspiration whose breath was stronger than his intellect, and bearing an internal revenue stamp on his nose, strode gracefully into the place of business of our friend of book agent bashfulness, to whom we have delicately alluded above and expressed himself in something like the following soul,—harrowing but sublimely poetic style, "Hello!" We could spend hours in unveiling to you the unfathmoamble depth of feeling often conveyed in the mere expression of this seemingly insignificant little word. The weight carried with its use depends largely on the apparent heathfulness of the person giving expression to it. In this instance it brought the indisputable fact to the mind of our friend that he had caught a customer of the genus Tartari.

So girding his humble suppliant attitude about him, he approached within safe distance of our purple faced fiend, and, with his customary sweetness, gurgled "something."

It appears that there was, for after displacing a few vases of flowers from the show case, with his whip handle he asked, in stentorian tone, with a kettle drum accent, if "you're got any castiron brass bound celluloid socks warranted never to rip, wear, rust or tear."

Our friend regretted that he had none, but that he would gladly go out in town and try to procure the article. But no, escape was not so easy.

Our acquaintance of alcoholic fame then placed one of his trilby feet on the counter, and with an eloquent burst of logical profanity inquired of Mr. Clerk as to whether he was the "fighting editor" of the News. To which our friend in the gentlest accent possible, replied that he was not.

After spending an hour or so in trying to convince the gentleman that he was in no way connected with the paper, he at last escaped through the back door, leaving our friend in full charge.

At last accounts he was slowly but surely devouring a case of cheese together with a case or so of crackers.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

John Blair and sons were threshing at Morgantown, West Va., when the boiler of the machine exploded, killing three men and injuring four others.

RESOLUTIONS

Of Luckie Lodge No. 1776 on the Death of Hon. Henry Wilson and B. Boxhorn, Adopted August 13, 1895.

The Great Ruler of the Universe, who holds the lives and destinies of men in the hollow of His hand; who ordereth all things well; to whose providence we must bow in humble acquiesence, with faithful trust in His unscrutable wisdom, has seen proper to remove from the walks of this life our beloved brother, Henry Wilson. It is the privilege of men to cherish the memory of departed friends, and to learn from tneir earthly careers the important lessons of life; to extol and imitate their virtues and accomplishments. We cannot study the character of our dead brother without admiration and great benefit. His life is an open book before us, replete with high and noble sentiments, worthy of our emulation: a good citizen, an eminent lawyer, a gifted advocate and counsellor, a true friend.

It is meet and proper that we, among whom he lived and associated fraternally, should give this expression to our feelings of regard, and to further resolve, that the sympathy of this lodge be extended to his faithful wife, who has been so sadly bereaved. We invoke the sheltering providence of Almighty God to comfort and protect her from all harm in the remaining journey of life.

Resolved, That these resolutions be enrolled on a page of the Lodge Minutes, to be dedicated to that purpose; that a copy be sent to Mrs. Wilson, and that copies be furnished to the Montevallo News and the Shelby Sentinel for publication.

E. S. Lyman,
J. W. Acker,
George Kroell,
Committee.

Whereas, at the dictation of the Supreme Ruler, our brother, Benjamin Boxhorn, has been removed from among us by the relentless, impartial reaper, Death; and

Whereas, all our intercourse with our departed brother was pleasant and profitable, it is fitting that we give expression to our regard and testify our appreciation for his fraternal association and his merits and virtues as a man and citizen. We have lost a brother whose heart was full of human kindness, whose disposition was tenderly affectionate; a true, learned friend. We cannot measure in words the loss sustained by his kindred.

Resolved, That the tender sympathies of this lodge be extended to the family of Brother Boxhorn, who have been doubly stricken in the loss of both parents. We invoke kindlier providence for them in the future and commend them to the God of all mercies in their grief and sorrow.

Resolved, That these resolutions be inscribed on a page of the minutes of this lodge, to be set apart to the purpose; that a copy be sent to the family of onr departed brother, and that copies be sent to the Montevallo News and the Shelby Sentinel for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
George Kroell,
G. W. Canterberry,
E. S. Lyman,
Committee.

HALF RATES TO BOSTON AND RETURN.

For the 26th Triennial Conclave, Knight Templars, which occurs at Boston, Mass., August 26–30, the Southern railroad will sell tickets at one fore for the round trip. Tickets will be sold Aug. 23 to 25 inclusive, good to return until Sept. 10, 1895, but upon applicetion to ticket agent of terminal lines at Boston, the limits of tickets may be extended until Sept. 30, 1895.

For detailed information apply to any agent of the Southern rai lway.

Pursued by Conscience.

The jury in the remarkable case of the Commonwealth of Virginia vs William J. Urquhart, charged with killing John E. Fay on November 8th 1870, tried last week, rendered a verdict of murder in the second degree and fixing his punishment at five years imprisonment in the state penitentiary. Counsel for the defense, after three hours consultation with the accused and his friends, decided to make no motion for a new trial, fearing that the penalty might be more severe at the next. The prisoner was duly sentenced by the court. The sentence marks the conclusion of one of the most noted cases on the court annals of the state. The prisoner who shot his victim on a load of corn which the latter was driving, fled from the community and after being a fugitive for nearly a quarter of a century, voluntarily returned and surrendered to the authorities, asking that he be accorded a trial.

Kansas Crowned With Corn.

"The bigness of our corn crop beggars the arithmetic," said Frank M. Maclennan, editor of the Topeka State Journal, in an interview at Chicago Tuesday. "Instead of saying the state of Kansas now, you should use the synonym 'cornfield' for 'state.'

"You will remember in a measure the corn figures of Kansas when I say to you that the crops will be more than a quarter of a million bushels. It will exceed three hundred millions It will give five bushels, or 400 pounds, to every man, woman and child in the United States and leave enough to send several shiploads to Russia."

CORRESPONDENCE.

ALDRICH ITEMS.

Mrs. W. H. Cobb and children have returned home after a pleasant stay of two months at Verona, Miss.

We regret very much to hear of the extreme illness of Mr. Jim Peters, who is down with typhoid fever. We wish him a speedy return to health.

Miss Emma Barksdale of Hillman is visiting Mrs. J. M. Hinolf. We are always glad to see Miss Emma, as she has a host of warm friends in this place.

Miss Bessie Hoskins has returned from a delightful visit to Blocton. Her many friends welcome her back.

Mr. Ed L. Hoskins paid a flying visit to Birmingham this week; said he could not stay away any longer.

Miss Ida Kilpatrick, a bewitching young lady of Verona, Miss., is visiting her sister, Mrs. W. H. Cobb.

On Thursday evening a crowd met at the delightful home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Hinolf and held a "Farewell Surprise" from eight to ten, complimentary to their bright and attractive daughter, Miss Helen. The hours were pleasantly spent in music, song, and so forth, and it was with great reluctance we bade Miss Helen good night and "good-bye." She left Sunday for Rochester, N. Y., to complete her musical education. Her future promises to be very brilliant, and we already predict for her great achievements in her art. It was with genuine feeling of regret that we saw her leave, and wish her every happiness that is possible for mortals to enjoy. Miss Helen is a winsome, winning young lady, and has endeared herself to one and all. X. Y. Z.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Concord with all of its interest is booming. The church will soon be completed and the literary school has opened up under the management of Prof. James A. Moore, who is competent to instruct your children in literature, and the best of all, he will instruct them religiously.

Mr. C. C. Walker is the boss carpenter employed by the building committee to build our church, and he is taking a great deal of interest in making it neat and durable.

Mr. John Garner and family, of Clanton, spent last week with friends and relatives in our community.

One of the Messrs. Martin, who lives near Providence, while putting some curbing in a well, last week, let the windlass slip from his hands, striking him in the head, bursting a hole in his skull. He is now in a critical condition.

Mrs. Sallie Doak and her little daughter, Mamie, is spending this week with friends in our neighborhood.

One of our boys wants to know if Charlie, Burr and Harry cannot be entertained at home.

This correspondent would like to know if Mr. Luther McElroy cannot be entertained at Six Mile.

Our Sabbath school is progressing nicely. There is much interest taken in it by young and old, but it is rumored that one of our teachers will, some time in the future, move to —— Mulberry, where she will be engaged in teaching the Scriptures and morals at home.

Miss Laura Reynolds returned home last Saturday after a lengthy visit to friends and relatives in Jefferson.

The motto of Concord society is "to be happy and to make others happy."

With best wishes to Montevallo and all of its interests, we are yours lovingly, S. B.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

The series of meetings at the Baptist church closed Saturday night after running eight days. We had an excellent meeting and were blessed with five convertions.

We are very glad to hear that Mr. Frank Harper and his sister, Miss Callie are convalescing and we hope for them a speedy recover.

Mr. P. O. West, of Dry Valley, attended services here last week. He expresses himself as having had a most delightful time while in Dogwood.

Rev. F. H. Farrington, of Brierfield, assisted our pastor F. M. Woods during the series of meetings here.

Mr. John Baston has a four pound cucumber that he raised this season and he says he will sell it on reasonable terms.

Mrs. F. M. Woods and her affable daughter, Miss Mamie, spent last week here with friends and relatives.

Mr. J. F. Robinson, of Bessemer, is in town on professional business. It is rumored that he will open up the old coal mine here at an early date.

F. A. T. E.

A WORD OF ADVICE.

The fickle young lady who laughed at a certain young man in the town because of the scarcity of hair on his intellect should remember that baldness is like fame—it cannot be purchased; it must be acquired. Some men may be born bald, some may acquire baldness, and others may have baldness thrust upon them, but they generally acquire it. So remember, O thou giddy young unsympathizer of suffering humanity, before thou erectest the point of thy pink and white proboscis at the misfortune of a gentle young man, whose soul would be churned up if he smoked a full-fledged cigar, that the "Lord loveth whom he chasteneth," and the admonition, "Judge not, lest ye be judged," could be advantageously adhered to in your heartless criticisms in commonplace conversation.

If the above advice be strictly adhered to, the gorgeous eighteen karat stem winding profanity of the present day may be very largely diminished and the world made better.

Chol.

LET HIM DIE.

Oh, the bloomer girls are coming, with the wheelmen bold a-chumming; don't you hear the cycles humming on the Coney Island path?

Heaven bless the darling creatures, with their rosey-posey features, and the dancing eyes that meet yours; keep them safe from harm and scath.

Where's the crank in blue eyeglasses premium chump and prince of asses, who will kick because the lasses have a bit of healthful fun.

Shoot him, chase him, biff him, bang him. 'Tis the end that fate has brang him for the folly he has done.—N. Y. Recorder.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! ∴ FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H.C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No.168†		No. 61*	No.169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	...Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	.....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	..... Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	.....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	...Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham..ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.42	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga.....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.48	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

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The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Announcing a Royal Death.

A quaint ceremony is about to be performed in the German court, the announcement of the death of the late Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince William of Hesse will go to Berlin to hear the news. The Emperor and his court, all in deep mourning, receive the envoy in a room hung with black. The envoy enters with a lugubrious air, and dejectedly announces the demise of his sovereign, while the Emperor deplores the loss and makes a suitable eulogy of the departed one. Then an hour later the Emperor and court, all in gala dress, receive the envoy again, there is much jubilation and joy, and the old adage about "the king is dead; long live the king," gets a new confirmation.—[Picayune.

MRS. HAWLEY CHAPMAN, the wife of the insane actor, Chapman, survived a bullet wound which almost punctured her heart. While hovering between life and death she was stricken with pneumonia. Yet she survived.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidney, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it is the best and only remedy.

"Dignity, my son, is a very proper sort of thing; but don't put on too much of it, or you may be taken for a footman."—Tit-Bits.

In the Police Court—Tried and Judgment in its Favor.

Some time ago Judge Andy E. Calhoun, judge of the police court of Atlanta, had occasion to pass a sentence that was gratifying to him, and if people will take his advice much suffering will be alleviated. The judge is subject to nervous sick headaches and dyspepsia. Here is his sentence:

"I am a great sufferer from nervous sick headache and have found no remedy so effective as Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. If taken when the headache first begins it invariably cures."

Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Don't Drag Your Feet.

Many men do because the nerve centres, weakened by the long-continued use of tobacco, become so affected that they are weak, tired, lifeless, listless, etc. All this can be easily overcome if the tobacco user wants to quit and gain manhood, nerve power, and enjoy vigorously the good things of life. Take No-To-Bac. Guaranteed to cure or money refunded by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

A New View of Life.

It is surprising how often the troubles of this life spring from indigestion. And more surprising how few people know it. You say, "I'm blue," or "My head feels queer," or "I can't sleep," or "Everything frets me." Nine times in ten indigestion is at the bottom of all your miseries, and a box of Ripans Tabules would give you an entirely new view of life.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Wife used "MOTHER'S FRIEND" before first child—was quickly relieved; suffered but little; recovery rapid. E. E. JOHNSTON, Eufaula, Ala.

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c

Piso's Cure is the medicine to break up children's Coughs and Colds.—Mrs. M. G. BLUNT, Sprague, Wash., March 8, '94.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work

of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Makes the Weak Strong

Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the digestive organs, creates an appetite, and gives refreshing sleep. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the one True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE

TETTERINE

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp. Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.

Water Wheels and Hay Presses.

BEST IN THE MARKET.

DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

WE WANT a good agent for this county to introduce the FASTEST SELLING GOODS ever known. Permanent work and LARGE PAY. INDUSTRIAL PUBLISHING CO., Owensboro, Ky.

AM. N. U. No. 34, 1895.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FARM AND GARDEN

TRANSPLANTED WEEDS.

Weeds should not be hoed during wet weather. The moisture on their leaves will prevent them from drying up, while the roots against the moist and loosened earth will get a root hold and send out new fibres. A weed once or twice transplanted is almost as difficult to kill as a perennial. The only way to kill such a weed is to cover it while wet with moist soil. Then the sap in the weed will cause it to rot, and this will effectively check new growth of the root.—Boston Cultivator.

LONG-HANDLED FORK FOR BRUSH.

When piling brush use a long-handled fork. In no other place are the advantages of a long handle over a short one more apparent. To lift and stretch in vain to make a forkful of brush swing clear of the earth is the severest labor known. Brush often contains grape and other running vines, as well as briers, which make it hard to handle. A short handle has convinced many persons that brush cannot be handled by a fork, but such is not the case. Clear up and burn everything in the form of brush before snow falls. After the snow is gone in spring work will be pressing, and the clearing has to wait until after haying, to the detriment of the mowings.—American Agriculturist.

SALTING STOCK.

We use rock salt in large lumps for the horses, writes T. B. Terry. Each horse has a lump before him all the time, to lick from as he may want it. We salt our cows in the barn at milking time, once a day. That is, a little salt, say a heaping teaspoonful, is put before every cow each morning to eat if she wants it. It is put right on the cement feeding floor. A little salt daily aids digestion in the cow or horse and waters the milk in a legitimate way. Salting freely once a week is not the best way, any more than it would be for us to eat all our salt for the week every Sunday morning. In fact, I believe that salt thus fed is often an injury, as well as an advantage. Stock need salt as well as food, but it should be given them in a proper way. Fed in the stable, as we do, each cow has her own, and cannot be robbed by some boss cow, to the injury of both.—Practical Farmer.

MILKING.

Under the head of milking may be comprised the cleanliness of the animals and the manner and time of milking. The introduction of separators practically revealed the necessity for cleanliness in a cow stable. At the termination of the process of separating a peculiar slime is to be found adhering to the sides of the separator. Its color varies from gray to green, brown, and even black. When examined under the microscope, germs, portions of plants, hair, soot, linen have been discovered, and when exposed to the air for a short time it putrefies rapidly. It consists in reality of dirt, and, as such, must injure the quality of milk and butter. In order to keep the milk as free from the dirt as possible, the cows ought to be rubbed down with a straw whisk on their right hind quarters and udders before they are milked in the morning. During the day it is necessary to currycomb and brush each animal. The best kind of brush to be used is one made rather more open than an ordinary horse brush, but of the best hog bristle. The animals are first scraped over with the currycomb and then brushed. In addition, the udders of all cows ought to be washed and dried before milking, and the milkers ought to dip their hands in cold water after milking each animal. Care must be taken to completely empty the udder when the cow is milked. In large establishments where several milkers are employed it is advisable to select one or two of the more careful persons to strip the cows after they have been milked. By this means the carelessness of some of the milkers may be corrected. Each milker should have his own stool and pail marked or numbered, and should be held responsible for the cleanliness of the same. The milk ought to be poured from the pail into the milk can through a double hair strainer, and the milk cans ought, if possible, to be placed outside the cow house.—Connecticut Farmer.

TESTS OF AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS.

Bulletins No. 4 and No. 7 of the Utah Experiment Station contain interesting results from tests of draught of farm wagons, plows, mowing machines and harrows, as measured by a self-recording dynamometer.

The conclusions as stated in these bulletins are as follows:

That colters add to draught of plows by some fifteen per cent. That trucks or wheels under the end of the plow beam decrease draught by about fourteen per cent. add uniformity to the furrow and lessen the work of the plowman.

When the traces are not in line with the draught of the plow the draught is increased.

Lengthening the hitch slightly decreased the draught. A share badly sharpened increased the draught thirty-six per cent. over a new share. A dull share drew harder than a sharp one, but not as hard as a badly sharpened share. Draught decreases with the depth and with the width per square inch of soil.

Walking plows gave slightly less draught than sulky plows with rider. Sulky plows drew easier down hill, but much harder up hill than walking plows. A share straight on its land side and bottom took land well and gave a slight decrease of draught. A loss of draught was found on a sulky plow when its adjustment to take land was made from the pole.

A wagon with fellies 1½ inches wide drew on moist, but close, blue grass sward 41.6 per cent. harder than wheels with fellies three inches wide. On a dirt road, slightly moist, the narrow tires drew 12.7 per cent. heavier than the wide tires.

Draught on plank road is one-fiftieth of the load, and not one-seventh of the draught on a dirt road in its ordinary condition after a rain.

A load over the hind wheels drew ten per cent. easier than over the front wheels.

Lowering the reach, or the coupling pole, on the hind wheels decreased draught; wagons draw easier when the traction has an upward incline, and harder when horses are hitched to the end of the pole.

Loose burrs reduced draught four-fifths per cent.

An old mowing machine repaired drew easier than a new one.

The draught was eight-sevenths per cent. greater for a well-sharpened sickle than for one more nicely sharpened.

A pitman box set tight gave less draught than one set quite loosely.

When cutter bar is not near right line with pitman rod the draught is increased.

When guards are out of line the draught is increased.

When cutter bar inclines upward draught is decreased.

When the sections of the sickle do not strike in the center of the guards the draught is increased.

The drought was decreased ten pounds by the driver walking.

A loss of force was observed when the wheel at the end of cutter bar failed to work well.—Scientific American.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Allow four or five inches space for each plant.

Every surplus plant, or cane, takes food and moisture from the soil.

Dig out and burn affected plants, root and branch, as soon as disease appears.

A Wisconsin sheep breeder advocates feeding grain to sheep ten months in the year.

Look closely for orange rust and other disease on raspberries and blackberries.

Every dead branch or weak cane furnishes an abiding place for bug, parasite and disease.

Cut out bearing canes of raspberry and blackberry immediately after fruiting, and burn them.

Allow nothing in the fruit garden detrimental to health, growth and development of both plant and fruit.

Pistilate varieties make plants rapidly. To secure vigorous vines and large, nice fruit remove all surplus runners.

The man who sticks to raising first-class cattle and hogs, and does it with good judgment, will find it reasonably profitable.

An Iowa swine breeder says that a pig that has recovered from a genuine attack of thumps is about worthless for breeding purposes.

Only a careful account will tell how many groceries the egg supply purchases on the farm. Keep an account for a while, and then the hens will be more appreciated.

Do not let the chicks roost on small roosts while they are young. If they roost before their breasts become firm and hardened, they will be sure to have crooked breast bones.

The New York Experiment Station has been making some practical tests with cows, as to the amount of water they drank. It was found that during lactation, or the milk giving period, the average per month was 1660 pounds.

The success of many a man in the poultry business, both commercially and from a fancier's standpoint in show records, is due to women, who get no credit. They have been the power behind the throne many a time when men have received the honors.

If the pasture is scant it can be made to go further by herding and allowing the stock to eat down a portion of the field at the time. Even with hogs and sheep this plan can be followed without much extra labor. Movable fences sometimes meet the purpose.

Bitter milk comes from bad feed. The rag weed which follows a crop of rye or oats, dog fennel, bitter weed and the like, although but little may be eaten, will often impart a bitter flavor to the milk of cows pastured in such a field. Even this trouble can be overcome.

A wise outlay is not extravagance. There is no money in following cheap methods with stock. Pay liberally for good breeding animals, and continue the standard by giving the best care and food. The outlay is a little more, but the net returns are more every time.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Miss Helen Gould is very partial to golf, and is a good player.

Agnes Booth says she did not see two pretty women in London.

The women of Cincinnati have organized a street cleaning brigade.

A woman auctioneer has made her appearance in London, the first of the species.

A woman is employed by a Topeka (Kan.) church to whistle sacred music every Sunday.

Queen Victoria is reported as very angry at having the amount of her savings made public.

Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, is so little and her figure is so slight that she looks like a child.

The woman mayor of Ouchanga, New Zealand, is said to have made a great success of her first year.

Mrs. John Scott, a sister of the late Professor Huxley, has been a resident of Nashville, Tenn., for many years.

The women of St. Paul, Minn., have cleared the sum of $10,000 by editing entirely one issue of the St. Paul Dispatch.

The Baroness Burdette-Coutts, at eighty-two years of age, is still one of the most prominent society leaders of London.

Marie Caroline Felix Carvalho, who died recently at Paris, was the creator of the role of Marguerite in Gounod's "Faust."

It is reported that Count Castellane has had his wife, nee Anna Gould, change the color of her dark hair to a golden yellow.

One room of Mrs. John A. Logan's house at Washington is full of medals, flags and hundreds of other souvenirs of her dead husband.

Mrs. George J. Gould is very fond of sitting for her portrait. Mr. Gould has in his possession twenty-three different paintings of his wife.

Mrs. George W. Childs will make Washington her permanent home as soon as the house now being built for her in that city is completed.

Superintendent Morgan, of the Cincinnati public schools, says that no female teacher shall ride to school on a bicycle with his sanction.

The mother of Dwight L. Moody is still living, at the age of ninety. She has twenty-seven grandchildren and seventeen great-grandchildren.

Professor Ramsay, of London, the discoverer of argon, has a round dozen women in his chemistry class and speaks very highly of their ability.

Friends of Susan B. Anthony have raised funds to provide her an annuity of $800 a year. She has given to the woman's suffrage movement pretty well all she had.

Mrs. Le Grand Buell, of Holley, Mich., preached the sermon at the church service over the body of her husband and used his bibulous habits to point a moral.

The number of female students at the University of Geneva is constantly on the increase. This year it is twenty-five per cent. of the whole number of students.

Atlanta society girls have just acquired the bicycle craze, but are still too modest to appear in public in bloomers. They ride at night in dark and unfrequented places.

Melba continues to surprise her friends by the careless use of her glorious voice. She goes out freely in all sorts of weather and talks and entertains on days when she has to sing.

The American Educational and Art Institute has been incorporated in New York, with the object of establishing and maintaining in France an institution for the promotion of art among American women.

At a recent wedding in New England the family physician presented the bride with a bottle of quinine tablets, telling her to take two whenever she felt inclined to scold her husband, as that feeling was a sure sign of malaria.

Black lace capes over color are seen, but are not thought as pretty and stylish as those entirely lined with black. Brocaded capes with deep lace flouncing are dainty, and some of them have the figures outlined in embroidery or jet.

The up-to-date women of the Trinity Protestant Episcopal Church in Towson, Md., are raising money with which to buy a bicycle for the rector of the church, which he is to use in making pastoral visits and in attending to other duties.

Mrs. Marie Robinson-Wright, the Mexican traveler and writer, received the highest price ever paid for a newspaper article—$20,000 in gold, paid to her by the Mexican Government for an illustrtated article on Mexico in the New York World.

The poor ex-Empress of Mexico, who recently celebrated her fifty-fifth birthday near Brussels, is said to retain all her stately beauty and to look ten years younger than she really is. She is quite insane, however; believes Maximilian still living and holds long imaginary conversations with him.

Notwithstanding the persistent efforts of extremists to crowd the sleeve seams down over the shoulders, but little progress appears to be made in this direction. The average woman has too much sense to tolerate such an absurdity, and bids it go along with crinoline and various other abominations; so the sleeves will remain in shape very much as at present, as far as the sewing in is concerned, but are to be somewhat modified farther down on the arm.

The Puma's Fear of Man.

Dr. Hudson speaks of a "gaucho" (South American cowboy) of his acquaintance who went one day to look for cattle. A puma made his appearance and refused to walk away, even when the herder threw the noose of his lasso over its neck. The gaucho then dismounted, and, drawing his knife, advanced to kill it. Still the puma made no attempt to free itself from the lasso, but it seemed to know what was coming, for it began to tremble, the tears ran from its eyes and it whined in the most pitiful manner. He killed it as it sat there, unresisting, but after accomplishing the deed, felt that he had committed a murder. It was the only thing he had ever done in his life, he said, which occasioned him remorse when he remembered it, although he had slain several men in duels fought with knives. All who have killed or witnessed the killing of a puma agree that it resigns itself in this pathetic manner to death at the hands of man. When attacked by the latter its energy and daring at once forsake it, and it becomes a weak, inoffensive animal, which, trembling and uttering piteous moans, implores compassion from a generous enemy. But the enemy is not often generous.—

Origin of Wall Coverings.

Tapestry came originally from Byzantium, where its weaving was brought to a high state of perfection. Its expense, like that of all wall carving and stucco, was very great. Stamped leather, which, in a measure, superseded it, was also costly and possible only to the very wealthy. This stamped leather consisted of the skins of goats and calves cut into rectangular shapes and covered with silver-leaf, then varnished with a yellow lacquer, to give the appearance of gold. It was then stamped with dyes sunken and in relief, and painted in various colors. Wall paper had, in the meantime, been extensively practiced by the monks of Europe. From the seventh century it had been the custom to decorate the walls of churches and cathedrals with Biblical scenes and diaper designs.

J. STONE RECOVERING.

Owes His Health to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People.

From The Sun, Gainesville, Fla.

The many friends of J. Stone, of Palmer, Fla., will be pleased to know that that estimable old gentleman, who has for years been a great sufferer from rheumatism, is recovering. At one time it was impossible for Mr. Stone to use his right arm. The gentleman in question was in the city yesterday, and when asked by a *Sun* man to give some reason for his recovery, he said:

"Well, sir, you will not believe me perhaps, but my recovery is due to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I think them an excellent remedy and must accept this opportunity, if you will permit me, to advise all who suffer as I have done to try them. I'll guarantee relief. Two years ago I was suffering from rheumatism; you know what condition I was in. I read an article in a Christian paper of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People and I took seven boxes of them. The result was more than any human being could have expected. I grew better fast.

"Someone then advised other medicine, saying that I had taken enough of the pills. I heeded the advice and the result was I grew worse again and lost the use of my right arm. I could not move it a particle. Eight weeks ago I commenced to take the pills again and now I can use my arm without any pain whatever. They are a wonderful pill and I drove several miles to-day to purchase another box of them.

"I wish you would publish the following affidavit I swore to. I ask this of you as a means of displaying my gratitude as well as to endeavor to save some other poor sufferer."

The *Sun* man consented and the following is the affidavit which the happy man swore to yesterday before J. C. B. Koonce:

The above was sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of May, A. D. 1895.

J. C. B. KOONCE,
[SEAL.] Notary Public.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Interesting Items From Everywhere.

A gold brick recently shipped from Yuma, Arizona, to San Francisco is said to be worth $90,000. A residence constructed of bricks like this would cost several dollars more than most people can afford to pay.

In a hail-storm in West Virginia recently the hailstones were like great chunks of ice, and smashed windows and made large holes in the tin roofs of houses that got in their way. If these storms would be more accommodating and come along in summertime the ice bills of the fathers of some of us would be very largely reduced.

Clocks are regarded as curiosities by the Hindoos, and for this reason half a dozen or more timepieces are often found in the apartments of the wealthy Hindustanees. They are not used as timepieces, but simply for ornament, since the old-fashioned way of telling the hour of the day in India, by calculating the number of bamboo lengths the sun has travelled above the horizon, is entirely satisfactory to the natives. It is said that in the country police stations in India, where the European division of the hours is observed, time is measured by placing in a tub of water a copper pot in which a small hole has been bored. It is supposed that it will take one hour for the water to leak into the pot so as to fill it and sink it. When the policeman sees that the pot has disappeared he strikes the hour on a bell-like gong. If he is smoking or dozing, the copper pot may have disappeared several minutes before he discovers the fact; but the hour is when he strikes the gong. —[Harper's Young People.

RELIABLE RECIPES.

COOKING CABBAGE.—Almost every one likes cauliflower if it is properly cooked, while few admit a fondness for cabbage. Yet it belongs to the same family, and can be made to taste much like cauliflower. It should be first parboiled for ten minutes, in a kettle of salted water; then drained and cooled, and again put in fresh water and cooked until tender. Served with a cream sauce in the same way that we have cauliflower or asparagus sent to the table, it is delicious. We cannot free ourselves too soon of the idea that this vegetable must be boiled with corned beef and eaten with vinegar.

CHICKEN AND MUTTEN BROTHS.—Here are two receipts for chicken and mutton broth for invalids. For the former cut a young fowl into four parts, wash these well in cold water, and put the pieces in a stewpan with one quart of water and a little salt. Let it boil on the stove, skim it well and then add the heart of a cabbage. Boil the broth for an hour if the chicken is tender, but proportionately longer if it is tough, and then strain into a basin.

For mutton broth take three pounds of the scrag-end of a neck of very fresh mutton; cut it up in several pieces, wash them in cold water and put them in a saucepan with a quart of water; place it on the fire to boil; skim and add a couple of turnips cut into slices, a little parsley and a little salt; let it boil slowly for an hour and a half, skim off the fat from the surface, strain through a fine sieve into a pitcher and keep for use.

Heavy white silk belts for large silver buckles are new, especially designed for wash dresses. They are more chic than belts of the same which must needs be lined.

DO YOU EXPECT **To Become a Mother?** If so, then permit us to say that Doctor Pierce's Favorite Prescription is indeed a true **"Mother's Friend,"** FOR IT MAKES **Childbirth Easy** by preparing the system for parturition, thus assisting Nature and shortening "Labor." The painful ordeal of childbirth is robbed of its terrors, and the dangers thereof greatly lessened, to both mother and child. The period of confinement is also shortened, the mother strengthened and an abundant secretion of nourishment for the child promoted.

Send twenty-one (21) cents for The People's Medical Adviser, 1000 pages, over 300 illustrations, giving all particulars. Several chapters of this great family doctor book are devoted to the consideration of diseases peculiar to women with suggestions as to successful home treatment of same. Address, World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers **rich in Potash.**

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 29, 1895. NO. 23.

The Two Maidens.

Long years ago, it seems to be
A little maiden played with me;

Her soul was full of mirth and joy
And I a hearty, healthy boy.

Through all the golden summer days,
I teased her in all sorts of ways;

One day I caught her in the mow,
She cried, "Oh, don't be foolish now!"

I put my arms around her waist,
Her lovely lips I longed to taste;

She said the while my fun to mar,
"Now Quit, or I will call papa."

Long years have passed; upon my knee
Another maiden plays with me;

A little girl one-third her size,
Yet still she has her mother's eyes,

Her mother's voice, her mother's waist—
The same red lips I longed to taste.

And now through all the drea y hours
Of vapid scenes and scentless flowers

A voice comes gently from afar;
'Now Quit, or I will call papa."

—Chicago Dispatch.

THE WIDOW'S ARRIVAL.

It was "steamer day" at Sitka, and amid all the joyous stir and excitement that the monthly boat brought was one forlorn, unhappy man, Tom Douglas watched his friends as they eagerly opened their letters and listened with assumed interest to the bit of news they were anxious to share for at Sitka the population throngs to the wharf when the steamer's whistle is heard and waits the coming of the ship and the distribution of the mails. The people crowd into the tiny postoffice on the dock and watch impatiently for the longed-for home letters.

But Tom's home letter was not a comfort to him. "Well, she is really coming," he thought, "a month from to-day, if the steamer is on time. I will be a married man—worse luck. How can I ever tell Natalia, dear little girl! I wouldn't willingly hurt her tender feelings for a millian dollars, as hard up as I am," and Tom whistled ruefully.

Tom Douglas was a naval officer, and before being stationed at Sitka he had been on duty a winter in Washington, where he plunged into society with that gay abandon that only a sailor knows, for after three years at sea a young fellow is quite ready for the rush and whirl of the gay capital. All houses were open to the handsome Lieutenant, but there was one where he was especially welcome. The hostess was a pretty widow of some twenty-six or twenty-seven years of age. Her husband, who had died soon after their marriage, seemed not to have laid a very strong hold on her affections, for after mourning him decorously for a year she blossomed into the gayest of the gay, and her house became a center for the young officers who had been the friends of her husband.

It was there that Tom spent most of his time. He dropped in during the morning and discussed the newest gossip or the latest magazines and came in for a cup of tea in the afternoon and remained till her cozy parlor was empty save for himself and her.

"Are you going to the assembly tonight?" he would ask.

"Will you be there, Tom?" Mrs. Deering had such a good-fellowship way of using her friends' first names.

"Yes, I presume so."

"Well, then, I am going," the little widow would reply.

And that was the way the winter passed—Tom running in at all hours, privileged to smoke or to read, to talk or listen, the most indulged of all her callers. When his orders came for his immediate removal to Alaska he put the document in his pocket and went, as usual, to the cheery home of Mrs. Deering. He told her the news and was really surprised and flattered by her reception of it. She took both his hands in hers, and the tears gathered in her bright eyes.

"Oh, Tom," she said, "I hate to have you go."

Now, it never had occurred to Lieutenant Douglas before, but at this moment the idea did come to him that he was in love with the widow. He drew her to him and kissed away her tears, and before he knew it he was engaged to Alice Deering.

He soon left, after arranging to have Alice join him later in the summer, but owing to the loss of a distant relative, the heir of whose modest estate she was, her coming had been greatly delayed. It was now more than a year since she and Tom had parted in Washington. In the meantime Tom had whiled away his leisure hours in the somewhat narrow circle of Sitka society, but in that narrow bound he had found a fair Russian flower that he knew bloomed for him. Though Tom had not made love to Natalia—he was too honorable for that—they had been together constantly, and each knew distinctively what was in the other's heart.

"I believe I'll go and tell Natalia all," Tom continued to muse, "right now, for, of course, as a gentleman and officer I am bound to keep my word, and my word is given to marry Alice, hang it! I wish I had never been born. She, too, poor girl, may discover that my love has somewhat cooled. If it ever was love it never was the same feeling I have for dear little Natalia, bless her loving heart."

So Tom went to Natalia and told her that he was engaged and another month would see him married.

Her delicate face whitened, but controlling herself, she said:

"I congratulate you, Mr. Douglas." Then bursting into tears, she turned away. The sight of her tears was too much for Tom. Embracing her tenderly, he said: "I love but you, Natalia, darling. Oh, that I had met you first! My fondness for Alice was but a fleeting thing, and my love for you will last forever."

Pressing warm kisses on her lips he held her close.

"Leave me, Tom. It is right for you to keep your word, but you should have told me of your engagement before. We had best part now. Goodby."

"But can't I come to see you, Natalia, as usual?"

"Why, certainly not, Mr. Douglas, It would only be painful, for we can never from this time forward be anything but the most formal of friends."

Tom was touched by the simple dignity of the young Russian girl, whose quiet life had been spent by the seashore under the shadow of the mountains, far from the noise of city or town, so he bowed to her will. Their parting was a heart breaking one to both.

"Natalia, I can't bear to leave you. I must have you, dearest."

"There, go now. This is only foolish."

"Well, then, let me kiss you for the last time, darling," pleaded Tom.

Natalia put up her little tear-stained face, and Tom silently kissed her and went away.

That month passed only too quickly for poor Tom, who looked with dread toward the coming of the steamer. He studiously avoided Natalia, denying himself the regular afternoon walk to the Indian River, which is the event of the day to all the white people at Sitka. He kept close to his rooms when not on board ship, cursing the mistake of his life, which was soon to make an unwilling bridegroom of him.

To Natalia, whose soft brown eyes were red with weeping, life seemed a dreary blank now that the daily visits of Tom had ceased. There appeared in her mental horizon nothing for which to live. She wondered how she had existed before he came to Sitka. But then she had been busy with her lessons, and now, in the idea of her old fashioned father, her simple education was complete, and it was time for her to mary one of the Russian lads who sought her hand.

The next "steamer day" Tom Douglas was seen rushing madly to Natalia's home. The neighbors, who, of course, had noted his long absence, were greatly surprised.

"Natalia! Natalia!" he cried, as soon as she came into the quaint drawing room to receive him. "I've come to ask you to be my wife. Dearest, say yes at once."

"Why, Tom, are you crazy? What has become of Alice?"

"Well, by George, Natalia, she is married! Just think of it—married! And I am the happiest man on earth. A pardoned convict's feelings of relief are not to be compared to mine. You see, soon after she left Washington she met an old sweetheart whom she had cast off to marry Mr. Deering, whose position and prospects seemed better. In the mean time this fellow had made a fortune, and as he was on his way to Alaska for a pleasure trip they decided to make it also a wedding trip and break the news to me in person. Rather awkward, you might think, but I congratulated them with all my heart and thanked my stars for freedom. Come, little girl, put on your hat and I'll take you down to the steamer to see the bride, and I'll introduce to her my fiancee, because you say 'yes,' don't you dear?"

"I suppose so, Tom, but it's all so sudden. Shall I wear my leghorn hat?"—Chicago News.

How Wrecks Drift.

The ways of derelicts are interesting and peculiar. There was one vessel that broke in half in the North Atlantic just where two currents met, and one half went north and the other south, yet they came ashore with more than 1,000 miles between them.

The Manantico, first reported abandoned on December 8, 1886, was last seen on July 12, 1887, after a drift of 2,600 miles in 216 days.

The Vincenzo Perotta, abandoned in September, 1882, came ashore on Watling Island in February, 1884, after a drift of 5,950 miles in 536 days.

The Telemach, about the same time, drifted 3,510 miles in 551 days.

Two schooners, abandoned during the same gale in November, 1888, on the American coast, drifted 4,400 and 4,800 miles in 370 and 347 days respectively.

The Vestalinden, abandoned in November, 1891, was last reported in April, 1892, after drifting 2,230 miles in 151 days,

One of the longest drifts of abandoned ships on record is that of the schooner W. L. White, abandoned in March, 1888, which came ashore at Haskier Island, one of the Hebrides, in January, 1889, after a drift of 5,910 miles in 310 days.

These derelicts are obstacles for the early destruction of which some means ought to be discoverable.

A miss may be as good as a mile but shaving must be embarrassingly close when it comes to passing, like the Virgo, between two masts of a derelict in a state of submergence.—Tit-Bits.

Fixing Up the Old Wagon.

Quite a saving can be made in furbushing up wagons and carriages. For instance, I took an open buggy to the blacksmith and had the tires set, the bolts tightened, a new spoke and one-half of a rim, all the rest being sound. Then I washed the vehicle and scraped off the grease and hard mud, and put it in the sun to dry; right after dinner on a clear pleasant day. I shook and opened a can of black paint, that comes all prepared for use, and applied all over the buggy dasher and all. Two days later after I tacked new leather on shafts, new tips and it looked good enough.

Now the paint cost seventy-five cents, brush 22 cents, leather 60 cents tips twenty-five cents, labor two hours, painting, when I ought to have been tilling asparagas up, don't count; $1.82 in full, and it would have cost $5 to have it touched up and varnished and $14 to repaint and do an extra job. This doing it yourself pays in satisfaction of having no waits at the paint shop of from two to six weeks and a big saving in expense.—New England Farmer.

Expensive Peace.

A calculator, a rival of Michael Cassio, an arithmetician, has summed up that Europe has expended $25,000,000,000 during the past twenty-five years for the ostensible purpose of maintaining peace. He has also examined the account of the money expended in great wars in the same period, and has discovered that the sum total is far exceeded by that which has been expended in the cause of peace. The only inference to be drawn from this is that it would be far more economical to have war.—Boston Herald.

Origin of Kindergartens.

The name Kindergarten, children's garden originated with Friedrich Wilhelm August Froebel—born April 21, 1782. In the Kindergarten the children's occupation should be play. But any occupation in which children delight is play to them. Froebel invented a series of employments, which, while they are in a sense play to the children, have, nevertheless, as seen from an adult point of view, a distinct educational object.—New York Mercury.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Patience is the art of hoping.

Great thoughts proceed from the heart.

Perspicuity is the framework of profound thought.

'Tis pitiful to court a smile when you should win a soul.

There is no strength that is communicable except in character.

Midnight is the noon of thought when wisdom mounts its zenith with the stars.

To be without sympathy is to be alone in the world, without friends or country, home or kindred.

We need to cultivate every influence which tends to assist us in the contemplation of the beautiful and true.

Sentiment is a divine quantity implanted in our nature, for the purpose of enabling and beautifying the conditions of our existence.

Let us then, be what we are, and speak what we think in all things. Keep ourselves loyal to truth, and the sacred profession of friendship.

No ship can tempt the sea and learn its glory so long as she goes moored by any rope, however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea is too rough.

Indeed we are but shadows: we are not endowed with real life, and all that seems most real about us is but the thinnest substance of a dream. That touch creates us. Then we begin to be; thereby we are beings of reality and inhabitors of Eternity.

It is better to be restless and unsatisfied than to find rest and satisfaction in anything lower than the highest. But not be restless or unsatisfied. There is rest in expectation—a satisfaction in the assurance that the highest belongs to us though we have not reached it yet.

Poetry is the breath and fine spirit of knowledge; it is the impassioned expression which is the countenance of all science. We need to cultivate every influence which tends to assist us in the contemplation of the beautiful and true. In the long run, it is the ideal that determines our character and place in history.

Large Catch of Turtles.

The sloop Waterwitch Captain W. M. Greenleaf, after a three weeks' cruise, returned to Jupiter laden with turtles of almost every description. Their catch consisted of twenty of the hawkbill variety, fifty loggerheads averaging from fifty to three hundred pounds, and three green turtles, the smallest of them weighing about fifty pounds, while the largest will weigh fully 500 pounds. This one will be kept alive at this place until Mr. Greenleaf can find a purchaser for him. Mr. Greenleaf states that this turtle at Key West would bring twenty cents per pound gross.

The sloop was anchored alongside the dock when the work of butchering the entire lot of turtles began. Several bushels of eggs were removed from these turtles. The meat was quartered up and a considerable quantity sold to the citizens who congregated in great numbers about the dock.

The remainder of the meat was put up in pickle, which, Mr. Greanleaf says, will sell readily at about eighteen cents per pound. The shell of the hawkbill turtle, which is taken off the scales from the back, sells from $8 to $10 per pound. About thirty-six pounds of this shell was procured from these twenty turtles.—Jacksonville Citizen.

Web-Footed Chickens.

A farmer of New York State crossed a fine breed of chickens with the "Dublin dwarf" geese. The result is a web-footed chicken, which while not devoted to swimming, frequently takes to the water. The fowls are large and the flesh is said to be of excellent flavor, resembling that of the woodcock. A serious drawback to raising them in any number is that they pine away unless fed on dried watermelon seeds at least once a week.—New Orleans Picayune.

The people of Great Britain consume more tobacco per head than those of any of the other civilized countries.

An Electric Thief Catcher.

On the fifth floor of a large manufactory on the West side of Chicago is a department employing a number of girls, who have been complaining for several months of thefts committed in their dressing room on the sixth floor, while they were at work. Silk handkerchiefs, veils and money disappeared from time to time with increasing frequency, until the management began to realize that it was time steps were taken to detect the thief. As the dressing room was kept locked, the key being accessible only to those employed in the department where the losses were reported, it was decided that one of the girls using the room was rifling the pockets of the others.

Accordingly, a trustworthy girl was taken into the confidence of the management, a double wire was sewed in the lining of her cloak, connecting a spring jaw in the pocket with the two hooks on which the cloak hung. The jaws were placed in contact with one of the wires and insulated from each other by a small tongue of leather placed between them while forced apart, and this tongue was sewed to the bottom of a purse. Each of the two hooks (which were of brass) supporting the garment was held in place by a long brass screw which went through the partition and connected with a wire on the outside of the dressing room. Here the wires were carried along under a molding, through the floor, to a single cell battery, and a bell, placed in the series, were hidden in the room where the girls were at work, fifty feet away. A switch was placed in a convenient position, which broke the current, until the other arrangements were completed. After closing the switch the only opening in the circuit was at the spring jaws, which would be brought together by removing the purse and insulating tongue.

The trap had been set but three hours when the bell rang, and the owner of the cloak hurried to the room where the garments were kept and there found the guilty girl, and upon this evidence the girl was immediately accused and discharged after she had admitted her guilt.—Western Electrician.

A Landscape in Iodine.

A famous landscape painter had to call in a doctor to see his wife, who was suffering from bronchitis. After he had examined the patient, the doctor recommended the husband to take a small brush, dip it in tincture of Iodine and lightly paint the lady's back with it. The artist took up his brush, and, after dipping it in the tincture proceeded to carry out the doctor's prescription. But his artistic temperament soon got the better of his sick-nursing qualities. Mistaking his wife's back for a canvas, instead of simply applying the lotion he sketched out a landscape and gradually peopled it with figures and put in all the details complete. The patient, finding the operation a rather lengthy one, asked her husband if he had finished. And the latter, receding a few steps to examine his work, replied: "Another dab or two, and then I can put it in the frame."—Boston Traveler.

A Crafty Cat Baits the Rat.

William Gilen of New-London threw some lobster meat to his cat. Cats are very fond of this delicacy, so what was William's surprise on seeing Grimalkin lug the meat around the corner. Following her, he found that she had placed it carefully in front of a large rat hole as a bait. Then she lay in wait behind a barrel until an unwary rat came out and snapped the bait, when pussy pounced on him and broke his back with a single shake.—The Hartford (Conn..) Courant

Pleasure in His Work.

"That sour old fellow, Grumpus, has a job that just suits him.

"What's that?"

"He's station master where fifty trains go out every day, and he sees somebody miss every one of them."—Chicago Record.

Too Long a Good Time.

Mr. De Witt—"Ah! Youth is the thing. The time for a man to enjoy life is between eighteen and thirty."

Kittie—"Oh, my! don't you think he ought to marry before thirty?"—Puck.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

The sting of the black scorpion is much more dreaded than that of the gray.

One thousand tons of soot settle monthly on the 110 square miles of London.

Corals are not found within the range of rivers flowing into the ocean as fresh water is fatal.

Huxley's tables show that the human body is made up of thirteen different elements, of which five are gases and eight solids.

Sixty head of blooded stock have been killed on account of tuberculosis at the Massachusetts State College in the last year.

It is announced that two examples of the polar hare have just been added to the collection of the Zoological Society, London.

An enormous shark, weighing, it is said, about a ton, and measuring 15 feet in length, was recently landed by an Aberdeen, (Scotland) trawler.

A few days ago, at Helensville, Wis., near Palmyra, a number of crows attacked a turtle that was basking in the sun, and succeeded in killing it.

The white rhinoceros has become nearly, if not quite, extinct. There are two stuffed specimens in England, and one in the Cape Town (South Africa) museum.

Soda-propelled engines are now being used on some French railways. The invention is based on the principle that solutions of caustic soda, which have high boiling points liberate the absorbing steam, and work noiselessly.

An electric fire-alarm now being introduced in Switzerland acts automatically through the expansion of a metallic rod under heat. This makes an electric connection, and it is said that the alarm is so sensitive that it is put in operation by holding a lighted match near it.

Running sixty miles an hour, a train of 350 tons, with the full breaking weight of the train utilized, and the rails in the most favorable condition, could be brought to a full stop in 900 feet; at eighty miles per hour, in 1,600 feet; at 90 miles per hour in 2,025 feet; and at 100 miles per hour in 2,560 feet.

A Few Notes About Coin.

The rei of Brazil, like the mill of our own money table, is an imaginary coin, no piece of that denomination being coined. Ten thousand reis equal $5.45.

Vermont was the first state to issue a coinage on its own authority. Copper coins were issued in 1785.

The first woman's face represented on a coin was that of Pulchera, the Empress of the Fastern Empire.

The Chinese stamp bars or ingots of gold or silver with their weight and fineness and pass them from hand to hand as coin.

The first Maryland coins were minted in 1662, and were put in circulation by act of Council ordering every householder to bring in sixty pounds of tobacco and receive ten shillings of the new money in exchange for it.

In 1734 the Massachusetts General Assembly made bullets a legal tender by the following enactment: "It is likewise ordered that musket bullets of a full boare shall pass currently for a farthing apiece. Provided that no man be compelled to take above XIId att a tyme in them."—Harper's Round Table.

A Fish-hook Refound.

A few weeks ago Dr. Kennedy was trout fishing in the head waters of the Dutch Hollow Brook, and lost a fair-sized fish by the parting of the line where it was tied in the ring of the hook. Later, he tried the same stream and captured thirteen pretty good ones. While eating one for supper, the head of the trout contained a bone that the Dr. couldn't chew, and felt rather prickly. Upon taking it out of his mouth, it proved to be the hook he lost when the line broke on the previous trip. He could identify his property through a peculiarity of the hooks used by him.—Auburn (N. Y.) Advertiser.

Berlin University has this season 7,695 attendants at the lectures, of whom 4,265 are regular students.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

Bro. Graham of the Sentinel is ready to help us get the county fair. Why don't the people get to work and get the fair at Montevallo this fall? Let us hear from you in regard to the matter. Here is what Bro. Graham says:

The Montevallo News suggests the holding of a county fair, or rather of a fair to be participated in by Shelby, Bibb and Chilton counties, to be held at Montevallo this fall. The suggestion is a good one, and the Sentinel would be glad to see the movement set on foot. There is no reason why it should not be a great success and prove of untold benefit to all this section. If a few of the progressive farmers and business men of these three counties would take hold of it they would be astonished at the success that would attend their efforts. Why not push the matter? Everything is auspicious. Good crops, good stock, and good health at hand, and good times rapidly approaching, indeed we may say right here, a fair such as the News suggests would infuse new life into the agricultural, mining and manufacturing interests of this section and stir the latent energies of our people as nothing else would. We hope the News will continue to press the suggestion. By all means let us have a fair at Montevallo this fall.

Fifty cents was the amount laid out in cash for the building of a church in California recently, relates the New York Observer. As a result of revival work the need of a church was felt and thirty or forty men offered their labor, lumber companies gave the lumber, and in three weeks the building was erected and the only outlay of money was the half dollar.

There is still plenty of sport and some money in big game hunting in the Northwest, says the New York Sun. There is enough wild game left to be an annoyance to farmers in Benton county, Oregon, and the County Court has just offered a bounty of $2,50 each for cougar or panther scalps, $2,50 for bear scalps, $2,50 for wildcat or catamount scalps, and $1 apiece for scalps of wolves.

Some of the sealing schooners that abandoned seal fishing because of the unsatisfactory condition of the business in recent years have engaged, during this and last season, in hunting sea otters along the northern Pacific coast. This is more uncertain of results, perhaps, than sealing, but in the event of success it is vastly more profitable. One schooner was very successful this year, some of the single skins it secured selling for from $250 to $350 each.

The New York Recorder remarks: "A scientist says that there are caterpillars which eat 1,500 times their own weight in a week. Yet we are killing off the birds that eat them. How will this land look in fifty years, when the birds are all gone and the caterpillars are all here? The English sparrow does not count, because he does not eat caterpillars, at least not to speak of. Whenever a woman looks up at our rusted, stunted and dying shade trees she ought to register a vow that she will never again wear a dead bird in her bonnet.

A good story comes to the New York Observer, from an island "somewhere down South." During the past year, a missionary has labored among the islanders with considerable success, Not long ago, as the good man was busy working in his shirt sleeves on a a new church which was in progress for erection a stout sea captain hailed him, when the following conversatien ensued: "Are you the minister here?" "Yes, sir." "Well, I've got ten dollars for you." "For the church?" "No, for yourself. I like your way of doing things here. I've come to this island for clams a good many years, and have always found them a thousand or fifteen hundred short when I got home. It will pay me to have you keep preaching doctrines which make people count their clams honestly." It would be pleasant to learn that, adds the Observer, the sea captain had discovered some element in the Christian religion likely to make him a better man and accepted it accordingly.

A PAPER.

Is Self Support Possible for Girls During the Years of Secondary Education?

[Abstract of a Paper read by Miss Tutwiler, at Chicago, and reprinted from the Daily Register.]

Miss Tutwiler, of Alabama, discussed this subject in the Assembly Hall of the Woman's Building at 3 p. m. Wednesday. She asked and answered three questions: Is this desirable? Is it necessary? Is it possible? In answer to the first question, Miss Tutwiler stated most emphatically her belief that this was not a desirable end in most cases. Labor for the sake of labor is a mistake. School after school, which began its career on the plan of exacting from every pupil some hours of manual labor daily as a fundamental thought, has abandoned the plan, finding, not only that the double strain on the nervous system of physical and mental labor at the same time, is too severe for the pupils, but that it is more economical for them to give their whole time to study and recreation during the school term.

Some schools still make a boast in their annual reports that certain pupils have paid all their expenses during the year by work performed out of school—so many hours in the kitchen, laundry or sewing room. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children should expostulate with the ill-judging managers, however well intentioned, of these schools. There is not one girl in a thousand between the ages of 15 and 25 who can do this without danger of becoming a permanent inmate of an insane asylum or a hospital. By all means, if possible, let the mature generations bear the burdens of the rising one until it also is fully matured, thoroughly developed, and carefully trained. We do not allow even our baby rose-trees and infant geraniums to bear blossoms until they are well grown. We do not call on them for production until they have had their due period of nutrition from every kindly exterior influence that we can bring to bear upon them. No, it is not desirable that our girls should assume the burden of self-support during these years, with the accompanying dangers of physical and mental injury. But what of the girl who will not accept this decision? who says in answer to our remonstrances that she will gladly shorten her life, or even dedicate it to pain and suffering, if she may but be permitted to enter upon her inheritance as the heir of all the ages, if we will but give to her hands the key that opens the Gate Beautiful of the wonderful Paradise of Culture? Are there such girls, and are there so many of them that it is a present duty to spend thought upon them and make such provision for them that they may not be degraded by becoming the recipients of charity to accomplish their end, nor embittered by going through life with the consciousness of powers undeveloped and warped? Let us see. Katie is a farmer's daughter. She has received all the elementary education which the little country school-house or the village academy can give her. If she lived in a city, she would now enter the High-school, but happily for her, she is a country lassie? She has a bright, eager intellect, whetted by the little it has received to an appetite for more. Her father has other children, and is one of that large class of worthy citizens who is just able to feed, clothe and physic his famlly and meet the necessary expenses of keeping up his farm or his business, and, at the end of the year, "owe no man anything, but to love oneanother." He has no money with which to pay board for Katie, even at the least expensive school or college. If she were living in the Arcadian days of factory-life, when Harriet Martineau and Captain Hall visited us and described our institutions, she would take employment in one and earn the money for her further advancement in knowledge. But many things have changed since that time, and Katie's good parents would never consent to such an ordeal for her inexperienced youth. Katie must be carefully protected for some years to come. There is something even more important for her than culture, as her wise mother knows. If her brother Jack has the same ambitions, there is no trouble in his case. He has muscle and bone. These are not ill-paid in this favored land. There are railroads to build, mines to dig, crops to gather at all times. Jack can soon earn enough to take a course of iwstruction ot one of the schools whose advantages have been made so inexpensive by the beneficence of individuals or denominations. But Katie's wage earning powers are very small, even were there an opportunity for her to exercise them while remaining at home, and she is too young to go from home for the purpose of making larger gains unless she can have watchful guardianship and protection? Is it possible for her to obtain this?

This brings me to my third question. Here is a proposed solution of the difficulty, and I am glad to have the opportunity of telling it at this time and place, that I may learn from my sisters whether it has ever been practically carried out anywhere; and if not whether there is any reason why it should not be:

Katie will spend one-third as much of the year out of college as in college if she is ever so fortunate as to get there. She will have in some places even more than that proportion of leisure time during the year. In my own State, she will have thirty-six weeks in college and sixteen out of college. That is, nine school months of four weeks each at her studies four months of the same length at home. Now suppose instead of closing the college buildings for these four months, we were to keep them open, as you so wisely propose to do with your new University; at least to keep open the dormitory and refectory (I have in view the old-fashioned type of college). Suppose a sufficient number of college officials to be kept on duty for guardianship and protection, then let all the pupils who need self-support engage daily in some profitable industry in buildings belonging to the college and reserved for this purpose. There might also be a night-school, for backwark pupils who wish to prepare for a particular class, but this feature should be carefully looked after that it may not become an injury, and should never be allowed to occupy more than two hours. No wages should be paid in money. The employees should have board and lodging, and should be credited on their board for next year with the amount of wages which they earn after deducting the actual cost of board and lodging. They should sign a contract, agreeing to these conditions, and to the further one that in case of their not remaining, to obtain payment of their wages in board, these snould be forfeited to the college.

But the objection may be made that the capital invested in this industrial plant must lie idle for three-fourths of the year. Even if this should be the case, it would not be nearly such poor economy at the prevailing practice of letting thousands of college buildings remain unemployed for one-fourth of the year. Why have not our practical communities in all these years felt a little trouble at this great waste of the capital invested in that plant? But we will not imitate the college in this respect. We will try to arrange our industrial plant so that there shall be no unnecessary lying idle of capital. There are several ways in which this might be done. I will not stop to enumerate them all, but will only make one or two suggestions. Our industry might be operated by relays of pupils, each having three months of work and nine months of study. The companionship of the workers and students will be helpful to both.

However, there is one industry in which capital necessarily lies idle during the very months in which Katie has leisure. The is the canning factory. If I have been correctly informed but a small capital is needed to establish a canning factory which will employ twenty girls and have an output of 500 cans daily. Twenty-five acres of tomatoes and a few acres of corn, strawberries and peas will keep this factory busy for four months. The work is light and well suited to girls. In Michigan there are said to be two factories carried on by women without the aid of even a boy. The pay is much more than Katie could earn by house work or sewing, and she has not yet learned any skilled labor. In Michigan I learned that from $1 to $1.50 per day is the usual wages for girls. If Katie can earn $75 during the summer, and if the college is one where she is charged only the actual cost of food and fuel, tuition being free, she will be able to pay by far the greater part of her next term's school expenses. A benevolent man or woman is often reported to have given $5000 to found two or three scholarships in some girls' colleges. The same amount invested in an industrial plant to be attached to a college would pay for the education of a hundred girls, or rather would enable them to pay for their own education, a much nobler form of benevolence. Now, here are sisters from the east, west, north and south, and I ask them to tell me whether such a plan has ever been attempted anywhere, and if so, with what success?

But even if you tell me that it has been tried and failed I shall still believe that properly carried out it will give us the solution of a difficult problem and will bring light and joy into thousands of young lives.

I cannot close without expressiug my sense of the great blessing to womanhood of this wonderful opportunity of thus taking council together and unbosoming ourselves to each other. So many women have schemes for the helping of their sex, or still better, of the race, fermenting in their brains and hearts, and are brain-sick and heart-sick for the lack of advice and sympathy. Here, for the first time, but not, thank God, for the last time, we have come together from the ends of the earth to this magic city to listen to each other's plans and hopes, and give wise warning or kindly encouragement. You will pardon me if I close with some lines written for a similar occasion which have been haunting my mind through all these days of gold.

EVE'S VOW.

When angels oped at God's command,
  With weeping, Eden's portal,
And our sad parents, hand in hand
  Forsook its joys immortal,
Our mother.s deep prophetic sonl,
  Made wise by pain and sadness,
Beheld the coming ages roll,
  Bereft of pristine gladness.

She saw our sickness, grief and tears,
  Her breast maternal sharing,
Each bitter pang through future years
  Her race should bear—are bearing.
To high resolve that hour gave birth,
  Her burning tears repressing,
She vowed to ope once more for earth
  Lost Eden's gates of blessing.

And since to realize her vow
  Hath women ever striven.
Each mother to her child till now
  This secret task hath given.

But man grew jealous as she strove,
  And barred her pathway ever,
Nor understood what depth of love
  Inspired the high endeavor.

Yet still her earnest spirit rose
  Above his scorn undaunted
To struggle on, till should unclose
  Once more the gates enchanted,
And give for sickness, grief and tears,
  Our mortal lot attending
Succession sweet of blissful years
  In life immortal ending.

See, strong Evangelists and brave,
  In sight the gates Elysian!
The earnest now of all ye crave.
  Soon, soon its full fruition!

[We learn that this poem is by Miss Tutwiler, who has written considerably for the press.]

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

President Cleveland Will Set the Machinery in Motion.

ATLANTA, GA.—It has been arranged that President Cleveland will touch the button at Gray Gables Sept 18, and set in motion the machinery of and unfurl the flags on the Cotton States and Industrial Exposition buildings. The principal address of the opening day will be delivered by an orator of national reputation, whose name has not yet been made public. The board of directors has directed the committee on ceremonies to issue an invitation to Booker T. Washington, president of the Tuskegee (Ala.) Normal and Industrial Institute, to take part in the exercises of the opening day, and to deliver an address on that occasion, thus recognizing the negro race in the official programme.

Democratic Victory.

COLUMAIA, S. C.—Full returns to the Register from the thirty-five counties of South Carolina show that the Democratic nominees in every county have been elected, with a few possible exceptions. Two independent Democratic candidates may be elected in Union, and two negro Republicans in Darlington, and two in Beaufort. The reform Democrats will have a large majority in the constitutional convention, which insures them the making of the constitution, which will largely eliminate the negro vote. There was no trouble at any precinct in the State.

Clerk Clemen's Suicide.

TALLULAH, LA.—J. W. Clemens, clerk of the seventh judicial court, committed suicide in his office at this place Tuesday. He had just finished a letter to his brother and was standing at his desk. He placed a pistol to his right side and fired the fatal shot, which went through his body and breast and came out in the arm, about four inches from the shoulder. He has been meking a canvass for his second term of office and had a majority of the votes and was well liked by all, and no cause can be found for the rash act except mental strain from overwork.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

No. 76*			No. 77*	
2.30pm	lv.... Selma.... ar		11.00am	
4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	
5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	
7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	

No. 74§	No. 72†		No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv.... Akron... ar	6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...	5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....	3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar.... Selma.... lv	1.15pm	3.00pm

No. 60*	No.168†		No. 61*	No.169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv.. Meridian.. ar	10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York	9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....	8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv	7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv	6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar	6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....	4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....	3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	....Columbiana...	3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..	3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....	2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....	1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....	1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...	1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....	12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....	12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..	11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....	11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv	7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.20	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington. D. C.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.

C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

We received a very interesting article from one of our correspondents, but for lack of space we had to leave it out this week.

Mrs. Hoskins and daughter of Aldrich were in the city Tuesday.

W. H. Lawrence has resigned his position with Morgan, Meroney & Co. and accepted one with Latham Bros. Burr McMath will fill the vacancy at Morgan's.

A new industry will soon be begun here. It will be a catawba farm, and will furnish the fisherman all over the state with worms for bait.

Since the death of the L. E. C. and Y. L. C. G. S., everything has been very quiet socially. Let us reorganize and have one more good time before the summer is gone.

Mrs. F. L. Hawley of Talladega, one of our old schoolmates, was in town a few days since.

Major Peter of Brierfield was in town a few days since.

Mr. L. N. Bowden is off for a week's vacation. He is visiting friends and relatives at Plantersville.

Mrs. C. L. Meroney is visiting friends and relatives at Columbiana.

All local news will be published; so if you know anything of interest we will be glad to have you send it in.

Mr. Burr Nabors, Jr., went up to Birmingham Monday to spend a few days with friends and relatives.

The Hon. Reuben L. Rice of Blocton was among the visitors this week.

Mr. P. M. Rowland, the popular salesman of the Talladega Mercantile Co., was in town Monday and Tuesday.

E. D. Reynolds of Blocton spent Sunday and Monday with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Davidson and Mr. Mose Fields of Calera were in the city Monday.

Capt. N. A. Graham of the Sentinel was in the city a few days since.

Miss Florence Farrington is visiting Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen.

Misses Sallie and Margarett Walker of Faunsdale are visiting Mrs. W. B. Reynolds.

Miss Fannie Boyd of Montgomery is visiting Miss Hattie Lyman.

Misses Grace Kennedy of Tuscaloosa and Mattie Suttle of Centerville are visiting Mrs. A. E. Davis.

Messrs. Thomas J. Perry, Walter Nichols and — Laird of Birmingham spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. J. L. Suttle of Selma was in the city the past week.

Miss Lula Hawkins, after a short visit to relatives, returned to her home in Birmingham Saturday. Miss Lula, although here but a few days, so endeared herself to the young people by her sweet and winning ways, that it was with a feeling of regret that we saw her leave, and we hope that her next visit will be more lengthy.

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

The many friends of J. Glen Hinolf will be pleased to hear that he has recently been promoted to the position of assistant passenger and ticket agent in the city office of the Erie railroad at Rochester, N. Y. We prophesy for him a successful future in the business world and extend to him our hearty congratulations.

We hear that Mr. H. Fox will return to our town in the future and go into the mercantile business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. West will leave for Selma Sunday where they will spend the winter.

We hear that Miss Fannie McMath has rented Lyman Hall and will teach school there this winter.

Mr. Chas. Lenoir, representing Cawthorne & Coleman, of Selma, was in the city Monday. Mr. Lenoir is an excellent man and has many friends here.

Mr. Laird, of the Birmingham News, was down Sunday writing up the town. He was very much impressed by the beauty of the scenery of the place, and said, as does every one who comes here, that a more suitable place for the Industrial School could not have been found. He is with an up-to-date paper, and all who wish to keep up with the times should subscribe for the News.

Notice the advertisement of Cawthorne & Coleman in this issue. This is one of the oldest and most reliable firms in the state. All orders are promptly attended to.

Mrs. McCauley will carry the finest lot of millinery this winter that has ever been brought to this town and will sell cheaper.

The history of Montevallo will be continued in the near future. We only stopped it for lack of data. Anyone that will furnish us with information as to the early days of our town will greatly oblige us.

We received locals from Brierfield this week for the first time in quite a while. We are always glad to hear from our neighboring town, for we all feel an interest in your wellfare, so let us hear from you again.

"Brur" denies the charge made by a young lady in our last issue, "that he had something on his mind." Says that it can be proven that it is and always has been vacant.

THE CANDIDATE AND HIS WAYS.

Judge H. R. Fielding, who died recently near Harrison, Boone county, Ark., was well known in Mississippi. In 1884 Judge Fielding, under the caption of "The Candidate," wrote the following lines, which are especially applicable, and will be read with interest in Mississippi at this time:

"Father, what travels this road so late?"
"Hush, my child, 'tis the candidate;"
Fit example of human woes—
Early he comes and late he goes;
He greets the women with courtly grace,
He kisses the baby's dirty face,
He calls to the fence the farmer at work,
He bores the merchant, he bores the clerk,
The blacksmith while the anvil rings,
He greets, and this is the song he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the working man."

"Husband, who is that man at the gate?"
"Hush, my love, 'tis the candidate;"
"Husband, why don't he work like you?
Has he nothing at home to do?"
My dear, whenever a man is down,
No cash at home, no money in town,
Too stupid to preach, too proud to beg,
And life's as worthless as an empty egg,
Then over his horse his leg he flings,
And to the dear people this song he sings:

"Howdy. howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the working man."

Brothers, who labor early and late,
Ask these things of the candidate:
What's his record? How does he stand
At home? No matter about his hand,
Be it hard or soft, so it is not prone
To close over money not his own,
Has he in view no thieving plan?
Is he honest and capable?—he is our man;
Cheer such one till the welkin rings,
Join the chorus when thus he sings:

"Howdy, howdy, howdy do?
How is your wife, and how are you?
Ah! it fits my fist as no other can,
The horny hand of the working man."

—New Orleans Picayune.

AN INTERESTING LETTER.

We are in receipt of a letter this week from Miss Julia Tutwiler containing an abstract of a paper read by her at Chicago, which we have taken the liberty of placing in our columns. It is well worth the careful study of every one interested in the welfare of our girls. Many a poor but ambitious girl would so gladly work to obtain an education, especially such an education as a school like this can give, designed to fit them to be self sustaining. She also writes:

"I have been in correspondence with all the Industrial schools in the south and some in the north, which go under another name, but do the same work. What I have learned is very interesting, but at the same time rather discouraging to us, for I believe that no school yet established has begun its work with a less outlay than one hundred dollars, some with more than this and an annual appropriation of from twenty to twenty-five thousand dollars.

Surely Alabama can do as much as Georgia, Mississippi, North and South Carolina have done. Alabama has been slow to take hold of this grand enterprise, and it may look discouraging just now but we have great faith in the future of the school. Our state can't afford to let it lag; the opportunities to educate the girls are too few and too greatly needed. Only let us use wisely the means at our command and rest assured our legislature will see to it that all possible help will be given.

Cattle Disease in Tennessee.

NASHVILLE, TENN.—Dr. Rayen, State veterinarian, has just returned from an inspection of cattle and other live stock infected with anthrax near McKenzie. The disease is of the malignant form and its ravages have been serious. Every effort is being made by local authorities and health board to stamp it out.

CORRESPONDENCE.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Rev. J. T. Berry delivered quite an able sermon at the M. E. church here yesterday.

A series of meetings is going on at the Methodist church this week and we hope to obtain much good therefrom.

Mr. Walter King, of Warrior, is spending the week here with relatives and friends. Walter is one of Warrior's most eminent young men, and we always extend to him a most hearty welcome.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Woolley, on the 22nd inst., a boy.

Mr. James McGaughey is all smiles now-a-days—it's a 10-pound boy.

Miss Leila Fulton, one of Saginaw's fair damsels, is visiting relatives and friends near here this week.

P. O. West says he came up to go to ride again Sunday evening. Perhaps P. O. likes riding better than his girl here.

Some of the Elliottsville girls are offering $150 for single rigs and driver included, i. e. if the driver is an old widower. M. A. T. E.

BRIERFIELD BRIEFS.

Mr. Langston McCalley has returned to Atlanta after a visit to his mother, Mrs. T. McCalley.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Walter Nesbit in our midst again. He accepts a position as operator in Talladega with the L. N. on the first.

We enjoyed a visit from Mr. John Hunter the first of the week.

Messrs. John Kroell and Walton Williams spent the evening with us. Come again.

Mrs. J. G. Nolen is visiting her mother, Mrs. A. S. Lovejoy.

Mr. Bob Alvis is up from Selma. Bob is a handsome fellow, girls.

Mr. Dean Barber of Selma is visiting here. Why don't you come oftener, Dean?

We are having splendid meetings at the M. E. church. Would be glad to see some of the Montevallo friends

Nezy says he is as happy as a jaybird. Ask him why.

Miss Ada Hunter is all smiles this week.

If you would read what certain young ladies have written on their fans, you would see splendid advice from Nezey to them.

If this finds its way in your paper, I will write you again.

Rex.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Misses Alta Perry and May Harris visited friends in our community last week. We regret that their stay was so short. Every home that it was their pleasure to visit was made happy by their friendly smiles and intellectual conversation.

Mrs. Mary A. West, the eldest lady in our community has been very unwell the past week.

Mrs. H. H. Green, of Texas, formerly of this place, is visiting her friends and loved ones in Alabama. Mrs. Green was one of our most distinguished ladies, and she has a hearty welcome in our homes.

Mrs. James Moore, of Jefferson, spent last week with her sister Mrs. N. C. Moore.

Relating to our literary school in the last issue of the paper it said our school was open. This was a mistake it will open in September.

Bob Hall says it has been a mystery why Mary wore his ring on her big toe. We can tell you Bob.

Pleas West says greens is scarce but he has a nice bowl of crout he can feed those of his Montevallo poets that are out of positions. Come out boys and see him.

Mr. B. F. Revus and family, of Bessemer, Ala., are visiting E. F. Seale, of Dry Valley this week.

P. O. West was returning from Dogwood Sunday night when his horse became frightened on the long hill, between McGoha's and town, After running and kicking for some distance part of the hames broke, letting the horse loose from the buggy. Mr. West still held to the lines and at last succeeded in getting him quiet, after having been dragged about a hundred feet. Mr. West was bruised slightly and the buggy was also damaged.

Messrs. Kirk and Jim Sessions were pleasant visitors at some of our homes last week. They are worthy young men and are highly honored in our society. Come again boys.

Masters Marion and Frank Randall, of Hawburgh, are spending a few weeks with their uncle, J. B. Wiggins.

With best wishes to the poets of Montevallo. We are yours,

S. B.

Acquitted of Murder.

MT. VERNON, GA.—Col. Chas. H. Loud, of this place, who shot and killed Phil. Fitzpatrick, at Thunderbolt, some weeks ago, was tried Saturday for murder and was acquitted. The evidence showed that when Fitzpatrick started to kick down the door of a room in which Loud was with Helen Stockton, formerly Fitzpatrick's mistress, Helen opened the door and urged Fitzpatrick to leave, but he rushed in and Loud retreated to the window, half hanging out of which he fired the shots. In his charge to the jury, Judge Falligant said in Georgia no Georgian is required to retreat beyond the threshold of his domicile.

THEY DO SAY.

That P. O. West didn't care a cent about the runaway Saturday night. It was the tearing of his "onliest Sunday pants" that broke his heart.

That rain is coming, and so is Xmas.

That our noble friend "Petie" is now enjoying the 10c. turkey sandwiches in Birmingham. Wonder if he knows the way to Stone's?

That "Shorty" is rolling them high of late.

That there is one very nice young man in town.

That R. E. Hall is still wearing out sole leather between town and Birmingham Junction.

That if you are not ashamed of your visitors you will inform us of their arrival.

That "Brur" and John K. went to Brierfield to see some other fellow's sweetheart Monday.

That Messrs. Carey and Reynolds went out to Cahaba to tickle the finny tribe this week. They are sure of a "bite."

That A. J. Lee is the champion cyclist of the city and Wm. Lawrence holds second place.

That our popular undertaker will undertake to take a trip to Birmingham soon.

That "Fatty's" trip to Calera cost him $15 in the way of repairs.

That "Son" is up on all the latest jokes. He has just received a new supply of almanacs.

That "Foots" is playing "second fiddle" on the hill, while Harry takes the lead.

That W. P. M. believes two birds in hand are worth a drove in the air.

That Nat will be very busy until his bud returns, as he, in addition to his own work, will fill Burr's position.

The following communication from one of our Bibb county friends was received too late for last week.

EDITOR NEWS:—We watched and listened with interest for the location of the Industrial School, and congratulate you even at this late hour for your victory.

We are proud to have such an institution so near us. It means a great deal for Montevallo, and yet it is not all if Montevallo so desires. I know it is true you have your hands full at present arranging for the school, but your little city has within its grasp another industry which when in operation would mean a good thing for you. I allude to the manufacturing of the J. H. and W. E. Frost patent revolving plant fender, which I understand they are going to manufacture in the near future on a scale that will supply the demand of the United States. You can readily see from this that it means a big concern, and Montevallo had as well have it as any other place and can no doubt by a little encouragement in the way of room etc.

F. G.

We will gladly welcome to our town any manufacturing or other enterprises and will do all in our power to make it a success. Come up and let us see something about this plant fender; explain it and its workings and we will gladly give all the aid and encouragement in our power. ED.

WILL THEY FIGHT?

Governor Culberson Arranges to Oppose Corbett and Fitz.

AUSTIN, TEX.—Gov. Culberson has made public some correspondence between himself and Sheriff Cabell, of Dallas county, anent the Corbett-Fitzsimmons fight. The correspondence was opened by Gov. Culberson interrogating the sheriff as to whether he intended to abide by the decision of Attorney-General Crane, holding the prize fighting law valid, and as to whether it was his intention to exercise all the powers vested in him to prevent the fight. Sheriff Cabell's reply is, that while he did not ask for the opinion, that he is willing and will abide by it. That should a writ be placed in his hands by the county attorney, he would certainly serve it or, in case no writ is issued and he is left to face the issue alone, he will unhesitatingly discharge his duties. He cites, however, that the criminal statute defining prize fighting makes it a misdemeanor, and not a felony, and asks the governor under such circumstances would he be justified in using such force as may be necessary, even if it secured the shooting down of citizens, and would the governor advise such proceedings? The governor very promptly replied that he would not attempt to answer that question but would refer it to the attorney for his legal opinion, which will be forthcoming shortly.

Wife and Husband Suicide in a Hotel

BOSTON, MASS.—A man and woman, supposed to be Louis Hammond and wife, of Des Moines, were found at the American Hotel, having committed suicide by taking chloral. The man is supposed to be a member of the Iowa State Traveling Men's Association.

A Terrible Explosion.

PITTSBURG, PA.—Fourteen men were instantly killed and several others injured by an explosion of gas at Furnace H of the Carnegie mills at Braddock. They were repairing a clog in the machinery at the top of the furnace when the explosion occurred.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

It Explodes in the Hands of Baron Rothschilds' Clerk.

PARIS, FRANCE.—A serious attempt has been made on the life of Baron Alphonse de Rothschilds. A large and heavy envelope was received at the bank Saturday, addressed to the baron, and was opened by M. Sadkowvitsk, the confidential clerk of the well-known banker. Just as the clerk opened the envelope it exploded with great force, tearing his right eye out and blowing off some of his fingers.

The police were hastily summoned and an investigation was commenced. The remains of the strange package was picked up and examined, with the result that the police officials got the opinion that the envelope was nothing more than an infernal machine. It consisted of strips of cardboard, lightly bound together, and was quite bulky. But there was nothing strange in its appearance. Peculiarly constructed envelopes of similar appearance are frequently received at the banks and are found to contain money, securities or valuable papers of various descriptions. The cardboard envelopes of this package, it is presumed, contained fulminate of mercury so arranged that when the outer covering was torn off an explosion occurred.

More New Cotton.

MERIDIAN, MISS.—Two bales of new cotton, one classing middling, was sold at auction in front of the cotton exchange Saturday morning. Both bales were bid in by A. S. Johnston at 10 cents a pound. One bale was shipped from Shubuta, Miss., and one from Livingston, Ala.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome. E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty.
☞Special attention given to orders.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....
M. BORN & CO.
The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROCAN.

SHIPS AS BURIAL PLACES.

A Curious Scandanavian Disposition of the Dead.

Burial ships have so far been discovered to the number of about a dozen in Sweden and Norway. The bodies laid in them, burned or unburned, were equipped with pathetic care. Besides being elaborately armed and adorned, they had placed at their disposal means of employment and diversion, such as writing tablets, forging tools, whetting stones, scissors, cooking utensils, chessmen, draughtsmen and dice. In one of nine boats containing as many bodies, disinterred in the churchyard of Vendell in Uppland, weapons and implements were associated with the remains of three horses, three dogs, a cow, a pig, ram, ewe and goose. Another sheltered the bones of a goose, a duck, a falcon, rock owl and crane.

The inference seems justified that all these birds were domesticated. Inside the ribs of the celebrated Gokstadt ship some peacocks' feathers lay scattered with fragments of gold-embroidered silken stuff; and the tumulus near Sandefiord, from which it was unearthed in 1880, contained the skeletons of at least twelve horses and six dogs. But the treasures of the sepulchral chamber amidship had long ago fallen a prey to some of the numerous and nameless thieves who

"Ransacked the graves of warriors old,
Their falchions wrenched from corpses' hold."

The vessel itself, which is of oak, clinker-built and 75 feet long, is preserved in the Archæological Museum at Christiania.

Life in the North, however, fundamentally homely, was attended in those days by accessories of considerable splendor. Gastronomic refinements were indeed unknown. Boiled veal counted as the "best of danties"; roast pork with wheaten bread might also be provided for favored guests, in default of which delicacies, curds and buttermilk were welcome; and the bill of fare during a royal visit comprised, on alternate days, fish and milk, meat and ale. Yet the tables spread with such simple repasts were often gay with embroidered cloths and radiant with gilded vessels, dainty glass breakers and repousse silver and bronze drinking-horns. They were surrounded, too, by gorgeously clad revellers. Scarlet cloaks lined with fur and secured with magnificent fibulæ of bronze inlaid with silver, or of silver gilt diversified with filagree-work, garnets or walrus ivory, were flung over silken tunics, or kirtles made of a kind of velvet called "poll."

These were belted in with girdles finely wrought of precious metals; gold rings encircled legs, arms and fingers; silk caps, adorned with lace, covered the head; shoes were of leather covered with beaten gold and stitched with silk; a gold band like a diadem confined tawny and profuse locks flowing down to the shoulders. We hear, beside, of gloves made soft with down, of suits of "many-colored English cloth," rain-and-dust cloaks and of fur-lined mantles with golden neck straps. Sigurd the Jari figures in St. Olaf's Saga as clad in "a blue kirtle and blue hose, high shoes laced around his legs, a gray cloak and a gray broad-brimmed hat and a hood over his face, a staff in his hand with a gilt silver mounting at the upper end, from which a silver ring hung."—[Edinburg Review.

A Woman's Two Wishes.

A lady who has had more or less experience in New York society told a little story yesterday. "Once there was a Fifth avenue belle," she said, "and she had two great wishes that became the dream of her life.

"She longed to have slippers thickly studded with diamonds, and that when she died Rev. Robert Collyer might preach her funeral sermon.

"After a while she got her diamond studded slippers. They were very beautiful and worth thousands of dollars. She was happy."

The narrator stopped. "Is that all of the story?" she was asked.

"Oh, no," was the reply. "The belle died and Dr. Collyer preached her funeral sermon. She had all that this world could give."—[New York Commercial Advertiser.

Weak and Weary

Because of a depleted condition of the blood. The remedy is to be found in purified, enriched and vitalized blood, which will be given by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the great blood purifier. It will tone the stomach, create an appetite and give renewed strength. Remember

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

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IMPERIAL GRANUM
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PREPARED
FOOD
SOLD EVERYWHERE.
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Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
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Fifth Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
European Musical Advantages brought to the South. Eminent European Instructors for every instrument. Vocal and other branches. Terms moderate; board and education in connection.
J. MORTON BOYCE, F. V. C. M., Director.

HOW TO MARKET BEETS.

New beets for market should be clean, sound and even sized—large and very small ones should be kept for home use—and carefully tied in bunches of five. The tops should be kept on, as untrimmed beets look and sell better than the trimmed, and many people use the tops as spinnach, for which they are a fair substitute.—New York World.

SUCKERS ON CORN.

The practice of pulling off the suckers from growing corn is much less common than it used to be. The sucker cut while young is not worth anything as feed, and if left its leaves gather carbon from the air and make it valuable. The origin of the sucker is an injury to the original plant. If this occurs early enough the suckers will have more or less ears. They also help the ears on the main stalk to fill when a drought occurs, as the sucker is always later in blossoming and will furnish pollen after the blossom on the main stem has dried up.—Boston Cultivator.

PLANTING APPLE ORCHARDS.

An agricultural contemporary finds fault because a large proportion of the apple orchards planted either die out or never yield any profit to their owners. This is no doubt true, but if all the trees planted lived and had good care the market would be glutted with fruit all the time and every season, and no grower could make a profit upon his investments. It is much better as it is, for now the industrious, intelligent fruit grower has a chance of securing something for his labor, because his competitors are so few and scattering. When all mankind becomes equally intelligent and industrious there will be much less incentive to labor than at the present time.—New York Sun.

KEEP THEM RUNNING.

An observing farmer, while in conversation with the editor at a recent poultry show, remarked that it was due to the efforts of his ten-year-old son that the egg basket was kept heaping full by his chickens last summer and all fall. "The little fellow," remarked the farmer, "always paid great attention to everything he could read or hear about the keeping of chickens, and one of the things which impressed him strongly was the oft-repeated injunction to keep the hens at work if you want eggs. Well, the boy had charge of feeding the chickens, and he would get a heaping measure of grain and go down to the barnyard and call his pets. They would come on the run from all directions, and then the fun began. The lad would throw a couple of handfuls of grain first in one direction and then another, scattering it over a space fully fifty feet square, and much of it into the grass. The way the hens would sail around after the grain would remind you of a small riot, and after they got through feeding the barnyard would look as if some one had been over it with a small plow. We had plenty of eggs to use and sell, even through moulting time. The boy has since rigged up a henery in one corner of the barn and keeps his hens hustling about in hay, chaff and clover up to the knees hunting for their grain, and we get more eggs than any three neighbors combined."—Farm, Stock and Home.

IMPROVING PASTURES.

Now there are just two important points to this matter—first, to make more grass grow, and, secondly, not to eat it all up—that is, leave all the roots of the grass and a little of the top on the ground when you take the stock off the pasture. To accomplish the first point I have never tried any method that pleased me better than sowing buckwheat and seeding down at the same.

I have to-day (July 3) just sowed about eight acres with buckwheat and seeded same with timothy and clover—so you see I practice my own teaching. My ground was plowed in the fall and again in spring after corn planting, and by repeated harrowings was kept mellow and free from weeds, and is now, in spite of the severe drought, moist, and in good condition to make seed grow.

The grass seed sowed at this time of year must be covered to make a success. I sow buckwheat and harrow once, and then sow grass seed and harrow again. I have always got a good catch of grass in this way.

If soil is very poor, it would be best to use a little manure, but it needs only as thin a coat as can be spread on the ground. But if soil is moderately fertile, the thorough tillage of this system will make a success without any manure.

Some will raise an objection to my choice of grass, and I would say to such that I only let any of my pasture ground that can be plowed lie in grass two or three years.—Cultivator and Country Gentleman.

THE BEST THREE-FIELD ROTATION.

The proper rotation of crops is a necessity, mentions W. M. King. The seed producing ones should be alternated with the nitrogen-gathering ones. Rotation is valuable in aiding in the destruction of noxious weeds, but must be varied to be effective. For instance, two years or more of corn or other hoed crops will be found to be necessary for the destruction of the wild morning glory or bindweed. Insect enemies are also frequently destroyed by a rotation that interferes with their natural habits. The same is true of diseases which attack crops when repeated too often upon any soil.

Where wheat, corn and hay are the cash crops, and a period of rest from the constant production of corn is required, the following three-field system is the one that I have found to be best adapted for general farming in southern Ohio. The constant annual improvement of the soil under it warrants its more general adoption. This rotation involves the keeping of sufficient stock to consume and to convert into manure the crops raised, excepting of course the surplus of grain, pork, beef, wool and dairy products sold off the farm.

After dividing the tillable land into three fields of equal size, begin the rotation by seeding field No. 1 with wheat. In the spring sow on this one bushel of clover seed and eight quarts of timothy on every eight acres. Avoid pasturing the clover in the fall and until the middle of May the following spring. Where the most timothy appears do not pasture, but cut for hay. In August haul out the manure from the barnyard and put in piles 12x12 feet apart; twenty two-horse loads will be sufficient for each one. Let this remain piled until the following spring, when the clover sod on which the manure has been spread should be broken up and planted very early to corn. As soon as the crop matures, cut the corn nearly knee high and set it up in 100-hill shocks. Before drilling in the wheat, harrow in the same direction the drill is to be run. In this way labor is economized, and the high cut stalks when harrowed down act as a mulch and winter protection to the wheat plants, and also measurably prevent the washing of the soil on high points or knolls, which would otherwise wash badly during the winter months. By this plan one plowing serves for three crops—one of corn, one of wheat, and one of clover and timothy for hay and pasture.

By such a system of rotation farming is made more profitable and pleasant. For, instead of breaking up a hard, sun dried soil just after harvest, as it is usually done in July or August, the manure can be hauled out at leisure, and needed rest can follow the hard labor of haying and harvesting; various needed repairs can be made, the farm implements put in order and repainted, and some opportunity afforded to visit one's neighbors, meet with farmers' clubs and granges and compare notes on the problem of increasing and cheapening production.—American Agriculturist.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Watch for vermin and rout it at the first approach.

See that the fowls and chicks have a constant supply of water these days.

Keep ahead of the weeds in the onion beds by a free use of the wheel hoe.

So far this season we have had remarkably good success with our young chicks.

Keep the hen houses clean and sweet. Fresh earth bountifully spread under the roosts is a wonderful help towards the latter.

Try a tablespoonful of nitrate soda to each cabbage plant, scattering it well around.

Sharp teeth will cause the horse to form the habit of letting its tongue hang out of its mouth. Look out for them.

Do the flies bother the colts very much? Better keep them in during the day and put them out in the pasture at night.

Vaccination of the calves against "blackleg" and of the older cattle against anthrax is now advocated in some quarters.

Feed the little chicks what they will eat up clean. Do it as often as they will do their part—three, five or even seven times a day.

If farmers would keep a brood mare or two and raise a choice colt each year there would be more money in farming for them.

The shipping of pregnant animals to the stock yards is not profitable. It is unlawful, and the sooner farmers guard against it, the better for their purses.

With the good price of beef and hides it would seem good policy for the farmer to buy his harness soon before the inevitable high price of leather arrives.

Give the work horses a run in the pasture at night. It will do them a great deal of good, but you must feed them just the same. If you expect them to work don't take the grain away from them.

Brood sows properly managed determine the profit in the herd of swine. One-third should be over thirty months of age, one-third over twenty months, and the remainder over ten months of age to insure fair success.

Clean the feet out thoroughly with a foot-hook every day when the horses come in from work. Then when the horse is cool put the feet in a pail of water and wash them. It will only take a few minutes and will keep the feet in good condition.

On the Carpet.

The familiar saying, "On the Carpet," which the French render "sur le tapis" (on the table cloth) is said to have its origin from the Oriental legend of Solomon's carpet.

The Eastern writers say that Solomon had a green silk carpet, on which his throne was placed when he traveled. This carpet was large enough for all his forces to stand upon; the men and women stood on his right hand, and the spirits on his left. When all were arranged in order, Solomon told the wind where he wished to go, and the carpet with all its contents rose in the air and alighted at the spot indicated. In order to screen the party from the sun, the birds of the air with outspread wings formed a canopy over the whole party.—[Detroit Free Press.

Visitors to Russia.

An imperial investigation just concluded shows that there is a yearly influx of 800,000 foreigners into the land of the Czar. Between 1872 and 1882, 9,468,138 natives and 8,025,198 emigrated again, thus 1,432,934 foreigners remained in the country those ten years. Between 1875 and 1881, 2,209,675 foreigners came to Russia for a lengthy sojourn, and 1,868,218 left the country.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.
{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Worthy of Trial—That is the Opinion of Mr. A. E. Thornton.
"I think it is best not to hide a light under bushels, and when a good remedy is discovered it is our duty to let it be known in the interest of suffering humanity.
"I have been suffering with indigestion and dyspepsia. I tried all the various remedies as well as several eminent physicians, but without avail. I was induced by a friend to try Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and the first dose relieved me. Yours is a grand remedy for indigestion and dyspepsia. It builds up, and I recommend it as worthy of trial by all who wish to be cured." For sale by all druggists.

Tobacco's Triumph.
Every day we meet men who have apparently lost all interest in life, but they chew and smoke all the time and wonder why the sunshine is not bright, and the sweet birds' songs sound discordant. Tobacco takes away the pleasure of life and leaves irritated nerve centres in return. No-To-Bac is the easy way out. Guaranteed to cure and make you well and strong, by Druggists everywhere.

Smith's Creek, Fla.
I know Tetterine to be good for all local Itching Skin diseases, as I have used it in my own family for 2 or 3 years, and found it to be all that is claimed for it, and take pleasure in recommending it to all suffering with Skin diseases. J. B. Langston. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

It is More Than Wonderful
how patiently people suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it in many cases. For every weakness and distress.

After six years' suffering, I was cured by Piso's Cure.—MARY THOMSON, 29 1-2 Ohio Ave., Allegheny, Pa., March 19, 1894.

Dyspepsia
prepares the way for worse ills to come. Ripans Tabules annihilate dyspepsia. One gives relief.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS
Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.
Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

AM. N. U. No. 35, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report
Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Question Settled.

From our old friend, Geo. W. Brand, of the Crab Orchard country, says the Richmond (Mo.) Conservator, we received the following letter, which settles the question and puts to flight forever the idea which has always prevailed that corn grows more rapidly of nights than it does in the daytime:

"In conversation with a prominent merchant of Richmond the other day, in regard to the growth of corn, he said that scientists claimed that it would grow faster at night than during the day, I concluded to make a practical test of the matter and give the results to the readers of the Conservator. The test was made July 18, on new ground, second crop, and the growth was two and a half inches in twelve hours during the day and only one three-quarters inches for the same length of time during the night, making four and a quarter inches in twenty-four hours. The growth for five days ending July 25, was two feet two and one-eighth inches, a decided increase on the first day's growth, which was doubtless due to the glorious rain in the meantime."

Oldest Church in Europe.

Which is the oldest church in Europe? asks the British Architect. Canon Routledge, in his "History of St. Martin's Canterbury," claims the distinction for that venerable edifice. He describes it as being the only existing church originally built as a church during the first four centuries that has remained a church till the present day. St Martin's has a rival in St. Mary-in-the-Castle, Dover, which Canon Puckle believes to have been erected in the fourth century; but in the days of Queen Anne, and for a century and a half afterwards, this edifice was used as a garrison fuel depot.

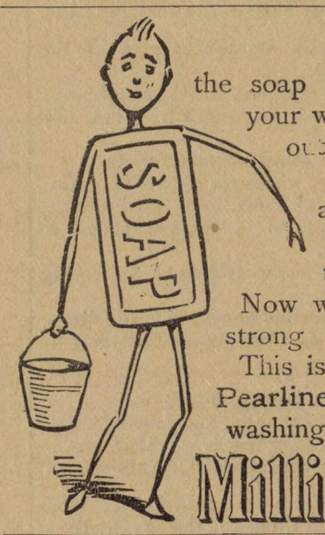
Not Lovers of Display.

The utmost simplicity is said to characterize the daily life of the President of the French Republic, although on State occasions both M. and Mme. Carnot organize their entertainments in far more regal style than any of their predecessors. But when the President and his wife are alone they like dining off the homely national dish of a pot au feu, or if a few intimate friends are present they enlarge the menu to include eggs, fish, lamb or mutton cutlets or broiled chicken.

THE cattle baron has passed away in Texas, and his immense pastures are being cut up into farms. A 20,000-acre pasture was cut up into farms a few weeks ago, and it realized at auction an average of between $7 and $8 an acre.

In Our Great Grandfather's Time,

big bulky pills were in general use. Like the "blunderbuss" of that decade they were big and clumsy, but ineffective. In this century of enlightenment, we have Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, which cure all liver, stomach and bowel derangements in the most effective way.
If people would pay more attention to properly regulating the action of their bowels, by the use of these little "Pellets" they would have less frequent occasion to call for their doctor's services to subdue attacks of dangerous diseases. The "Pellets" cure sick and bilious headache, constipation, indigestion, bilious attacks and kindred derangements of liver, stomach and bowels.

How weak


the soap and water seems when you begin your washing! You don't get any strength out of it till the work is about done. Plenty of hard work and rubbing and wear and tear, even then—but more of it at the beginning; when the water is weakest.
Now with **Pearline**, the water is just as strong at the beginning as at the end. This is one of the reasons (only one) why Pearline acts so much better than soap, in all washing and cleaning. Use no soap with it.
485
Millions NOW USE Pearline

Fertilizers for Fall Crops
should contain a **high percentage of Potash** to insure the largest yield and a permanent enrichment of the soil.
Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,
GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York

WINE OF CARDUI TREATMENT OF FEMALE DISEASES
Any afflicted woman can adopt this simple "Home Treatment" without submitting to an humiliating examination or consulting a doctor.
COST OF TREATMENT.
Bottle McElree's Wine of Cardui, $1.00
Pkg. Thedford's Black Draught, .25
Total Cost, - $1.25

A 128 page book, bound in cloth, giving complete instructions for successful home treatment of female diseases will be mailed to any lady on receipt of 25 cents. Address Rev. R. L. McELREE, St. Elmo, Tenn.

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☞Sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents in postage stamps or money.
brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that.
There are Guns, Rifles, Pistols—from all over the world, and some of our own make—Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars and Chains, Tennis Sets, etc., etc.
You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—The Finest Wheel on Earth,—the Williams Typewriter—you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.
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Probate Judge

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. 44½ MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, NO. 24.

A Song of Progress.

How fast this old world moves along, with science as its guide!
(John, fire up the carriage; I am going for a ride.)
In darkest space it leaves a rare illuminated path.
(Order six yards of lightning for a quick electric bath.)
How various its inventions! They dazzle sense and sight!
(John, cable there to London for a dinner Wednesday night.)
How swift the march of science, though pessimists may laugh.
(Here's Mollie's picture, painted by the new telautograph.)
It's forward, march! forever—the great, progressive plan.
(I see they've put new life in that electrocuted man.)
It's forward, march! forever—in spite of bolts and bars.
(I'm going to strike that air ship for a trip around the stars.)

—F. L. Stanton,
In Chicago Times-Herald.

MORE THAN ONE TOM.

Nell sang gayly as she ran here and there putting things in order and making the little drawing room look as inviting as possible. Tom was coming that evening—dear old Tom Ricker! who had loved her ever since they were school children together, when he used to carry her great pile of books. He had been away a whole month on business, and his absence had made the time seem very long to Nell.

They say that the course of true love never does run smooth—that there is always something, it may be a mere trifle, to disturb its even flow; and the saying was good in this case, at any rate.

After an hour or two of that happy evening had been spent by Nell in Tom's company her mother had called her out of the room to give final directions regarding closing up for the night (Mrs. Springer was so nervous about burglars), and when Nell returned to the parlor she found Tom sadly changed. His manner was cold and distant and only the most commonplace remarks were made.

Poor Nell was hurt and bewildered. Surely no remark of hers could possibly have offended him; and yet he was offended, that was evident.

From that sad leave taking she went mechanically about her duties—that is, she saw that the doors and windows were securely fastened and the cat put out for the night. This animal was banished because it was no respecter of China or bric-a-brac.

"Didn't Tom go home early last night?" Mrs. Springer inquired of her daughter the following morning.

"A little earlier than usual," the girl answered with her face turned to the window.

"Did you put Tom out the last thing?" was her mother's next query.

The girl started. "Did—I—I—put him out?" she stammered, with only one Tom in her mind at the time.

"Yes, did you put the cat out? Here's a chip off a saucer, and I thought, perhaps, you had forgotten him, and he had——"

"Oh, the cat! Yes, I put him out, I am sure."

Then Nell's face suddenly brightened, a light came in her troubled mind. The mystery about Tom's behavior was solved. She distinctly remembered now that her mother had called to her as she was returning to the drawing room, "Mind you turn Tom out," and she had answered decidedly, "indeed, I'll not forget that; isn't he a nuisance!"

She laughed a little, but instantly the pain came back to her heart. She could not explain the matter unless he mentioned it first and that he would be too proud to do. However, she did keep up a tiny spark of hope, and looked for him every evening until three weeks had passed without him making his appearance, and then she gave him up entirely.

Three months from that time Nell stood by the front gate looking out upon the beautiful world. She had not seen Tom, except at a distance, in all that time.

He was keeping very much to himself now, she heard people say; and sometimes the boldest of her friends questioned her in regard to her treatment of the young man, and she answered calmly enough without giving them the least satisfaction.

But Mrs. Springer knew what Nell was suffering. She saw that there was some trouble between her and Tom, although she could not understand it. However, she finally decided that the girl needed a change, and had prevailed upon Nell to pay a visit of a few weeks to an aunt who lived near the sea shore. The trunk was packed, and Nell stood by the gate waiting for the 'bus to come along.

"Nell," called her mother from the door, "is Tom out there? Send him in, quick! There is a mouse in the larder."

Nell looked up the road. Yes, there was the cat, walking leisurely away.

"Here, Tom! Tom! Tom!" she called, and so intent was she on this duty that she did not hear footsteps in the opposite direction until their owner was near the house.

Then she started and saw Tom Riker's grave eyes looking straight at her.

"Excuse me. Nell," he said anxiously, "but is that your cat?"

"Yes," she answered, with a nervous inclination to laugh.

"How long have you had him?"

"He followed father home one evening in the spring," she replied.

"And was there the last evening that I spent with you?"

"Yes."

"His name is Tom?"

"And do you put him out of the house at night?"

Then their eyes met; they read each other's thoughts, and both broke into the first merry laugh that they had experienced for many a long day. Nell glanced up.

"I couldn't catch Tom," she said running into the hall.

"Never mind that Tom," whispered the young man, who followed her and took her in his strong arms, "for this Tom has at last severely caught you."
—Forget-Me-Not.

Future of the Potato.

Secretary Morton of the Agricultural Department has said "grow potoes" to every farmer within sound of his voice for years. He did it before he got into the Cabinet and he expects to do it after he goes out. He has told a score of farmers in hearing of his private secretary that he believed that the potato was going to be the salvation of the American farmer.

There is a potato expert in the Agricultural Department to whom the whole subject is an open book. "Germany," he said, "is the greatest potato producing and consuming country in the world, with an average annual production of 900,000,000 bushels and in years of large production, 1,000,000,000 bushels or more. Russia stands second in production, with a crop of 464,000,000 bushels, closely followed by Austria-Hungary and France. The importance of the crop in the United States is small in comparison with its standing in European agriculture. The average crop of the United States is about 170,000,000 bushels, or considerably less than the crop of the United Kingdom. The relative importance of the potato as a food crop may be judged by the fact that in Europe the crop for all countries reported last year aggregated more bushels than the combined wheat and rye crops, and the crop of that continent exceeds the aggregate wheat crop of the world."—Chicago Times-Herald.

The Skin of the Teeth.

It was old man Job, I think, who had something to say about the skin of the teeth. I asked a prominent dentist the other day if there was really a skin of the teeth, and he answered, "Most certainly not!" I'll wager that there is not a man or woman in this city who has not at one time or another, felt that very same skin on the teeth that Job mentioned. It is possibly so thin that the modern dentist cannot find it. Why, many a man has gone to Heaven by the skin of his teeth. It means, as I take it, a very narrow margin—the flip of a coin as it were. The expression has grown into our language, and we hear it used every day. And there are dentists and dentists who say there is no such thing.

A $2,000,000 Chicago four per cent loan was floated in London the other day in a few hours. The offers were several times the amount of the bonds.

Obliging Thieves in China.

On the first night that we tied up at the side of the canal we heard the muffled drum aboard the police-boat of a town near by. Its steady tum-tum, tum-tum-tum seemed not to cease all night. The boat was a ten or fifteen ton sailing vessel, carrying on its forward deck a little iron cannon, such as a pleasure yacht at home might carry. The sound of the drum brought to my mind a little Chinese village of my acquaintance, where a flag at the end of the single street of shops announced to the world that the inhabitamts had banded themselves to keep order, had hired a watchman, and now requested all persons to assist in keeping the peace.

"The thieves of the locality are not likely to ply their trade there," said a missionary, "because they will not like to throw the watchman out of work. It would not be considered kindly or neighborly for the local thieves to operate in his bailiwick. According to the fixed Chinese rule, the watchman will be paid as long as there is no robbery, but if a robbery takes place he will have proved himself useless. It will be with him as it was with Li Hung Chang, who as prime minister, was expected to keep the countay out of trouble. He was caught napping when Japan declared war, and for that he lost his yellow jacket. Straight to the top, the rule never varies. The Emperor, in his capacity as the Son of Heaven, is supposed to keep the gods amiable. Therefore, when they scourge China with drought or famine the Emperor publicly blames himself, and increases his devotion to the gods whom he has neglected." This missionary said that he employed a watchman at his mission, but as year after year went by without a visit from burglars, he at last discharged the watchman. Immediately thieves broke into one of the buildings. The watchman was not a party to the crime. The thieves had kept away out of neghborly regard for him, but when he was discharged there was no reason for longer staying their hands. The reader may be sure that the watchman was at once restored to his old post.—Julian Ralph in Harper's

The Port of Vladivostock.

Away to the extreme south of the tongue of land where Siberia ends and Corea begins stands the town of Vladivostock, thirty-four years old, planted in a land which would serve to typify the abomination of desolation, but which today has nearly 20,000 inhabitants. These are principally military. For hundreds of miles inland the population consists of the small military posts by which communication is maintained up the Suifun to the Cossack settlements on the Usuri. The principal object in founding the town was to have a great naval station on the Pacific. Naturally the most southern point available was chosen, but although Vladivostock stands in the same parallel as Marseilles, the cold is very severe. The Gulf of Peter the Great, on which it is situated, never freezes, but a thin ice coat forms along its shores in December and for a couple of months ships are kept icebound. It is in this harbor from which they could reach Japan in a bound, that the Russian war vessels have been so significantly collected.—San Francisco Chronicle.

The Arawaks.

In the Port Royal Mountains, Jamaica, West Indies, an interesting archæological discovery was recently made of a cave containing the skeletons of at least twenty-four of the aboriginal Arawaks. When Columbus discovered the island in 1494 the Arawaks were estimated at about 600,000. A century and a half later, on the capture of Jamaica by the English, they had completely disappeared, even to their bones, as only the skulls until now had been found. These showed a frontal depression with lateral expansion, an artificially formed deformity that is also found in those just discovered, which are of all ages. A shattered canoe of cedar wood, seven feet long and one and one-half feet wide, an arborvitæ mortar and two earthenware vessels were also found with the skeletons.—Scientific American.

Louisiana, sugar plantations and all, is worth $160,162,439.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An Atlantic steamer's screw costs about $20,000.

Sandpaper is at present made with powdered glass instead of sand.

It is said that the Samoyedes, the aborigines of Siberia, are fast disappearing.

A Chicago physician asserts that electricity will cure insanity, and he wants permission to experiment in the insane asylum.

Minnesota has a variety of wolves which so closely resemble the Siberian wolf that many people believe they came from that country.

Australia is the only country in the world in which ruminating animals are not indigenous, and yet cattle and sheep of various breeds thrive there amazingly.

It is said the wound made by the tooth of the cobra species of serpent is a mere puncture and causes little swelling. Death ensues from paralysis of the nerve centres.

London has a death-rate of only 17.9 per 1,000 last year. Philadelphia had a death-rate of 22.6. New York City, 28.6. Paris 32, Berlin 35, Vienna 43, Constantinople 65.

According to a recent lecture of Professor Schuster of London the safest course for a human being in a thunderstorm is to get thoroughly wet. Benjamin Franklin remarked that he could kill a rat when dry by means of an electric discharge, but never when it was wet.

The idea that a bee invariably dies after stinging is an error. It will if allowed time, generally carry its sting away by traveling round upon the wound, giving the instrument a screw movement until it is free. More usually, however, the bee is not allowed time to extricate its sting.

Fourteen corbras de capello from Haiphong were recently received at the Paris Jardin des Plantes, Paris. M. Bertrand has analyzed their poison, and finds that it contains three substances, two of which affect the respiratory organs, while the third brings on creeping paralysis. Combined they cause instant death.

Irrigating by electricity is to become an accomplished fact at San Bernardino, Cal. An electric light company has just perfected arrangements for an eight-mile circuit, which shall cover the farms and orchards to the north of the city, and by means of stationary pumps and movable motors the water for irrigating purposes will be raised and distributed.

Dr. Joly of Dublin, announced to the Royal Society of London the discovery of a practical method of photographing in colors with almost absolute fidelity to nature. He places a glass "screen" before the vegetation. This screen is crossed by fine lines, 300 to the inch, successively, red, blue and yellow. By this method he claims to be able to produce a color negative in one operation. In experiments heretofore separate negatives had to be made with red, yellow and blue screens.

A Name to Conjure With.

They tell a good story in Dalton of a recent revival meeting in one of the rural districts of Whitfield County. In the middle of the services the preacher said:

"Will Brother Smith please lead in prayer?"

Seven men arose and began praying at once.

This embarrassed the preacher, and he said, hurriedly:

"I mean Brother John Smith."

At this announcement one sat down and five more got up and began praying. The preacher saw his mistake, said nothing and let the eleven pray it out among themselves.—Atlanta Constitution.

A "Thorough" Bandit Thief.

Nabi, a bandit chief of the Caucasus believes in thoroughness. The villagers of Khodshaan lately captured one of his men and hanged him. Nabi loaded a train of pack horses with naptha, swooped down on the village with his band, killed all the men, soaked the houses with naphtha and burned them to the ground, and carried off the women and children to his refuge across the Persian border.—New York Sun.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Slander is the solace of malignity—Joubert.

By searching the old learn the new—Japanese.

No legacy is so rich as honesty—Shakespeare.

Dear weeps but once: cheap always weeps—Hindoo.

Unreasonable haste is the direct road to error—Moliere.

Habit is too arbitary a master for my liking—Lavater.

Sin is a basilisk whose eyes are full of venom.—Qurales.

Soft is the music that would charm forever.—Wordsworth.

The truest self respect is not to think of self—Beecher.

When the heart speaks glory itself is an illusion.—Napoleon.

Most powerful is he who has himself in his own power.—Seneca.

There is even a happiness that makes the heart afraid.—Hood.

He who would pry behind the scenes oft sees a counterfeit.—Dryden.

He that hath not a smiling face should not open a shop.—Chinese.

The first and last thing required of genius is the love of truth.—Gœthe.

Disease generally begins the equality which death completes.—Johnson.

I quit the country unwillingly because I must part with myself.—Joubert.

Genuine simplicity of heart is a healing and cementing principle—Burke.

All sensuality is one, though it takes many forms; all purity is one.—Thoreau.

Love yourself, and in that love not unconsidered, leave your honor.—Shakespeare.

Opportunity, sooner or or later, comes to all who work and wish.—Lord Stanley.

How Ants Kill a Snake.

That ants can actually kill snakes is a hard thing to believe. There is irrefutable evidence, however, that they do, and scientists have discovered that the snake has hardly a more dangerous enemy. The largest red-brown forest ant is the sort that is the most fatal to the ophidians, and a curious thing about the attack of these tiny creatures on this comparatively enormous reptile is that they kill for food and not on account of any natural antipathy.

When some of the ants catch sight of a snake they arouse the whole community at once. In platoon and battalions the little fellows set upon the reptile, striking their nippers into its body and eyes at thousands of points at once. So rapidly and concertedly is this done that the snake has no chance at all of escaping. It is like a thousand electric needles in him at once. The snake soon becomes exhausted and dies ignominiously.

Then the ants set harder at work. This may seem a strange story, but it is true. They begin to tear off the flesh in small pieces, gradually stripping off the skin and working inside of it. Not until they have carried away everything except the bones and the skin itself do they leave it.

A Novel Lighthouse.

A lighthouse has recently been erected by the United States Government at Paris Island, Port Royal Sound, which comprises several novel mechanical features. The lighthouse is triangular in shape and is built entirely of steel; the sides are each 40 feet in length and the structure rises to a height of 132 feet. The light is kept in a house at the base of the tower during the day, and is hoisted to the top of the light house every night.

Enormous Briar Roots.

The best briar root from which pipes are made comes from the borders of Italy and France. In the mountainous districts of these countries roots are dug out that have grown for ages, and are sometimes larger than a man's body, weighing hundreds of pounds.

A first cousin of Mr. Gladstone died near Jefferson City, Mo., the other day, in the person of David G. Steel, a Cole County farmer.

Wonders of the Yukon.

Yukon, which is the present Mecca of placer miners in Alaska, is a land not only of gold but of wonders also. Some of the miners who have returned bring strange accounts of curiosities in nature. A miner on Sixty Mile creek found a tusk of a mammoth that projected seven feet out of a sandbank, and another found a single tusk so heavy that he could scarcely lift it. Nearly the whole of the Yukon basin furnishes fossils, and some of the miners believe that the unexplored country toward the head of the Copper River yet contain living specimens, as tales are told by Indians of that region of huge woolly beasts with horns like the trunk of a birch tree. They say that in winter puffs of steam issue from the nostrils of these monsters as from the escape pipe of a steamboat.

During the shortest days of winter, for a period of about thirty-three days, at Forty Mile Post, the sun does not make its appearance above the horizon, although at midway there is from three to four hours of twilight. The northern lights glow with the utmost brilliancy, on the other hand, and help very materially to drive away the darkness and desolation of the dreary land. During the summer season the order of things is reversed, and on the longest days in June, for about three weeks, the sun does not disappear. On the shortest winter days the thermometer ranges from 20 degrees to 75 degrees below zero, and on the longest summer days from 60 degrees to 90 degrees above in the shade. The existence of active canoes in the Yukon basin is asserted by Indians, who say that a very high peak, situated near the head of White River, is at times in a state of eruption. White River drains a high, mountainous country, and its waters are extremely muddy, being laden with a white, glassy substance called volcano ash, which is carried down from a point near the head of the stream, a section of the country where no white man's foot has ever trod. According to Dr. Dawson, the deposits of ash are of recent date. He believes that the eruption which deposited the ash did not take place in the coast range. All evidence goes to show that it occurred near or at the headwaters of the White River, and to indicate the possibility of an active volcano there at the present time.

Doing More Than he Promised.

A story is told of a Pittsburg oil producer who was putting down a well, some years ago, in a territory that had never been tested for oil. He was keeping the fact a profound secret, in order that, in case he got a good well, he might without difficulty secure all the leases he desired in the vicinity. He was on the ground himself, watching with great interest the indications. Everything pointed to success. Two days before the well was expected to come in," he was called home. Anxious about the result, he arranged with his contractor to telegraph him as soon as the drill reached the sand. He knew, however, that secrets will sometimes leak out of a telegraph office, and so he told the driller that the sentence, "Pine trees grow tall," would mean that he had struck oil. The driller promised to do as he was ordered. The mingled satisfaction and vexation of the producer may be imagined when two days later, he received the following telegram: "Pine trees grow tall. She's squirting clean over the derrick!"

An Audacious Cattle-Stealer.

An audacious cattle-stealer named Viguier has just been convicted at the Assize Court of Tarn-et-Garonne, France, of stealing an entire flock of sheep. With the aid of his dogs, Viguier collected the flocks in the fields near St. Antonin and cooly drove them along the highways to Villefranche, where he made many attempts to sell them to farmers in open market.—New York Post.

A New Face.

People who read character have noticed the advent on some human beings of what is called "the bicycle face." It is a hard face, with an earnest, straight-away look. A woman managing a wheel cannot expect to look as contented, unconcerned and happy as one who is riding in her carriage.—New Orleans Picayune.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

We print in another column an article entitled "County Fair." This was written by Miss Julia Tutwiler for a Sumter county paper, and as it applies so aptly to our condition in this vicinity, we give it space in our columns. Now is the time for us to make a start in this line. When the Girls Industrial School is established one of the industries proposed to be connected with it by Miss Tutwiler is a canning and preserving department, and the work is to be done by the girls, who will be thereby better enabled to make money to assist them in the expenses of getting an education, and in view of this and to begin in this direction we should at once proceed to form an association and gather our neighbors in and discuss these matters. Get all possible information, set out our strawberry patches for future use, study and prepare for future success in these lines. It will beat cotton a thousand fold. Study well the article of Miss Tutwiler, its advice is "worth its weight in gold." When shall we meet and form an association? Suppose we make a beginning next Saturday? Our people cannot over-estimate the value of such a woman to a community as Miss Tutwiler. Her big and busy brain is constantly at work in the interest of the girls of our land and the wisdom of her selection to the presidency of the Girls Industrial School will be fully exemplified in the future.

Ireland sent out 35,959 emigrants in 1894, 12,287 less than the year before. It is the smallest number recorded since 1851, when the statistics of emigration were first collected.

It is estimated that the annual consumption of oats in the United States has been reduced about 100,000,000 bushels, owing to the displacement of horse power by electricity and bicycles.

A fashionable tailor, who makes garments for those who can afford to pay his prices, predicts that the donning of knickerbockers by wheelmen will lead to the revival of the old custom of wearing knee breeches.

Alexander Del Mar writes that the English money system of pounds, shillings and pence is derived from the Roman imperial system, and that variations of it prevail in Turkey, and other Asiatic countries which formerly belonged to Rome.

"Jim" Fisk was worth about two millions of dollars when he was killed by "Ed" Stokes. Today Fisk's widow is living in an humble frame house in the tenement district of Boston on an income of $50 a month. And even that beggarly stipend is derived, not from her husband's estate, but from property owned by her family in Brattleboro, Vt. Fisk's estate has vanished utterly.

New Mexico is usually thought of as one of the notably new regions of the country, yet there are there, besides very many historical relics of considerable antiquity, occasional happenings that have about them more of a flavor of mediævalism than is often met with even in the oldest parts of the East. Such a one was an imposing procession of church dignitaries in Santa Fe, from the cathedral to the Chapel of the Rosary, made in fulfilment of a vow made by De Vargas in that ancient city 203 years ago.

Says the Philadelphia Record: "Uncle Sam's record as an arbitrator between contending nations is becoming worldwide. He is scarcely out of the Chino-Japanese mess than another job at mediation awaits him. France and Madagascar wish him to settle their differences. Of course, he will be glad to do all he can for them, since his mission on earth is really one of peace and good will. The old gentleman is ever ready to assuage the angry passions of his friends, provided that by so doing his own affairs be not made to suffer.

It is estimated that the United States has fully 2,000 separate railway companies.

EARLY DAYS IN AND AROUND MONTEVALLO.

Among the many notable men who have been reared in our historic old town, may be mentioned Judge George D. Shortridge. He was a son of Judge Eli Shortridge who lived in Tuscaloosa. Judge George Shortridge was born near Lexington, Ky., and moved to Montevallo from Montgomery in 1844. His father was one of the first circuit judges of the state.

His mantle seems to have fallen on his son George who also became a circuit judge presided in Bibb, Jefferson and other counties. He was the know nothing candidate for governor before the war and was defeated by John A. Winston. He married a daughter of Edmond King and his daughter, Mrs. R. R. Gaines, now lives in Palestine, Texas, the wife of the chief justice of the supreme court of that state.

Mrs. Lou Gaines and W. W. Shortridge died in 1870 and lies buried in the family burial ground on the King place.

It is said that in the early history of the town panthers were very common and sometimes came within the corporate limits. The last one killed here was by Dr. Mardis and Edmond King. They had been out in the country and coming back they saw a large panther run up a tree near the Vandegrift place. Dr. Mardis stayed near by while Mr. King galloped up to his house and got his gun and killed it. Its skin was said to be a beauty and was displayed for many years at the King homestead.

Along in the fifties the railroad fever sprang up and created great excitement for a while. It is said that even the women all through the country knit socks and turned them over to the committee for the benefit of the railroad. Edmond King gave $20,000 in money and an engine worth $15,000. In 1855 the Alabama & Tennessee River railroad laid its first iron in our town. and for several years this was the terminus.

With the road came a new population and new life—making it for a few years the largest market in North Alabama. Cotton was marketed here from Calhoun, Talladega, Blount, St. Clair, Jefferson, Walker, Bibb and Tuscaloosa counties.

In one season the old railroad books show a total shipment of 24,000 bales. In that day and time cotton frequently brought as much as 50 cents a pound. We find in old cotton books kept by merchants then where a heavy bale of cotton brought as much as $300.

Among the inhabitants the railroad brought to the town were the Riddle Bro's. who built the road from Selma to this point. They built the storehouse now belonging to George Kroell where for several years they carried on a large and lucrative business. Robinson & DeJarnette built the Vandegrift house. They came from Autauga and Lowndes. Harrison & Gregory were also large dealers and did business in a storehouse between Morgan & Meroney's and Latham & Co's. places of business.

Cunningham & West were also merchants, having bought out Dan Prentice. Goods were sold on open account to any one and it is said very little money was ever lost until after the war. Notes and mortgages were unknown and every man was put on his honor and very few ever went back on it.

About the time the railroad came, the town got on what is now known as a "boom." The female college was erected and the Baptist church, a brick building, was erected near the residence of Mr. C. C. Vandegrift. The college was built by general subscription. The lot was donated by Edmond Klng, who, as usual, took the lead in all public matters pertaining to the advancement of the town. The house was built by Gen. Charles M. Shelly and his father and stands a monument today of their skilled workmanship. The school was first taught by Prof. Robert S. Lewis who came here from Howard college. It eventually developed into a sectarian school and Professor Lewis was disposed of.

Lewis wus succeeded by Hodson a gentleman from Massachusetts. It was then purchased by the Cumberland Presbyterian church who were at that time in the ascendency and changed to a female college. It finally was placed in the hands of Dr. Meredith who lived and taught school in it for many yesrs. When it was changed to a female college the citizens got up money and built what is now known as Lyman's Hall where a male and female school has been taught ever since. Among the many teachers who have held sway in the old town was quite an oddity in the person of "old man Murell" as he was familiarly known. He was a large, stout Irishman and believed in the free use of the rod—so much so that he frequently used it on the parents as well as the children, as he held the parents accountable for the conduct of his children and would whip them too if they disputed his authority or interfered in any way with his discipline of the children. He was a terror to the boys and there are no doubt many who read these sketches who have vivid recollections of his skill in the use of the rod.

All But Two Saved.

Advices from the wreck of the steamer Bawnmore, near Bandon, Ore., are that twenty-eight of the crew of thirty were taken off in safety. One of the crew was killed and another was fatally injured. The steamer will be a total loss, as she is lying on the rocks in a heavy sea and pounding to pieces. The vessel is valued at $125,000 and the cargo at $60,000; some insurance on both.

COUNTY FAIR

And Horticultural Association.

It will be a great step in advance for us to organize a Fair Association, and Sumter county is to be congratulated on the plan. But in order to render the scheme a perfect success it must include also a Horticultural Association. The people of the south are like a man to whom a large fortune has been left in a certain bank, but who is too indolent or too ignorant to draw up the checks which will enable him to use it. Our soil and climate are an inexhaustible deposit of riches upon which we have as yet drawn but little. Here and there small communities have in some way been awakened to see their possibilities and prosperity has been the result.

A striking object lesson is furnished by the little town of Crystal Springs, Miss. This was a little village with a postoffice and two or three stores, as poor as most little places of its size. A visitor from Milwaukee, who understood horticulture, decided to buy some land there and try the experiment of truck-farming. The native born citizens soon followed his example one after another. Now, after a few years of this work, Crystal Springs is a beautiful and prosperous little city, fine sidewalks, waterworks and electric lights.

With a view of preparing an article on horticulture for Alabama, some time ago I corresponded with some of the leading citizens of Crystal Springs, one, I think, being the mayor. The facts obtained were of great interest. Land had risen in value, so instead of being worth from one to five dollars an acre it is worth from $20 up. Labor has risen from eight to twenty dollars per month. The price of labor is one of the surest indications of the prosperity or poverty of a community.

The principal products are tomatoes and strawberries, but other crops are also cultivated. At the time that I wrote the enterprising little city was shipping daily fifteen carloads of tomatoes to the great centres of population. So long as it is profitable to ship vegetables, that is until the northern and western gardens begin to produce, they are shipped. Then the canning factory goes into operation. As this industry can go on for only two or three months in the year, and it is impossible to keep a large body of operators idle for three or four months of the year, it is the custom of the town for its ladies and children to assist during this busy season. The ladies make quite a frolic of it, all going together in merry parties, peeling the fruit, labeling the cans and doing everything else which their strength admits.

The tomato peelings are made into ketchup. (It used to be spelled catsup; but believe the spelling has now followed the pronunciation, like whortleberry—huckleberry.) The wages of the ladies make a very considerable addition to the wealth of the community. The work is not so tedious nor exhausting as that of putting up their own household supplies of canned fruit, pickles and preserves; for here is division of labor, and pleasant companionship. "Many hands make light work." In Michigan there are two factories which do not employ a man or boy. By this plan the wives and daughters are enabled to meet all their own expenses for clothing, recreation and charities, and the husband and father can invest his earnings in improving and enlarging his fruit farm.

By correspondence with the manager of a cannery in Alabama I have learned that a cannery capable of turning out 500 cans daily can be erected for $500. It is true that it was also stated that the net profit was only one cent per can. But that is five dollars daily for at least two months, in all about $250, that is fifty per cent on the investment. But if a cannery should be too expensive for the community, they could use the evaporating process. These evaporators for fruit and vegetables are very inexpensive and very effective. I examined many at the World's Fair. Some were made so as to be used on the family cooking stove without disturbing the preparation of meals, and every day several bushels of fruits and vegetables could be thus saved for winter use without additional expense of fuel. There is a great deal wasted every summer in every garden which might be thus saved. Most southern families, especially in the country, have every year a short time great abundance for their tables and a longer period of very monotonous diets. The family evaporator must do for the seasons what commerce is doing for climates—that is the super-abundance of the one to enrich and relieve the lack of the other.

Even strawberries are thus ienxpensively preserved, that is by evaporation, in the northwestern states. The south has one great advantage over the north and west for their canneries. The summer season out in those regions is only six weeks long, so that capital invested is useless for by far the greater part of the year.

With us there are at least six months during which a cannery can find something to put up. I visited in Illinois a city almost wholly devoted to this industry. Several enormous canneries there made a specialty of two vegetables—sweet corn and green peas. One alone put up if I remember rightly, 25,000 cans daily. Immense trains of cars are filled with their products. Although the land there is from $75 to $100 per acre, these establishments have found that it has paid them to purchase land and raise the material for their work. Their canneries are in operation for just six weeks; but they have a large force of laborers busy cultivating corn and peas for several months besides of every year.

Now the difficult part is always to translate thought into action to make a plan a reality. Let us do this at once. Let the meeting on August 10 be for the purpose to form a county Fair and Horticultural Association. Invite the ladies of the community and admit them as members. They will certainly be valuable additions. I know several ladies who do enough work with their own hands in their flower gardens to raise quite a cotton crop. Some of the best managers of vegetable gardens in the state are women. I have known several high bred ladies who, when it became necessary, cultivated their gardens most successfully with their own hands. One, the widow of a prominent judge, remarked to me when I was dining with her: "I can have ten different kinds of vegetables daily on my table if I will take the trouble to prepare them; and Joe and I did all the gardening with our own hands." Joe was her 12-year-old son.

The reason why some communities which have attempted this venture have failed is because there has not been intelligent co-operation. Enough vegetables must be cultivated to induce the railroads to give good shipping rates; also to make it worth the while of some reliable man to undertake the business of shipper; who can purchase on the spot country products in good condition, and save the producer any further trouble and anxiety. A committee must decide what crops are best to attempt for the first year. Suppose they decide that tomatoes shall be cultivated and that twenty-five acres must be planted; each member of the association must agree to cultivate each one a certain number of acres, making in all the desired acreage. Then the committee must get the best possible book on the subject and see that each member has a copy. Each must also keep a note book, recording all operations and noting original observations. At the regular meetings of the associations papers containing the results of those observations must be read to the members. Each must have an analysis made of the soil he is cultivating, to ascertain just what elements are essential to the crop it produces. He must make his fertilizers by mixing these lacking elements in proper proportion.

On an interesting visit to the fine fruit and vegetable farm of our neighbor, Mr. Holman, who has been so successful, at York, he told me that he never bought ready made fertilizers; he purchased the elementary chemical substances and applies them to each kind of soil in such proportions as it needs.

The chemical laboratories at Auburn and Tuscaloosa would no doubt gladly permit their students to make these analyses. It would be an excellent practice for them.

Let us come to the meeting on August 10 with constitution and by-laws of the Horticultural Association ready; prepared to take in as members all the progressive men and women of Sumter county, and even the boys and girls if they are willing to work.

There is one provision which a certain Mississippi Association made a fundamental part of their constitution, and which must not be omitted in ours; they said: "We pledge ourselves not to become discouraged and give up on account of one or two years of failure."

Then shall the glorious words of the prophet of old be fulfilled in our midst:

"The wilderness, the solitary place
shall be glad;
The desert shall rejoice and blossom
as the rose.
It shall blosson abundantly with joy
and singing."

JULIA TUTWILER.

Contractor and Builders Held.

The coroner's jury which has been investigating the collapse of the Ireland building, corner of West Broadway and West Third streets, New York, three weeks ago, were charged Wednesday by the coroner judge and retired at 11:45 a. m., to consider their verdict. The judge concluded his charge as follows; "It is for you to decide what was the primary cause and could it have been avoided and the lives of these men saved. If it could have been done, then it is your duty to designate by name every person whom you may deem culpable of either negligence, carelessness, incompetency or indifference."

The jury came in at 6:15 o'clock Wednesday evening and held the following men responsible for the death of those who were killed in the collapse of the building:

John Parker, Thomas Walker, Chas. R. Behrens, Thomas Murray, Edward J. Youdale and Dennis A. Buckley.

The collapse, the jury says, was caused by insufficient foundation and that the middle column was weakened by being above the old cistern. The iron work of the old building was defective.

Who is Responsible?

A special from Cedartown, Ga., says: Col. W. L. Hickman, general manager of the North Georgia Mining company, was killed Thursday by a train. He was riding on the tender of an ore train on a branch road. He was absorbed in watching his little son, who was in the tender, and did not notice a water tank which the train was approaching. His head hit the tank and he was knocked off and killed. Colonel Hickman was widely known in the iron trade.

Deputy Marshal Murdered.

Henry Freeman, a moonshiner, shot and killed United States Deputy Marshall Arnett Thursday at White Oak, Morgan county, Ky. Freeman is jailed at West Liberty, heavily guarded. A determined mob was organizing to lynch him.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.0?.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Rev. D. Y. Wyatt will preach at Six Mile Cumberland Presbyterian church the second Sabbath in September and Saturday before, instead of the third, only for this time.

We are just in receipt of a letter from Miss Tutwiler, who is still brim full of interest in the Industrial School. She, like we, is anxious for work to begin, and promises us the pleasure of another visit this month.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Cary, on last Wednesday, a girl.

Mrs. Rhodes returned to her home in Lauderdale, Miss., after a very pleasant visit to relatives here. Mrs. Rhodes is a sister of Mr. John Riggs, one of the most popular conductors on the Southern railroad.

Sam Harris brought in the largest ear of corn that we have seen lately. It measured fifteen inches, had eighteen rows, fifty-five grains to the row.

Prof. R. H. Pratt, of Six Mile, was in the city Monday.

We are very sorry to learn of the illness of Mrs. Dr. Tram[illegible] and trust that she will soon recover.

John McMath visited Birmingham last week.

Drs. J. S. Davis and B. B. Bogan attended the County Medical Association at Calera Tuesday.

One of our most popular young ladies presented us with a beautiful bouquet a few days since. It is useless to say that it was very highly appreciated.

Harrison Jackson, a miner at Aldrich, while shooting coal last Saturday was accidentally shot and is in a critical condition.

Monroe Prentice brought in a corn stalk Monday measuring sixteen feet.

Mr. James Little, of Bismarck, was in the city a few days since.

E. N. Cottingham, of Blocton, visited our city the latter part of last week.

Mr. Duran, of Calera, was in the city a few days since.

Prof. Pritchard, of Aldrich, was among the visitors last week.

Mr. Joe McMillan, of the firm of McMillan, Hazen & Co., of Knoxville, was in the city a few days since.

Prof. B. C. Williams, of Blocton, visited us last week.

Messrs. Mabry and Reynolds, of Blocton, spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. S. S. Dill, one of our old boys who has been working at Compton for some time, is at home on a visit to friends and relatives.

Messrs. Walton and Jerome Fuller, of Centreville, spent a few days in the city this week.

Messrs. H. C. Reynolds and Wm. Lyman attended the Shelby Baptist Association at Dennison last week.

Wm. Prentice's house caught on fire Saturday evening, but by timely aid little damage was done.

John W. Alexander preached at the Presbyterian church last Friday night.

Mr. Williamson, paying teller for the Berney National Bank of Birmingham, spent Sunday in our city.

Prof. B. F. Giles, of East Lake, was in the city a few days since.

W. L. North, of Birmingham, was in the city a few days since.

Prof. Joe Dill, of East Lake, was a pleasant visitor in our town last week, and we learn he will teach school here this winter. Prof. Dill is an excellent man and we welcome all such good citizens.

Misses Thomas, of Selma, are visiting Miss Daisy Canterberry.

Mr. H. Fox has opened a new store in the Lyman building.

Misses Bertie Allen and Lena North are spending this week with Miss Joana Farrington.

Messrs. J. I Self and son brought in the first bale of new cotton Monday and it was sold to H. C. & W. B. Reynolds for 8 cents per pound.

On Monday night a small select crowd of jolly young people from here enjoyed a lovely dance at Aldrich Hall. The only jar being the failure of the band to arrive This did not cause any delay, for soon one was formed among those in attendance, and on they went with the dreamy waltz until the midnight hours. Then all started on the lovely ride from there home, which in itself was far from unpleasant.

Those present were: Miss Kennedy with W. P. McConaughy; Miss Margaret Walker with F. E. Davis; Miss Sallie Walker with Nat Nabors; Miss Mattie Suttle with S. S. Allen; Miss Mary Kraell with W. Fuller; Miss Kate Kraell with — Fuller; Miss Ada Dill with C. T. Acker; Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Reynolds. Stags—A. J. Lee, W. Perry and W. Williams.

—o—

SOUTHSIDE JOKER.

Your correspondent has had some experience in the "editorial" line. Lately a certain Southside brother threatened to wipe up the earth with him because of something he had written about the said brother in the "News."

Burr Nabors is in Birmingham this week seeking work so the Brother Bummers say, and we hear he has asked to be released from the "club."

Two love sick young men "Cadet" and Son can be seen hanging around certain hours all kinds of nights, with their guitars singing love ditties.

The question was asked at a social gathering a few evenings since "why "Pleas West" was like a "prize fighter" in hard luck. One bright young Miss said it was because he got knocked out so often. "Answer correct."

"John Kroell," poor boy, is very much grieved because he has to leave next Wednesday for Cullman to attend school. He is afraid some one will cut him out of his girl during his absence.

John McMath has indeed retired from society. "John" said he was afraid some of Montevallo's pretty girls would have captured his heart if he had not withdrawn from their fascinating presence.

With much success to the News and its genial and obliging editor I am yours, "PETER PLUGUGLY.

Wouldn't It Be Funny

If "Son" would have his hair cut?

If "Brur" would have his shoes half-soled?

If Bob H. were to grow handsome?

If Rogan's horse should regain her eyesight?

If John Mc. should be used for a telegraph pole?

If Montevallo people would leave their dogs at home when they go to preaching?

If Lee would quit falling in love with every visiting girl who comes here?

If J. S. Davis would rush a Montevallo girl?

If "Louisa" would quit trying to play "bear"?

If Nat's wings would sprout?

If Burr Mc. would say his prayers?

If John D. could get his foot in a No. 11 shoe?

If "Major" would get an assistant to help run the "orphans home"?

If Sargent W. would pay his way as he goes?

If Walton would forget the road to Montevallo?

If our editors would always tell the truth?

If P. O. West had 30 cents?

If our boys and our girls wanted to go to the same place at the same time?

If a person could get up an entertainment here without riding a horse to death, wearing out three pair of shoes and begging people to go for a week?

If Ed Davis would quit making love to the girls?

If people would confine themselves to the truth?

If "Umbrella Charlie" got sunburned?

If all gossipers should sprout a mustache?

If Burr gets a job?

If we had a few more merchants?

If cotton would go to 10 cents?

If the grand jury should indict all the boys who go in bathing above the dam?

If everybody worked the road?

If we were as well satisfied with other people as we are with ourselves?

If work on the Industrial School building would start?

If all the kids would quit loafing around the stores.

If "Bill" could learn to dance?

If Barney could hit one dove in an hundred shots?

If a revenue officer would slip up on our "tiger"?

If "Bogardus" would treat the staff to lemonade?

If people buy second-hand clothing, when they can get good new ones at the same price?

If our fishermen should bring a few of those 25-pound cats home with them?

Valk in mine friend and see dose dead men's cloding.

If "Kitty" would quit sleeping with his "wheel"?

If the "bums" would go to work?

If W. P. M. would make a change occasionally?

If "Shorty" were to fool us?

If "Speckled Beauty" would quit giving the girls a chance to "run the hog over him"?

If "Fatty" would stay away from Calera?

If Montevallo merchants would advertise?

If "Jack" should lend his wheel?

If "crap shooting" should cease to be the rage with the colored bretheren?

CORRESPONDENCE.

NEWALA NEWS.

We are to have a lime kiln soon, to be erected by J. D. Hardy.

The L. & N. is to put up a passenger depot soon.

Mr. James Johnson died at his home near here on last Wednesday night. He has been a sufferer for many years.

Will Nabors returned to his home from Atlanta, Ga.

Dr. J. F. Curtis is somewhat of a cyclicist. He let one ride him twenty yards the other day.

A horse jumped from under Bruce Denson last Tuesday night and knocked his thumb out of place. He had to go to Six Mile to get it put in place. Says he had a big time while down.

—o—

CONCORD LOCALS.

For the correction of the past, and the benefit of our brother, we say: That the series of meetings held at Sessions Chapel was far beyond our comprehension. We learn that much and lasting good was accomplished at those services. Our brother should remember that "fool correspondence" are not so apt to comprehend as inspired men of God are.

Miss Minnie Applewhite, of Clanton, is visiting the Misses Garners of this place, this week.

Miss Laura Reynolds returned home from Jemison last Sunday after a very pleasant visit to her brother, L. H. Reynolds.

Miss Maggie Woolley, we are sorry to say, was quite sick the first of this week.

W. A. Parker was calling at one of our homes last Sunday. Will is a worthy young man and is, we believe, winning one of the brightest jewels that ever adorned a young man's home.

Kirk Sessions contempletes a lovely time Sunday. Look out, old boy, you know not what danger affronts you.

One of our boys wants to know the most direct route to Huckabee, Autauga county, Ala.

With best wishes to Montevallo's society.

SIDE BURNS.

MURDER AT CAREY & RANDALL'S KILN.

Sam Dack shoots a negro woman in the head while she is drawing a bucket of water, and afterwards elopes with another man's wife.

The exact cause of the shooting could not be learned.

The murderer escaped and has not been captured.

The negro woman, it is said, was drawing water a short way from home, just after dark, when Sam approached and without warning put a load of shot in her forehead, "vip"—killing her instantly.

At last accounts a posse was in hot persuit.

GRAND PICNIC OF KNIGHTS OF HONOR.

Hon. E. R. Adams, of Greenville, Grand Dictator K. of H. of Alabama, has accepted an invitation extended by Luckie Lodge of this place and Progressive Lodge of Aldrich, to make an address in Montevallo on Saturday, the 14th inst. It is proposed by these Lodges to have a picnic on that day, in the Industrial School Grove, in which the general public are invited to participate. Joint committees have been appointed to make the necessary preparations and provide entertainment. It is sincerely hoped that the good citizens of the town and community will interest themselves in the occasion, and help to make it a red-letter day for the Knights. In the general revival now going on in this great order these Lodges do not propose to lag. An institution which distributes over $300,000 every month among the widows and orphans of the land, as this is now doing, at small cost to individual members, deserves every encouragement.

Why can't the Masons at Aldrich and Montevallo join with the K. of H. and have a grand jubilee here on the 14th. Such occasions are the life of orders of that kind and will be greatly enjoyed by all. "Let us live while we live."

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.

Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. H. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased. 4t

Daughter of General Longstreet.

The only daughter of Gen. Longstreet, the famous Confederate leader, was married at Atlanta, Ga., at St. Phillip's Cathedral deanery. The wedding had a tinge of romance in being a surprise to the friends of the young lady. Prof. J. Whelchel, a well-known educator, and Miss Lula Longstreet came to the city from Gainesville, their home, and without disclosing to their friends their purpose, went direct to St. Phillip's and were married Wednesday afternoon. Miss Longstreet has been the companion of her father on his trip north.

Resolutions of Respect.

HALL CENTRAL LODGE, No. 70,
A. F. & A. M.
Montevallo, Ala., Aug. 31, '95.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Bretheren of Central Lodge, No. 70, A. F. & A. M.:

We, the undersigned, your committee appointed to draft resolutions on the death of Brother Thomas B. McClusky, beg leave to report the following:

The Grand Master of the universe, who holds the lives and destinies of all men in the hollow of his hands, who doeth all things well, to whose divine will we must all humbly bow with faithful trust in his divine wisdom and justice, has seen fit to take from the cares of this life our well beloved friend and brother, Thomas B. McClusky, who for many years was a faithful and zealous member of this lodge, serving the same as a worthy member, and as an honored Worshipful Master, and who by his noble qualities of head and heart greatly endeared himself to all the craft with whom he came in contact, both as a man and as a Mason; as a Mason, as being true to all the laws and traditions of the order, as a man, as being kind, charitable, sympathetic and refined, thoughtful and honest in all of his dealings with men and Masons;

Therefore be it resolved, That in the death of Brother McClusky the craft has lost a devoted member and the country an honest and loyal citizen; while we deeply deplore his death and loss, we would bow in humble submission to the will of him who is too wise to err, too merciful to be unjust in any of his dealings with his children;

That to the heart-stricken members of his family we tender our sincere sympathy and pray God that he may sustain them in this their great bereavement and affliction;

That a copy of these resolutions be published in the Montevallo News and a copy be sent to the family of the deceased, and that the same be recorded on the minutes of this lodge.

J. H. REYNOLDS,
J. A. MOOKE,
G. G. WEST,
} Committee.

Earthquake—Rude Awakening.

About 6 o'clock Sunday morning the people along the coast of New York, New Jersey and Deleware and at many places in Pennsylvania were aroused by an earthquake. In some places three distinct vibrations were felt within a few seconds. The shocks were of such violence as to awaken people from their morning slumbers, in some instances, displacing furniture and throwing articles down from mantles and shelves. The vibrations were accompanied by a rumbling sound like that of heavy wagons running over a paved street. At several places houses swayed enough to crack the window glass, and residents ran out into the streets for safety.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....
No. 74§	**No. 72†**			**No. 73†**	**No. 75§**
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar		6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...		5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....		3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv		1.15pm	3.00pm
No. 60*	**No. 168†**			**No. 61***	**No. 169†**
4.45am	4.00am	lv...Meridian...ar		10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York		9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....		8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv		7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv		6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar		6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....		4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....		3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	....Columbiana...		3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	...Childersburg..		3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....		2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	..... Oxford.....		1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	....Anniston....		1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...		1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....		12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....		12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..		11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....		11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv		7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.10	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.08	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Brought to His Senses.

There is a sequel to the story which came from High Shoals, Ga., of William Haygood, who lost his speech while cursing God and religion. After forty-eight hours of dumbness his speech come back. All day Monday and Tuesday Haygood prayed asking forgiveness. The crowds at the big revival prayed for him. At Wednesday night's meeting he suddenly rose from his knees and began to talk. The congregation was amazed. The first words he uttered were a profession of religion. Then he said he had been forgiven his great sin. The entire community is greatly stirred up over the affair. Haygood says he will devote the rest of his life to preaching the gospel.

The Colorado Mine Horror.

The list of those supposed to be dead in the mines near Central City, Col., numbers sixteen. William Prisk was rescued alive. Ten are known to be dead in 200 feet of water; four poss bly in the tunnel. It is comparatively dry, but water having cut off ventilation gases will kill the imprisoned men. Volunteers Friday morning are trying to force their way to where the entombed miners are supposed to be.

The accident was due to carelessness. The danger was known, but neither of the mines where the men lost their lives had pumping apparatus, and when the water rushed in on them it rose fully 10 feet per second and the wretched men literally sank out of sight.

Fatal Boiler Explosion.

A boiler explosion at the oar factory at Warsaw, Ind., Thursday killed instantly Quincy Nebruner, the fireman, and Jas. Hoffman, a teamster, who was driving along the street by the building at the time of the explosion.

Eggs for Hatching.

From Light Brahmas, Barred Plymouth Rocks and Cornish Indian Games. All of our stock direct from best breeders in the United States. Good hatch guaranteed. Also one 200 egg incubator and breeder for sale, now in successful operation. Visitors welcome.

E. T. PETER,
tf Montevallo, Ala.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

☞Special attention given to orders.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Spring Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

There are two ways to feel rich. One way is to get money; the other is to estimate the gauds of life at their actual value.

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. ☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

The Words of a Famous Mission Worker.

Perhaps no man in Atlanta is better and more favorably known than Mr. John F. Barclay. He for a long time has been a sufferer from indigestion and dyspepsia. This is what he says:

"Atlanta, Ga., January 23, 1895.—Dr. C. O. Tyner: Having used Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy for several years in my family I gladly add my testimony to what has already been said in its praise. Without any exception I think it is the finest remedy on the market and nothing would induce me to do without it. "JNO. F. BARCLAY."

Tobacco-Twisted Nerves.

Millions of men keep asking for stimulants because the nervous system is constantly irritated by nicotine poison. Chewing or smoking destroys manhood and nerve power. It's not a habit, but a disease, and you will find a guaranteed cure in No-To-Bac, sold by Druggists everywhere. Book free. The Sterling Remedy Co., New York City or Chicago.

Keeps You Poor.

Indigestion keeps men poor. It muddles the clearest brain. You think it is something else, but—nine times in ten—the trouble is in the digestive tract. One Ripans Tabule gives relief, and their occasional use keeps you right. Ask your druggist for them.

Notice.

I want every man and woman in the United States interested in the Opium and Whisky habits to have one of my books on these diseases. Address B. M. Woolley, Atlanta, Ga., Box 381, and one will be sent you free.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We have not been without Piso's Cure for Consumption for 20 years.—LIZZIE FERREL Camp St., Harrisburg, Pa., May 4, '94.

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Tired Women

Nervous, weak and all worn out—will find in purified blood, made rich and healthy by Hood's Sarsaparilla, permanent relief and strength. Get Hood's because

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

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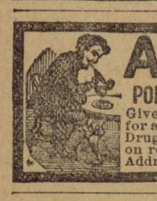

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AM. N. U. No. 36, 1895.

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FARM AND GARDEN

RICE AS A POULTRY AND STOCK FOOD.

Rice is attracting attention as a food for stock and poultry. There is a large amount of badly cleaned and broken rice which might be very profitably thus employed.—New York World.

AMERICAN IRISES.

American irises do not seem to have received the attention from cultivators that they deserve. It is doubtful if there be at this time a complete collection even of the different species in any one garden, while there are, no doubt, good varieties which have never been cultivated, and probably not even collected for herbariums. Again, there are varieties which have only a local reputation, and which have not been generally distributed. I have found a number of varieties of this kind; some of these are not yet flowered here. Some of our irises are most difficult to establish, and it will task the skill of an Eastern grower to flower some of the West Coast species, which resent removal and naturally are at rest during our summer season.—Garden and Forest.

POISONING THE CUTWORMS.

We notice in one of our agricultural contemporaries a statement to the effect that "a prominent entomologist (fortunately name not given) proposes placing a tablespoonful of sweetened bran mash containing poison by the side of each hill of corn" for the purpose of poisoning cutworms. We doubt very much if any prominent or other entomologist has or could be induced to recommend such an absurd thing, because all of the dozen or more species of the cutworm feed entirely on green and succulent plants, and would be no more inclined to eat bran mash than smoke a cigarette. A man who should set out such a tempting poisoned dish for wild birds and domestic fowls might find himself amenable to laws enacted for the express purpose of preventing stupid and vicious persons from placing poisons in exposed positions on their grounds or elsewhere.—New York Sun.

OLD STONE WALLS.

When the country was new many farmers put as much stone as they could into walls for their fences. These were deemed much more important then than they are now. However great the satisfaction when the wall was built in thinking that it was a fence forever, the time has come in many places where the stone wall is a nuisance. Its material is all there, but the work of relaying it and of keeping it in repair is greater than the interest on cost of most fences. Besides, the stone wall is a harbor for weeds, and it often is a refuge for skunks, weasels and other farm vermin. On most farms the best use of the old stone walls is to build basements for barns or cellar walls, or in the underdrains. Good drains can be made from stone alone, or after laying the tile a layer of stone may be placed above them, coming to within a foot or so from the surface, so the stone will not likely be ever in the way of the plow.—Boston Cultivator.

HARVESTING AND MARKETING GRAPES.

Picking, packing and marketing should be done systematically; careless pickers or packers cannot be tolerated. In Western New York a bushel tray or box is used almost exclusively for picking. This is too cumbersome and requires both hands in moving it. We use a shallow half bushel box, or basket, which is readily handled with one hand. A good picker will gather from 1200 to 1500 pounds per day without dropping or crushing any, and a good packer will pack 100 to 125 baskets and get them full enough so they will open up smooth and level on top with no stems in sight, but not so full as to crush the fruit in putting on the cover. Pick grapes at least twenty-four hours before they are packed. If picked and packed at once, they settle so the basket is only two-thirds full when it reaches the consumer.

Plan the harvest work so that full loads can be hauled to the depot each day. If the roads are good, as they should be, 400 or 500 baskets can be as readily drawn as half that number. Have the packing house cool and airy, with room and conveniences for the packers to work to the best advantage. If you ship to a commission house, don't listen to every drummer that comes along, but select two or three reliable firms and give them your fruit exclusively. The plan of forming all growers into a co-operative union has not proved a success here. A better plan is for several growers who can work harmoniously to load their own cars and ship or sell in carlots.—American Agriculturist.

TREATMENT OF SHEEP SCAB.

The Australian sulphur and lime dip is made as follows: Take of flowers of sulphur 100 pounds, quicklime 150 pounds, water 100 gallons. Mix and stir, while boiling, for ten minutes, until the mixture assumes a bright red color, then add three gallons of water. Hold the sheep in the mixture until the scabs are thoroughly soaked. Immerse the head at least once. Use the dip at 100 to 110 degrees.

In various sections of the United States the following proportions are used:

Texas and New Mexico—Thirty pounds of tobacco, seven pounds of sulphur, three pounds concentrated lye, 100 gallons of water.

Nevada—Sulphur ten pounds, lime twenty pounds, water sixty gallons.

California—Sulphur four pounds, lime one pound, water enough to make four gallons.

Kansas—Sulphur twenty-two pounds, lime seven pounds, water 100 gallons.

Sulphur and lime are probably the cheapest recipe, but the lime is apt to injure the stable. Tobacco and sulphur form the best combination known for the treatment of scab. To every 100 gallons of water there should be used thirty-five pounds of good strong tobacco (if stems or other inferior parts are used there should be more), and ten pounds of flower of sulphur. This should be used at a temperature of 120 degrees, and will leave the wool in a healthy condition, while killing every sort of parasite. Where tobacco is used, care should be taken to keep the wash out of the eyes, nostrils and mouth of the sheep. To insure success, dip again within ten days or two weeks, so as to catch the larvæ which may have hatched out.—American Farmer.

FERNS IN THE GARDEN.

If one has a shady place, with good soil, ferns may be successfully raised in the garden, but it is the extreme of folly to attempt to grow them in the glare of sunlight or in dry or hard earth. Neither should they be grown under large trees, unles they can be placed some distance from the roots, as the trees absorb most of the good from the soil, and the ferns would starve to death or grow thin and ragged. Deep, rich and loamy soil is best for ferns, and even this should be removed in part, and its place supplied by the black earth from the bottom land where ferns flourish most luxuriantly. One can go to any swamp and take up and bring home ferns enough to make a beautiful bed, with very little trouble. Always select small plants, and lift them with plenty of earth attached to them, water them thoroughly for a number of days, and never allow them to become parched. If the ground gets dry, they can be kept in good condition by covering the roots with rotted wood or the sweepings from the lawn, taken up after the lawn mower is used; but the best of all is decayed wood from the forests. Some day when you go out to drive, put a couple of bags in the carriage, and when you pass through some piece of thick woodland stop and gather your bags full of scraps from the trunk of some decayed tree. In the absence of these, pieces of board or sticks of any kind are a tolerable substitute, or bricks or stones may be laid around among the plants. This will keep the earth moist, and do much to promote the health and vigor of the ferns.

One may buy green-house ferns in the spring and put them out, and derive great pleasure from them all summer. Many of them will not live out through the winter; some of them may, but they can be removed at small cost, and the little expense is well worth while.—New York Ledger.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Hold fast to your mutton sheep.

Linseed meal is excellent food for the colt.

Solitary confinement in a dark stable will make a horse vicious.

See that the collars fit the shoulders and that the hames fit the collars.

Usually the swine pasture should be larger than is the case on many farms.

Pawing is often caused by indigestion, worms, constipation or disordered kidneys.

You are feeding your hens too much. They are too fat. That's why they don't lay any more.

A good sheep is a good friend to the farmer. Do not abuse him even though he is not on top just now.

A lean hen seldom wants to sit, while a fat one generally does. Moral: Don't feed your hens too much in warm weather.

It is an excellent plan to treat hydrangeas with liquid manure till the blossoms appear. It should then be discontinued, abundance of water being given.

If the dry weather affects the lawn, leave the grass a little longer; its shade will do something for the protection of the roots, that otherwise might parch and dry.

A hog should be kept for every cow on the average farm, provided there are at least two acres in the farm for each hog kept. Piggy needs room, so do cows, horses, sheep and poultry.

One point in favor of sheep is that a moderate-sized flock can be kept on very many farms with but little cost; sometimes with actual direct advantage to the farm aside from the money return for wool or mutton.

If your pasturage is short, feed corn-fodder and help out the corn with some fall pasturage, barley, for instance, or winter rye. Sow these now where the earlier grains have been taken off and you will get well paid.

TRUMPET CALLS.

Ram's Horn Sounds a Warning Note to the Unredeemed.

WHEREVER the cross is Christ is.

Nothing pulls toward heaven like a good example.

No life can be a failure when God directs it.

Whoever loves God loves light.

A little religion is hard to keep.

Sin always feels the safest in the dark.

Humility dies the moment it looks in the glass.

When God measures men the standard is Christ.

The devil gets many a boy by getting his father first.

When gossips meet, the devil can sit down and rest.

The man who hates light will run from a shadow.

Babes in Christ should never be fed on watered milk.

The devil has some very good friends who belong to church.

The man who lives for Christ knows that Christ died for him.

A city's righteous men are a better safeguard than its police.

Don't be a saint in church and a heathen on the street car.

The wise man can learn something from the mistakes of a fool.

The man of faith is never in a hurry for God to explain himself.

A Christian stops growing as soon as he begins to measure himself.

There is a good deal of laziness that goes by the name of sickness.

If angels had to live with some men there would be more fallen ones.

Do as much good as you can and God will see to it that you do enough.

In nine cases out of ten the man who has riches paid too much for them.

Isn't it strange that the man who can drink or let it alone never does.

The first step toward heaven is taken when the heart says good-by to sin.

When Adam left Eden, an angel went before him, whose name was Hope.

The devil has to keep busy to hold his own in the home of a praying mother.

Give a lie one day the start and truth will have to chase it around the world.

Many a prayer for a revival has failed because the preacher didn't want it.

If the sun never went down there are some crimes that would not be committed.

If there is any dog in a man it is sure to growl when his food is not to his taste.

Th devil stands the best chance between a bright saloon and a dreary home.

Many a man whose prayers are too long sells goods by a measure that is too short.

Many a man will fight for his creed, who never has a word of encouragement for his wife.

Plant a good man anywhere in this world, and the devil will immediately begin walking up and down in that neighborhood.

Something is the matter with the preaching when the devil can sell liquor enough to ruin a town in sight of a church steeple.

Story of a California Pioneer.

At a recent gathering of California pioneers at Baltimore, one of the best stories was told by the secretary of the association, John L. Stieff. He compared the "spread" before them with the pork and beans which were served in the mining camps twenty-one times a week, year in and year out, and said the absence of women in California had taught him how to appreciate them. Nearly all the time he was there he had to do all his own cooking, washing and mending. Part of the time he was in California he was merchandising and getting such prices as these for goods: Long shovels, $16; checkered shirts, $3 each; long boots, $32 a pair; copies of the Baltimore Sun, any date, $1 each; flour, 50 cents a pound, and picks, $16 each. A "stiff" drink of whisky was worth about $8.

Lucky Miners in the West.

The days of "striking it rich" in the mines of the West are by no means over, though with the big prospecting and developing companies in every promising field the chances are perhaps slimmer than in the old days. Four men in the Slocan district, Washington, who have been working on a tunnel for over a year, following a streak of ore, and not making enough to pay their meager board, last week struck a four-foot body of solid silver ore that runs 375 ounces to the ton, which has made their prospect hole worth at least $100,000.

Cigarettes and Crime.

A cigarette smoker need not necessarily be a criminal, but the experience of the police in charge of the station houses goes to show that nearly all criminals are cigarette smokers. As a rule the first thing that a criminal asks for after being locked up is a package of cigarettes.—Louisville Commercial.

Zanzibarian Slavery.

The British agent at Zanzibar reports that slavery in the protectorate can be stopped only by maintaining an efficient coast guard, which would cost £35,000 a year, while to free the slaves now held as such would cost £200,000.

A marriage is more prosaic and dull than an engagement, because there is no flattery in it.

Lime-Burning Industry.

One of the most interesting, but comparatively little known industries, though its product reaches the most widely separated parts of the country, is the lime burning of Rockland, Me., where the quarries extend north and south for about two miles. The kilns for burning the lime extend about that distance, and are from twenty-eight to thirty-six feet high, built of stone, and lined inside with firebrick, eight feet being the usual diameter; at the lower end they are hopper-shaped, with an iron door at the lower end of the hopper, and generally there are three flues on each side of the kiln, just above the hopper. To charge a kiln a cord or more of wood is first placed in the bottom, and then the lime rock is thrown in from the top until the kiln is full, the fires being lighted in the flues, which are kept continually full of wood; the heat expels the carbonic acid from the rock, leaving the lime. Every six hours the lime, which continually falls down into the hopper, is drawn out through the iron door by means of long iron rods bent into a hook at the end, and is immediately put into casks and headed up ready for shipment. The kilns are kept running day and night, Sundays as well as week days, from February till December, the work being arduous and the confinement long and continuous. It takes about six men to a kiln; a kiln on the average will burn 20,000 casks of lime a year, and one cord of wood will burn twenty casks of lime.

A Cure For Grumbling.

"Not long ago," writes one of our friends, "I went for a walk, feeling rather a martyr, because a new boot hurt me. I had not gone more than a hundred yards when I saw a boy in a sort of a box on wheels, who had no feet. On another occasion I felt the most ill-used person in the universe, because a slight accident had disabled my right hand for a day or two. Taking another walk through crowded streets, I met one man with a leg deficient, another without the usual number of arms, a blind woman, a girl with her face horribly disfigured, two deaf and dumb men talking the sign language, an old man with a 'church-yard cough,' two funerals, and a van full of prisoners going to be tried. Having passed these, and then come to a place where I was confronted by a lunatic asylum and a work house, it occurred to me that instead of grumbling, I should be very thankful that I was not as badly off as thousands of more deserving people."—Quiver.

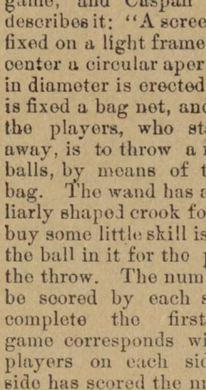
A New Lawn Game.

Tema is the name of a new English lawn game, and Caspan W. Whitney thus describes it: "A screen of wood or canvas fixed on a light frame and having in the center a circular aperture eighteen inches in diameter is erected. Behind the hole is fixed a bag net, and the main object of the players, who stand some distance away, is to throw a number of colored balls, by means of the wand, into this bag. The wand has at one end a peculiarly shaped crook for holding the ball, buy some little skill is necessary to retain the ball in it for the purpose of making the throw. The number of 'pot balls' to be scored by each side before it can complete the first stage of the game corresponds with the number of players on each side. When either side has scored the number of 'pot balls' agreed upon it enters upon the second stage, and it at once obtains a single 'zoned ball.' Whichever side then first succeeds in scoring its 'zoned ball' wins the game. As a matter of fact, there is nothing new about this game at all, except the name and a few changes. Indeed, it is extremely old, being nothing more or less than a modified Japanese polo without the horses. There is nothing new under the sun—that's old, but trustworthy."—[St. Louis Star-Sayings.

Potatoes are one cent a pound at Salem, Oregon.

One of the largest pearl fishing grounds in the world is in the Gulf of California.

The Onward March



of Consumption is stopped short by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. If you haven't waited beyond reason, there's complete recovery and cure.

Although by many believed to be incurable, there is the evidence of hundreds of living witnesses to the fact that, in all its earlier stages, consumption is a curable disease. Not every case, but *a large percentage of cases*, and we believe, **fully 98 per cent.** are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, even after the disease has progressed so far as to induce repeated bleedings from the lungs, severe lingering cough with copious expectoration (including tubercular matter), great loss of flesh and extreme emaciation and weakness.

A PARALYTIC CURED.

His Grandfather, a Revolutionary Soldier, and His Father Both Died of Paralysis, Yet the Third Generation is Cured---The Method.

From the Herald, Boston, Mass.

Like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, a stroke of paralysis came to Mr. Frank T. Ware, the well known Boston auctioneer and appraiser, at 235 Washington street. He went to bed one night about six years ago, seemingly in robust health. When he awoke his left side was stiffened by the deadening of the nerves.

The interviewer sought out Mr. Ware to get the facts. He gave the interesting particulars in his own way:

"The first shock came very suddenly while I was asleep, but it was not lasting it its effects, and in a few weeks I was able to be about. A few months after, when exhausted by work and drenched with rain, I went home in a very nervous state. The result was a second and more severe shock, after which my left arm and leg were practically helpless.

"My grandfather, who was a soldier in the Revolutionary War, and lost an arm in the struggle for American independence, died finally of paralysis. My father also died of paralysis, although it was complicated with other troubles, and so I had some knowledge of the fatal character of the disease which is hereditary in our family. After the second shock I took warning, for, in all probability, a third would carry me off.

"Almost everything under the sun was recommended to me and I tried all the remedies that seemed likely to do any good, electricity, massage and specialists, but to no effect.

"The only thing I found that helped me was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and I verily believe that if it hadn't been for those pills I would have been dead years ago.

"Yes, I still have a slight reminder of the last attack six years ago. My left arm is not as strong as the other and my left foot drags a little, as the paralysis had the effect of deadening the nerves. But I can still walk a good distance, talk as easily as ever, and my general health is splendid. I am really over seventy years old, although I am generally taken to be twenty years younger than that.

"The Pink Pills kept my blood in good condition and I believe that is why I am so well, although cheerfulness may help.

"I have thought of it a great many times and I honestly believe that the Pink Pills have saved my life."

Mr. Ware has every appearance of a perfectly healthy man, and arrives at his office promptly at eight o'clock every morning, although he has reached an age when many retire from active life. His experience is well known to a great many people in Boston, where his constant cheerfulness has won him hosts of friends. He says that in his opinion both his father and his grandfather could have been saved if Pink Pills had been obtainable at that time.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People contain all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They may be had of all druggists or direct by mail from the Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y., at 50 cents per box, or six boxes for $2.50.

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ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR,

By J. Hamilton Ayers, A. M., M.D.

This is a most Valuable Book for the Household, teaching as it does the easily-distinguished Symptoms of different Diseases, the Causes and Means of Preventing such Diseases, and the Simplest Remedies which will alleviate or cure.

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COMPLETE INDEX.

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MONTEVALLO NEWS

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., SEPTEMBER 12, 1895. NO. 24.

Love's Aftermath.

Not here, but there,
Not near nor far;
No night time then,
Nor moon nor star—
No meeting smile to turn to sigh
And breathe its bitter wail—Good-bye!

Not here—not here,
Too dim, too sad
This doubting world—
Yet there—all glad!
The loving eyes earth's shadows veiled—
The tender clasp, we deemed had failed.

Some voice—perhaps
Loved—lost—regained
Will thrill us there
With love unfeigned.
But how we know not, all is rest,
They are our own—God's ways are best.

That one we loved.
Perhaps too well,
Can love, love so?
We cannot tell—
That one, in God's sweet holy place
Will meet us then, and face to face!

The loved caress,
The old, dear smile—
God's Ever for
Earth's little while!
The mists of pain all passed away;
All lost in that long, loving day!

—Good Words.

THE ARTIST'S COTTAGE.

BY HENRY S. BROOKS.

I have lived all my life in seaport a little town on our north coast. Father was a clergyman, pastor of the First Congregational Church. Never was there a more faithful man and never had spinster a more devoted helpmate. There was a residence attached to the church which was called the parsonage, and there we lived until father and mother died.

There were three of us children, my sister Phœbe and I and Edmund, our brother. I was the oldest, Edmund, or Ned, as everybody called him, the youngest. He was a handsome, gallant boy. We all pinched ourselves dreadfully to get him through college but we were all so proud of him and so hopeful of his future that our little sacrifices never appeared to us in the light of self denial.

We never could understand why Edmund, with all his college education, never could find profitable occupation; but it is certain that he never did. He was a high spirited, generous boy, always full of the fortune he was going to make for the family, and particularly for the manner in which we boys were to be arrayed when his ship came home: but because of his inability to find suitable occupation, he drifted into bad company, and one day he shipped before the mast, and that was the last we heard of him for many years. That broke mother's heart; she was never very strong, and the very first winter following we buried her.

I can scarcely remember when it was that we girls first took seriously to painting. We were, both of us, somewhat gifted that way. One summer a poor artist, of all men, took refuge with us! He was a man of exceptional talent, who afterwards made a great name, He soon detected some of our crude efforts, and to our surprise praised them. He insisted upon taking us with him and made us work by his side, out of doors, from nature, constantly. I developed what he termed "a remarkable gift of color," and Phœbe took to animal painting in emulation of Rosa Bonheur! His encouragement and example kindled our ambition and the hope of achieving some sort of pecuniary independence nerved us to perseverance. Before the artist left he painted us a picture. After he became famous we learned that it was very valuable. Phœbe and I still own it. We would not part with it on any account.

When father died it became a serious problem how we should make a living. We could not continue to occupy the parsonage, of course. Poor as the living was, there were many ready and eager to obtain it. Still, it had seemed like ours, and we never realized how absolutely destitute and homeless we were until called upon to surrender it. We had been painting and decorating a little for the Decorative Art Association, or "Woman's Exchange," as some people call it. The remuneration we received was very trifling. After leaving the parsonage we rented a couple of rooms at the extreme north end of the town, near the beach, and there we began to paint small studies of landscape and marimes, Phoebe sometimes indulging in animal painting, for which she had a passion, but which appeared to us both like dissipation, because no one could be induced to buy our pictures. The landscapes and sea bits we placed in the book stores for sale to the summer visitors at prices varying from $2.50 to $10. When we received $10, which was very rarely indeed, we felt that we were on the high road to wealth.

Three years after ors father's death we were still very poor, but we had saved a trifling sum and felt safe unless sickness or some extraordinary misfortune should overtake us. One evening Phœbe was reading the paper aloud when she stumbled upon a paragraph announcing the extraordinary success of Sidney Herbert, our poor artist friend in New York. He was now rich and famous, it appeared, and a member of the Academy. "Why not write to him," said I, "and send some of our best works. You have three or tour excellent animal pieces, and we can both send two or three marines and landscapes. He was always very kind and grateful to us and perhaps might do us a good turn. I am perfectly certain that our work is worth ten times the price we are receiving here, but we can never do better unless we are so fortunate as to be appreciated at some great art center." That was the first daring suggestion. It was long before we could gather courage sufficient to carry it into execution. Finally we forwarded six pictures to Mr. Sidney Herbert, accompanied by a long letter, telling him of the death of dear father and mother, and the sad fate of poor Edmund. We requested him to sell the pictures for us, if possible, at the best price attainable, telling him at the same time the poor prices we received at home, and our modest confidence that we ought to realize something more for our conscientious work.

It was a month before we received any reply, and we had almost given up all hope of ever hearing from Sidney Herbert. "Why should an academician care to interest himself in the fate of two poor women?" we said again and again; when one afternoon we received a letter bearing the New York postmark, which for a long time we had not the courage to open. Then Pheobe, with trembling hand, extracted the letter from the envelope, and, on opening it, a check fell to the ground, folded. I am constitutionally a coward, but I was the first to seize that check, and unfold it. It was for $900. Nine hundred dollars, think of it, for two poor women, who had been glad to get ten dollars apiece for conscientious efforts! But the letter! Blessed be the name of Sidney Herbert, and of the august academicians forever! A large number of them had passed judgment upon our work, he said, good, critical, intelligent judgment, calculated not only to help but to encourage us. The picture dealers, whose names he inclosed, would gladly receive our work, he wrote, and we could rely absolutely upon their integrity and best efforts in our behalf.

That was the foundation of our pretty "Artist's Cottage." We do not call it the Artist's Cottage; it was our townspeople, who are now very proud of us. They cannot afford to buy any more of our pictures, but much of our early work is still here, not to be bought at any price—so at least they declare.

Edmund returned about two years ago, his dreams of fortune faded, but he is still the same dear bright enthusiast. He has settled down to the study of law, and living with us our happiness is complete—New York Advertiser.

Remembered Lafayette.

A woman who well remembered Lafayette died in Portland, Oregon, recently. Her name was Mrs. Ann C. Rhonimus, her maiden name Dever, and she was born in Fredericktown, Md., a little more than ninety years ago. She had an excellent memory, which was sound until near her death, and she often told of seeing Gen. Lafayette talk with his old soldiers, and of his affectionate manner toward them.—New York Sun.

The British flag floats over 13,000,000 tons of shipping out of 24,500,000 throughout the whole world.

Handling Boa Constrictors.

Snake dealers in South America have a fine contempt for their squirming and venomous wares, though it is sometimes difficult to induce ship captains to carry them as freight. The snake dealers handle the boa constrictor with great deftness. This serpent bites, but his bite is not venomous, so that the chief danger to the handler, is from the serpent's enormously powerful muscles. The dealers have learned that the boa, to be really dangerous, must have a fulcrum in the shape of something around which he may coil his tail.

The boar is, in fact, a lever in which the ordinary arrangement is power, weight, fulcrum. Knowing this, the dealers drop a soft hat over his head, that he may neither see nor bite, and then snatch him so suddenly from his resting place that he has no opportunity to brace himself by seizing a fixed object with his tail. After that the essential thing is to see that he is not brought within distance of any such object.

A snake dealer on board a Brazilian steamer the other day was occupied in transferring his boas from one box to another. He opened the box an instant, dropped a hat over the head of one of the creatures, snatched it from its fellows, and, rushing across the deck, dropped it into the other box. The thing looked so easy that a deck hand, waitng until the snake owner's back was turned, essayed to repeat the act. He neglected to use the hat, and with a yell yanked a great snake from the box with his fangs fixed in his fingers. Not daring to let go, yet fearing to hold on, he began whirling the snake about his head, meanwhile dancing madly over the deck. The snake man managed to capture the reptile and box it in security. Then somebody expressed concern for the rash deck hand, to which the snake owner answered:

"What, him? He's all right. But think of my snake! It's worth twenty of that mug!—New York Sun.

Do Fish Feed at Night?

Apropos of a discussion of this question in the sporting press, Outing says:

"Do fish feed at night? Well, well—do fish swim? Country boys, how about the big fire beside the water? How about the boy who got first to the big boom and so secured the boss place? How about the spiky-finned channel cats and mud cats that come up two at a time; the goggle eyed rock bass, special prizes; the hideous 'mud puppies' which at once went into the fire along with a yard of line? How about the night lines? How about everything connected with the sport that used to be better and better as midnight approached, till the glorious fun and occasional profanity was interrupted by the sound of the 'old man' falling foul of a wire fence, or breaking a gad from the plum tree up the bank? Do fish feed at night? I dunno—they used to?

A Curious Ceremony.

A curious ceremony was witnessed in the parish court house of St. Andrew's, Holborn, London recently. Eleven of twenty-three candidates received a reward of $50 each for faithful service to their masters and mistresses. The servants' fidelity competition was originated by one Isaac Duckett, who died in 1620 and left by will $10,000 for the encouragement of faithfulness among domestics. The will provides that they must have lived at least seven years with the same master or mistress in order to be eligible. The awards range from $25 to $200. The first distribution was made in 1629.

Mortal Foe of Potato Bugs.

A farmer of Prince Edward's Island tells a local paper that a mortal foe of the potato bug has appeared in his great field of potatoes and cleaned the bugs out in short order. It is an insect resembling the ant, with a great taste for bugs, and an insatiate appetite. In two days the crop was entirely rid of the bugs. That insect ought to be cultivated and introduced to the various portions of the United States. The potato bug is one of the worst of agricultural pests at present.

The clocks in this country are estimated to number 14,000,000.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electricity is now employed in the bleaching of all textile fibres.

When flying at its highest speed the house fly makes 600 strokes of its wings per second and the dragon fly 11,500.

Volcanic action has been observed in in lake Superior some sixty miles west of Sault Ste. Marie. A part of the shore that was under water has been upheaved in the form of ridges.

Another egg of the great auk has been sold in London. It was found in Iceland sixty-five years ago, came into Baron d'Hamonville's collection, and, as it is slightly cracked, brought $825.

Professor A. E. Wright says it is beginning to be understood that all our ideas of color can be explained by the assumption of three pairs of contrasting colors—white and black, red and green, and blue and yellow.

A guage to determine the age of horses has been invented. The apparatus consists of a steel plate having a tappered body portion, one of its longitudinal edges being marked by lines and figures, and it is said that the approximate age of a horse can be determined by applying the scale to its teeth.

Judging from a test made in Berlin the other day, the dwellers in large cities must swallow and breathe millions of tons of soot and other filth every year. The soot which comes out of the chimney of a single sugar refinery was gathered and weighed during six days merely—it weighed 6,800 pounds.

It is not true that flies are enabled to walk on the ceiling by means of sucking disks. Each of the six feet is provided with a pair of little cushions and two hooks. The cushions are covered with hairs which are kept moist by a secretion, causing them to adhere to a smooth service. The hooks help the insects to walk over rough surfaces.

Sir John Lubbock has recently made some studies of the alimentary habits of spiders. Selected specimens were weighed before and after a full meal, with the result of learning that if a man were to absorb the quantity of food proportionate to his weight consumed by a spider, he would devour two whole oxen, thirteen sheep, a dozen hogs, and four barrels of fish.

Meerchaum Mining.

Meerchaum is extracted in the same way as coal. Pits from twenty-five feet to 125 feet are dug, and as soon as the vein is struck, horizontal galleries, sometimes of considerable length, are made, but more than two galleries are seldom to be found in one pit. The stone, as extracted, is called "ham-tash" (rough block), and is soft enough to be easily cut with a knife. It is white, with a yellowish tint, and is covered with a red clayey soil of about one inch thick. In this state the blocks are purchased by dealers on the spot, not by weight nor by measurement, but according to approximate quantity, either per load of three sacks or per cart-load, the price varying from $25 to $150 per load, according to quality. These rough blocks are dried and subjected to certain preparation before being conveyed to Eski-Shehir. Some of them are as small as a walnut, while others attain the size of a cubic foot. Those who combine regularity of surface and size are the best. The manipulation required before they are ready for exportation is long and costly. The clayey soil attached is removed, and the meerschaum dried. In summer exposure for five or six days to the sun's rays suffices, but in winter a room heated to the required temperature is required and the drying process takes eight or ten days. When well dried the blocks are well cleaned and polished; then they are sorted into about twelve classes, each class being packed with great care in separate cases, and each block being wrapped in cotton wool.—Engineering and Mining Journal.

A red sunset fortells dry weather, because it indicates that the air towards the west, from which quarter rain may generally be expected, contains little moisture.

Early Fire Implements.

Undoubtedly the first fire company organized in this country was formed in New York in 1658. It was called the Prowlers, and was composed of eight men with two hundred and fifty buckets, hooks and small ladders. Where the buckets were obtained, and whether or not they were in addition to those owned by the town, the records fail to state. In 1679 Salem purchased two or three dozen cedar buckets, besides hooks and other implements; also the selectmen and two others were authorized to take command at fires, and to blow up and pull down buildings when such action was necessary. This practice appears to have been much more common before the use of engines than afterward. Boston, on September 9, 1679, ordered that every quarter of the town should be provided with twenty swobes, two scoopes, and six axes. The swobes or swabs as they are now called, were long-handled mops that could be used to put out roof fires. The general use of swabs has long since disappeared, but when a slight blaze is beyond the reach of a pail of water and more improved apparatus is not at hand, a long-handled mop is today the most efficient article to be used. In Japan these swabs may be seen on many roof tops.

In 1690 New York ordered that five ladders and also hooks be made. In Philadelphia no mention is made of public precaution against fire until 1696, when a law was passed forbidding the firing of chimneys or allowing the same to become foul. Each house was to have a swab, bucket or pail. Another act was passed in 1700 ordering every house to have two leather buckets. In the following year six or eight hooks for the purpose of tearing down houses were ordered to be made.—Popular Science Monthly.

Stones of Persecution.

Christianity is yet in its formative state in Japan, and the tales of persecution and martyrdom are recent. There have been within recent years rioting and stone throwing in the streets of Japanese towns where Christian services were attempted, and most of the missionaries have memories of stirring scenes to relate, rarely reaching the point of actual murder, but often very violent. In general, however, the missionaries have been better received than one would suppose.

The Japanese, who make poetry out of everything, call the stones thrown at Christians in street riots "stones of persecution," and put them to dramatic uses. Komatsu Village Church rests upon a foundation into which stones thrown by the Buddhists have been builded. In Takahashi, a hakugwai ishi," or stone of persecution, weighing four pounds, is kept for exhibition to the faithful.

Native Christians are patient under persecution, and under sermon! They will hold a "kirisuto kyo sek-kyo-kai," or protracted meeting, at which one speaker follows another for as many as eight hours. The audiences get interested in long sermons. After hearing one, they sometimes ask for a second and third without leaving their seats. And Japanese politeness adds to the Christian ceremony a native and peculiar touch, in that preacher and audience bow low to each other at the beginning and end of the sermon.—New York Recorder.

Exciting Scene at a Funeral.

An exciting story of a scene at a funeral at the Mt. Moriah Baptist church, on Bull Skin Creek, near Louisville, Ky., is traveling the country. Miss Madie Walsh had died, apparently, and the funeral was being held at the church. When the coffin was opened for a last look several persons declared that the girl was not dead. The undertaker noticed a spasmodic motion of the girl's hand. In a moment the supposed corpse rose and sat up in the coffin, exclaiming: "Thank God!" She said she was conscious all the time, but could give no sign.—Atlanta Journal.

A Early Paradise.

Mrs. Winks—"So your friend George is married. I hope he is happy."

Mr. Winks—"Happy is no name for it. His home is a little paradise on earth. His wife is an accomplished cook."—New York Weekly.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Public sentiment is a buzz saw for rascality.

Doing religion and howling religion are mighty far apart.

There never was a statue so life-like that it had corns.

It is the penalty of fame that a man must ever keep rising.

Good husbands are seldom troubled with bad mothers-in-law.

No man ever accuses a pretty woman of talking too much.

Men hate to make an apology, but the women seem to enjoy it.

It isn't what a man owes, but what he pays that keeps him poor.

Foster the beautiful, and every hour thou callest new flowers to birth.

She will never be a new woman until she is satisfied with an old hat.

The man who lends a hand too often frequently finds himself without a leg to stand on.

Cunning leads to knavery. It is but a step from one to the other, and that very slippery.

You always make more enemies than money talking politics on the street corners.

He who has not a good memory should never take upon himself the trade of lying.

To soak your bread in the gravy is in awful bad form, but sometimes in excellent taste.

Friendship is the shadow of the evening, which strengthens with the setting sun of life.

Providence has nothing good on high in store for him who does not resolutely aim at something high or good. A purpose is the eternal condition of success.

If you have great talents, industry will improve them; if moderate abilities, industry will supply their deficiencies. Nothing is denied to well-directed labor; nothing is ever to be attained without it.

Queer Money.

Here is an amusing account of a traveler who went many years ago to Mexico and found the natives using a strange kind of currency. Says he—

"In one of the small towns he bought some limes and gave the girl a dollar in payment. By way of change she returned me 49 pieces of soap the size of a small biscuit. I looked at her in astonishment and she returned my look with equal surprise, when a police officer, who had witnessed the incident, hastened to inform me that for small sums soap was legal tender in many portions of the country.

"I examined my change, and found that each cake was stamped with the name of a town and of a manufacture authorized by the government. The cakes of soap were worth three farthings each. Afterwards, in my travel, I frequently received similar change. Many of the cakes showed signs of having been in the wash-tub; but that I discovered was not at all uncommon. Provided the stamp was not obliterated, the soap did not lose any value as currency. Occasionally a man would borrow a cake of a friend, wash his hands, and return it with thanks. I made use of my pieces more than once in my bath, and subsequently spent them."—Harper's Round Table.

Sheltered by the Big Sleeve.

The Superintendent of the Junior League in a city in Kansas was drilling the children for a concert. Standing before them, she said: "Now, I want Katie Smith—where is she? She was here just a moment ago. Oh, dear, you children have plagued me so by running out, and now Katie is gone just when I wanted her."

Just then a hearty laugh ran through the crowd, as a little voice said, close up by her side: "Here I am, Mrs. K., right under your sleeve."—Ram's Horn.

Where Nicotine Came From.

The name nicotine is a reminder of Jean Nicot, a French nobleman and Ambassador to Portugal. In 1560 he sent a quantity of tobacco seeds from Lisbon to Paris, stating that they were the seeds of a valuable medicinal plant that was just then highly appreciated in Portugal, into which country it had been introduced from America, forty years before.—Figaro.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. M. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second-class mail matter.

"What about our new passenger depot?" "What about the brick we hoped to get transported so cheap for the Industrial School buildings?" These are questions we hear frequently. In reply we can only say we had hoped much from the proposed liberal spirit of our new management. Mr. Spencer's "newspaper remarks" led us to have faith in him, but if that spirit is in him it doesn't appear to have extended in this direction. We begin to think that we see exemplified "There's nothing in a name."

RETURNING PROSPERITY.

We see it, we feel it, yes, we even breathe it—returning prosperity. Yes, it's here once more, every nigger and mule looks brighter and appears to have struck a brisker gait, for they see the signs of better times, the farmer owes less than we ever knew him, he has learned the lessons that bring prosperity, and although we'll have but half a crop of cotton, corn is cheap, flour goes at your own price, clothing is at half the price it was two years ago, and if shoes are a little up, thank God we can go barefooted.

The price of cotton has continued to improve in proportion as the shortness of the crop is made apparent. Seven to eight cents can now be had for it, which most effectually gives the lie to the calamity howler who so persistently charges "that supply and demand bears no part in fixing the price of any commodity." What have you to say now? Where is he?

Don't get scared now and believe cotton is going to 25 cents a pound. No, get it out, gin it, take it to market, then sell it, pay your debts, buy something for the folks at home and so do good for your own and help the world move on. Nine times out of ten the fellow that sells his cotton as he gets it out does the best.

L. & N. RAILROAD.

It is well known that Montevallo is the finest cotton market in this section of our state.

Her merchants are progressive men, liberal and lively, and the town that expects to compete with her in buying cotton or selling goods will have to hustle. We want to double our record of last year. Come and try us:

Where can you find a more liberal progressive system of railroad than the L. & N.

And yet the wholesale grocers of the city of Montgomery propose to boycot it because it won't give them cheaper rates of freight than the poor people.

They want "the rich made richer and the poor made poorer."

The poor merchants must be made pay tribute to the rich merchant of our capital city.

The L. & N. will outlive all the efforts of any association trying to force it to pay them blood money.

Why should the poor people of Alabama not have as cheap a rate of freight as the Nabobs of the Capital city?

Those doing business on the line of the L. & N. congratulate themselves. Those on some other lines wish, "Oh that we had a branch of the L. & N. through our section."

I heard a man remark: "I love the L. & N. for its noble spirit in encouraging and aiding by every way possible the poorest man on its line as well as the rich and great." Would we had more such grand railways.

Had I a son going out to locate in Alabama I should say to him: "Be sure and try if possible to locate on the line of the L. & N."

Thirty years experience and observation has taught me that the L. & N. is a grand factor for good and my daily regret is that I don't live on its line of railroad.

The New York Tribune exclaims: "Americans are essentially a generous and kind-hearted people. They respond nobly when any great emergency calls for the manifestation of brotherhood and good will. But in their every-day association with each other they are too often deficient in gracious courtesy which not only sweetens social life, but ennobles those who display it."

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

ALL QUIET AT ISHPEMING, MICH.

Battle With Moonshiners in East Tennessee—Anarchist After Rotschild. Juryman on a Trial Bets on the Results—Disastrous Fire—Lawyers Indicted for Perjury.

SOUTHERN.

Blakely, Ga., has been visited by one of the most disastrous fires in the history of the town. The losses sum up nearly $5000, with scarcely any insurance.

A report reached Brownsville, Texas, Sunday that the steamer Barlock, of Lake Charles, La., was wrecked fifteen miles from the mouth of the Rio Grande river August 29. Her cargo of lumber, Captain B. Teras, crew of four men and one passenger, J. S. Simon, Jr., of Port Isabel, were lost.

Two true bills each, have been found against L. N. Mercier and J. J. Rowe, lawyers of Atlanta, Ga., by the grand jury. They are indicted for perjury and misdemeanor as the outgrowth of affidavits made by them in the Meyers case regarding Colonel W. C. Glenn.

Judge Liscomb on Thursday set aside the verdict rendered by the jury Wednesday in the case of John Posey and his son, convicted of murder in Prince William county, Va. The judge ordered a new trial on the ground of improper conduct on the part of one of the jurors, who, it is alleged, offered to bet the accused would be convicted.

Eugene Huston, one of the murderers of old man Randolph, who was shot and instantly killed at his home north of Hill City, a suburb of Chattanooga, a few nights ago, is now in the county jail, his capture having been effected Sunday morning, the credit for his arrest being due Deputy Sheriff Dan A. Brock and Constable Jim Lovelady, of the Third district.

Particulars have been received of the killing of Kearn Reagan by Dean Tompkins just across the Kentucky line, near Livingston. Tompkins is United States commissioner of Clinton county, Kentucky, and is said to be a desperate character. A woman named Ellington, young, beautiful and reckless, is said to have been the cause of the shooting.

News comes from Smythe county, Virginia, of a peculiar murder. Peter Pickle and John Billings engaged in a fight, which was brought on by a dispute over a 25 cent debt. When the two were separated Pickle threw an open knife at Billings, which struck between the ribs, penetrating the heart and killing him instantly. Pickle has been arrested.

Captain Barney Dart brought up to Brunswick from St. Simons Thursday the old cannon used at Fredericks forts by General Oglethorpe in his fight with the Spaniards in the early days of this country, also a block of timber from the famous old fort and a large piece of the Wesley oak, under which the famous apostle of Methodism first expounded his views in Georgia. They will be placed in the Glynn exhibit at the Atlanta exposition.

News has reached Nashville of a bloody encounter between United States deputy marshals and illicit distillers near Tracy City, Tenn., so often the seat of labor troubles, in which two of the latter were fatally wounded. Deputy Marshals R. M. Hall and Charles Myers were in charge of the raiding party. James Woodley and Jay Ridley were wounded. The third man escaped. The two captured were found prostrate in the wagon and at last accounts Ridley was dying. The deputy marshals were not hurt.

Elk Garden, a mining town on the line of the West Virginia Central railroad, in Mineral county, West Virginia, was visited by a disastrous fire Wednesday. Eleven dwellings and storerooms were completely destroyed, involving a loss of about $15,000. The town is poorly supplied with fire protection and a call was made upon Cumberland for assistance, but before the steamer was aboard the cars the request was countermanded, the fire being under control.

A disastrous fire which started in the general merchandize store of M. & M. Dinkelspiel, Carrollton, Ky., at 12:30 o'clock Thursday, destroyed six business buildings before it was gotten under control. The Dinkelspiels occupied three buildings. The building occupied by Brownshe & Son, druggists; J. H. Kuhlman, shoe merchant, ond C. D. Salyer, stoves, were also totally destroyed. The loss on this property is fully $65,000. Fifteen other persons and firms were damaged more or less by the fire or intense heat, bringing the total loss to nearly $75,000; partly insured.

WESTERN.

Hon. B. F. Power, a prominent attorney and leader of the anti Brice forces, dropped dead in his carriage Saturday evening, while out driving with his wife at Zanesville, O.

An earthquake shock was experienced at Helena, Mont., at 12:25 Friday morning. It lasted three seconds and was distinctly felt all over the city. No reports of damage so far received.

At 2:30 o'clock Friday morning fire was discovered breaking through one of the cupolas of Westminister church, Minneapolis, Minn. Before the fire department could extinguish it the interior was guttted, causing a loss of about $50,000.

The Illinois state board of health has been notified of the appearance of fifty new cases of diptheria in Hamilton county, and instructions for its treatment have been sent by Secretary Scott. The outbreak of this disease seems general in that county, and a number of deaths have occurred.

The International Navigation company's steamer Noordland, Captain Bunce, which sailed August 28, from New York for Antwerp, ran ashore in the river at the latter point during a fog. The passengers of the steamer were transferred to a tender and landed in the city.

Charles White, who became famous by stealing $150,000 in money, bonds and jewelry at Cheyenne, Wyo., and who was arrested in New York two years ago, released on bond and left his bondsmen in the lurch, has been arrested at Johannesburg, South Africa.

Zip Wyatt, alias Dirk Peager, the captured leader of the desperate outlaw band that succeeded the famous Dalton gang in the Oklahomo territory, died at South Enid, Ks., Saturday, in Garfield county jail, of wounds received at his capture on August 6.

The $50,000 damage suit which Bernard Murray, of Colorado, brought against ex-Congressman W. A. Harris for alienating the affections of his wife, has been settled by the payment to Mr Murray of $1,000 and the assumption by Mr. Harris of all attorney's fees. Mr. Harris was attentive to Mrs. Murray, and when his wife died a year ago he married her, the latter having secured a divorce in the meantime.

The Phoenix flour mills in Evansville, Ind., owned by J. L. Knauss and Louis Elles, were burned to the ground Tuesday night. The loss is estimated at 110,000; insurance about half. The fire originated in the boiler room. The building was of wood and was entirely enveloped in flames when the fire department arrived.

A fatal head-end collision of freight trains occurred on the Cincinnati, New Orleans and Texas Pacific near Blanchet, O., Saturday night. Three engines and forty cars were demolished. Foreman Frank Slosher and a man named Henderson, who was stealing a ride, were killed. Engineer Roberts was badly injured.

Richard Ford died at Grace hospital Detroit, Mich., Sunday, from the effects of a bullet shot in the abdomen, inflicted last night by James Foster, a blacksmith. The two men were friends, but Foster supposed he was shooting at James Hawley, a stevedore, who had thrashed Foster because the latter charged Hawley with being too friendly with Mrs. Foster. Foster is under arrest and greatly repents his rashness.

Wednesday night was a quiet one in camp and about the mines near Ishpeming, Mich. Thursday morning the Winthrop mines resumed, with a full complement of men. They have been promised a raise of 10 per cent on December 15 next. The Winthrop has its own stores and the bulk of labor is paid in store orders. The steam shovels are all working at the Ishpeming mines and at the Buffalo mines, Negaunee.

A destructive wind and rainstorm passed over Emporia, Ks., Sunday afternoon. So far as can be learned no lives were lost. The worst damage was done at the State Normal school, the new east wing, which cost $50,000, being reduced to a mass of ruins. Four inches of water fell in less than two hours. At Hartford several houses are reported blown down. Miss Bessie Henry is dangerously injured. At Neosho Rapids several dwellings and a livery stable are reported destroyed. A Santa Fe bridge is also washed away near Reading.

A dispatch from Ishpeming, Mich., says: A fierce thunder storm, attended by a furious gale, is raging here. The Curp river district is a lake of fire for more than a mile in length. The entire peat bed must go and Camp Ishpeming will be abolished. Trees are falling on every hand and general confusion has supplanted order. Private Croze, of Company D, has been hurt, and many of the sleeping soldiers have been covered by branches of trees that have gone down before the wind. There are no deaths, but many narrow escapes are reported.

FOREIGN.

It will be remembered that Baron de Rothschilds' secretary, M. Jacobewski, was terribly injured by the explosion of an infernal machine sent to his employer's office a few days ago.

The damage done by floods in Cifu prefecture, Japan, is very alarming. Six hundred and eighteen villages suffered, 399 bridges were washed away, twenty people were drowned and 22,226 persons received relief.

The Spanish government has decided to send a naval squadron to Buenos Ayres to protect Spaniards there, who, by their desire to assist Spain in quelling the insurrection in Cuba, have incurred the wrath of the population of Buenos Ayres, who are deeply in sympathy with the Cuban revolutionists.

Muir's ship and dry dock warehouse, Port Dalhousie, Ont., was destroyed by fire Thursday. The steamer St. Magnus, lying in dry dock for repairs, burned to the water's edge, and Captain Becker, of Cleveland, one of the oldest captains on the upper lakes, who was asleep on the boat, was badly burned and died in the evening. The property loss is estimated at $100,000; no insurance.

While the business of the day was at its height a man walked into the Rothschilds' bank, Paris, carrying under his arm a bomb, to which was attached a lighted fuse. One of the detectives employed in the bank was standing near and sprang upon the man, seizing the bomb and extinguishing the fuse in time to prevent an explosion. The would-be bomb-thrower was arrested and taken to the police station. This is the second attempt to blow up the establishment.

LIVELY INDUSTRIAL PROGRESS.

Branch Roads Reaching Out to New Mines—Birmingham Industries.

The Louisville & Nashville railroad has been laying a great deal of track in the last few weeks in the Birmingham mineral district.

A new track has been completed at Dolocite stone quarry, seven miles west of Birmingham, on the Huntsville branch, and shipments are now being made from that point.

A new track has been completed to East 2 mine at Ishkooda. This is a new iron ore mine.

A new track has been completed to a new slope one mile from Wade's Gap. This new mine is to be known as Spring Gap mine and belongs to the Ishkooda set of mines.

All of the above mines are owned and operated by J. W. Worthington & Co.

A new track has just been completed to Muscata mine, operated by the Smith Mining company. This company is driving two new slopes at this point.

The Cahaba Southern is nearing completion near Blocton and shipments are expected to begin from that place in thirty days.

Very rapid work is being done on the grade work at DeBardeleben's mines, also situated near Blocton, and track laying at this point will begin at once. The two slopes at this developmen are nearing completion and shipments will begin as soon as the track is laid.

The Birmingham Railway and Electric company will begin this morning to haul material to the new cotton mill site, (the old Enterprise Manufacturing company's plant) and at once prepare to put in 700 feet of sidings.

One of the most prosperous of the smaller industries of the city is the Birmingham Nut and Bolt works, near the Sloss furnace. This enterprise has been overrun with orders recently, and arrangements have been made for an increase in its capacity. An interest in the works has been sold to northern parties, and more money will be put in it, and it will be considerably enlarged. This industry gets its iron from the Sloss furnace, near by, thus saving freight, and its nuts and bolts are sold all over the south, and even in the north.

Dawn of Better Times.

The reports which the New York Herald has published within a day or two from representative business men and manufacturers in a number of large cities throughout the country are full of promise.

All point to a steady improvement in trade that promises to continue and prove permanent. Several large houses report a better business than they have had for years, and, although no great boom is expected, the outlook for the autumn trade is most encouraging. While these favorable views come from merchants and manufacturers, reports of wages advanced in all quarters indicate that wage earners also are sharing in the revival of prosperity.

It is a welcome dawn of better times after the long night of general depression.

Rousing a Sleeping Lion.

A mysterious murder occurred in Champaign, Ill., Saturday night. At 10-30 o'clock Jacob Kiser, an ex-policeman, in company with two companions, was going home. Seeing a man lying at the side of the walk in an apparently drunken condition. Kiser aroused him and informed him that he had better get up or the patrol wagon would take him. The fellow jumped up, and drawing a revolver shot Kiser, who expired immediately. The fellow is a total stranger, and since he has sobered up has refused to talk and refuses to reveal his identity.

Allen, the Crook Recaptuted.

The post office swindler held at Springfield, Mo., under arrest by Chief of Police Hinsman as Hogan, on examination before United States Commissioner Silsby, turns out to be the crook Allen, wanted for robbing the post office at Springfield, Ill., and who recently escaped from Ludlow street jail, in New York, and for whom large rewards are offered by the authorities.

Lost Money and Mind.

Charles Harris and Henry Fuller, farmers, residing west of Muncie, Ind., bet $500 on the Defender-Valkyrie race Sunday.

Yesterday afternoon, when it was announced that the Defender had won, Fuller turned over his $500 to Harris and then disappeared. It is feared that he has committed suicide as a result of grieving over his loss. Fuller is an Englishman.

The Southern Railway

WILL GIVE

Greatly Reduced Rates

For the following occasions:

29th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11–14, 1895.

Battlefield Encampment, Sons of Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16–19, 1895.

Dedication of the Chicamauga-Chattanooga National Park, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19–20, 1895.

The Southern Railway reaches all of the above points. Its schedules are convenient and quick, and the service is of the highest standard.

For datesof sale and full information address any agent of the company.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Robert Hall spent Sunday with relatives, at Shelby.

Miss Eunise Latham, one of our most popular young ladies, is spending a few days with Miss Lennie Burry.

Mr. J. E. Jones spent several days in the city last week.

Mrs. Dobbs visited friends at Calera last week.

Mr. J. D. Parker, of Columbiana, was in town last week.

The circulation of the News is daily increasing. Subscribe now and help build up your town.

Mrs. C. W. Carey has greatly improved the looks of her house by several additions.

Maj. W. B. Strong, our efficient P. M., visited Brierfield Sunday.

We have just received a large line of Trunks at hard-time prices. Come and get one before it is too late. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

First lot of Fall Hats just received at Mrs. McCauley's. New lots will arrive from time to time.

Mr. Chris Dill left Tuesday for Talladega to attend the blind school.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds have just imported a full line of Crockery direct from England.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Ozley, of Dogwood, spent a few hours in the city Monday.

W. E. McCaskey is in town, prepared to fix your watch or clock.

Mrs. J. D. McClain is visiting her mother, Mrs. Rogan.

P. M. Rowland spent Sunday here.

Mr. Henry Latham will take charge of the hotel about the middle of this month.

Mr. Wm. Lawrence spent Sunday at home.

Those who failed to go on the hay ride, don't know what a good time they missed.

The only attraction Sunday was the B. B. B. trains—everybody was there.

Miss Lennie Curry spent a few days with friends here last week.

Mrs. C. L. Meroney returned home Saturday after a visit to relatives at Columbiana.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds and Miss Margaret Walker spent Monday with friends at Shelby Springs.

Mrs. Davidson, of Calera, has moved to the Latham place, just above town, so as to be near the schools which we hope to have in the near future.

Mr. T. M. Allen is putting the Davis house in repairs with a view of moving there soon.

The only services Sunday was the meeting of the C. E. Society at the Methodist church.

Mr. John Kroell left last week for Cullman to attend the St. Bernard college at that place.

We understand that quite a number of young men will attend the Howard from this commuuity.

Mr. Steve Dill visited relatives here last week. We are always glad to see "Jack."

We miss our brother editor. He is off on a week's vacation, resting his tired overworked brain. The printer's devil will have all the type to set and most of the news to write.

Miss Mattie Suttle and Miss Grace Kennedy left for Centreville Saturday, accompanied by Mr. F. E. Davis, one of the editors of the News. They are two as sweet young ladies as have visited here this summer, and will be missed very much by all.

Let everybody come out and bring their basket—and let's have one more good time before summer is gone. Remember the day, Saturday September 14.

Mr. W. B. Reynolds has gone to Louisville, Cincinnati and New York to purchase a large stock of fall and winter goods for the firm of H. C. & W. B. Reynolds at this place. He writes that he finds goods prettier and cheaper than ever before.

We are now able to sell you a first-class Sewing Machine, guaranteed in every particular, the adjustments so simple that your 10-year-old daughter can do any kind of work on them, for $25 cash. It is made by the New Home Sewing Machine Co., and is as good as any offered for twice the amount of money.

Miss Joann Farrington returned home Saturday.

We are always glad to receive items of local interest, but cannot publish clippings, essays, poetry and such, for lack of space.

Miss Fannie Boyd, after a short but pleasant visit to friends at this place, returned to her home in Montgomery Saturday.

Tuesday night a crowd of young folks assembled at the favorite resort, the bold spring at the foot of Main street, to witness the eclipse. The night was lovely, not a cloud cast a shadow over the face of the moon. At a few minutes after ten, partial eclipse began and at 12 o'clock it was so dark as to make it almost impossible to travel.

A GRAND MUSICALE.

On Friday night the lovely home of Mrs. L. H. Lyman presented quite an enchanting scene. There the beauty and chivalry of Montevallo gathered to participate in a "Musicale," given complimentary to Misses Fannie Boyd, of Montgomery, and Lena North, of Birmingham. The following was the programme most beautifully rendered:

PROGRAMME.

Piano duet, High Sceool Cadet March—Misses Boyd and North.

Piano and mandolin, Washington Post—Misses Mary and Kate Kroell.

Song, In Old Madrid—Mrs. Lawrence.

Piano and organ, Polonaise—Misses Canterbury and Lyman.

Piano solo, Storm on Lake Platten—Miss North.

Instrumental Quartette, Night Song—Piano, Miss Boyd; organ, Mrs. Cary; flute, Mr. Cary; violin, Mr. Lyman.

Song, Afterwards—Mrs. Lawrence.

Piano solo, Serenade—Miss Perry.

Mandolin and piano duet—Misses Kroell.

Instrumental trio, Martha—Violin, Mr. Lyman; organ, Miss Lyman; piano, Miss North.

Piano duet, Il Trovatore—Misses Perry and Lyman.

Piano solo, Polka—Mr. Nat. Nabors.

Mandolin and piano, March—Misses Kroell.

Those present were:

Mr. L. U. Bowden and Miss Boyd, Mr. W. P. McConaughy and Miss North, Mr. Fred Reynolds and Miss Walker, Dr. J. S. Davis and Miss Margaret Walker, Mr. B. B. Rogan and Miss Allen, Mr. H. C. Reynolds, Jr., and Miss Kroell, Mr. J. W. Williams and Miss Katie Kroell, Mr. F. W. Rogan and Miss Canterbury, Mr. Wm. Lyman and Miss Acker, Mr. Ed. Davis and Miss Vest, Mr. N. Nabors and Miss Vandegrift, Mr. Will Perry and Misses Perry and Allen, Mr. F. E. Davis and Miss Farrington, Miss Mary Lee Perry, Mr. S. S. Allen and Mrs. Lawrence, Mrs. W. B. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McConaughy, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cary, Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Lyman.

THEY DO SAY.

That "San" will leave us soon.

That "she" is weeping in advance.

That Burr is running a trolly car.

That "Burr" ran extra Sunday night.

That "Chaperons" seemed to be "all the go" all night last week.

That you don't know do you?

That Will Nolen has the sweetest apples in the country.

That the moon was "out of sight" Tuesday night.

That Barney leaves us soon.

That "foots" has gone to work.

That the only song "Bishop" can sing is "The Girl I Left Behind."

That we miss "pretty, pretty, pretty pansies."

That "Kitty" can't be consoled.

That "Louisa', took a tumble from the top of the bluff down to the spring.

That the plotters are plotting.

That K. E. H—— has fallen in love.

That the nights are too short for our doctor.

That Boudon saw st ars Sunday night.

That the hotel will soon change hands.

That Burrel has a new run.

That the "plotters" are trying to "run the hog" over "Bill."

That "Long John" is fishing for love.

That lamps are cheap at Reynold's.

That the "News" is the best paper published in the city.

K. of H. PICNIC.

Lucky lodge of Montevallo and Progressive lodge of Aldrich, give a basket picnic in the Industrial school grove next Saturday the 14th, in which the general public is invited to participate. Lhe Grand Dictator will address the assembly. The committee on entertainment has appointed a committee of ladies to take charge of the dinner and everything will be carried out with neatness and dispatch.

All the people of Montevallo and surrounding country are cordially invited to share with us the good time, which must inevitably be the result of the efforts of the zealous and enthusiastic knights.

Dr. Robert Beatty's Condition.

A special from Rome, Ga., says: Dr. Robert Beatty's condition seems to be somewhat improved of late, and his friends hope that after his long retirement he may yet be able to get out into active life again, although it is doubtful if he will ever be able to resume the exacting duties of his practice again.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SPRING CREEK.

The closing exercises of Professor Yeager's school took place Friday. The day was made very pleasant by recitations in the morning by the school, and later on by a debate, in which considerable talent was displayed. Then a tempting repast was spread for all by the ladies of the community. After a short intermission the people were called back to the house by sweet music. Then came a debate between Prof. Yeager and Abbott as to which is the most injurious, whisky or tobacco. Decided: That whiskey was the most injurious. After which Prof. Hall delivered an able address on education. Music was furnished by Messrs. A. H. Lee and L. O. Alexander, violinists, and Miss Beuna Harvell, organist.

We are sorry to lose Prof. Yeager, as he has proven an able instructor as well as a Christian man.

Observer.

BRIERFIELD BRIEFS.

Mrs. T, M. Nolen and daughter, Miss Nona Tensley, have returned to their home in Talladega.

Mr. Bob Alves has returned to Selma to our regret.

Miss Ada Mulkey spent the day in Brierfield on Tuesday.

Mr. Deam Barber has returned to Selma.

Messrs. Nat Nabors and Walton Williams honored our town with a visit one night last week, and made two hearts feel glad. Ha! Ha!

The protracted services closed Sunday before last at the M. E. church; Rev. C. L. Dobbs was assisted by Mr. Holmes, of Anniston. The church owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. Carley, our amiable depot agent, for music rendered during the time.

Captain Grey, of Selma, is visiting Brierfield.

Mr. Nesbett has been making a pleasant visit of several days to Brierfield, but leaves shortly for Talladega, and some of our girls will be heard singing: "Come Ye Disconsolate."

Times have been very dull in Brierfield, but promise to be lively soon. Sorghum making is on hand, and candy pullings will take place of "Balls and Routs," but amidst all this gayety there will be silence at times, for the girls can't giggle and eat molasses candy at the same time. "Rex."

CEDAR DALE.

The health of our community is very good at present.

Miss Mary Harris left last week for Piedmont, where she will make an extensive visit to her father, Mr. J. W. Harris.

Mrs. K. N. Hawkins and her little son Robert returned to Birmingham Thursday, after a brief visit io Mrs. A. Killough.

Mr. E. B. Lee and wife, of Tuscaloosa, spent Sunday with relatives.

Mr. C. A. Killough, of Alpine, spent a few days of his vacation with relatives last week, leaving Saturday for Mobile, where he will sojourn a few days before resuming work.

Mr. Warren Lee has moved into our midst, having vacated the Latham residence.

Much credit is due our overseer, Mr. French Nabors, Jr., for the splendid work he has done on the Ashville road. He spent about ten days on it this year and it is a much better condition to travel now than it formerly was.

We hope the energetic citizens will push things forward and succeed in having the county fair this fall.

An old woman who went into the poultry business some time since, under the expectation that she could make a fortune by selling eggs, has quit it in disgust, because, as she says, "the hens never will lay when eggs are dear, but always begin as soon as they get cheap."

"Jack and Kitty," the bicyclists, can be seen occasionally skimming along our roads.

Mr. Carnot Belle, of Montgomery, is on a few weeks' visit to his friend, Walter Killough. He paid this community a visit two or three summers previous to this one, and while here he formed many friends who are glad to welcome him back again.

"Equality means," says a French writer, "a desire to be equal to your superiors, and superior to yonr equals."

Truth is one of the rarest of gems. Many a youth has been lost in society by allowing it to tarnish his character, and foolishly throwing it away. If this gem still shines in your bosom suffer nothing to displace or diminish its luster.

The fleecy staple is opening fast and farmers have begun to gather it, so now we must bid adieu to "Sweet Summer," although the brilliancy of its tints has scarcely began to fade. But there is something in the knowledge that autumn is near, which will often cast a shade over the fair face of nature, from the contrast between the charm of its present beauty and the desolation which we feel to be at hand. Lovely though it may be, we view it with something of sadness mingled with our pleasure, for, like the last sweet smile of a cherished friend, we are conscious that, even while we are yet gazing, it is passing from our sight. Occasionally.

FOR SALE.

One of the best little farms in West Alabama. Will give a man a good bargain, and take staple dry goods, shelf hardware or Montevallo property in part payment. Write for full information. C. C. L. DILL,
Dillburgh, Ala.

OLD GLORY ON TOP.

The American Yacht Defender, Wins First Race for the Cup.

All hail Defender. The aluminum and bronze boat defeated Valkyrie, III, eight minutes forty-nine seconds in the first of the races of the America's cup Saturday. Twenty thousand people on the greatest flotilla that ever assembled on Sandy Hook witnessed the race, and there was a scene of hilarous joy when the Defender crossed, the line fully two miles ahead of Lord Dunraven's boat. The joy of the multitude was undoubtedly increased by the fact that the Valkyrie led the Yankee boat for the first hour. She walked away from the Defender in a way that led Englishmen to fondly hope that their day had come at last. Bright visions of the American cup floated before their eyes, while the patriotic Americans, who were packed tier over tier on the many decked excursion steamers, were very glum. A hush fell over the marine ampitheatre when the boats started, and all the joys of yatching seemed gone when the Valkyrie easily moved to the front and showed her heels to the Defender. Cheers and enthusiasm were missing for a full hour when the British boat was leading, As both yachts were beating to windward, it is impossible to say just when the Defender overhauled the British boat, but it was about 1:25 p. m., when the boats had covered nearly half the course. When the Defender got her gait, there was no catching her as the wind continued to freshen, she opened a very large gap between her stern and the bow of Lord Dunraven's boat. When the Defender reached the outer mark, she had an advantage of three minutes and twenty-seven seconds. There was a big demonstration as the Yankee boat made the turn. The wind having shifted, the run home became a broad reach and it was of constant gain for the gallant American boat. Going home the gain was four minutes and fifty-three seconds. With the time allowance of twenty-nine seconds, the Defender's victory was eight minutes forty-nine seconds. The wind was ten knots at the finish.

EVERY ONE

Contemplating a visit to the Cotton States and International Exposition, which opens in Atlanta September 18, and closes December 31, 1895, should bear in mind thot the Southern railway will sell tickets daily to Atlanta and return at greatly reduced rates. The Southern railway is the only line entering the exposition grounds, its schedules are very convenient and quick, and the service of the very highest order. For full information address any agent of the company.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....
No. 74§	**No. 72†**			**No. 73†**	**No. 75§**
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron....ar		6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...		5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....		3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv		1.15pm	3.00pm
No. 60*	**No.168†**			**No. 61***	**No.169†**
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar		10.30pm	7.00pm
5.58am	7.00am	..... York		9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....		8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv		7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar / lv ..Selma.. lv / ar		6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv / ar		6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....		4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....		3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	....Columbiana...		3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	...Childersburg..		3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....		2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....		1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	.....Anniston.....		1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	...Jacksonville...		1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	... Piedmont....		12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....		12.14pm	5.37pm
3.58pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..		11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....		11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv		7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.50	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar / lv	8.50pm / 9.10pm	11.40am / 4.10pm
Macon.....lv	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.

J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.

W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.

C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

Shot Through the Thigh.

Nathaniel Smith shot Joe Ray through the thigh at Ellijay, Ga., Friday night. Ray is doing well. Smith has disappeared,

Watch for the Little Swindle.

It was reported Thursday that bogus circulars were abroad asking for an advance of 50 cents to secure accommodations in Chattanooga on the occasion of the dedication of Chickamauga National Park on the 18th. The committee on homes, appointed by the citizens' executive committee, has that matter in hand, and has a most perfect and satisfactory way of conducting such business.

ANOTHER SWINDLE.

A letter was received by W. H. Hartman, from a friend of his Capt. Caisse, of Natchez, Miss., in which the writer said: "I received a circular in an envelope marked, 'Information Bureau,' stating that for 25 cents full particulars relating to accommodations would be mailed, together with all information necessary. I sent the money and received several circulars, evidently issued by the executive committee or park commissioners for general distribution."

Moral: Send no money for anything, Write to A. N. Sloan, chairman of the homes committee, for information relative to accommodations, and to Capt. H. S. Chamberlain. chairman of the citizens' executive committee, for all other information.

Arrested On a Grave Charge.

Sheriff W. H. Foster arrested Harris Bramlett, of Murray county, Georgia, who is charged with the murder of Henry Worley, and lodged in jail at Ellijay, Saturday night.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of **Fall and Winter Hats** and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

To Strengthen the Eyes.

A simple and excellent plan to preserve and strengthen the eyes is this: Every morning pour some cold water into your washing bowl; at the bottom of the bowl place a silver coin or some other bright object; then put your face in the water with your eyes open and fixed on the object at the bottom; move your head from side to side gently, and you will find that this morning bath will make your eyes brighter and stronger, and preserve them beyond the ordinarily allotted time.—[Chicago Herald.

That if there is one thing that quicker than another will drive a man to drink it is thirst.

The Foundation

Of Good Health is

Pure, Rich Blood

And the surest, best way to purify your blood is to take

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

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Bright Boys and Girls

—TO—

Sell the New York Ledger Every Week

Big Pay for Little Work.

The New York *Ledger* has had so many applications from boys and girls throughout the country wanting to sell the *Ledger* by the week, as well as by subscription for the year, we have decided to establish wide-awake young agents in every town in the country.

We Want an Active Worker in Every Place.

Hundreds of smart boys and girls in every locality have several hours' spare time each week.

Read Our Plan.

We want just such ones to work for us a little while every week selling *Ledgers* at 5 cents each—selling the old, reliable, original and best story paper published—the New York *Ledger*.

No Possible Risk.

Our young agents take no possible risk. We send a bundle of *Ledgers* every week, and they sell them like hot cakes at 5 cents each. Every one wants the New York *Ledger* as soon as given an opportunity to examine and read a copy of it. It will only be necessary for an agent to show a likely reader our offer of

$1,000 in Cash Prizes to Readers

$1,000 in Cash Prizes to Ledger Readers

And a regular reader will be secured on the spot. Each agent should read carefully the terms of the **$1,000 in Cash Prizes** given to readers who send the best explanation of the mystery of Miss Florence Warden's wonderfully interesting story beginning in this week's *Ledger*, dated Sept. 14, entitled "The Mystery of the Inn by the Shore." Each agent will be entitled to compete for the **$1,000 in Cash Prizes.**

The Ledger Free.

If the postmaster or any responsible party will send us the name of a smart boy or girl to sell the *Ledger* every week in his town, we will put an extra *Ledger* in the agent's bundle each week, to be delivered free to the party appointing the agent so long as the agent sells the *Ledger*.

Send us the name of a smart boy or girl at once. Have them fill out this coupon and send it at once:

.....189

I hereby agree to act from date as agent for the New York *Ledger*, and to sell the same to ladies, farmers and others at 5 cents a copy every week, and that I will report not later than the Monday after each package is received, on blank furnished me, and remit 3 cents for each copy I sell or deliver to subscribers, and will keep all unsold copies, to be returned as instructed.

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★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

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SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
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BEST IN THE MARKET.
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Fifth Ave., Birmingham, Ala.
European Musical Advantages brought to the South. Eminent European Instructors for every instrument. Vocal and other branches. Terms moderate; board and education in connection.
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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

AM. N. U. No. 37· 1895.

25 CTS. **PISO'S CURE FOR** 25 CTS.
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

CUTTING TIMBER.

For strength, beauty and durability I have found August, September and October the best, and February, March and April the worst months to cut wood. A red maple cut in September will keep in a round log perfectly white and sound until the next August; while one cut in March will begin to blacken and decay by the middle or last of June. This is not copied from any scientific work, but is what I have found to be a fact by many practical tests, says a writer in an English paper. Gray birch cut in September will keep in a good condition until the next September, if left in the woods cut in four foot lengths; while if cut in March and left in the same way it will be nearly worthless by August 1—at least, such is the result on my land. White pine, like red maple, keeps white much longer if cut in September then if cut in March, and is not injured by the worms so much. I have found that wood dried slowly in a low, cool place is better than dried quickly in the hot sun, even though cut in summer. May this not, in a measure, account for wood being better cut in autumn, it having the cold winter to dry in?

IMPROVING THE FLAVOR OF BUTTER.

Professor H. C. Conn, says Food and Sanitation, has for the past two years been experimenting in the direction of discovering and cultivating the proper bacteria for improving the flavor of butter, and recently experiments have been made by him in the production of creamery butter. As a result of such experiments, it is now stated that Professor Conn has discovered a species of bacterium to which he has applied the insignificant name of "Bacillus No. 41," and which has given the most promising results as an organism for the artificial ripening of cream in butter making. These experiments, as carried on by him were thoroughly satisfactory, and were made in the following manner: One-half a pint of milk was sterilized, by incessant steaming, during a period of three or four days. Then this bacillus No. 41, which had been cultivated in the bacteriological laboratory of Wesleyan University, was inoculated into the milk, and for two days was allowed to develop. The large creamery at Cromwell, Conn., was then visited, and six to eight quarts of cream were put into a metal vessel and "pasteurized." The cream was then heated to 158 degrees Fah., and left for ten minutes. The vessel was removed and cooled quickly by means of cold water, and when the temperature had dropped to eighty degrees bacillus No. 41 was poured in and the mixture stirred thoroughly. The vessel was then covered and put into the ripening room. After a couple of days the cream was churned, and the buttermilk remaining was set aside for future use. These six quarts were ripened for the purpose of increasing the number of bacteria, and securing a strong culture for use in the large cream vat of the creamery. The buttermilk was then inoculated into the day's cream supply, and this cream allowed to ripen in regular time, at a warm temperature, and churned as usual. Before churning a quantity was set aside to use for inoculation in the next day's supply, and in this manner continued indefinitely. The effect was always uniform. The first six quarts of cream produced moderately good butter, but not quite of the flavor wanted. The first large churning was a trifle better, and each day's product was an improvement. A delicate flavor also developed, which seemed to deteriorate after two or three weeks. This deterioration was remedied by a fresh inoculation from the laboratory. Two vats of cream, from which June butter was made, were taken. One quantity was inoculated, and the other was not. The butter produced by each was of high quality, but that which had been inoculated with bacillus No. 41 had an aroma stronger and more pleasant than that without. It was also superior both in taste and odor. One lot was sent to a Mr. Beck, in Massachusetts, who makes the highest grade of butter, and who commands a very high price in the Boston market. Mr. Beck used the culture and reported a decided improvement. It is the purpose of Professor Conn to introduce this inoculation process in all the large creameries in the United States within the next year.

THE CARE AND CULTURE OF BEES.

"I cannot understand why more women do not take up bee culture as a business," said an old farmer, who has kept bees all his life. "There may not be a fortune in it, and probably is not, by itself, but in connection with floriculture, poultry and kindred pursuits, it is an ideal occupation. Bee culture has become so improved and simplified by modern research and inventions that it is easy to understand, and is a most fascinating and healthful business. It is scarcely worth while to rely too much on directions given in catalogues and bee books, for they only cumber the business with too many appliances. According to some of these dealers, it is necessary to have an elaborate and expensive outfit representing an investment much larger than most beginners feel willing to make.

"As a matter of fact, one may start in the bee business at a cost inside of a ten-dollar note. It is much better to begin in this way and increase the plant as one gets experience.

"A couple of two-story Langstroth hives—and, by the way, there is no patent or royalty of any sort on the hive designed by this patriarch of bee culture, and any one may make it who knows how—to begin with. It is a good plan to buy one hive ready-made, and then, if one has facilities and ingenuity, make others like it.

"There are factories where all the pieces that enter into the construction of a hive are sawed to measure, and fit accurately. These are done up in crates holding five hives, and may be shipped to any part of the country.

"From the picture of a hive any one with moderate skill may set the hive up and nail it, making it quite as good as those that are far more expensive. These hives cost less than a dollar apiece if bought in crates of five. It is a good plan, which has been followed with success, for two or three persons to order hives together. Three people order two crates and divide them equally, the expense being but little.

"It is well to start in with a couple of small colonies of bees. What is known to the bee trade as a two-frame nucleus and queen is sufficient. This may be purchased at any time early in the season and put out on the lawn, and, if carefully watched and guarded from accident, one may, by a little management, have three or four colonies by autumn. It is a good idea to ask the bee merchant to clip the queen's wing before shipping her, as the novice might not be able to do this without danger of injuring her imperial majesty, and upon her good condition the prosperity and profit of the plant depend.

"When there is an abundance of nectar in the flowers the bees will work industriously, and the queen will fill the hive with eggs, and the brood will flourish in all stages. It is amazing how rapidly a colony will increase if the queen is good and the food abundant. After a time, when the hive gets full, queen cells will be formed and new queens will hatch out. Then a swarm may leave the hive, which will be quite a loss unless they are carefully watched. To avoid this, one may prepare a box just large enough to hold a couple of frames. Lift out the frame containing the queen cell, taking care not to bring out the original queen with it, as she walks all about the frames and one may find her almost anywhere. The frame containing the queen cell should be put into a box with two or three others and a few bees, and may be covered by wire netting or put in a hive that may be tightly closed, allowing, of course, sufficient ventilation through wire-screened openings, with which most hives are provided. After being closed in for a couple of days, the bees will get accustomed to their new location and will carefully guard the queen cell, as upon this depends the future of the colony. When the queen is full grown she emerges from the cell, and should then be given liberty to fly about to seek a mate. As soon as she has established herself in new new home and is laying freely, it is well to clip one wing, in order that she may not take French leave and carry her train with her.

"A queen and two-frame nucleus can be bought for from $2.50 to $3.50. This, with a few frames, a couple of hives, and some boxes that almost any one can make out of material on hand, with a good smoker to quiet the bees when it is necessary to handle them, is sufficient outfit for a beginner.—New York Ledger.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Every farmer should keep books, and set down all the items of receipts and expenses.

Sheep will eat a great many plants which cattle reject, and they graze close to the ground.

Young and tender weeds are delicacies to sheep, and they, therefore, assist in ridding the fields of such pests.

Every farmer should have a few sheep in order to save much of the material grown that would be wasted.

A small flock of mutton sheep should be kept, if for no other purpose than to supply the family with choice meat.

Whole oats are not the best feed for hens that are laying. They are not concentrated enough, and wheat, which contains much the same elements of food as does the grain of the oat, is much better.

Farmers do not have that knowledge of their affairs that they should, as many of them keep no books. When the census is being taken they can give but little information in regard to the number of bushels of grain grown each year or the value of their live stock, hence much must be derived from estimates rather than from facts presented.

There are many old pastures which can be much improved by harrowing with a forty tooth drag that will cut into the surface soil. This will admit air to places covered by moss, and enable the grass to grow more vigorously. Of course some of the roots of the grass will be destroyed; but the stirring of the soil will make more grow in their places. If there is much moss on the surface it will require under draining to remove surplus water to make a permanent improvement.

Why He Knows Buckskin.

"No, sir, you needn't say nothin' t' Neaf 'bout buckskin. We was up near the Navajo country last summer an' he bought a whole outfit of it—shirt, fringes an' all—from 'n old tanner down on Santa Anna creek. It were stylish, way up; but we tole him he'd better stick t' his old chaps an' flannel shirt. But he was goin' t' dude it f'r once, an' next mornin' he put 'em on. It rained that day, first time in three months, and it ketched Neaf 'bout ten mile out, as we were driftin' some cattle down off'n a big mesa just back er camp. Soon as th' buckskin got wet it got heavy, an' soon as it got heavy it commenced t' stretch. It slip down' round his ankles, and he roll it up, an' then it keep slipp'n' and he keep rollin', an' by th' time he got in camp he cut 'nough off the bottoms er them breeches t' make him a pair er leggin's. Th' sun had come out by that time, an' Neaf laid out on th' sand t' dry an' went ter sleep. Well, sir, when he woke up them blamed things had dried on him hard as er crab shell, and we had t' throw three buckets er water over him before he could bend enough t' get up.

"No, sir, Neaf don't go much on buckskin now."—[Washington Star.

That some men are born great, and grow smaller every day of their lives.

That we should always forgive our enemies—especially those we can't whip.

That an hour-glass is made smallest in the middle to show the waist of time.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Are You Troubled? And do You Want Your Troubles to Fly Away?

You have suffered worlds of trouble, anxiety and pain, and you hardly know what ails you. Sometime your business goes wrong, and for a long time you have been feeling physically very badly. Don't know what is the matter? Of course you don't, else you would get some medicine. The trouble is with your stomach and liver. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will do a vast amount of good in helping this trouble if you will use it. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke Your Life Away

Is the truthful, startling title of a book about No-To-Bac, the harmless, guaranteed tobacco habit cure that braces up nicotinized nerves, eliminates the nicotine poison, makes weak men gain strength, vigor and manhood. You run no physical or financial risk, as No-To-Bac is sold by Druggists everywhere, under a guarantee to cure or money refunded. Book free. Ad. Sterling Remedy Co., New York or Chicago.

From Andalussia, Ala.

I have fully tested the curative qualities of Tetterine upon several cases of Eczema of stubborn character and long standing, with perfect success. I candidly believe that it will cure any case of Eczema.—C. I. S. Cam-thon, M. D. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Many Influences Combine to Reduce Health to the danger limit. The reviving properties of Parker's Ginger Tonic overcome these ills.

Out Of Sorts.

That is the way you feel as a result of the headache you had when you awoke this morning. Get in your usual frame of mind and body by using Ripans Tabules, the standard remedy for all stomach and liver complaints.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I can recommend Piso's Cure for Consumption to sufferers from Asthma.—E. D. TOWNSEND, Ft. Howard, Wis., ay 4, '94.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Everyone Knows How it Is to suffer with corns, and they are not conducive to walking; remove them with Hindercorns

Queer Antipathies.

"Talking of peculiarities of appetite," said a citizen in conversation, "I know a man who has not eaten a mouthful of meat in twenty years."

"A vegetarian, eh?" queried a listener.

"No; he took a sudden dislike to meat of any kind and gaving up eating it. But he could not tell himself what caused the change in his appetite."

"My wife can never eat an oyster," said one present, "without her skin breaking out with purple spots as large as dimes. She feels no uneasiness, but naturally does not like to be spotted like a pard."

"I was acquainted with a woman out West," said another of the party, "who broke out with prickly heat whenever she saw or tasted goat's milk cheese. Her husband brought some into the house and hid it in a cupboard. When she approached it she began to shiver and declared that she felt the strange prickly sensation."

"'If I did not know that there was no cheese in the house I should think it was that,' she said, and then her husband acknowledged that he had done it to test her. The physiological effect satisfied him that it was not in the imagination."—[Detroit Free Press.

GREAT BOOK FREE.

When Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., published the first edition of his work, The People's Common Sense Medical Adviser, he announced that after 680,000 copies had been sold at the regular price, $1.50 per copy, the profit on which would repay him for the great amount of labor and money expended in producing it, he would distribute the next half million *free*. As this number of copies has already been sold, he is now distributing, *absolutely free*, 500,000 copies of this complete, interesting and valuable common sense medical work ever published—the recipient only being required to mail to him, at the above address, this little COUPON with twenty-one (21) cents in one-cent stamps to pay for postage and packing *only*, and the book will be sent by mail. It is a veritable medical library, complete in one volume. It contains over 1000 pages and more than 300 illustrations. The *Free Edition* is precisely the same as those sold at $1.50 except only that the books are bound in strong manilla paper covers instead of cloth. Send NOW before all are given away. They are going off rapidly.

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37.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Jarrah Wood.

Western Australia is producing a wood which is destined to be much in favor with church builders. This is the Jarrah wood, which is as hard and durable as oak, but possesses a rich, deep color like mahogany, or very old oak, and is well adapted for paneling and carving. Old Herne church, in Kent—where the Te Deum was first sung in the English language—has been re-roofed with jarrah, and the effect is said to be startlingly fine. The church is now completely restored.—[Chicago Times.

It Rained Boiling Water.

W. S. Barton, a well known mining man and prospector, has just returned to San Bernardino, Cal., from an exploration of the famous Death Valley. He states that of a sudden one of the members of the party became insane. In the trip south Barton stopped at Ibex, on the edge of Death Valley. Here at midnight the thermometer stood at 115 degrees. Over the valley, and by this is meant Death Valley, at 7 P.M., there occurred a remarkable phenomenon. Two clouds, one from the east and one from the west, met. An electric storm followed, the like of which has never been seen by living man, and for an hour the blaze was simply terrific. Then following the electric storm came a fall of boiling-hot rain. This lasted for about ten minutes. The party in camp were actually forced to cover themselves over in order to protect their bodies from the scalding water. The thunder was something that no artillery force on the face of the earth, no matter how great, could equal.—[Toronto Globe.

Take two pounds of corn and one handful of lime, water enough to cover; boil till skins are loose; wash corn well (to take away lime), and then grind it fine; boil one large chicken or three pounds of beef; take the soup and mix with the ground corn, and one pound or less of lard (don't get it too thin), salt. One pound of red peppers boiled until soft (remove seed and take off skin and grind fine), three or four pieces of garlic (chopped), a few slices of tomato and half pound of chilis (ground). Mix all with the chicken or beef, and fry a little; then boil a little; add salt. Take wet corn husks and spread with the meal; then put in chicken, etc., then boiled eggs, olives, raisins and cucumber, if you wish; then put another husk with meal and tie up; then boil in one gallon of water from three-quarters of an hour to an hour; when half done turn the top ones over. This makes one dozen tomales.—[St. Louis Republic.

Irish Shamrock.

The national emblem of Ireland grows very close to the ground at the season of the year in which St. Patrick's Day occurs, and has to be carefully hunted for among the grass. Later it put puts forth a small, whitey-brown blossom, and unlike other varities of the plant, the leaves remain a bright green until the plant withers. The fact that shamrakh is the Arabian word for trefoil has been used as argument by those who endeavor to trace the origin of the Irish race to one of the lost ten tribes of Israel, although the word might well have been introduced by the Milesians.—[Brooklyn Citizen.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
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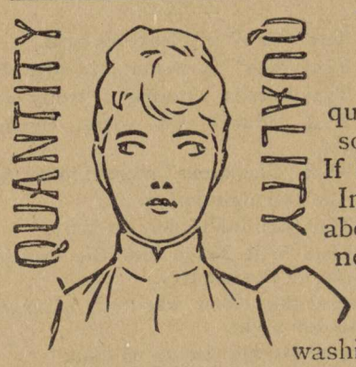
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.



Which have you an eye to,

quantity or quality, when you buy something to make washing easy? If it's quality, you want Pearline. In effectiveness, in economy, and above all in its absolute harmlessness, no matter how or where you use it, there's nothing to compare with this, the first and only washing-compound.

What difference does the quantity make, after all? If you spend five cents or ten cents or a dollar for an aid to washing, don't you want the thing that will give you the most work, the best work, and the most certain safety for that amount of money? That thing is Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back*. 483 JAMES PYLE, New York.

Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers **rich in Potash.**

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

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Yes, it's ready!

An elegant book for your table and constant reference. Send for it NOW. It's New and Nice. . . . .

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brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that.

There are Guns, Rifles, Pistols—from all over the world, and some of our own make—Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars and Chains, Tennis Sets, etc., etc.

You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—The Finest Wheel on Earth,—the Williams Typewriter—you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.

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Sole U. S. Agent for "STAR" AUTOMATIC PAPER FASTENER.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., SEPTEMBER 19, 1895. NO. 26.

Rain-Drops on the Roof.

Hark! I hear a patter,
Falling soft and sweet,
Like the dancing footsteps
Of some fairy's feet.
'Tis the sound of raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.
Fairy little raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.

Oh! they sing of blessing,
From the Father's hand,
As they fall so gently
On the thirsty land.
Listen to the raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.
Happy, smiling raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.

Falling, gently falling,
Whisp'ring soft and low,
Of His love and goodness,
Telling as they go.
Hear the patt'ring raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.
Softly whisp'ring raindrops,
Raindrops on the roof.

—Lotty C. Mosey.

THE AERONAUT'S STORY.

Is Jack Tunnicliffe going with you to-morrow. Tom?" said my wife to me. "I wish you would take some one else."

"Why, Norah?" I asked.

"He's been stranger than ever in this manner since his wife died, I hear. In fact, I've been told by more than one person that he's quite insane at times. It's not to be wondered at if he is, poor fellow. I don't know a sadder case. He'd only been married a week. Such a horrible death, too! It's enough to turn a man's brain, and I must confess, Tom, I wish Jack was not going with you."

"Nonsense," Norah! People always exaggerate and make the worst of things, as you know. If a man's at all original or eccentric, it's at once assumed that he's non compos. Of course, Jack's low-spirited and absent-minded, and perhaps bit peculiar at times. How can he help brooding over his terrible loss? He wants some exciting occupation to take off his thoughts from his trouble. He's as fond of ballooning as I am, and a trip will do him all the good in the world.'

The above conversation between my wife and myself took place on the evening before the day which I had fixed for a balloon ascent. Ballooning was my hobby. I had conceived a liking for it on my very first ascent. This liking had become a "craze," for the novel experience and strange sensation of sailing over houses and trees, and of soaring into the clouds had a peculiar fascination for me.

Recently, I had trid to combine utility with pleasure, and had made some ascents solely for scientific purposes. I had found a kindred spirit in young Tunnicliffe, and we had had many delightful and successful trips together. Owing to the untimely death of my friend's wife, our aerial expeditions had been suspended for a while. As several weeks had elapsed since that sad event, I felt anxious to resume this expeditions, and as Tunnicliffe had expressed his willingness to accompany me, a day had been fixed for our next trip. It was when I was talking to my wife about this self-same trip that she expressed her regret that Jack Tunnicliffe was going with me.

I had not much difficulty, however, in overcoming her objections and allaying her fears. She was not averse to my hobby, and had even accompanied me in one or two of my journeys in the air. Moreover, she sympathized with me in my desire "to make some useful discovery," and was therefore unwilling to damp my ardor, or hinder the progress of my observations. She had felt the exhilarating effect of a balloon ascent, and my reference to the benefit young Tunnicliffe would probably derive from the projected trip appealed to her experience as well as to her tender heart.

Accordingly, next day at the appointed time, everything being in readiness, we started on our aerostatic journey. Tunnicliffe, contrary to his usual demeanor, seemed a little excited, but this caused me no apprehensions. His interest had apparently been awakened, and it was only natural that he should be animated on such an occasion. The balloon was set at liberty as soon as we had taken our seats, and the machine rose beautifully. There was a gentle breeze, which bore us slightly southward. We rose slowly at first, and so had plenty of time to gaze on the vast and extending panorama below us.

Presently we entered a huge bank or mountain of cloud of the kind called cumulus, and were surrounded by a chilling mist which induced me to put on the wraps we had brought. When we emerged from the cloud a scene of fairy-like beauty suddenly burst upon us. We were in a kind of basin surrounded by mountains of cloud of the most fantastic shapes, of enormous size and of dazzling brightness. Now and then, as we rose, we caught sight also of wondrous ravines of curious shape and great depth. These mountains of clouds, with their silvery and golden sides, their dark shadows, their varied tints and summits of dazzling whiteness, presented to our wondering gaze a scene of surpassing beauty and grandeur.

This sublime spectacle evoked my highest admiration, while the silence and vastness of space inspired me with awe. I drank in these exquisite and varied delights with such avidity and with such absorbing interest, that I had scarcely looked at, or spoken to my companion since we had started. But an exclamation from him now diverted my attention, and glancing at him, I was surprised to see that he had risen and was much excited.

"What is it, Jack?" I asked.

"Isn't it glorious?" he replied. "I wonder if heaven is much more beautiful? How delightful it would be if we could reach it! I should see my Ada again, then."

"My dear fellow!" I interposed, hastily, somewhat alarmed—not so much by his words as by his excited manner and wild look; "you think too much of these things. You have been brooding over your loss more than is good for you. Will you— "

"At any rate," cried he, vehemently, "it's worth trying, so here goes," and seizing one of the sandbags he threw it over. The lightened balloon at once began to rise more quickly.

"What are you doing, Jack?" I shouted. "For heaven's sake, keep calm. We are a good height already. We shan't be able to breathe if we go much higher. It's getting uncomfortable as it is."

"Shan't we? We shall see about that. I'm going to try, anyhow. Besides, I don't care if I can't breathe. I want to see my Ada. That's all I care about."

I began to fear the worst. Was he going mad? Were the reports my wife had heard literally true, and not exaggerated after all? What a fool I had been not to be more cautious! Whether he was mad or not, he was in a dangerous mood, and my position was far from pleasant. To oppose him would evidently aggravate him and make matters worse. To humor him was undoubtedly the wisest course.

"Look here, Jack! I cried. "You say you want to see Ada. I can tell you of a better and surer way of going to her than this. If you will listen to me—there I involuntarily moved my hand toward the valve-cord!—if you will listen to me I——"

None of your blarney, man? I'm not to be wheedled so. I'm to old a boy for that. Leave the cord alone, can't you? I'm not going down again to-day. I'm going to see what's up there, and don't you try to stop me," and he glared fiercely at me.

The horrible nature of my situation was now only too apparent—there could no longer be any doubt of Tunnicliffe's condition. I was in a balloon with a mad man, and about four miles from the earth. I felt the cold sweat on my brow, and my brain began to rest. But with a tremendous effort I pulled myself together for my only chance of safety was in retaining my self-possession. To attempt to overpower him was out of the question—the strength of a madman is so well known My only hope of escape was to outwit him. But how? Forced into unnatural activity as my brain was by my desperate situation, and by the necessity of prompt action, I could think of no device or ruse that would do any good, I was completely at the mercy of the madman.

We were now at such a height that asphyxia was imminent. I could hear my heart throb quite plainly. I breathed with difficulty, and a horrible sensation like that of sea sickness came over me. The cold was so intense that I shivered. notwithstanding my wraps. The mental strain was terrible. I was almost frantic. Knowing, however, that in a few minutes I should be unconscious, and that then all would be over with me, I nerved myself for one last effort.

As I rose from my seat my eye fell on the grapnel. Fortunately it was on my side of the car. A sudden idea struck me, here was a weapon to hand. It was an awful thought—it would be terrible deed. But there was now no alternative, no time for delay. My senses were going. I stretched out my hand, but the madman, who never took his eye off me, had detected my purpose. With a sudden movement he darted forward and seized the grapnel, but in his eagerness to forestall me he had precipitated himself too far over the side of the car and almost lost his balance. He made a desperate effort to recover himself, but, seized with a sudden and irresistible impulse, I pushed him over, and with a horrible yell, which rings in my ears whenever I recall the occurrence, the madman disappeared from my sight.

Almost mad myself—I am not sure that I was not quite so just then—I climbed into the ring to reach the valve line. But my hands were so stiff and numb with the cold that I could not grasp the cord. By a kind of inspiration which seemed providential I seized the cord with my teeth, and after two or three tugs the valve opened with a loud clang, and the balloon began to descend. Thank heaven! I was saved. My hands being useless, I was obliged to throw up my arms and drop into the car, where I lay motionless and unconscious for a while.

My swoon could not have lasted more than a few seconds, for when I recovered the barometer showed that I was still in a high altitude, although the balloon was descending rapidly. I rubbed and beat my hands until the circulation was restored. Then I set about taking the necessary precautions against a too rapid descent. But I acted more like an automaton than a conscious agent, for I seemed in a kind of stupor or trance all the time.

How and where I reached the solid earth I cannot say. I have only a dim, hazy recollection of being surrounded by a crowd of people. Some were bending over me and seemed to be questioning me, but I couldn't make out what they said. I felt an awful pain in my head, and remember nothing more until I found myself in bed in a dark room and my wife bending over me. This was several days afterward, and I learned then that I had been brought home in a delirious state and had had brain fever.

When I recovered my friends congratulated me, and tried to persuade me that as my homicidal act was done in self-defence it was justifiable. I hope it was, but I can never recall it without misgiving and horror, and I have never made a balloon ascent since.—Tit-Bits.

"Jim" Fisk's Fortune.

A current paragraph says that at the time of his death Jim Fisk was supposed to be worth $2,000,000, and that it is hard to believe that the only means of support Fisk's widow now has is a small income from property in Vermont which came to her from her own family. The writer of the paragraph is seemingly ignorant of the popular legend that Jay Gould quietly and remorselessly gobbled up every penny of Fisk's belongings as soon as Fisk breathed his last. The two friends had offices adjoining each other, and between them used one safe. After Fisk's death an examination demonstrated that there was actually nothing in the safe but air and dust, and Gould subsequently testified upon the witness stand that the firm of Fisk & Gould had no assets. Nobody knows where Jim Fisk's two millions went, but everybody can give a pretty close guess.—Chicago Record.

Two Boys Kill a Lion.

Two boys of a dozen summers, Geo. Ward and Oscar Gale by name, succeeded in killing a California lion near Amador one day last week. The boys shot the animal with buckshot, and after an exciting chase of half a mile, with the aid of a dog, they succeeded in killing it. The lion measured eight feet from tip to tip.—San Francisco Chronicle.

SUBMERGED PALACE

Ingenious Oriental Scheme for Defying the Heat.

A Glass Residence at the Bottom of a Lake.

The problem of how to keep cool in summer offers a wide range of glorious possibilities, but probably the most extraordinary method ever heard of is that of the King of Siam. This ingenious gentleman escapes the torrid rays of Old Sol by depositing himself for hours at a time in the cooling if aqueous embrace of a lake. There he sits in a house of glass as comfortable as can be, while the pond lilies droop, and the furnace-like heat spreads itself all over his dominion.

The King, in the interests of suffering humanity, did not copyright this interesting idea, and it has been adopted by the Prince Khan Aryanluh, of India. The Prince has a magnificent summer villa on the bottom of a lake on his ancestral estates at Agra.

The question of ventilation has been already attended to by the kingly inventor. He pumps air from the surface through enormous tubes and manages to keep up a constant circulation. As it is for himself alone, the room is but twenty feet square by fifteen feet high. With the exception of the floor, it is entirely of heavy plate glass closely fitted into steel frames. The floor is of wood and steel, and directly under it is a second or false floor, into which are stored weights of stone. When floating all these weights are removed, but when His Majesty desires a cooling, tons of them are rolled in, and the room slowly and silently sinks, until it rests upon the bottom. It is then at a depth of about twenty feet, and so arranged that an abundant supply of air is obtained from numerous tubes leading to the surface. By means of other tubes he is enabled to hold conversation with those in the royal palace on shore, and also to transact state business.

The furnishings of this submarine castle are as lavish as those of the imperial palace. Every chair, table and divan is inlaid with gold and heavily studded with precious stones. The ornaments, statues and minor furnishings are of ivory, and the back of the royal chair is emblazoned with a coronet of emeralds.

When his majesty desires to return to the surface the weights are quickly rolled out upon a sunken raft by means of levers worked in an anteroom, and the room is drawn up, as if it were an elevator, by means of cables and hoisting apparatus operated from above. The raft bearing the weights is afterwards drawn up by the same method. The whole affair is as simple as it is ingenious.

Prince Khan Aryanluh, of India, has a submarine room equally as gorgeous. To him, however, the idea of living under water is not as marvellous as to the King of Siam, as the water has been the Prince's home from childhood. His home, and the home of his father, the royal palace at Agra, is built entirely on the water, and access to it is only possible by boat. In magnificence and gaudy grandeur, it probably eclipses anything known to the civilized world.

Its decorations in ivory and precious stones alone are worth over $20,000,000, and it has 1,000 rooms. It is known as the pearl palace and was built exclusively for the ruling monarch, his family and his wives. Twenty thousand men were employed on it for twenty-two years. It is built in the form of an irregular octagon, is of pure white marble, and so lavishly is the main hall docorated that the whole of the Koran is said to be written in precious stones on the walls.—New York World.

War an Expensive Luxury.

An idea of the tremendous cost of munitions of war can be gathered from the fact that the old armament of Fort Wadsworth, consisting of seventy guns, cost less than $1,000,000, while only two of the modern monsters of war, the twelve-inch guns for example, can be obtained for an outlay of $600,000, while only sixteen mortars can be erected for an outlay of $350,000.

The original estimates for the defense of New York called for an outlay of $6,000,000 for guns, $5,000,000 for submarine mines and $1,000,000 for torpedo boats. In view of the cost of erecting the guns as described above it will be seen how ridiculously inadequate the estimates are.

The cost of the gun itself is only a part of the outlay. It is necessary before a gun is mounted that the ground be prepared, masonry constructed and all the necessary details of the erection of heavy ordinance properly carried out. In connection with the erection of sixteen mortars recently constructed the masonry alone necessitated an outlay of $160,000.

An interesting feature of the cost of modern warfare is the frightful expense entailed in the discharging of one of the big guns. Every discharge of a twelve-inch gun means that nearly $1,000 has been blown away.

It takes 450 pounds to discharge a twelve-inch projectile, and with smokeless powder at $1 a pound this means an expense of $450 for every discharge, for powder alone. The projectile itself costs $500 to make. In order to penetrate the sides of a modern ironclad, it is necessary to use a projectile something more formidable and solid than the old-style shot, and to get this Uncle Sam has to pay $500 a shot.

Members of the Peace Society can be forgiven for objecting to war when the money expended in discharging a big gun once would keep a family in comfort a year.—New York Mercury.

Farmers and Bird Pests.

In a recent agricultural department report farmers are cautioned to refrain from waging a general war of extermination of crows and blackbirds. While at times they injure crops their depredations, according to the department, can usually be prevented. On the other hand they do incalculable good by destroying insects. The grain eaten by them under ordinary circumstances does not cause serious loss, as much of it consists of scattered or waste kernels. Their occasional descent or corn or wheat fields in flocks of hundreds of thousands indicates that the species is too abundant and should be reduced. Practicable means should be taken by farmers to protect themselves and extreme penalty inflicted, if the crops and the birds' lives cannot both be saved.

Another report deprecates the general condemnation of raptorial birds for the offenses of a few. It lamented the lack of knowledge of the life histories of these birds on the part of legislative committees that draft the game laws of the various states. That the beneficial species of hawks and owls will eventually be protected, it claims, there is not the slightest doubt. When farmers are convinced that the birds are their friends they will demand protection for them, and already leading agricultural and sportsmen's journals are deprecating the indiscriminat slaughter.—New Orleans Picayune.

Bicycles Dangerous in Collision.

The ability of a bicycle and rider in rapid motion to do serious damage in a collision with another machine or with a pedestrian, is fully appreciated by few wheelmen. A man weighing 150 pounds, and moviug at the rate of ten feet per second (which is only about seven miles per hour) has a momentum of 1,500 pounds, leaving out of the account the weight of the wheel. This is sufficient to upset any pedestrian with terrific force. It has been suggested that the pneumatic tire forms a sort of fender which would prevent serious concussion in case of a collision. It would undoubtedly have a slight modifying effect, but it would be of little account. A collision between two wheels, each with a 150 pound rider, spinning at the moderate speed of seven miles per hour, would result in a smashup with a force of 3,000 pounds. In view of these facts, it is no wonder that bicycle accidents are often very serious.—Scientific American.

He Was Right.

Mr. Absentmind—I am delighted to see you. And how is your wife coming on?

Friend—But, my friend, I have no wife.

Mr. Absentmind—You don't tell me so! Then she is still unmarried.

The Sweet Watermelon.

"How dear to my heart are the days of my childhood"—
How memory loves on their beauty to dwell!
The journey from school through the field and the wildwood
To the sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!
The sweet watermelon—
The striped watermelon—
The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

In fancy I still hear the dinner bell ringing,
('Twas ever a welcome and musical bell!)
And the men from the fields on the mules would go singing
To the sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!
The sweet watermelon—
The fat watermelon—
The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

Now age has taught mortals to store it and ice it,
And sometimes, beholding, I seem to rebel,
When I think of the tree where we'd take it and slice—
The sweet watermelon that cooled in the well!
The sweet watermelon—
The fat watermelon—
The big Georgia melon that cooled in the well!

—Atlanta Constitution.

HUMOROUS.

It is the wife of a bridge-builder who should be named Bridget.

Why does the new moon remind one of a giddy girl? Because she is too young to show much reflection.

The man who stole a glance has not yet been arrested, although his attention was arrested when he stole the glance.

Judge—Were you ever up before this court? Everett Wrest—Can't say, judge. What time do your honor git up?

His teeth are loose and his nose is a sight,
And his head!—they've in bandages bound it;
He went out to look for trouble last night,
And he found it.

Belle—Mr. Jolyer is such a nice man. He said I had a voice like a bird. Neil—Yes, he told me you sang like an owl.

"Go to the ant, thou sluggard," don't seem to be heeded in any way by the sluggard, who generally goes to his uncle.

There is no reason why an elderly woman shouldn't be well preserved. The young ones have so much sugar in their composition, you know.

Experience in the world's ways shows
That, as a general rule,
The politician who has the push,
Is the one who has the pull.

Jo says that the best lip salve in creation is a kiss. The remedy should be used with great care, as it may bring on an affection of the heart.

Clara—"He has proposed three or four times, and I don't know whether to accept him or not." Maud—"I would. Suppose he should stop?"

"Oh, give me anything made of beans!" exclaimed the Boston man taken sick in the West, when asked what he would have to eat. They gave him castor oil.

It's the summer fly that bustles,
Till within the spider's gates.
And the spider never hustles,
But he gets there while he waits.

Old lady (to motorman on trolley car)—Ain't you afraid of the electricity, Mr. Motorman? Motorman—No, ma'am, I ain't got no call to be afraid. I ain't a conductor.

Blobbs—"How is it you are never troubled with tramps? You don't keep a dog, do you?" Slobbs—"No; but my wife bakes her own cake, and they have tumbled to it."

She—"Do you know, Harry, father has forbidden you the house?" He—"Forbidden me the house! I never asked him for his house. His daughter is good enough for me."

He lifted his hat with a Chesterfield's grace,
While his cheeks with blushes were deeply dyed;
A girl to the right looked fighting mad,
A girl to the left looked pleased and glad—
The fellow, you see, was cross-eyed!

Figg—Wonder why it is that these professional pugilists are such confounded talkers? Fogg—Perhaps it is because of a determination on their part never to be struck speechless.

She, poutingly—Before we were married you used to bring me candy every time you came. He, briskly—Yes, my dear, and it cost a good deal less than the meat and potatoes I bring you now.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

We hear it rumored the Southern intends taking the proceeds of the cotton weighing from the agents along the line. Some time since the agents got half receipts for attending to the Western Union telegraph business but the railroad company decided they were entitled to that and issued an order accordingly. Now we suppose the same game is to be played on the agents in regard to cotton weighing. The company will find when they attempt this that the merchants and people have some voice in this matter and will not allow their cotton weighed by salaried agents of theirs.

The Illiberality and Short Sightedness of the Southern R. R.

Some time since an earnest and united effort was made by the people here to have the Southern haul a lot of brick from Calera to this place for the Industrial School free of charge. Strong efforts were also made to get the company interested in building up our town by giving us some concessions, etc.

It seems it has all come to naught. The railroad officials politely inform us they will haul the brick at $10 a car, the regular rates, and no help has been promised in any way. No attention even was paid to a request for passes for a committee to visit points along the line for soliciting subscriptions for the school. Application was made to the Louisville and Nashville for passes to Cincinnati and return, with stop-over privileges, and same granted and passes issued id ten minutes time.

Now, when we have an opportunity to build up our town, it seems the Southern intends blocking the game. The school properly started will be of more benefit to the rail road than the town—yet they, with the spirit that has characterized them for years past, sit idly by and instead of aiding us by subscriptions, absolutely want to absorb our means by outrageous charges on materials used in the construction of the building. Such a course by a railroad is not only a check to the growth of the town but shows a short sightedness on the part of the officials of the road that is lamentable.

Great indignation is expressed in Paris because for two years mining problems that cannot be solved have been set for the examination of the Ecole Polytechnique through the blundering of the examiners.

A writer in the St. James Gazette attributes the "anxious look and unwholesome pallor," the nervous exhaustion and headache, often observed among bicyclists, to the incessant, though unconscious, strain upon the brain and nervous system due to the constant effort necessary to maintain equilibrium.

According to recent reports of Professor Francois, an eminent French economist, the United States not only lead all other nations in the scale of wealth, but the wealth of this country is more than a fourth of that of the entire civilized world. Converting Professor Francois's figures from francs into dollars, the Atlanta Journal finds that he puts the total wealth of the nineteen leading nations at $286,550,000,000. Of this amount he credits the United States with $62,600,000,000. He places great Britain second with $53,000,000,000; France third with 45,000,000,000, and Germany fourth with 32,200,000,000. The wealth of Russia is estimated at $25,400,000,000; that of Astria-Hungary at $16,400,000,000; of Spain at $12,400,000,000; that of Italy at $10,800,000,000. It will be seen that the combined wealth of the four great nations, Russia, Austria-Hungary, Italy and Spain barely exceeds that of the United States. Professor Francois also shows that though a great part of the wealth of this country is in the hands of a few people the concentration here is nothing like so bad as in Europe. Our wealth is better distributed than is that of any of the larger countries of Europe. The condition of the masses of the people is better here and their opportunities more abundant.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

New Steam Ginnery Burned.

Mobile's new steam ginnery at Demopolis was burned Sunday morning. Loss $8,000. No insurance.

Penitentiary Potatoes.

A car load ef very fine Irish potatoes was shipped from the penitentiary farm at Speigner last week to parties in Grand Rapids, Mich. This is the first shipment of the kind ever made from the penitentiary farm.

Oh, the Dear Little Pistol.

A young white man at Warrior, Charles Kelly by name, was seriously wounded by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Henry Goldsworthy Saturday last. Although the wound is a dangerons one, hopes are entertained for the young man's recovery.

A Lover of Horse Flesh.

Ed Rhodes was arrested at Courtland Saturday charged with stealing a horse in Carnesville, Tenn. The horse had been sold to parties at Iuka, Miss. The arrest was made by Deputy Sheriff Edwards, of Marshall county, Tenn., and a Mr. Thompson, from whom the horse was stolen,

Montgomery and Prattville.

Track laying was again commenced last Friday on the Montgomery and Prattville road. It had to be stopped a week or ten days ago to allow the graders to get ahead. The work will now, however, be pushed to completion without delay, and it is expected that within a month the road will be completed and ready for business.

Bridge Watchman Killed.

Granbury Powell, bridge watchman for the Louisville & Nashville railroad between Oxmoor and Parkwood, was run over and killed Monday night by southbound freight train No. 26. The remains were brought to this city and turned over to Warner & Smiley for preparation for burial.

Didn't Know 'Twas Loaded.

Noah Oden and his brother, two young white men living near Cullman, Ala., were cleaning their pistols a day or two ago. A facetious young woman in the neighborhood happened in about this time, and recklessly presuming that the pistols were not loaded, pointed one at Noah Oden and pulled the trigger. The young man was shot entirely through the body and has since died.

Boy Murdered at Jonesville.

Ed Kennedy, a 15-year-old negro boy, was knocked in the head by Alex Acorn at Jonesville about 6 o'clock Sunday evening and died at 10:30. Acorn, who was larger than Ed, caught hold of and held him with one hand, at the same ime striking him over the head with a stone, breaking his skull.

The Acorn boy ran off, and up to a late hour Sunday night had not been captured.

Policeman Assassinated.

Officer Edward Jackson, a member of the police force of Girard, was assassinated by an unknown person while patrolling his beat about 3 o'clock Monday morning. Jackson was shot four times, and he died within half an hour afierwards. A few minutes prior to the shooting the officer had clubbed a drunken citizen while making an arrest, and it is believed that his assassin was a friend of the prisouer. The coroner's jury is investigating.

For Manufacturing Brandy.

There have been 250 stills for the manufacture of brandy in Alabama registered with the internal revenue collector. This is the largest amount of registered stills ever known in the state, the next largest being in 1886 when 180 took out the neeessary papers to conduct stills. The brandy to be made is to be out of fruit, and it is believed that no few of the stills will be used for the purpose of making corn whisky as soon as the fruit season is over. The deputy collectors will keep a sharp lookout for violations as soon as they commence.

Manufacture of Lumber.

The immense saw mill of the Learned-Letcher Lumber company, in the western portion of Anniston, is now running both day and night, cutting every foot of lumber possible and employing just as many men as work can be found for profitably. The force right at the mill now numbers over fifty men. The great mill at Renfroe is also being operated by this company on full time. The Learned-Letcher people have recently started two new saw mills, and now have twelve running in this immediate section. A ready sale is found for their entire product.

Car Wreckers Caught.

At a late hour Sunday night as Policeman Goggans, of Birmingham, was making his usual rounds he found in the Louisville & Nashville yard a car of clothing broken open, and on examination discovered that it belonged to J. L. Chalifoux & Co. The officer accidentally stumbled on the trail and found the clothes under a house in the vicinity of Eleventh avenue and Twenty-fist street. The officer came immediately to the city and wired the Atlanta authorities of the robbery here. Monday at noon two men were arrested there and the chief of police in Atlanta wired the Birmingham authorities that they had the thieves safely in jail.

Bad Woman, Pistol, Corpse.

Near Green Pond, some twenty-five miles from Birmingham, on the Alabama Great Southern railroad, about midnight Saturday night, J. D. Catchings, a section foreman, was shot three times and instantly killed by a young man named Sid Blackburn, who pleads self-defense. At the house of a woman whose reputation is said to be unsavory, the two men met at a late hour Saturday night. They had had a few words some time previous, and when they came together Saturday the quarrel was opened again, with the result stated. The leaden missiles entered Catching's temple, forehead and heart, and he fell to the floor dead. The deceased was a married man, his slayer a single man of 22. He claims that he acted in self-defense.

Industrial Revival.

Things at Anniston are gradually assuming a livelier appearance at the big plant of the United States Car company, which has been idle fer three years past. Repairs in the machine shop are being made, some work is being done in the pattern shop, a telephone has been put in and needed improvements are being made in the office. A force of men is also employed in the machine shop on some furnace work for the Woodstock Iron company, and there are eighteen or twenty freight cars in the yards to be repaired just as soon as the material comes in, which will be in a day or two. The repairs on the rolling mill will be commenced shortly. The rolling mill, forge, foundry, pattern shop and machine shop will all be in operation within the next month or six weeks, and the indications are that the entire works will be running full before the first of the year.

Silver Men in Convention.

In accordance with notice sent out by a sub-committee, the democratic silverites of Alabama met in conference in Birmingham Tuesday. Col. J. W. A. Sandford, of Montgomery, presided. Twenty-two counties were represented by 98 delegates, 46 of whom were furnished by Jefferson county. Among the distinguished gentlemen, who were present and addressed the conference, were Senator Pugh, Congressmen Stallings and Robbins, Capt. J. F. Johnson, Judge Wm. Richardson, and ex-Governor R. W. Cobb. Letters from Senator Morgan and Congressman Wheeler were read. The convention held an evening and night session. Resolutions favoring "the free and unlimited coinage of gold and silver at the ratio of 16 to 1," were adopted. A campaign committee, consisting of two members from each congressional district, and two from the state at large was appointed, and a "permanent committee on campaign literature, one for each county in the State."

United States District Court.

United States court opened its fall term at Birmingham Monday. Judge Bruce delivered a short and pointed charge to the grand jury. He said there was no special matter that had been called to his attention by the district attorney, and there was no particular matter which he himself had to place in their care. He thought the work to be done, therefore, ought to be completed in about two weeks. The jury, as well as the court, was to be congratulated that there was but few cases of violations of the laws, but still he knew there were some which would require their attention. Judge Bruce went on to state that the dockets were burdened with petty cases of selling whisky, and that the grand jury would do well to consider the cases which will be brought to their attention well before bringing in indictments. Indicting petty offenses does no public good and puts the government to a great expense. There were some cases where the officers made considerable fees, but he had naught to say where the officers were entitled to the fees. He thought no case should be prosecuted for fees, and the jury could determine this while carrying out their work.

Harry Hayward's Appeal.

The final papers in the appeal of Harry Hayward, the Minneapolis gambler, convicted of securing the murder of Catherine Ging, was filed in the supreme court Saturday. The legal limit expired two weeks ago, but the attorney-general allowed twenty days longer. The case cannot come up for some weeks.

NEVER CONSCIOUS AFTERWARD.

Unhappy Result of a Disagreement About an Account.

J. B. Stewart, whe was hit on the head with a nail puller in the hands of Henry Wilkinson last Wednesday, at Carrollton, Ga., died Monday afternoon at 3:15 o'clock. He never was conscious after the blow. Wilkinson was taken in charge immediately after Stewart's death by Sheriff Gammon. It will be remembered that the difficulty resulted from a disagreement about the price of a pair of shoes.

Wilkinson has made a host of friends, won by his gentlemanly demeanor since moving to Carrollton. Stewart has been a citizen of the town more than twenty years. He leaves a wife, three sons and two daughters. An autopsy will be made. Wilkinson has employed Judge W. C. Adamson and others to defend him.

Premature Explosion of Dynamite.

A horrible explosion occurred at the Patton Rock quarry, near South Pittsburg, Tenn., Monday afternoon, in which two men were almost blown to pieces and can live but a short time. Robert Hawk, the foreman, and Pope Grider were tamping a hole charged with dynamite, when a premature explosion occurred. Both men were thrown quite a distance. Twenty-five sticks of dynamite lying near by were also exploded by the shock. Both men had their arms and legs blown off and their bodies were filled with small stones. They are alive now, but cannot survive the shock.

Earle Breaks a Long Record.

R. P. Earle, the bicyclist who left Chicago at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, September 7, arrived in New York city at 3:35 a. m. Saturday, three hours and twenty-five minutes ahead of the best previous time for the wheeling run between these two cities.

A HISTORIC QUESTION SETTLED.

Gen. Robert E. Lee's Chief of Staff—Strictly Speaking He Had None.

To the Editor of The Boston Advertiser: Discussion having arisen respecting General Robert E. Lee's chief of staff, it may now be considered at an end, with the following authoritative publication from the only living person competent to settle the matter.

Boston, September 9. P. V.

Baltimore, August 27, 1895.—My Dear Colonel: I thank you for calling my attention to an error in relation to my position on the staff of General Lee, which has come to be a general belief; how, I do not know. I was not his chief of staff, nor can I say that he had an officer who held that position in the strict sense of the term. He had on his personal staff three officors who, at tke time of the surrender, were Lieutenant Colonels Taylor, Venable and myself—all commissioned in the A. and I. G. department. Colonel Taylor's duties were those of Adjutant-General, though they were sometimes performed by Venable and myself. I did more of General Lee's private and confidential correspondence, perhaps, than my comrades on the personal staff, and had more to do with preparing reports, general orders, etc., from which it has happened that I have been called his military secretary, though I was not strictly so. For this reason, no doubt, he selected me to attend him when he went to meet General Grant at Appomattox and intrusted me with the preparation of such letters as passed between him and General Grant, leading up to and ending in the surrender.

Very truly yours,
Charles Marshall.

The Southern Railway

—WILL GIVE—

Greatly Reduced Rates

For the following occasions:

29th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11-14, 1895.

Battlefield Encampment, Sons of Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16-19, 1895.

Dedication of the Chicamauga-Chattanooga National Park, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19-20, 1895.

The Southern Railway reaches all of the above points. Its schedules are convenient and quick, and the service is of the highest standard.

For datesof sale and full information address any agent of the company.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham.lv		6.40am	.....
No. 74§	No. 72†			No. 73†	No. 75§
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar		6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...		5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....		3.15pm	4.21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv		1.15pm	3.00pm
No. 60*	No.168†			No. 61*	No.169†
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar		10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York		9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....		8.20pm	1.27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv		7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar Selma lv		6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv Selma ar		6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....		4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	.....Calera.....		3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...		3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..		3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....		2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....		1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	.....Anniston....		1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...		1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	....Piedmont....		12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....		12.14pm	5.37pm
3.58pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..		11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....		11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv		7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.20	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	.....Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	9.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11.40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this ?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

News reaches us that Mr. James Oakley shot and instantly killed a negro at Ashby, Ala., one day last week. We have not learned the particulars, but hear it was in self-defense.

Dr. B. B. Rogan left yesterday evening for Baltimore, where he will complete his course in medicine. Barney is one of our brightest and most industrious boys and we predict for him great success in all of his undertakings.

Miss Lucille Wilkinson returned home one day last week after quite a lengthy visit to her father at Prattville.

Dr. L. M. Latham, of Vance, spent Sunday with home folks.

Mrs. I. N. Whatley, of Calera, was a pleasant visitor to our town a few days since.

Mr. O. M. Watson, of Calera, paid us a call last Saturday.

The K. of H. picnic given at this place Saturday passed off as nicely as possible. The Grand Dictator failed to arrive on account of sickness, and disappointment was felt by all. Mr. E. S. Lyman made a short speech for the good of the order, which was full of facts, showing the advantage of being a Knight. At 1 o'clock everybody was invited to partake of the good dinner the ladies had so bountifully provided, and never did a crowd do justice to a better one. The evening was spent in games and other amusements.

Mr. W. L. North of Birmingham visited our town on business a few days since.

And still Depot street remains unfixed. Why not fix this street? Are you satisfied with it? If you are, just sit still and you will have to try your hand at jumping ditches when you go to the depot.

Messrs. H. C. Reynolds, Jr., C. T. Acker, Henry and Cassie Fancher and Frank Farrington leave for Howard next Monday.

Miss Mary Nicholls of Birmingham is visiting her cousins, Misses Bertie and Bessie Allen, of this place.

Our quiet town was alarmed Sunday night by unearthly yells coming from Jacksonville, the negro quarters on the Northside. Our reporter rushed to the scene expecting to find "Railroad Bill" getting in his work, but to his surprise he found only a negro boy, Hilliard Mason, standing in the center of the room with a cocked gun aimed at his "dearly beloved mamma" and telling her to "stand back, mammy, or prepare to meet your God!" In a few minutes quite a crowd gathered and seized the boy and bound him and told his mother to go to work on him with a battling stick—and she did.

Miss Lena North returned to her home in Birmingham last week.

Several of our citizens are attending court in Columbiana this week.

Mr. A. F. Smith, route agent for the Southern railroad, spent Sunday in our city.

Mrs. J. L. McConaughy visited Anniston last week.

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C, & W. B. Reynolds 3t

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

We notice that half of the call boxes at the postoffice are marked "Vacant." Major Strong would like to purchase a new cabinet with lock boxes, but of course he cannot afford to do this unless he gets some encouragement. Call boxes only cost $1 a year. Can't you rent one, and help the P. M?

Mr. J. L. Suttle, of Selma, was in the city last Saturday.

Mr. W. A. Brown, one of our old boys but now of Selma, was in the city a few days since.

F. W. Rogan visited Birmingham this week.

Invitations are out for a "Tacky party" at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds, tomorrow evening. All anticipate a jolly good time.

Colonel DeBardeleben, of Birmingham, passed through the city Tuesday.

We are always glad to receive local news. When you have visitors please send us their names. If you know of any deaths, marriages, births, fightss, runaways or anything of interet send it to us.

Prof. Joseph M. Dill, of East Lake, arrived here Monday and will open his school next Monday assisted by Miss Fannie FcMath. Professor Dill is a fine scholor and is one of the finest instructors in penmanship in the state.

Are'nt those sleeve holders out o' sight?

Drummers are numerous this week.

Wanted (?) "You don't know do you?" to leave town at once—if not sooner.

The ice cream supper at Mrs. E. S. Lymans, Saturday night, for the benefit of the Episcopal church, was enjoyed by all present.

Mr. F. E. Davis returned from an "extended trip south," Saturday morning.

Breathes a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
When rising from an intemperate bed,
Is this my own, my native head.
Ex—

Miss Dennie Wiley, of Montgomery, is visiting Mrs. H. C. Reynolds.

Mrs. R. H. Pratt, of Six Mile, spent Tuesday in our city.

Messrs. M. J. Merchant and I. W. Edwards, of Bibb, were in the city with cotton Tuesday.

A game of base ball played here Saturday evening by the second nines of this place and Bismark resulted in a score of 13 to 11 in favor of Bismark.

Mr. T. M. Allen will move out of the hotel today, and we learn that Mr. H. S. Latham will add another story to the house and run the hotel himself.

All Montevallo will be glad to hear that Dr. McGaha is able to be up, and we hope to soon have him with us again.

Some people seem to think that cotton will go to ten cents. While it may do this, the chances are ten to one against it; and we think the wisest thing to do is to get your cotton out and sell it just as soon as you can, for it is very probable that the price will soon go to 5½ and 6 cents per pound.

All the roads have been worked and are in good fix. Take her to ride now, boys, while you won't have to pay too much attention to the driving.

Bring your cotton to Montevallo. We guarantee you better bargains in everything than you can get anywhere else. We have been told that groceries are cheaper here than they are in Selma. Montevallo is one of the best cotton markets in the state, and there is no sense in shipping your cotton to Selma when you can get just as much for it here, and get all kinds of goods just as cheap, if not cheaper, than you can there. Bring your cotton in and try our market.

Why don't all the merchants get to work and have a man to canvass Bibb and Chilton counties and have them come here with their cotton and other produce.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs delivered to excellent sermons at the Methodist church last Sunday to large and appreciative congregations.

The grls had better be sweet on the editors, as they have passes to the Atlanta exposition, and they are allowed to take two ladies each with them.

Miss Sallie and Margaret Walker returned to their home in Faunsdale last Saturday.

Go West, young man, go West!
"Go way, Devil. I'll be good."
Wasn't there a sight o' "grub" at the picnic?
Umph! Go off child.
Everybody's makin' 'lasses.
Cheese! Cheese! Cheese! is "Brurs'" cry from morning till night.
Cotton is coming in rapidly.
Is September hot?
"'Valk in mine friend" is getting lonesome.

The Southern Poet, from Somewhere, spouted forth his eloquent little love-sick poems to a small and non-appreciative audience on Thursday night last. Although well recommended by several newspapers, he failed to tickle the fancy of the public here.

It may be a treat to some people to pay twenty-five cents to hear a person lacking all that goes to make an elocutionist, read his silly rhymes, but we must say we are sick and tired of being humbugged by every quack who comes along.

Burr Nabors, Jr., made a flying visit to Blocton Tuesday.

Mrs. Hoskings, of Aldrich, was in the city Tuesday.

W. B. Reynolds visited Blocton this week.

Many thanks to the noble Knights for Saturday's day of pleasure.

Mr. I. Boxhorn, of Selma, was shaking hands with his many friends here this week.

Police Officer Edward Jackson, of Girard, Ala., was murdered by an unknown party on Sunday night. No clue has been obtained as to who did the bloody work.

The Steiner building at Birmingham Saturday night was robbed of several dollars in money and some postage stamps. No clue has been found.

A fine poem by one of our brightest young men will have to be left out this week for lack of space.

Four houses were destroyed by fire at Avondale Saturday morning.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SOUTHSIDE JOKER.

What has become of that Spring Creek fellow who mourned too long for a couple of skinny kittens a certain kind-hearted "sister" carried home with her.

Jim Vest, "alias" "Tub," returned from Imogene last week.

"C. T. A." will please call at correspondent's place of business if he wishes some curling fluid, as we think the tongs are ruining his hair.

"Umbrella Charley" was seen walking in the moonshine with his umbrella stretched above his head a few nights since.

C. C. Vandegrift went to "Coon Town" Tuesday on a business trip.

The boys say "Lize" handles the "deck" like an old professional.

All seemed to have had a nice time at the picnic, especially the "bums" that got a square meal.

Croquet seems to be all the rage up in the park.

The bums are thinking of going South, where the climate will suit their clothes. "We bid them Godspeed."

"Son" has been distributing jewelry around among the girls, it seems.

"Burr" has it so bad he walked to Cedardale to see her last Tuesday.

Say, "Foots," save your money and buy you a farm while you are at work.

The "Cadet" is putting in good time, as he has to leave Monday.

"Fatty" is contemplating matrimony.

John McMath says he wants to see the people on the hill, but that "Babe" has him barred out.

Wonder what made E. L. D. feel so good Saturday night after the picnic.

Lost—One "Jim Swinger" coat. When last seen was going toward Concord.

Walton Williams is suffering from a severe attack of "love sickness." Says he has lost his appetite for everything but cheese.

They say Kirk Session's feet swelled after the picnic Saturday. "Foundered himself."

Wishing you editors much success with your paper and your love affairs, I am yours, "Plugugly."

—o—

BISMARK DOTS.

Cotton picking is the order of the day.

Mr. R. O. Camp left Monday for Chattanooga to attend the dedication of the Chieamauga National park.

Miss Minnie Little is visiting friends and relatives at Birmingham this week. Miss Minnie has many friends here who will welcome her home.

Rev. H. Carnell filled his appointment here Sunday, delivering a fine sermon to a large and appreciative congregation.

P. O. West, of Concord, spent Sunday in our midst.

Several of our young men attended the meeting at Concord last week, and report a good meeting. The people of Dry Valley always make visitors enjoy themselves.

Protracted services will commence here on the third Sunday in October. We would be glad to see some of our Mantevallo friends down.

With best wishes for the "News."
D. B.

Wouldn't it Be Funny

If "Son" could go to see her before he leaves?

If "Brur" could have a girl without thinking everybody else loved her?

If some people would attend to their own business and let others alone?

If R. E. H. was not such a "heart-breaker?"

If money grew on trees?

If every day was Sunday?

If Nat should make a mash?

If Lee was moved to Tuskaloosa?

If lovers' quarrels should cease to occur?

If we should put Depot street sidewalk in good fix?

If the boys look otherwise than tack tomorrow night, or any other night?

If our juniors should write the history of modern Montevallo (as she am)?

If you should wear the bloomers,
And I should bake the bread;
And I should swap my beaver
For the bonnet on your head.
Would life be worth the living
In such new pathways led,
If you should wear the bloomers
And I should bake the bread?
Would it?

If fish would bite?

If Son should turn to a mosquito?

If Walton should get his pay from the poet who promised to send it to him?

If Brur could get enough cheese just once?

If "Shorty" could head a hog.

If everybody would rent a P. O. box?

If "Babe" could realize his fondest hope and get a uniform with brass buttons on it when he gets to Howard?

Our printers last week made some mistakes. Hope it will not occur again.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs closed a series of meetings here last Thursday night. While it was very quiet, we feel that "bread was cast upon the waters, and will be gathered many days hence."

Miss Eunice Latham, one of Montevallo's most popular young ladies, visited Miss Linnie Curry last week. Miss Eunice is a very pleasant guest, and Miss Linnie an excellent hostess.

Sargeant West was a pleasant visitor in our community last week.

Miss Ada Mulkey spent last week with Miss Lula Eddings. Miss Ada has many friends and admirers that are always glad to see her.

Our new church is near completion and it is one that our people feel grateful for. It has received some very nice presents, among them was five beautiful lamps presented by our most popular friend, Mrs. S. A. Curry.

Professor Moore's school opened up the 9th and looks very prosperous. We feel sure that Professor Moore will do all he can to advance them in literature and also set Godly examples.

One of our ladies would ask the lady readers of this paper, where in the Old Testament there is a curse pronounced on women for wearing big sleeves?

L. D. McElroy wants Concord's correspondent to know he does not reside at Six Mile. From what Charley tells us, we think he has moved his boarding place up in Chilton.

C. C. Ambrose spent last week with his admirers in this community.

"Sou" said we need a pair of prevaricators license. We think he needs a pair of license to play in Mr. C—— back yard. Bye-bye,
Side Burns.

HUNGRY FLAMES

Do $8000 Worth of Damage at Demopolis Yesterday Moruing.

Demopolis, Ala., Sept. 16.—Fire broke out yesterday morning about 3 o'clock in Webb's ginnery. The establishment is some ways from the main portion of town, and before help could reach the scene the large brick building was entirely gutted. Surrounding buildings were saved, including the boiler house of the ginnery.

It is probable that the oil mills were only saved by the quick action of Manager Leder, who had the boilers fired up and the pumps and hose gotten ready for quick action.

Mr. Webb's loss is $8000, with no insurance. He will rebuild, commencing the work today.

ODEN IS DEAD.

Shot by a Pistol Handled Carelessly by a Young Lady.

Cullman, Ala., Sept. 16.—Noah Oden, the young man who was shot entirely through the body by a young lady who was carelessly handling a pistol, is dead. The young man and his brother had been cleaning their pistols, and the young lady, "who didn't know it was loaded," playfully pointed the weapon at young Oden, with the result as noted. The deceased was the son of Dr. S. H. Oden, who resides about six miles from Cullman.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.
Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. M. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

UNION VETERANS AT LOUISVILLE.

Fifty Thou and in Column, Escorted by the Men in Gray.

Fifty thousand ex-soldiers of the union army marched through the streets of Louisville, Ky., Wednesday. Before them came the advance, the Kentuckians who enlisted in the confederate service at the outset of hostilities and fought to the last ditch. One bore aloft the stars and stripes, the other a silken banner of white, having in its center a golden dove and in its mouth an olive branch. This typified "The emblem of peace. The re-union thirty years after of the victory and vanquished." Thee hundred thousand people lined the streets and windows and house tops, and gave the marching hosts a reception that will be memorable in Grand Army annals and remembrances of which will be carried by every participant to his last hour. In these great throngs of spectators were tens of thousands of those who fought on the other side that even today speak with pride of the fact that they rallied under the stars and bars and wore the gray, that was so dear to the southern hearts. These were the loudest in their plaudits and the most vociferous in joining in the chorus when the strains of "Rally Round the Flag" and other national war songs filled the air, and proudly the great unarmed army received the applaudits of their one time foemen.

Result of a Family Quarrel.

As the result of a family quarrel, Louis Hoffman of 139 North avenue, Chicago, shot his wife and sent a bullet into his own breast Saturday. Both will die.

WARNED NOT TO CROSS THE TRACK

Two Women, Two Children and the Heedless Driver Killed.

Train No. 35, fast mail, from Washington to Atlanta, ran into a wagon containing five people at Lawyers, a station twelve miles south of Lynchburg, Va, Monday evening. This train does not stop at Lawyers and was probably going at full speed.

Particulars of the wreck to be obtained are very meagre. The man killed is supposed to have been Joseph Callahan, living near Rustburg, Campbell county. Two women and two children were in the vehicle with him. All were killed, as was also the horse. It is said Callahan was warned not to cross the track, as the train was running very rapidly, but would not heed the warning.

FOR SALE.

One of the best little farms in west Alabama. Will give a man a good bargain, and take staple dry goods, shelf hardware or Montevallo property in part payment. Write for full information. C. C. L. DILL,
tf Dillburg, Ala.

The Stallion Enquirer Dead.

A special from Nashville, Tenn., states that the stallion Enquirer, by imp. Leamington, out of Lida, by Lexington, foaled in 1867, died at Belle Meade a few days ago. He was the sire of Falsetto, Inspector B. McWhirter, Reporter and other famous horses. Up to and including 1883 his get won nearly $600,000.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

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LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

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I carry a full line of **Fall and Winter Hats** and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

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I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

The Cowbird's Craft.

There is a kind of blackbird known as "cowbird" that lives on the insects that annoy cattle in pasture. Cowbirds are always seen in flocks, they never pair and never build nests nor rear young. The female, when she wants to lay, hunts up the nest of some other bird that is laying, and there leaves her egg. I have seen its brown eggs in the nests of robin, ground robin or towhee, meadow lark and the black-throated bunting.

The birds thus imposed upon seem never to break the strange egg or throw it out, but sometimes will build a new nest inside the first, and leave the eggs to rot in the lower story. I have seen several such examples and one is on record where a cowbird having also put an egg in the second nest, a third story was added to the ftructure. It is thought that the cowbird's egg hatches sooner than those of its hosts, and the young cowbird is brought up instead of the legitimate nestlings, which, if hatched, are left to starve.—[Colman's Rural World.

The True Laxative Principle

Of the plants used in manufacturing the pleasant remedy, Syrup of Figs, has a permanently beneficial effect on the human system, while the cheap vegetable extracts and mineral solutions, usually sold as medicines, are permanently injurious. Being well informed, you will use the true remedy only. Manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

A Tip to the New Woman.

Among the Greeks breeches indicated slavery. A free man never wore them.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The Prevailing Malady

in this country is dyspepsia. Probably more than three-fourths of the people suffer from it in some of its many forms. Many have dyspepsia and don't know it, because they have the painless kind. Such are always half sick and ascribe their ailment to any cause but the true one. Where dyspepsia is known, or suspected, Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy ought to be used. It is a wonderful medicine, very pleasant to take, and not only corrects digestion in a few minutes, but cures the worst cases of dyspepsia. For sale by all druggists.

"Good Spirits."

The words have different meanings to a spiritualist, a Kentuckian, and an average man. For the average man good spirits depend on good digestion. How to insure good digestion? A Ripans Tabule after each meal, that's all.

Those Distressing Corns!

Bad as they are, Hindercorns will remove them, and then you can walk as you like.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Piso's Cure for Consumption has no equal as a Cough medicine.—F. M. ABBOTT, 383 Seneca St., Buffalo, N. Y., May 9, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Experience Leads Many Mothers to Say

"Use Parker's Ginger Tonic" because it is good for colds, pain and almost every weakness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

It is a Fact

That Hood's Sarsaparilla has an unequalled record of cures, the largest sales in the world, and cures when all others fail.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the Only

True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5; Be sure to get Hood's.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Walter Baker & Co. Limited,

The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE

COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

from the great

Industrial and Food EXPOSITIONS IN EUROPE AND AMERICA.

Caution: In view of the many imitations of the labels and wrappers on our goods, consumers should make sure that our place of manufacture, namely, **Dorchester, Mass.** is printed on each package.

SOLD BY GROCERS EVERYWHERE.

WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 60c. and $1.00 at Druggists

GUNS Great sale Parker, Baker and other Breech Loaders. Price way down. Single barrel, $4.00; double, $6.50; muzzle loaders, $2.00; rifles, $1.75; air rifles, $1.00; repeating, $1.50; revolvers, 85c.; bicycles, half price; kodaks; boxing gloves, delivered, $1.75, set of four. Send stamps for 48-page pictorial catalogue. H. & D. Folsom Arms Co., 314 B'way, N.Y.

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European Musical Advantages brought to the South. Eminent European Instructors for every instrument. Vocal and other branches. Terms moderate; board and education in connection.

J. MORTON BOYCE, F. V. C. M., Director.

AM. N. U. No. 38· 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION

CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

25 CTS 25 CTS

FARM AND GARDEN

FERTILIZER FOR PEAR ORCHARDS.

An experienced pear grower recommends the use of 400 pounds of muriate of potash with 800 pounds of ground bone per acre each year. One half of this mixture he applies to the orchard in the autumn and the other half in the spring, when plowing. The necessary nitrogen is supplied by sowing crimson clover with the fertilizer—New York World.

TAGGING THE SHEEP.

Tagging the sheep is a necessary thing to be done if the shepherd would avoid the injurious fly. The heat, as well as the effect of the green soft feeding when sheep are on pasture, loosen the droppings and this soils the wool. The ever watchful fly lays its eggs on the filthy wool, and before anything is known the sheep are fly-blown, after which a few days is time enough to cover the whole hindquarters with the maggots. It is a very difficult thing then to save the sheep. It is worth while to save the tags and after a few days' soaking in water to have them washed and taken care of. —Farm, Field and Fireside.

BRAN AS A FERTILIZER.

Thirty odd years ago the late Solon Robinson, after making some experiments with wheat bran and corn meal as fertilizers on his lawn, declared they were fully as cheap for this purpose as any of the commercial fertilizers then on the market. Several experiments have been made with bran and what are called "middlings" as fertilizers for grass, and with good results. All planters at the South know what a change has been wrought within the last two or three decades in the use of cotton seed, and cotton seed meal and waste from the oil mills for enriching the soil for all kinds of crops. At a recent meeting of mill owners at Louisville this subject of using wheat bran as a fertilizer was again brought to the fore and highly endorsed by those who have tested it practically. If chemical analysis is worth anything as a test of the fertilizing value of wheat bran, then at the price at which it has been selling for the last year or two it is worth more than its cost as a manure. Most farmers, however, will prefer to feed it to their animals and then save the manure, but it cannot be maintained that anything is added to the value of the bran as a fertilizer by this process. —New York Sun.

TREATMENT OF AN ORCHARD.

The treatment of an orchard is a subject of importance and should be well studied. If the land is so wet that it needs drainage, it is not fit for use on this account. The land must then be drained, or the trees will not thrive. The roots will run into the drains and choke them, making double mischief, for the land will soon be as wet as before and the labor and money will be lost. Clay land is not the best for an orchard; a lightish, gravelly land is better, and still more so if it is limestone. It would be better to set the orchard far from the house in lighter land than in clay because of its nearness. If the land is clay, but not wet, it may be improved by subsoiling it; that is, by plowing in the furrow of a common plow and immediately after it with a bar plow—that is, one with a long bar like a coulter that will break the subsoil and loosen it. This might be done in a strip between the rows of trees and about six feet wide, but near the trees the land should be plowed no deeper than a few inches, lest the small roots be broken and the trees checked in growth. It is a good thing for an orchard to be sown with clover and pastured by swine or sheep.—American Farmer.

HARDY WINTER OATS.

Winter oats are one of the best paying crops that can be grown, writes a Delaware farmer. Wherever introduced they are superseding spring oats entirely. Oats are essentially a cool weather crop, and failures either partial or total with spring oats, on account of the hot, dry weather of June and July, are so common that many farmers are entirely discouraged from growing them. This trouble is entirely obviated by substituting winter oats. They are sown at the same time as winter wheat, and ripen with wheat the following season, so that the harvesting and threshing may all be done at the same time. The variety we grow in Delaware is perfectly hardy—as much so as Fultz wheat—and withstands the severest weather perfectly. On good soil a yield of fifty to eighty bushels is common. They grow a strong, stiff straw, which stands up well. They are a very heavy oat, a measured bushel weighing from thirty-eight to forty-five pounds. I have known crops of these oats this season that gave an average of eighty bushels per acre on twenty to thirty acre fields. One and a half bushels per acre are enough to sow. Winter oats are also a good crop to seed clover with. The same fertilization and tillage that will produce a good wheat crop will give a big crop of winter oats.—American Agriculturist.

STRAW AS FEED.

The value of straw for feeding purposes depends almost entirely on the method of harvesting. The riper the grain is allowed to become, the drier and less nutritious is the straw. It is well known that rye-grass hay out before the seed is ripe is much more valuable and fetches a higher price than it does if the seed is allowed to ripen before cutting. So it is with every other species of that kind of food. Hay and straw are practically the same crop, though cut at different stages of growth, which is a fact too frequently overlooked.

When feeding largely on such succulent food as roots or grains, straw should be given at least twice a day, as it is found that without straw or hay cattle do not thrive so well. The different sorts of straw have, as regards their nutritive value, been placed in the following order: 1, pea-straw; 2, oat-straw; 3, bean-straw, with the pods; 4, barley-straw; 5, what-straw; 6, bean-straw, without the pods. Pea-straw, if properly harvested in a dry season, is a most valuable food, and should never be used as litter. If, however, it has been much rained upon, and, is consequently dirty and more or less mouldy, it will sour stock. For sheep it is most excellent. Horses, too, are very fond of, and thrive well upon it.

Of the white straws, oat straw is undoubtedly the most valuable for feeding, but its value depends much upon the time of cutting. Oats should be cut when tolerably green, and although part of the grain may be lost in this way, it is gained in another, and the straw is in a condition most valuable for stock feeding. Bean straw, well harvested, is a very hearty and nutritious food for cart horses and cattle during the winter, and here again the value of the straw is dependent on the time of cutting, says a writer in Farm and Home. If cut while yet green and before the leaves have fallen off, we have a fodder of great value; but if allowed to stand until quite ripe the leaves fall off, and the straw, besides containing less nutriment, becomes so hard and woody that it is necessary to chaff and steam it before stock can make any use of it. Barley straw, especially when mixed with a good proportion of clover, is of great importance in the economy of the farm. Barley straw grown in the South is considered better than that grown in the North, it being difficult in the latter portion of the country to save it in tolerable order, especially with clover. Wheat straw, cut into chaff, is much used for horses and cattle. In consuming straw, the inferior sorts should be first made use of, and afterwards those of a better kind, and when feeding stock on large quantities of this coarse and dry article, always allowing plenty of succulent food or have an abundant supply of water at hand.—New York World.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Don't forget to give the horse some salt.

A little grease will sometimes save a lot of horse.

Now is the season to reap the reward of your labor.

After bringing the horse in brush off his feet and legs.

Don't keep any animal on the farm that does not pay a profit.

Endeavor to have the home surroundings pleasing to the eye.

Every farmer should keep a set of books the same as any other business man.

If the stable is kept sweet and clean it will largely reduce the number of flies.

Market all quarrelsome roosters, over-fat hens and non-laying pullets before cold weather.

When the orchard begins bearing it should receive an annual dressing of phosphoric acid and potash.

A little nitrate of soda sprinkled in the rows and hills of the lima beans will hasten the growth of the vines.

Fowls which feather and mature early are usually good producers of eggs, good sitters and good mothers.

There will have to be considerable "head-work" used during harvesting in order to make everything dovetail.

Be sure to feed green corn to the cows. In no other way can it be used to pay so well. Sweet corn is preferable until cold weather, then field corn is better.

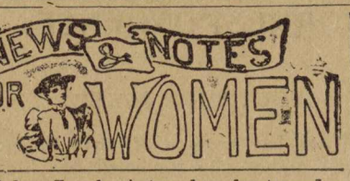
Some people seem to forget that the amount of profit on a pound of butter often depends as much on reducing the cost of production as in obtaining an enhanced price.

The dairyman's responsibility for the care of his cows is not all gone when he is able to turn them out to grass in the early summer. The more he feels his responsibility in this direction, and acts upon it, the more valuable will his dairy become to him.

Compared with well-rotted barn manure, there are 48.60 pounds of phosphoric acid in hen manure to six in barn-yard manure; and sixty-seven pounds of nitrogen to eleven in barn-yard manure. The analysis is based on a ton each of hen and barn-yard manures.

A duckling at a week old should weigh four ounces; two weeks, nine ounces; three weeks, one pound; four weeks, one pound and nine ounces; five weeks, two pounds and two ounces; six weeks, two pounds and eleven ounces; seven weeks, three pounds and five ounces; eight weeks, four pounds; nine weeks, four pounds and eight ounces.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN



John Jacob Astor has bestowed a $1,000,000 piece of jewelry on his wife.

Lady Carnarvon lavishly decorates herself with jewelry, of which she has a great deal.

Mrs. Faure, wife of the President of France, is opposed to the use of bloomers by women.

Archduchess Stephanie, of Austria, is reported to be the best dressed woman in Europe.

At a wheelmen's ball in Chicago several women danced in bloomers and knickerbockers.

The St. Louis priests and preachers are trying to start a crusade against the bicycle bloomers.

Marguerita Arlina Hamm declares that women employed as servants should wear bloomers.

Ella Ewing, of Prince, Mo., is said to be eight feet two inches in height and weighs 200 pounds.

Queen Victoria is quoted as saying that all children should wear sashes, as she did when she was a girl.

Miss Llewelyn Davies, the leader of the women suffragists of Great Britain, is a remarkably handsome woman.

Those who ought to know say that the Crown Princess of Roumania is the handsomest sprig of royalty in Europe.

A favorite diversion of Baroness Marie Ede von Ameline is the killing of tigers. Four have met death at her hands.

Ex-Empress Eugenie has in her possession forty portraits of herself, the work of some of the best known artists of Europe.

Among the employes of the Treasury Department at Washington is Mrs. Wilcox, a grandniece of President Andrew Jackson.

Several towns in Russia have elected women as mayors, on the ground that they are best fitted to be intrusted with the interests of the community.

The Countess of Dudley is the only countess in England who can claim the distinction of having been a bona fide shop girl before she assumed the title.

Mme. Casimir-Perier, wife of France's ex-President, has organized a crusade against the use of birds' breasts and wings for decorative purposes.

Miss Adelaide Hasse, the new chief of the Department of Government Documents of the Agricultural Bureau, is an expert fencer and bicyclist.

Mrs. Stewart, widow of the late Sheriff of Greene County, Missouri, has been appointed to succeed her husband until a new Sheriff can be elected.

Mrs. E. M. Watson has an apricot ranch in California, managed entirely by herself and employing 300 people, and Mrs. Harriet Strong has an English walnut ranch, 320 acres in extent.

Miss Virginia Fair, daughter of the California money king, is an expert ventriloquist and often amuses her friends by playing pranks similar to those in which Valentine Vox indulged.

There is a peculiar process of specialization always going on in popular things. Thus discussion of the bicycle has ceased, and everybody is taken up with the bloomers, a mere accessory.

A prize of $2 worth of ice cream tickets for the first woman who will ride a bicycle, in bloomer costume, around the public square in the evening is offered by the Times, of Clay Center, Kan.

The degree of LL.D. has been conferred upon Alice Freeman Palmer by the faculty of Union College. Mrs. Palmer was formerly President of Wellesley College and more recently dean in the Chicago University.

Rev. Ella G. Thorp married a couple in Wichita, Kan., June 29. The affair attracted considerable attention, as it was supposed to be the first instance where a woman has performed the marriage ceremony in that State.

A leading jeweler in the West End of London asserts that earrings are slowly but surely coming into vogue once more, and that the revival prognosticates a change in the style of headdress in the arrangement of the hair.

In the latest bicycling costumes in Paris the Zouave knickerbockers are made much less full than formerly, and now skirts are seldom worn. It is said that women in cycling dress are frequently to be seen in the boulevard cafes.

Miss Emma Kinkle, of Woodville, Oregon, met and killed a fair sized bear while out alone with a gun recently. She is a good shot, and has stalked and killed several deers, but never went hunting for bear. She wasn't hunting this one.

The rector of the Berlin University has informed the professors that restrictions will be placed on female attendance at the medical lectures at the university. All lady students before being admitted must procure authority to do so, either from himself or the Minister of Education.

A number of bright college girls of Hillsdale, Mich., are earning money this summer to pay for next winter's tuition by serving as waiters in a summer hotel at Little Traverse Bay. A few days ago they all went on strike because beefsteak was cut out of their breakfast bill of fare. It only took the landlord one day to realize their value, when he capitulated and offered them the best the house afforded at every meal.

Ginseng Culture.

Ginseng is largely exported from the United States to China, where it is held in high esteem as a curative agent, writes J. W. Sears, of Pulaski County. It grows wild in our country from Canada to the Southern States, and west to the range of Rockies. Ginseng is a native of moist, fertile soil in woods, where shade and damp atmosphere are steady conditions. It will not grow in the direct rays of the sun or in old soil. I am transplanting the roots, planting the seed, cultivating them with perfect success in the forest, where the plants receive their natural protection by the leaves falling from the trees on the ground, keeping the roots from freezing in the winter. The leaves while on the trees in summer protect the plants from the direct rays of the sun. But ginseng can be cultivated with success in open land; first by mixing wild dirt from the woods with the old soil until it becomes the same as new soil; second, cover the roots with leaves during the winter; third, make a covering over the plants during the summer that will let the rain through, giving them a similar natural protection to what they get in the forest.

I cultivate the plants from the seed three years, the yield being at the rate of 1,000 pounds (dry root) per acre. I cultivate the plants from the roots. I transplant in from two to four years, the gain in weight on one pound of roots being at the rate of ten pounds in four years. The dried roots are worth from $3 to $4 per pound in New York city.

I fertilize my plants, but never plow them. It requires but little labor to prepare the ground and to cultivate the plants; besides, ginseng is a sure crop and ready sale. When I dig a crop I take off the main root for market, and use the same plant or stalk to transplant again, which gives me another crop of roots the third year, and a crop of seed every year.—[Louisville Courier-Journal.

Dyspepsia, Insomnia.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mr. Isaac Hamburger is a well-known cigar manufacturer and tobacco dealer at 1425 E. Baltimore street, Baltimore, Md. He is a hale, robust man now, but a few months ago he thought he was about to become a living skeleton if not a dead man. He now weighs about 200 pounds and steps about his factory as actively as do his "stripper" boys. His present condition is due to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, which he considers the best medicine in the world for dyspepsia, loss of appetite, indigestion and insomnia. When a *Herald* reporter recently called on Mr. Hamburger he came jauntily in the store from his factory and in speaking of the pills, said: "Yes, I have used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills and can cheerfully recommend them. Some months since," he continued, "owing to confinement to business, I had an attack of dyspepsia accompanied by terrible and almost incessant heart burn and torpid liver. I tried doctors and many remedies that friends advised me to take, but found no relief until I heard of and used Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. I secured five boxes and began to improve perceptibly after taking a few doses, and when the five boxes were gone I was completely cured. If you had seen me when I was sick and compared my condition then with what it is now you would join me in a song of praise of the marvelous merits of Pink Pills. I am a living monument to their efficacy in curing the maladies from which I suffered. I weigh now nearly 200 pounds, sleep well, eat heartily and digest my food without any inconvenience and sleep as well as I did when a boy after a romp before bed time. I unhesitatingly and with confidence in their curative and invigorating qualities recommend the Pink Pills to all sufferers and should I be so unfortunate as to be sick again I shall get another supply."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature. Pink Pills are sold in boxes (never in loose bulk) at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50, and may be had of all druggists, or direct by mail from Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Horse-Breeding in India.

Mr. Rayment of the Veterinary Department of the British Army read a curious and interesting paper the other evening before the Asiatic Society of Bombay, in which he showed how the business of horse-breeding in many districts practically had been destroyed by the tremendous increase in the export of wheat and cotton. He said that in places where formerly one could easily find fifteen or twenty mares in a village, now none or only one or two exist, the reason being that more money is to be made out of grain, cotton, etc., than out of horse-rearing. The zemindar, alive to his own interests, sells his mares and puts his money into bullocks, well-digging, etc., to raise what will pay him best. If he could be induced to use his mares in the plough, in drawing water for irrigation, and the like, instead of his non-productive bullocks, an immense step would be taken in the right direction. For various reasons, the chief of which is his intense conservatism, nothing will persuade him to do this. The zemindar keeps his mare simply to breed from, and with the exception of leading her in a wedding procession, or occasionally riding her at a walk from one village to another, never uses her. So the sale of her produce has to cover the expenses of her keep and leave a margin of profit. As long as the grass costs nothing and grain but little, this is all very well, but now there is not sufficient fodder to be got off the land for the plough-bullocks, and grass must be bought. Grain too, has gone up in price. Thus, as the mare does nothing for her own keep, she becomes an expensive luxury instead of a remunerative animal, and is disposed of, and the zemindar, finding he has lost money, is very chary of breeding horses again. Hence horse-breeding is on the decline in India, owing mainly to economic causes.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

Eccentricities of the Stomach.

There is nothing on earth so puzzling in its action as the human stomach, says a physician. No doctor can foretell what will agree with a dyspeptic. One case is cited or a chronic dyspeptic who abhorred toast and all light articles of food and was never so easy as when he had eaten a monstrous dose of corned beef and cabbage. Another is mentioned who reveled in pork and so the best doctors, understanding the contradictory nature of the human digestion, generally let the patient try anything he has a craving for, even if it is green cheese covered with mustard and sprinkled with horse-radish

WOMEN'S FACES—like flowers, fade and wither with time; the bloom of the rose is only known to the healthy woman's cheeks. The nervous strain caused by the ailments and pains peculiar to the sex, and the labor and worry of rearing a family, can often be traced by the lines in the woman's face. Dull eyes, the sallow or wrinkled face and those "feelings of weakness" have their rise in the derangements and irregularities peculiar to women. The functional derangements, painful disorders, and chronic weaknesses of women, can be cured with Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. For the young girl just entering womanhood, for the mother and those about to become mothers, and later in "the change of life," the "Prescription" is just what they need; it aids nature in preparing the system for these events. It's a medicine prescribed for thirty years, by Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y.

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

TO AVOID THIS USE **DON'T SCRATCH TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS. Water Wheels and Hay Presses. BEST IN THE MARKET. DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

ASTHMA POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

Fertilizers for Fall Crops

should contain a **high percentage of Potash** to insure the largest yield and a permanent enrichment of the soil.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., SEPTEMBER 26, 1895. NO. 27.

Father Time's Favoritism.

Old Father Time three daughters hath;
Two fair, one sad to look upon;
Their names are Life and Love and Death.
When two are lost the other's won.

Old Father Time is hardly fair,
He grudges Love and Life their prime,
He looks with pride on Death; his care
Would ever haste the winter time.

Life laughs at Father Time's cold stare,
Love lights the hearth, despite his frown;
But Death looks on with eager air,
Remembering all his scythe hath mown.

Yet Life and Love will last for aye.
And Death but once can stir the soul;
So live and love neath sunny sky,
And scorn stern Father Time's control.

—New York Recorder.

A LEADVILLE JOKE.

Mr. "Al" Lewis is a Washington newspaper writer who has leaped into fame as a graduated cowboy of the wild and wooly West. He came unheralded to the National Capital, only a year or two ago, as the correspondent of the Kansas City Times, that paper having discovered the cyclonic character of Lewis' style, while with the revolvers and knives yet in his belt he was practicing law. Soon he made himself felt, over the wires, while at the Press Club he became one of the favorite story-tellers, says the Washington Pathfinder. He was grabbed up by the Chicago Times and since that paper suspended has been throwing off a series of Wild West yarns for the Washington Post that are masterpieces in their way.

In a recent story Mr. Lewis has discovered one Peter Dean, a young Washingtonian, whose friends are "speaking severely of Western humor." According to Lewis it appears that less than a year ago Mr. Dean left the parental roof on R street and plunged into the glowing West. On the day of his departure he was twenty-three, not a ripe age. He had studied mining and engineering, and knew in those matters all that science could tell. His purpose in going West was to acquire the practical part of his chosen profession. Peter Dean believed in knowing it all.

Thus it befell that young Peter Dean, on a day last summer, tossed a careless kiss to his companions, and fled away into the heart of the continent. Then his hair was raven black. Yesterday when he returned it was silver white. Western humor had worked the change; therefore the criticism chronicled.

And Peter Dean tells the tale of the bleaching process, as follows:

"At Leadville I met a person named Thompson; "Gassy" Thompson he was called by those about him in testimony to his powers as a conversationalist. A barkeeper, who seemed to be the best-informed and most gentlemanly soul in the town, told me that Gassy Thompson was a miner full of practical skill, and that he was just then engaged in sinking a shaft. I might arrange with Gassy and learn the business. At the barkeeper's hint I proposed as much to him.

"'All right,' said Gassy, 'come out to the shaft to-morrow.'

"The next day I was at the place appointed. The shaft was already fifty feet deep. Besides myself and this person Gassy, who was tutor to me, there was a creature named Jim. That made three of us.

"At the suggestion of Gassy, he and I descended into the shaft. Jim was left on the surface. We went down by means of a bucket. Jim unwinding us from a rickety old windlass.

"Once down, Gassy and I, with sledge and drill, perpetrated a hole in the bottom of the shaft. I held the drill, Gassy wielding the sledge. When the whole met the worshipful taste of my tutor, he put in a dynamite catridge; connected a long five-minute fuse therewith, and carefully thumbed it about and packed it in with wet clay. At Gassy's word I was then hauled to the surface by Jim. I added my strength to the windlass; Gassy climbed into the bucket, lighted the fuse, and was then swiftly wound to the surface by Jim and myself. We then dragged the windlass aside, uncovered the mouth of the shaft, and quickly scampered to a distance to be out of harm's reach. At the end of five minutes from the time that Gassy had lighted the fuse, and perhaps three minutes after we had cleared away, the shot exploded with a deafening report. As a result, tons of rock were shot up from the mouth of the shaft full fifty feet in the air. It was all very impressive, and gave me a lesson in the tremendous power of dynamite. I was much pleased, and felt as if I were learning.

"Following the explosion, Gassy and I again repaired to the bottom of the shaft, and after clearing away the the debris and sending it up and out by the bucket, we completed another hole, and were ready for another shot. This was about noon.

"It was at this point that the miscreant, Gassy, begun to put into action a plot he had formed against me; and to carry out which the murderer, Jim, lent ready aid. You must remember that I had perfect confidence in these two villains. The story now begins to thicken.

"'I never seed no tenderfoot git along like you do at this business,' said Thompson to me. This was flattery. The criminal, Gassy, was fattening me for sacrifice.

"'Looks like you was born to be a miner,' he went on. 'Now, I'm goin' to let you fire the next shot. Usual, I wouldn't feel jestified in allowin' a tenderfoot to fire a shot for plumb three months. But you has a genius for mining'; it comes as easy to you as robbin' a bird's nest. I'd be doin' wrong to hold you back.

"Of course, I felt naturally pleased. To be allowed to fire a dynamite shot on my first visit in a shaft I felt and knew to be an honor. I determined to write home to my friends of this triumph.

"Gassy said he'd put in the shot, and he selected one of giant size. I saw the herculean explosive placed in the hole; then he attached the fuse and thumbed the clay about it as before. He gave me a few last words.

"'After I gets up,' he said, 'an me an' Jim's all ready, you climb into the bucket and light the fuse. Then raise the long yell to me an' Jim, an' we'll yank ye out. But be shore an' light the fuse. Thar's nuthin' more discouragin' than for to wait half an hour outside an' no catridge goin' off. Especial when it goes off after you goes back to see what's the matter with her. So, be shore an' light the fuse, an' then me an' Jim 'll run you up the second follerin'. This oughter be a great day for you, young man, firin' a shot this away the first six hours you're a miner.'

"Jim and Gassy were at the windlasss and yelled:

"'All ready below?'

"I was in the bucket, and at the word scratched a match and lit the fuse. It sputtered with alarming ardor and threw off a shower of sparks.

"'Hoist away,' I called.

"The villains ran me up about ten feet and came to a dead halt. At this crisis they seemed to get into an altercation. They both abandoned the windlass, and I could hear them cursing and threatening and shooting; presumably at each other.

"'I'll have your heart out,' I heard Gassy say.

"My alarm was without a limit. I'd seen one shot go off. Here I was swinging some ten feet over a still heavier charge, and about to be blown into eternity. Meanwhile the caitiffs, on whom my life depended, had abandoned me to settle some accursed feud of their own.

"I cannot tell you of my agony. The fuse was spitting fire like forty fiends; the narrow shaft was choked with smoke. I swung there helpless, awaiting death, while the two rascals, Gassy and Jim, were trying to kill each other above. Either from the smoke or the excitement I fainted.

"When I came to myself I was outside the shaft, safe and sound, while Gassy and his disreputable assistant were laughing at their joke. There had been no shot placed in the drill hole; the heartless Gassy had palmed it and carried it with him to the surface.

"At my very natural inquiry, made in a weak voice—for I was still sick and broken—as to what it all meant, they said it was merely a Leadville jest and intended for the initiation of a tenderfoot.

"'It gives 'em nerve,' said Gassy. 'It puts heart into 'em an' does 'em good.'

"As soon as I could walk I severed my relations with Gassy Thompson and his outlaw adherent, Jim. The next morning my hair had turned the milky sort you see. The Leadville people with whom I discussed the crime laughed. That was all the sympathy, all the redress, I got.

"After that I came East without delay. When I leave the District of Columbia again it will not be for Leadville, nor will my next mining connection be formed with such abandoned barbarians as Gassy Thompson and Jim."

Watch Adjusters.

Perhaps the most highly skilled and best paid men in the watchmaking business are the watch adjusters. One adjuster in a great factory used to receive $10,000 a year.

The adjuster's work is one of the important element of cost in the making of a fine watch, and a $10,000 adjustor should be competent to perfect any watch, whatever its delicacy and cost. It is the business of the adjuster to take a new watch and carefully go over all its parts, fitting them together so that the watch may be regulated to keep time accurately to the fraction of a minute a month. Regulating is a very different process from adjusting and much simpler. A watch that cannot be regulated so as to keep accurate time may need the hand of the adjuster, and if it is valuable, the owner will be advised to have it adjusted. There are watch adjusters in New York working on their own account and earning very comfortable incomes.

To the adjuster every watch that comes under his hands gets to have a character of its own. He knows every wheel and screw and spindle that help to constitute the watch. He knows its constitution as a physician knows that of an old patient. He can say what the watch needs after an accident, and can advise as to whether it is worth adjusting.

No new watch can be depended upon until it has passed through the hands of the adjuster, for however admirable the individual parts of the works, their perfect balance is to be obtained only by such study and experiment as it is the business of the adjuster to make. The adjuster is a highly skilled mechanic, with wide knowledge of his trade, and the utmost deftness in its prosecution.—New York Sun.

A Millionaire's Prodigality.

W. S. Stratton, the Cripple Creek, (Col.) millionaire, is prodigal of his wealth. Cy Warman, of "Sweet Marie" fame, says that his recklessness with money made an impression even in the Denver hotel where he was staying, where such proceedings on the part of mining millionaires are old stories. Whenever Straton sent a boy for a newspaper he gave the youth a dollar and had the paper charged in his bill, and whenever he left the dining-room he gave the hat boy at the door a dollar, and did this three times a regularly day. His stay at the hotel was a halcyon era for all the servants. To a boy who returned a $5 gold piece the millionaire had given him, and looked rather pitiful as he said his father would not allow him to accept it, Stratton gave a $100 bank note and said: "There, you can have that if you don't like gold. Tell your father that it came up on the last bucket, and that I want you to have it."—New York World.

The Mule's Mistake

In a desperate struggle which took place recently in Ohio between a mule and a cow with a young calf, the mule was not only beaten, but horned to death for chasing the calf about the field. This incident signifies that a creature which has neither pride of ancestry nor hope of posterity ought not to go fooling around an animal which has both.—Detroit Free Press.

Success in Failure.

Mann—I tell you, nothing succeeds like failure.

Dan—Nonsense; you mean "success."

Mann—Not a bit of it. There's a man who has failed nine times in twelve years and now he's a millionaire.—New York World.

A project is on foot in Philadelphia to utilize street railways for carrying freight as well as passengers. The plan proposed is a combination of the express business and the parcel delivery.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

A Cincinnati physician declares that the American people bathe too much.

Alluminum felloes in bicycles are regarded by some makers as an improvement on wood.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of close physical exertion.

There is a butterfly of India, which, if pursued by a bird, simply alights on a bush or a tree and becomes invisible by mimicking the leaves.

The total weight of the latest electric locomotive constructed is 134,000 pounds. It is intended to use it experimentally in switching and handling heavy freight.

It is said that if two tuning forks of the same pitch are placed facing each other, the one sounding, the other silent, one will be giving out a distinctly audible note.

The roar of a waterfall is explained in the constant explosion of hundreds of thousands of bubbles. The impact of water against water is believed to be a comparatively subordinate cause.

Electrical power for running the street cars of Sacramento, Cal., is now furnished from Folsom, twenty-four miles distant. The power is generated by the falls of the American River at that place.

A new German mirror glass reflects the light on one side, from which it is practically opaque, but from the other side is transparent. It offers obvious advantage for windows, as it prevents passers-by from seeing into a room.

A new invention has been designed to prevent collisions at sea. At a recent test the force from electric-magnetic coils stationed on board a vessel successfully influenced a chemically-prepared compass stationed some six miles away, causing it to set up an instantaneous peal of bells.

An ambulance cycle has been invented by a Berlin doctor. It is a litter, resting on two wheels at one end and attached to an ordinary tricycle at the other, and worked by two men. It would be useful in small towns, where a horse ambulance is too expensive, or in the country.

The Interior Department at Washington is now operating its own telephone system. Every head of bureau or division has on his desk a moveable apparatus consisting of receiver and transmitter, and the central office, located in the building and run by one operator, can be called up any moment so as to get connection with any other official.

Potatoes as Horse Feed.

In the first issue of the Planter we gave the experience of W. G. Hinson of James island in reference to feeding horses and mules on potatoes. We since found two farmers, J. C. Lampley of Darlington county and W. D. Harriss of Florence county, who are utilizing their potatoes in the same way. These gentlemen are not doing it from necessity.

According to the estimate of Colonel T. W. Woodward of Fairfield it takes three bushels of potatoes to equal in nutriment one bushel of corn, but even if it took four the cost of feeding on the potatoes would be far less. It is well known that a dry summer is favorable to potatoes and just the opposite for corn, and this fact ought to be sufficient to induce every farmer to plant them more largely.—Carolina Planter.

A Clamorous Scarecrow.

The crows had been stealing the peas of a Monroe citizen of inventive turn of mind. That gentleman tried every known device, to no avail. He then as a last resort placed a chicken coop among the pea vines and in the coop put a rooster. The next morning when the crows called that rooster stuck his head out and crowed lustily. The crows have not returned.—Portland (Me.) Press.

A Canine Stew.

Some time ago a hungry poor man in Berlin stole the poodle of an organ grinder, took the animal to his home, and then feasted on dog steak and canine stew. But the minions of the law collared him; he was tried for theft and sentenced to four months' imprisonment.—New York World.

House Cat Skins Exported.

There are 50,000 skins of house cats exported from the United States every year, despite the fact that the laws for the prevention of cruelty to animals allow neither dogs nor cats to be killed except by legalized officers. These skins come from all parts of the country, a wholesaler seldom receiving a consignment of furs from a country correspondent that it does not include a number of catskins. When the correspondent receives fifteen cents apiece for them on an average he may consider that he is doing remarkably well. There is very little demand for catskins in this country, except for cattail rugs and other oddities, sometimes for trimmings and very rarely as a chest covering in winter for an old man who belongs to the customs of a past generation.

So the New York wholesaler sorts his cat-skins into lots of half a dozen different grades and sends them to London to be sold at the quarterly auctions of one of the great fur skins. The skins of black cats bring the most and as many as 10,000 of them have been disposed of in a lot at a sale in London for sixty cents apiece. Yellow catskins are next in value. Maltese and body mixed colors bring the least, often going for five cents apiece; or, rather, they bring the least of the full grown cats, for there is a demand at three and four cents apiece for the skins of little kittens.

The child or the good old maid who may wonder why her dear lost pussy never returns will be surprised to find that pussy's skin is now helping to line the coat of some officer in Emperor William's army. A vagabond who sought to earn a few cents in a heartless, dishonest manner made pussy one of a bagful of cats which he sold to the local fur dealer who does business down by the river (where cats may be drowned) on account of the odoriferous nature of his calling.

There is a great demand for catskins for military coats. They are somewhat cheaper than seal. All German officers are not millionaires. The magistrate of every little German village as well likes to strut about in a catskin overcoat. England, Sweden, Norway and other northern countries also buy catskins from us. It would not pay the local fur dealers to go in search of pussy pelts and nothing else. But as a side issue it earns him a few cents; and that is the way the house cat business is conducted all over the world.—New York Press.

Want California Bugs.

Quarantine officer Craw received a letter from Charles Curry, Under Secretary of Agriculture at Cape Town, Africa, asking for a shipment of California lady birds. Last year a colony was sent to South Africa and they thrived rapidly. As the bugs rid the orchards of pests they moved into the interior and all track of them has been lost. Now the orchards are again infected and the Secretary of Agriculture wants another shipment sent.

Mrs. Robert Louis Stevenson was a visitor at the rooms of the State Board of Horticulture recently. Her orchard at Apia is badly infected with scale, and Mrs. Stevenson wanted a colony of lady birds sent on to see if they would work successfully there. She said from her latest advices that if something was not done promptly her entire plantation would be destroyed. The lady birds will be shipped on the next steamer.—San Francisco Chronicle.

Death as Read in the Face.

A rather curious discovery has been made with reference to soldiers killed in battle. On the authority of several English army surgeons it can be stated that the cause of death is clearly shown in the expression of the face of a corpse on the battlefield.

Those who have been killed by sword thrusts have a look of repose. If it was a bullet that brought the soldier to earth, pain often of the most frightful nature is clearly depicted.

A Scaly Time Ahead.

First Lady Fish—I should be dreadfully mortified to get caught.

Second Lady Fish—Yes, indeed! If there is one thing I am more sensitive about than another, it's my weight.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He that lives to live forever, never fears dying.

Where there is no hope there can be no endeavor.

Humor is the offspring of a sympathetic fancy.

Humility, like darkness, reveals the heavenly lights.

Ideas are oftimes shy of the close furniture of words.

Humanity is the peculiar characteristic of great minds.

We have more indolence in the mind than in the body.

A man of integrity will never listen to any reason against conscience.

No one will ever shine in conversation who thinks of saying fine things.

It is hard to believe that sin well dressed is the same as sin rolling in the dust.

A happy heart is worth more anywhere than a pedigree running back to the Mayflower.

It is better to dwell in the corner of the house top, than with a brawling woman in a wide house.

The past is gone and of no use to us except as a guide by which to direct our journey in the future.

Thousands of men go down to their graves in obscurity because they lack the courage to make the first plunge.

The men who sits sighing for an education, capital or friends, is looking through the wrong end of the telescope.

It occasionally occurs to a man not burdened with conceit that his wife wouldn't have married him if anything better had offered.

Familiarity, no doubt, breeds, contempt, in most instances, but certainly not in the matter of money. The more we have of that, the better we like it.

One kind of a fool that is always recognized is the one that goes around with a chip on his shoulder daring some one to knock it off. There is enough trouble in the world without looking for it and to do so is the height of foolishness.—The South-West.

Ten Miles Above Your Head.

The meteorologists are expecting wonders to result from the Robert Stanton Avery bequest of $150,000 to he Smithsonian Institution for the purpose of making researches in the regions of the upper air, says the St. Louis Republic, but while Americans are getting ready to explore the great sea of ether that surrounds our globe, M. Hermite, the French adept in meteorological lore, is experimenting on his own hook. He has sent pilot balloons, carrying self-registering instruments, to great heights, and the automatic records made there by his thermometer, barometers and other instruments are of absorbing interest. One of the balloons which ascended to a height of 10 1-2 miles, returned with a record which proved that it had been in a stratum of air where the pressure was only 4.1 inch of mercury, and the temperature 104 degrees Fahrenheit below zero. Data deducted from a long series of experiments warrants M. Hermite in making the assertion that after a height of 12,000 feet is reached, the mercury falls one degree for each 330 feet of ascent made.

A Chivalrous Emperor.

The late emperor of Germany disliked to hear any one speak slightingly of women. When he was crown prince, an officer once remarked of a wounded comrade that he was weeping like a woman. "Never make that comparison," said the Crown Prince, with a frown. "Crying like a child would be better; women have more fortitude than men."—Household Words.

Decadence of a Once Proud Family.

"Your name is John Smith, is it?" sarcastically inquired the police magistrate of the seedy vagrant before him. "And you belong of course to one of the leading families of Chicago?"

"No jedge," dejectedly replied the prisoner. "Accordin' to the last city directory, the Johnsons led us by about 3,000.—Chicago Tribune.

Arizona's territory and resources are valued at $9,270,274.

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PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

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SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS,
} - - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

"TITLES TO THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL."

We are in receipt of the opinion of the attorney-general, Hon. W. C. Fitts, on the titles to the property given the Industrial School. It comes in a neat and attractive pamphlet of thirty-two pages and is well gotten up. His opinion is favorable and recommends some few corrections which can be easily made. The governor having gotten back from his summer vacation will no doubt call the board of trustees together now in a few days and a start made towards the erection of buildings, etc. While we have been impatient and disposed to complain at the delay, we must remember the trustees and governor are all men who have their hands full of other matters and cannot devote so much time to one object.

The Central Liberal Organization of London is said to have accumulated $500,000 to be used in elections.

Japan has laid down her implements of war, but she is not letting them get far out of reach, notes the Washington Star.

In Maine a penalty of thirty days' imprisonment or a $100 fine awaits the person who sells cold-storage or limed eggs for the genuine fresh article.

The French sardine fisheries, which supply the whole world with tinned sardines, have declined for several years past, the shoals having gone elsewhere. This year matters have gone from bad to worse.

The venerable French "Academie des Sciences" has this to say on the scientific fad of sending out polar expeditions: "North Pole expeditions are very laudable; we approve of the idea, but we would not take the moral responsibility therefor." The eminent French savants very sensibly think it a pity that so many valiant men should risk their lives in icy deserts when they might render actual service to science by following less perilous paths.

A foreign correspondent calls attention to an opportunity to do something for Ireland, which would bless her more than any possible political move. She needs a new potato. For twenty years the famous "champion" potato has been the mainstay of the island, but it has run down in quality till its abandonment has become a necessity. It lasted much longer than any potato variety, but finally lost fecundity as well as the power to resist disease and as Scotland also is giving it up, fresh seed supplies from that source are shut off. If some rich Irish-American would institute experiments with new varieties and find the one best adapted to the soil and climate of Ireland, it would be a philanthropic work of the first magnitude, which would also pay its own expense immediately.

We are told that Egypt was once a land of plenty, and that the brethren of Joseph went there to get corn to relieve the famine in their own land. Egypt has, in the course of its history been the most prosperous country on earth as well as the foremost in the arts. Its present condition, exclaims the Atlanta Journal, presents a sad commentary on what it once was. The United States consul at Cairo has recently sent a report to the state department which gives a dismal account of the present status of that interesting country. Its bonded debt reaches the enormous total of $509,000,000. The population being only 7,000,000 this is a debt of about $72 per capita, or the equivalent of a national debt in the United States of $5,000,000,000. At present the productive area of Egypt is only 5,250,000 acres. From the product of this land must be gathered a revenue of $18,000,000 a year to pay the interest on the public debt which amounts to an average tax of $4.56 per acre. The outlook for Egypt is dark indeed. There is no prospect that England will relax her grasp upon that government until its bonded indebtedness to British subjects is paid and that is a very distant possibility.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Negro Arrested For Murder.

William Whitlock, a negro wanted at LaGrange, Tenn., for shooting a constable some time in August, was arrested in Birmingham Monday morning and lodged in jail.

Iron Pipe for Honolulu.

The Howard-Harrison Iron works, of Bessemer, made a contract with the city authorities of Honolulu for several thousand tons of 18-inch pipe. The order will be filled by the Howard-Harrison company as fast as possible. It is a significant fact associated with the resources of this district that a home plant readily secured a large contract abroad in the face of sharp domestic and foreign competition.

Bitten by a Snake.

Miss Rossie, a 12-year-old daughter of Uncle Dick Jones, of Jonesville, a suburb of Birmingham, while going to church Saturday night, was bitten just above the ankle by a snake which escaped in the grass before its species could be ascertained. The wounded part swelled rapidly, but after the patient had taken whisky and a chicken had been cut open and bound over the wound she began to rest well, and by morning was quite recovered.

Commissioner H. D. Lane.

The rumored resignation of Hon. H. D. Lane as commissioner of the Alabama exhibit at the exposition appears to be a canard. There has, it is stated, been some friction between Mr. Lane and the board of Alabama managers, but Mr. Lane has not resigned and will not. Governor Oates goes to Atlanta tomorrow and it is presumed Mr. Lane will meet him there and together they will arrange to have Alabama's creditable exhibit thrown open.

Parvin Convicted of Manslaughter.

The jury in the case of Vann Parvin, in Jefferson criminal court, found a verdict of guilty of manslaughter in the second degree. Judge Greene opened court Sunday morning to receive the verdict. The sentence was six months in the penitentiary. About eight months ago Parvin and two brothers had a difficulty with James Dorman at a church near Smith's Mill. Dorman was shot and died. The accused, when the case was called, were allowed a severance and Vann Parvin was put on trial, with the result stated.

Mistrial in Hudson's Case.

The jury in the case of Roland S. Hudson, in Jefferson criminal court, after being out two days, reported a mistrial Saturday afternoon. Hudson was charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff James Smith at Coalburg. He claimed self-defense. Deputies Smith and Charley Cole went to Hudson's house last summer during the miners' strike to arrest Hudson's son, George, for participating in the Pratt Mines riot. The Hudsons killed both officers. George Hudson is still at large.

Editor and Alderman Fight.

A special from San Antonio, Tex., says: Major Mayamie Harris, editor of the Evening News, and W. H. Holt, son of Alderman W. H. Holt, had a personal encounter on the street here this morning. Harris stabbed Holt in the abdomen three times and also cut a policeman who attempted to separate them. Holt's injuries are not serious. Alderman Holt is alleged to have reflected upon the bravery of the Confederate soldiers in conversation and Harris personally denounced the alderman through the columns of his paper.

Result of a Secret Marriage.

On October 14, 1892. Miss Aeta Moore, aged 17, a student at Grinnell college, was secretly married to M. E. Stinson, a traveling man of Fairfield, Ia. On Friday last the young lady got permission from the college president to make a visit at Oskaloosa. Stinsan met and escorted her to a hotel, where they registered as man and wife. Some time later policemen heard two shots in the room to which Stinson had been assigned. Rushing in they found him and his wife lying side by side dead. The man had shot the too confiding young woman and then shot himself.

An Officer Shoots a Negro.

Deputy Sheriff Whitehead went out near the Sloss furnace Monday night to serve a peace warrant which a negro woman had sworn out against her husband, Wash Brown. Mr. Whitehead states that when he told the man he had a warrant for him, and the nature of it, Brown began to curse him, and, moving his hand behind him, said: "G—d d—n you, I'll you." At this Mr. Whitehead drew his pistol and fired twice, one shot piercing Brown's groin, the other his left lung. Mr. Whitehead surrendered himself at the city police station and was locked up. The negro was carried to the station house and the city physician called to his aid.

A Very Dangerous Leap.

Officer Joe Nix, of the Birmingham police, received a few days ago a telegram from his wife, who is visiting at Madison Station, on the M. & C. road, informing him that his little babe was very ill. Mr. Nix took the next train for Decatur, and arriving there took the M. & C. for Huntsville. His train proved to be one which makes no stop at Madison Station, and the conductor would not even consent to slow up. Impelled by his anxiety to get to his child Mr. Nix went out on the steps of the car, and when opposite the desired place leaped off. It is not thought that he was fatally hurt, but he will probably lay up for repairs several days.

Conflagration at Hot Springs.

Two hotels, a Jewish synagogue and five cottages at Hot Springs, Ark., were burned Monday morning.

SO-CALLED MEXICAN "MESSIAH."

How the People Throng About Him. His Method of Operation.

The healing power of the new Mexican "Messiah" is increasing. The statement is corroborated by Schlatter himself and by several who have kept tab on him since his advent in Denver. "I feel that the power is growing," remarked Schlatter to me, "and I do not know when it will end."

Before daylight Sunday morning the crowd began to assemble, and the "Messiah" was awakened at 6 o'clock by the sound of voices. Looking out of the window of the cottage he was greeted by the sight of hundreds of persons, who stood in the street and in a long row, extending round the corner of the block. So great was the rush that when Schlatter retired from his self-imposed task at 4 o'clock in the afternoon many persons who had obtained places in the line early in the day had been unable to feel the grasp of his hand.

Persons were present from New Mexico, Wyoming and Utah, and not a few who had traveled long distance were obliged to retire without receiving the blessing of the calm faced man who stood all day bareheaded in the open air extending aid to suffering humanity.

The throng was in motion long before the cable cars had started.

Carriages, buggies, wagons and every imaginable kind of a vehicle were utilized. Invalids in chairs, cripples tenderly guarded by friends, were in the assemblage that patiently awaited for the latter day healer to appear.

The healer appeared at 9 o'clock sharp and continued steadily at work until the sun was low in the west.

It was evident that he has changed his plan of operations in several particulars. He gave more time to patients yesterday, and it is understood that hereafter he will not attempt to treat so many different persons daily as heretofore. In some cases yesterday he held the hands of patients for five minutes or more. The effect in a number of instances was so great that the patient groaned aloud or wept trembling violently.

To a majority the "Messiah" is an unsolvable enigma. To some he is a fake of the most transparent class, and to others he is a messenger of God whose mission is only in its incipiency.

A CHIEF ORGANIZER OF ROBBERIES

Reaches the Usual and Legitimate End of a Career of Crime.

The trial of the Blackstone train robbers, Buz Lucky and James Dyer, in the United States court has resulted in their conviction. The conviction of Dyer gives great satisfaction to court officials, for he is the man who for four years has passed among his neighbors as an honest stock raiser. Yet, during all this time, he was an organizer of outlaw bands and planned more successful train robberies than any other man in America.

The Chaney boys, Buck Waitman, Henry Starr and many others were carefully secreted in his house when pursued by the officers, and all of the larger jobs of the Starr and Chaney gangs had their origin in Dyer's brain. He did not actively participate in the robberies, but shared in the booty. Four men were in the Blackstone hold-up, and two of them, Tom Root and Nat Reed, gave Dyer away and were the principal witnesses against him. There were nearly 300 witnesses on the stand during the trial. Dyer's chances are good for forty-five years in the penitentiary.

WHAT FAITH IS HERE!

All Day the Lame, Halt and Blind Press Forward to be Healed.

Francis Schlatter, the poor cobbler and alleged healer of Denver, Col., is giving a marvelous exhibition of human endurance. He closed his fourth day in apparently good condition, though a bright red spot in the palm of his right hand showed how arduous a task it is to grasp with no small muscular effort the hands which are stretched out to him at the rate of three a minute for seven hours daily.

He stands in the sunlight, covered only by his long locks of hair, leaning with a hand upon the fence, but often using both hands in giving the alleged healing touch to the constantly increasing people who wait patiently for the opportunity.

Already people are stopping in the street to tell idle bystanders how they have been cured. Deaf, blind, paralytic and rheumatic persons profess to have been cured within these four days. A number of cases have been registered and their future progress will be watched. Schlatter's mail grows rapidly. People are in line by 6 o'clock, and at 4 p. m., when Schlatter ceases his labors, the long line of sick mortals stretch far down the street.

FOR A CHARMING GEORGIA BELLE

Two Young Men, by Mutual Agreement, Shoot Each Other Dead.

A Recorder special from Atlanta, Ga., says: A duel to the death was fought near Camilla, Mitchell county, Sunday, but the particulars of the affair were not known until Monday. Beverly Ragan and William D. Shaw are prominent young men living in the southern part of that county. Both have been in love with Miss Netta Cartetet, the belle of the community. They were at a bachelor's dinner given by a friend Sunday and the wine flowed freely. Just how the two got into a discussion over the young woman does not appear, but it soon became a quarrel, and then Ragan dared Shaw to shoot it out. Without any unnecessary preliminaries they walked out into the road, took their positions, thirty paces apart, and at a signal began firing. Ragan was instantly killed. Shaw was so badly wounded that he has since died

DESTRUCTION OF FRUIT TREES.

Four to Twelve Inches of Snow Over the Entire State of Colorado.

The damage done to the fruit interests of the state by the heavy snowfall of Sunday night is beyond computation. In the vicinity of Denver fruit and shade trees were broken by the heavy snow freezing to the limbs yet in full leaf, and scarcely a tree for miles around escaped injury. Reports from the interior show the same deplorable conditions varying only in degree. While the fruit growers may save most of the matured fruit, the more serious injury is in the broken trees and shattered trunks.

The snowstorm was general over the state, the amount varying from 4 to 12 idches. Today the sun shone clear. The indications are favorable for a killing frost tonight.

UNFORTUNATE DIFFICULTY.

One of the Parties Not Expected to Live—It Was Politics.

John Cunningham, chairman of the populist party of Georgia, stabbed Howlett Joyner at the Exposition grounds in Atlanta, Ga., Monday. Joyner is not expected to live. He is a democrat, and formerly held a position in the capitol. Cunningham says that Joyner walked up to him and struck him without provocation. Joyner is too weak to make a statement. Cunningham is from Cobb county, which is Joyner's original home. It is probable that a political quarrel precipitated the fight. Joyner is a brother of the chief of Atlanta's fire department. Cunningham is under arrest.

Killed While Trying to Escape.

Joe Jenkins, a negro, was shot and killed at Fort White, Fla., by a posse Monday evening while trying to escape. On August 12 Jenkins lured a negro woman named Lizzie Hill into the woods and outraged and murdered her. The woman was accompanied by her little girl and Jenkins knocked the child senseless and left it for dead. The child, however, revived and returned home the next day and told the story. Jenkins fled to Thomasville, Ga., where he was arrested with two other negroes whom he implicated. At the preliminary hearing the negroes accused by Jenkins were discharged. Jenkins then made a break for liberty, but was riddled with bullets. He would have been lynched anyway, as negroes had gathered for that purpose.

Awful Pyrotechnic Display.

A Santa Cruz, Cal., dispatch says: An immense forest fire is now raging in this vicinity. All night long hundreds of men have been fighting the flames. As far as the eye can reach the forest is a mass of flames. The fire covers over ten square miles and is still spreading, being beyond control. The fire is now within two miles of the powder works, where 500 tons of powder are stored. The road between Rincon and Felton is impassable from burning logs and trees and railroad communication is interrupted. The damage at present cannot be estimated but it will be enormous.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

CONDENSED SCHEDULE.

In Effect May 12, 1895.

	No. 76*			No. 77*	
.....	2.30pm	lv....Selma....ar		11.00am	.....
.....	4.45pm	Birmingham Jct.		8.40am	.....
.....	5.32pm	..Gurnee Junct..		8.01am	.....
.....	7.15pm	ar. Birm'gham. lv		6.40am	.....
No. 74§	**No. 72†**			**No. 73†**	**No. 75§**
5.35am	4.30am	lv....Akron...ar		6.20pm	6.23pm
6.25am	5.50am	...Greensboro...		5.00pm	5.31pm
7.43am	7.30am	.....Marion.....		3.15pm	4·21pm
9.00am	9.00am	ar....Selma....lv		1.15pm	3.00pm
No. 60*	**No.168†**			**No. 61***	**No.169†**
4.45am	4.00am	lv..Meridian..ar		10.30pm	7.00pm
5.53am	7.00am	..... York		9.20pm	4.25pm
6.52am	10.10am	....Demopolis....		8.20pm	1 27pm
7.42am	12.30pm	ar. Uniontown. lv		7.35pm	10.40am
9.00am	4.30pm	ar ..Selma.. lv		6.15pm	6.50am
9.10am	2.30pm	lv ..Selma.. ar		6.05pm	11.00am
11.11am	4.40pm	...Montevallo....		4.12pm	8.45am
11.25am	.....	....Calera.....		3.59pm	.....
11.49am	.....	...Columbiana...		3.37pm	.....
12.24pm	.....	..Childersburg..		3.06pm	.....
1.04pm	.....	....Talladega....		2.31pm	.....
1.50pm	No. 62†	.....Oxford.....		1.50pm	No. 63†
2.15pm	8.15am	.....Anniston....		1.40pm	7.45pm
2.40pm	9.01am	..Jacksonville...		1.02pm	7.03pm
3.05pm	9.49am	.....Piedmont....		12.39pm	6.22pm
3.32pm	10.40am	....Tecumseh....		12.14pm	5.37pm
3.53pm	11.17am	..Cave Springs..		11.55am	5.03pm
4.30pm	12.20pm	.....Rome.....		11.20am	4.10pm
7.05pm	.....	ar...Atlanta...lv		7.30am	.....

East Bound.	No. 37*	No. 39*	No. 34*
Rome.....lv	3.15am	4.35pm	10.20am
Dalton.....	5.52am	5.46pm	11.36am
Chattanooga.....	6.35am	7.10pm	1.00pm
Knoxville.....	10.30am	10.00pm	.....
Morristown.....	11.45am	12.16am	.....
Bristol.....ar	2.35pm	4.50am	.....

38*	36*	18*		37*	35*	17*
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	p.m.	p.m.
5.55	2.55	.....	lv..Birmingham.ar	10.20	12.01	.....
7.10	4.11	.....	.....Pell City.....	8.58	10.46	.....
7.40	4.42	.....	.....Eastaboga....	8.25	10.16	.....
8.12	5.15	.....	.....Anniston.....	7.50	9.43	.....
8.22	5.30	.....	.....Oxford.....	7.35	9.31	.....
8.57	6.00	.....	..... Heflin.....	7.01	8.57	.....
9.09	6.11	.....	....Edwardsville...	6.50	8.45	.....
9.36	6.45	6.30	.....Tallapoosa....	6.20	8.15	8.00
.....	7.55	7.45	.....Douglasville...	.....	6.58	6.44
10.55	8.05	7.55	..Lithia Springs..	4.55	6.45	6.25
11.40	8.50	8.50	ar....Atlanta....lv	4.10	6.00	5.30
a.m.	p.m.	a.m.		p.m.	a.m.	p.m.

East Bound.	No. 38*	No. 36*
Atlanta.....lv	12.00n n	5.00pm
Charlotte.....	8.20pm	6.50am
Danville.....	12.00am	11.40am
Lynchburg.....	1.53am	1.45pm
Charlotteville.....	3.35am	4.04pm
Washington.....	6.42am	8.30pm
Baltimore.....	8.05am	11.25pm
Philadelphia.....	10.25am	2.56am
New York.....	12.53pm	6.23am
Boston.....ar	9.05pm	3.30pm

No. 38 Washington and Southwestern Limited, Solid Pullman Vestibuled train Atlanta to New York, carrying Pullman Sleeping car Birmingham to New York. Dining cars Atlanta to Greensboro and Washington to New York.

No. 36 U. S. Fast Mail Pullman Drawing Room Buffet Sleeping cars Atlanta to New York.

South Bound.	No 36*	No. 38*
Birmingham.....lv	2.55pm	5.55am
Atlanta.....ar	8.50pm	11·40am
Atlanta.....lv	9.10pm	4.10pm
Macon.....	12.10am	7.10pm
Brunswick.....	7.00am	.....
Jacksonville.....ar	10.30am	.....

Train No. 38 carries Sleepers Birmingham to Atlanta.

Train No 36 carries Pullman Drawing Room Buffett Sleeping Car Birmingham to Jacksonville.

*Daily, †Daily Except Sunday. §Sunday Only.

W. H. GREEN, General Superintendent, Washington, D. C.
J. M. CULP, Traffic Manager, Washington, D. C.
W. A. TURK, General Passenger Agt., Washington, D. C.
C. A. BENSCOTER, Assistant G. P. A., Knoxville, Tenn.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Capt. H. C. Reynolds visited Blocton this week.

Miss Mary Nicholls returned home Monday.

Mr. L. N. Bowdon spent Sunday with home folks at Calera.

Mr. "Pete" Rowland. of Talladega, was in the city a few days since.

Mr. F. K. Reynolds is on the sick list this week. We wish him a speedy recovery.

Mr. Geo. Moore, of Dry Valley, has accepted a position with Morgan, Meroney & Co.

Mr. Frank Farrington passed through town Monday en route to Birmingham to attend Howard college.

W. A. Brown spent a couple of days in our city the latter part of last week in the interest of Wm. Allman of Selma.

We failed to receive the "County Press" last week. What's the matter, brother, have you "lost your hat again?"

Several of our young men left for Howard college Monday. If many more of the boys leave, our town will look forsaken.

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds 3t

One of the large wheels on the side of the drum at Aldrich broke Friday, causing a suspension of work for this week. The mines will start in full Monday.

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Rarley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

School opened last Monday with a very good attendance. The prospects are very flattering for a good school and as we have one of the best teachers in the state, we can't see why we should not have a good school.

We are very sorry to learn that Dr. Trammell will soon move his family to Brierfield. Mr. Thos. J. Haskings, the popular superintendent of the M. C. & I. Co. will move into the doctor's house as soon as it is vacated.

Mr. H. C. Fancher, one of Randolph's best citizens, moved into the Halbrook house on Walnut street Tuesday. We extend to Mr. Fancher and family a hearty welcome. We are always glad to see such good citizens move into our city.

Dr. McGaha was with us Sunday and delivered an excellent sermon at the Baptist church. The Dr. has not fully recovered from his recent illness, but we hope he will soon be in good health. After his next appointment here, he will preach regularly for us.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

We learn that Mrs. C. W. Cary will give the members of the C. E. Society an entertainment at her lovely home in the near future. Every one who has been so fortunate as to attend one of these entertainments know that a rare treat is in store for them,

Mr. John Eharker died at his home at Ashby at 9:30 o'clock Tuesday morning. He was about 70 years old and hak resided at Ashby for twenty years, where he was engaged in the manufacture of brick. He emigrated to this country many years ago from Switzerland, where he was born. He was a good citizen and an honorable, upright man. Peace to his ashes.

The series of meetings at the colored Baptist church at Aldrich closed last week. Eighteen professed religion and were baptized Sunday—one among the number being a mute, Mose Davis, who, though he has never heard the sound of the gospel, gave good evidence by signs that he believed in a God, and desired to be baptized. It was a very impressive sight to see him as he came out of the water clapping his hands and pointing Heavenward. Surely if the deaf and dumb believe, what excuse can we who have heard good preaching all our lives have for not being a Christian?

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCORD LOCALS.

P. O. West and Miss Lena Eddings visited Jamison last Tuesday and were the guests of Miss Mamie Woods. They expressed themselves as having been highly entertained.

C. W. Reynolds, a popular salesman of the Alliance Cop. company of Jamison, Ala., spent Sunday with friends and relatives in our community.

Mrs. Lela Wells, of Amelia, Ark., is visiting her grandmother, Mrs. M. F. Mulkey.

Walter Mulkey was quite sick last week, but is much better at this writing.

One of our worthy young men, who is now in business, says the greatest mistake he made in youth was not securing a classical education at least. Our boys should take warning and exert every possible means to secure an education.

Misses Viola and Maggie Woolley visited their uncle, John Garner, of Clanton, last week.

"P. O." is feeding his girl on candy. He says it is cheaper than bread and meat.

Miss Cora Lacy returned home last week. Miss Cora has many friends who regret to know of her departure, and hope she will visit us again soon.

Why should Concord not feel proud of her society when we have an elegant church and a thriving literary school to educate and instruct the youth of our country? And we feel assured that our young ladies have the highest regard of person and character, and we are sure it will be pleasant as well as elevating to seek association with our society.

Hoping to have the pleasure of visiting you in the near future, we are yours lovingly. Guess Who.

BRIDGETON DASHES.

Good health continues to prevail in this community.

Photographer Martin accompanied by his wife has pitched his tent in our community and is taking the "shadows" of the bells and beauxs "muchly."

The new church at Bold Springs has been completed and the members of Bold Springs C. P. church flatter themselves that they have the neatest and best arranged house of worship in Cahaba Valley.

The Springville presbytery of the C. P. church convened with Bold Springs church September 12 to 16. Quite a good representation of preachers and elders were present on Sunday. The funeral of old aunt Lizzie Lee was preached by Rev. D. Y. Wyatt and quite a number of her kin folks were present; altogether making a congregation of about 350 to 500 present on Sunday.

Cotton picking is interesting our good farmers just now and they are all taking advantage of the sunshine to gather in the fleecy staple.

Quite a number of our citizens are absent this week attending court at Columbiana.

The screech of the sorghum mill is again heard in the land and ere long the lads and lassies will be gathering together to pull sorghum candy. And, and yes, have a good time telling how well they "love" sorghum candy—Selah.

Mr. C. T. Lee, our clever and wide awake postmaster, has recently made extensive additions to his dwelling.

Mr. John Dill and —— Killough, of Montevallo is in the community visiting M. M. Deshoza and family. Also Miss Bettie Dill. one of Montevallo's beautiful young ladies, is visiting her sister, Mrs. M. M. Dishoza to the great delight of one or two of our young men.

Mr. Samp Harris is building a nice new dwelling near the old homestead. Wonder if he has an idea of taking a "rib." "How about it Samp?"

Mr. Ben Danson and Mr. Wes Farley have also made recent additions to their dwelllngs.

With best wishes for the success of the Montevallo News and the prosperity of its proprietors and corps of editors. I am, Joe.

DOGWOOD ITEMS.

Quite a crowd from here, went up to Maylene Sunday night to church, and they say they heard a very able sermon delivered.

Messrs. Pat and Walter Harrison will start to Atlanta, the 26th or 27th to attend the Southern Exposition.

Say, what is the trouble with P. O. West, we rarely ever see him in Dogwood now-a-days.

Mr. John Dill of Montevallo took Dogwood by storm one day last week.

Miss Eva and Renna Ozley, spent Sunday with Mr. T. F. Harrison's family near here.

There is a great deal of sickness in this community now. Four of Mr. George T. Harrison's family are very ill with fever.

The Dogwood base ball team is eager to meet the Camp Branch team on the diamond again before the season is out. T. A. T. E.

THE SNAKE EATER.

The fool of all fools is again in our city. handling and biting the heads off of all kinds of snakes.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

SOUTHSIDE JOKER.

We hear that since mentioning those skinny half starved kittens, our Spring Creek Citizen has renewed his wailings. If the bereaved brother will call at correspondent's office he will give him a sack full of "cats" to appease his grief.

"Burr Nabers" wants to make "Birmingham" his permanent home. Says he would like to live on "Sixth avenue" near the First Methodist church.

Wonder where those young men had left their politeness who saw some ladies in imminent danger of being thrown out of a carriage Sunday, and did not go to their assistance.

"Fatty" called on his Calera girl Sunday.

Kirk Sessions, the notorious "grub destroyer," is "biling lasses" for his best girl this week near Terrace Hill.

E. L. D. took in the "bobsouseing" Sunday accompanied by his best girl.

You must bear in mind "Foats" that "a faint heart never won fair lady." Be courageous and persistant and don't give up the "fight" until you have exhausted all your "finance" buying ammunition to bombard the "citadel" of the adored ones heart.

"Nat" does not smile continually for nothing.

Walton Williams went to the depot Monday to bid his best girl a long farewell.

Wouldn't this be a happy old world if folks didn't tell so many "lies" to each other.

John Dill says he is "dead stuck" on a certain sweet little girl living in Bridgeton.

L. N. Bowdon is president of the Prevaricators club, of Montevallo. We congratulate the Prevaricators on their wise selection of a president.

With best wishes to the News I am, Plugugly.

WOULDN'T YOU LAUGH—

If your wife should always wear the costume she wore Friday night?

If your "fellow" would buy you a box of that fine candy at F. W. Rogan's?

If "she" would say yes?

If a hundred girls should attend school here next year?

If "R. E. H." would use the soap presented to him?

If "Shorty" were to laugh?

If we should start a "Brownie" show with home talent?

If the "News" would say something funny?

If Lawrence were to loose his false teeth?

If Major would give you a P. O. box free of charge?

If Nat could make dresses?

If the "Juniors" were to get lost in Atlanta?

If everybody looked like you?

If you could do as you please?

If it were to snow?

If cotton would go to ten cents?

If Rogan would make some real soda water?

If "John Mc." could get up a case with "son's" girl?

If your cows would live on paper?

If W. P. M. would take another girl driving?

If Burr Mc. would grow short?

If you could "stand on the rock where Moses stood?"

If some of these mornings 'bout 9 o'clock this old world would reel and rock?

IfLee would quit singing "Three Days Before She Died?"

A TACKY PARTY.

Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Reynolds gave a "Tacky" party on Friday night last which was a very novel affair in every respect.

Never was there a crowd of jollier or more comical looking boys and girls assembled than were present on this occasion.

The costumes were indescribable, and would have to be seen to be appreciated.

After all had arrived and spent some time in trying to recognize their friends, pink lemonade and ginger bread were served. Then followed games, "granny grunts," "ring on a string," "John Brown" and others.

After some time thus spent, all were ushered up stairs where delicious refreshments were served by the married ladies.

Then came the event of the evening, "the cake walk." Mr. Robert Hall "took the cake."

The prize for the tackiest lady (a bottle of Hoyt's dime cologne) was voted to Miss Imogene Vandegrift.

The gentleman's prize (a cake of soap) was awarded to Mr. R. E. Hall.

News of a sad death at Dogwood reached here Sunday. It was that of Mr. W. W. Dunham, one of Shelby county's most worthy citizens, who leaves a wife and several children, together with a host of friends, to mourn his sad and untimely death. He was in the prime of manhood, and by his own efforts had gathered aronnd him all that it takes to make a happy household. Only a few days ago his jolly laugh could be heard on the streets, but death is no respector of persons, and today he is where we all must some time go. Our sympathy goes out to his family in their sad bereavement.

LOST!

Several correspondents. Any information as to the whereahouts of them will be gladly received at this office.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Your correspondent returned Monday from a very pleasant visit to relatives and "his best girl" in Birmingham.

Pat McConaughy's face is wearing an unusual smile these days. "She" is coming down real soon.

Frank Kroell wants his name kept out of the News until his little "girl leaves town. Alright Cat."

"Longest Johnnie" was the happiest man to be found in town Monday. Send him another message Miss M.

Oh, yes, I forgot to tell you that Sam's girl is in town now.

Our old bachelor friend Robinson has joined a minstrel in Ashville.

C. C. VanDegrift is the champion watermelon eater of Montevallo.

One of Montevallo's gifted sons now a citizen of Birmingham, has a special fondness for "Drakes" quack, quack, old boy.

Kirk Sessions, one of Dry Valley's candidates for matrimony, took in our town Monday.

It is rumored that we are to have another barber shop soon, Alex Lee to be proprietor. D. B.

THE BIG SHOW BEGINS.

The Cotton States and International Exposition Opened.

Wednesday was a great day for Atlanta. The weather was all that could be wished for the opening ceremonies of the grand exposition wkich will mark the beginning of a new era in the south, an era of progress in all the arts of peace, hitherto unparalleled in the history of America.

The first and one of the most interesting features of the day was the military procession, which took up the line of march out Peachtree street at 1:30 p. m., in the following order: Fifth Regiment, United States Regular Infantry. The Washington Artillery of New Orleans, as infantry, and the Louisiana Tigers. The Georgia State militia, under command of the governor, comprising the Fifth Regiment, Colonel John S. Chandler; the fith machine gun; five eompanies of the third, Colonel Fisher Thomason; three companies of infantry; the Atlanta Artillery, with guns and caisons; a battalion, three companies of cavalry, Major J. M. Bernard; Second battalion colored infantry, Lieutenant Colonel F. H. Crumbley, and the Lincoln Guards, of Macon.

Five bands of music, Gilmore's celebrated band among them, accompanied the procession, which was under command of Col. W. L. Kellogg, of the regular army, as marshal of the day. The procession arrived at the exposition grounds at 3:30. Then followed the civic exercises in the auditorium, ex-Governor R. B. Bullock acting as master of ceremonies. The invocation was pronounced by Bishop Kinlock Nelson, of the Episcopal Diocese of Georgia. President and Director General Collier made the opening address. Mrs. Joseph Thompson, president of the Woman's Board of Managers, spoke next. Then came Booker T. Washington, who spoke in behalf of the negro race. Judge Emory Speer, orator of the day, followed with a grand oration, at the conclusion of which the mayor of Atlanta, Porter King, delivered an address of welcome. While he was yet speaking, at the hour of 5:54, Atlanta time, and 6:56 Boston time, President Cleveland, at Buzzard's Bay, a thousand miles away, touched the button. Instantly the ponderous engine began its work, myriads of incandescent lights flashed out in the gathering twilight gloom, the artillery boomed the presidential salute, and the grand exposition was open.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.
Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. M. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

A NATURAL BORN MATHEMATICIAN.

Mr. Clifton Newton spent two days in our city the latter part of last week. He was on his way to Atlanta to exhibit a negro who will work any problem you can give him in arithmetic. The negro is very ignorant, can't read or write, and wouldn't know a figure if he were to see it. Says it is perfectly natural for him to calculate "in his head," and he does it very rapidly.

NEW SLEEPING CAR LINE INAUGURATED.

The traveling public will appreciate the enterprising spirit and business sagacity of the Southern railway management shown in putting on a new sleeping car line between Birmingham and Atlanta, now in operation on trains Nos. 11 and 12. tf

A MEAN TRICK.

We notice that some one has broken two large holes in the colored glass in the window of the Episcopal church. This is the second time those glass have been broken, and the cowardly rascal who did it should be punished. Look out, boys, or you will get in trouble. People will not stand such rascality as this.

The Southern Railway

—WILL GIVE—

Greatly Reduced Rates

For the following occasions:

29th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11–14, 1895.

Battlefield Encampment, Sons of Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16–19, 1895.

Dedication of the Chicamauga-Chattanooga National Park, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19–20, 1895.

The Southern Railway reaches all of the above points. Its schedules are convenient and quick, and the service is of the highest standard.

For datesof sale and full information address any agent of the company.

FOR SALE.

One of the best little farms in west Alabama. Will give a man a good bargain, and take staple dry goods, shelf hardware or Montevallo property in part payment. Write for full information. C. C. L. DILL, Dillburg, Ala. tf

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT. LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of **Fall and Winter Hats** and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Peculiar

In combination, proportion and process, Hood's Sarsaparilla possesses peculiar curative powers unknown to any other preparation. This is why it has a record of cures unequalled in the history of medicine. It acts directly upon the blood, and by making it pure, rich and healthy it cures disease and gives good health.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the only true blood purifier prominently in the public eye today. $1; six for $5.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25 cents.

Mrs. Collins' Story.

I am thirty-three years old, have been married seventeen years and have four living children. My health has not been good since my first child was born. Twelve months ago I was confined, but my baby only lived a few days. Soon after that I was attacked with irritation of the bladder, choking spells, heart palpitation, fainting spells and great nervousness. In this terrible condition I was confined to my bed eight months. I thought I was dying many times. My dear little helpless children, in kissing me at night, often said: "Pleased don't die, mamma;" or, "Papa, don't let mamma die to-night." My little boy brought me a Ladies' Birthday Almanac one day, and after reading it I decided to try the Wine of Cardui Treatment. I have taken two bottles of McElree's Wine of Cardui and three small packages of Thedford's Black-Draught, and am better than I have been for ten years. I am visiting my neighbors on foot, doing my work with ease, and eat better than I have for years. God only knows how grateful I am for this wonderful medicine that has worked this great transformation.

MRS. SALLIE COLLINS,
McHenry, Ky.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials free. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A Great Blessing—Something in the Reach of Everybody.

What would you think of a man who was sick and constantly lived in reach of salvation, yet because he had failed in other directions refuses to take the blessing that is before him? This was the case with Mr. John S. Cook, of Atlanta.

"I have been suffering with dyspepsia for ten years. I began taking Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and gained fifteen pounds in thirty day. I commend it to the public as a great blessing. I can eat supper, go to bed and sleep like a babe—something I could not do before." Price 50 cts. per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Cross Trails, Ala.

Tetterine has cured me of Tetter which had been tormenting me for five years. Nothing else would give any relief. I have known of many persons using it with same good results. It gives the quickest relief for burns of anything I ever saw. Mrs. S. H. Hart. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

The Reviving Powers of Parker's Ginger

Tonic make it the need of every home. Stomach troubles, colds and all distress yield to it.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

To Keep Young

needs no magic elixir. It only requires a little daily care of the health. Ripans Tabules reduce doctoring to its lowest cost.

Piso's Cure for Consumption is an A No. 1 Asthma medicine.—W. R. WILLIAMS, Antioch, Ills., April 11, 1894.

Get Hindercorns and Use it If

you want to know the comfort of no corns. It takes them out perfectly. 15c. at druggists.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

In the Grand Canal, Venice.

Nowhere else in the wide world is there such a sight. A double row of creamy white palaces tiled in red and topped with quaint chimneys. Overhanging balconies of marble bursting with flowers, with gay awnings above and streaming shadows below. Two lines of narrow quays crowded with people flashing bright bits of color in the blazing sun. Swarms of gondolas, barcos, and lesser water-spiders darting in and out. Lazy red-sailed luggers melon-loaded with crinkled green shadows crawling beneath their bows; while at the far end over the glistening highway, headed with people, curves the beautiful bridge—an ivory arch against a turquoise sky.—[Scribner.

ASSIST NATURE a little now and then in removing offending matter from the stomach and bowels and you thereby avoid a multitude of distressing derangements and diseases, and will have less frequent need of your doctor's service.

Of all known agents for this purpose, Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets are the best. **Once used, they are always in favor. The Pellets cure** biliousness, sick and bilious headache, dizziness, costiveness, or constipation, sour stomach, loss of appetite, coated tongue, indigestion, or dyspepsia, windy belchings, "heart-burn," pain and distress after eating, and kindred derangements of the liver, stomach and bowels.

★ ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR ★

IMPERIAL GRANUM

IT IS

★ THE BEST ★

FOOD

FOR NURSING MOTHERS, INFANTS AND

CHILDREN

★ JOHN CARLE & SONS. New York. ★

GREEN FOOD FOR FOWLS.

Green food is essential to the well-being of fowls, and every poultry raiser should make due provision for it. If hitherto neglected there is still time to sow rye or crimson clover. The latter is to be preferred as being the more nutritious. If seeded now it will make good progress and provide a supply of green food late in the fall and early spring.—New York World.

TEXTURE OF BUTTER.

The texture of butter depends partly on the animal, partly on feed, and partly upon the temperature of the cream when churned. Cows that give the richest milk make the most solid butter. In such cows what should go to make suet or beef fat is turned into the milk glands. The same result comes from feeding very rich food like cotton-seed meal. A small quantity of this mixed with wheat bran should be fed to cows; it will make butter much firmer during hot weather in summer, but it will need in addition that the milk and cream be kept in a cool place.

TOO NARROW BARNS.

Most of the old-fashioned barns were built with a view to economy, and were made as narrow and cramped as possible. The standard width seemed to be enough for a wagon loaded with grain in the straw to be driven in and for the barn door to be closed behind it. The floor was also narrow, so that the team had to be driven out at the door opposite that they went in at. It is rather curious that farmers tried to economize so much in lumber when the woods were full of it, and larger framed buildings might be made with scarcely any more expense. When farmers began to build barns with basements, and having only one entrance, the barn was necessarily made wider and its floors broader, so that a loaded wagon could be driven in and the team be driven out beside it. A roomy barn floor is very convenient for storing many kinds of farm tools, but wagons should always be stored in the basement where the wheels will come in contact with the soil.—Boston Cultivator.

WATERING HORSES.

Prejudice dies hard, but the hardest of all to die in the minds of grooms is that it is injurious to give a horse a drink of cold water when he is heated from exercise. Years ago, when I used to train horses for racing in India, I grappled with this prejudice, and clung to it with such tenacity that I used constantly to have my horses "off" their feed after a strong gallop. One day I returned to the messhouse very hot and very tired after a long run, and suddenly thought fit to mentally put myself in the place of a race horse. "Shall I have," I asked myself, "a better appetite for breakfast if I refrain from drinking till I have cooled off or if I have a drink right off?" Knowing that I could not eat heartily unless I had, first of all, a drink, I took it, and thereupon felt so fit to eat, and went so strong over a course of beefsteaks, ham and eggs, quail, muffins, etc., that I resolved to try the same treatment on my horses. My lead was attained with such success that nowadays all the trainers in India give their race horses about half a bucket of cold water to drink immediately after a gallop, and with the best results as regards their appetite and health. I have not alone never seen, but have never even heard or read of, any harm to a horse from drinking cold water when he was heated. I have, however, seen hundreds of cases of colic occur in horses from drinking water after being fed on occasions when they had, previous to eating, been deprived of water for some time. Were all grooms to follow my advice as to watering, I am afraid that many an honest and hard-working veterinary surgeon would find his income from colic cases seriously diminished.—London Live Stock Journal.

THE PROFITABLE FEEDING WEIGHT.

A large per cent. of farmers graze and feed hogs, and the belief that holds with many is that some future month will bring better prices, which can at best be only a matter of guessing. Would it not be better to adopt the rule of getting to market as quickly as possible, taking the price at which they can be sold where the limit of the most profitable feeding weight is reached, say 175 to 200 pounds? This would cut off unprofitable feeding, or in other words, stop the feeding when it takes too much food to make a pound of gain, and yet in a series of years give the farmer as good average prices as he will secure by trying to feed to catch the high price all the time.

It is a very low price that will not give a good profit on a pig that has been made to do his best up to 175 pounds, while a slight drop in price on a 300-pound hog will lose a man "plenty of money."

Will not some farmer of an experimental turn test this matter of common belief among farmers, that there is more profit in one-half grain feeding on clover than there is in full grain ration in connection with clover? Take two lots of hogs of equal quality, weigh hogs and feed used, give treatment indicated above. Don't jump at conclusions by giving one lot one style of treatment one year, and another lot the next. Conduct both experiments at the same time.

For best summer growth there must be an abundance of shade, unlimited quantities of pure water. To secure this the brook must have a gravel bottom. Fresh, quick growing grass; clover or other grasses should be furnished. If these are lacking, foods must be supplied that are chemically as near like grass as possible. The grain ration must not be lacking; it takes too long "to get there" on grass alone.—National Stockman.

STORING CABBAGE.

Some weeks since I noticed an article in the Tribune, writes J. R. Cordell, of Bentonville, Ark., asking for a good plan for keeping cabbage in large quantities. Last winter I visited an old friend in Missouri and saw for the first time a plan that commended itself to my mind, and my friend, who was then trying it for the second year, was highly pleased with the results. If I can explain it to the satisfaction of your correspondent, I think he, and perhaps many other readers of this department of the Tribune, may find it equally satisfactory to them. The plan consists of a succession of ranks, depending for number and length upon the amount of cabbage to be stored. My friend had about an acre of good cabbage and had about three ranks some fifty feet long. The whole stalk is pulled up and all are ranked up to a height of about two feet, reversing ends of alternate stalks, which, of course, kept the ranks level. A space is left between the ranks, which exposes every head of cabbage to view the moment the covering is removed at the end. Now for the covering. Forks were driven into the ground, say two feet high, or just a little higher than the ranks of cabbage, and stout enough to bear up the covering, and so driven as to take a pole along both sides of each rank, and on these are laid cross poles, which hold the covering up. Straw or spoiled hay was piled along the outside ranks and then over the poles, and so rounded up like a stack to turn water, the ends being closed up in like manner, and the work was done. It was the last of January, 1894, that I was there, and they had been having cold weather—twenty degrees below zero. My friend had an order from his merchant for a load of cabbages, and he asked me to go with him and see how they looked. A prettier picture could not have been made from the same material than was presented. The alleys being open, we had a clear view; the frost shone along on the solid wall of heads, but not one was injured. Of the thousands of heads in those ranks, every one was ready for market. When a load was taken out, the end was closed up again; the top covering remained intact.—New York Tribune.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

It takes about three months to grow a broiler.

Heavy salting will destroy the flavor of good butter.

The goose lays a score or two of eggs in a year.

No brooding pen should contain over fifty chicks.

Broilers shrink about a half pound each when dressed.

Ripen the cream uniformly; souring is not ripening.

Forty dressed ducklings are packed in a barrel for shipment.

From thirty-five to forty ducks and drakes are allowed in a pen.

The longer a cow goes in milk the smaller and richer the milk.

The duck averages ten dozen eggs in about seven months' laying.

Build the house ten by ten feet for ten fowls, and the yard ten times larger.

Ten dozen eggs a year is the average estimate given as the production of the hen.

Ducklings are marketed at five pounds weight, which they attain in ten weeks.

About eight dozen eggs are given as an average for the annual output of the turkey.

A novel saw for felling trees consists of a series of platinum wires made white hot by electric currents.

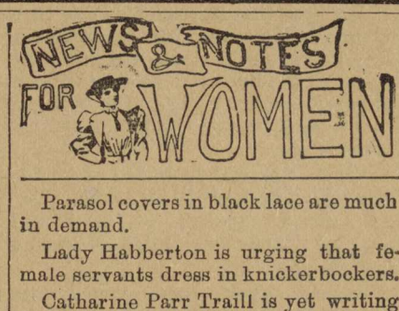
A sod orchard should be closely watched, as it may begin to fail suddenly. Barn manure may be applied to old orchards with good results.

Permanent sod, without fertilizing, is an injury to the orchard. This has been proved in the experience of nearly every successful orchardist.

The best preventive of black knot on plum trees is spraying with Bordeaux mixture. The only cure is to cut it off and burn it, and then paint the wound with linseed oil.

California fruit growers feel encouraged at the success of the yellow scale killer introduced two years ago. It is a minute insect, known as the Chalcid fly, which destroys the larva of the yellow scale.

The Embden, with its white feathers, and the Toulouse, with its gray, are perhaps the best breeds of geese. The former will often dress at from twelve to fourteen pounds, while a pair of the Toulouse have now and then reached the enormous weight of sixty pounds. These are rather too heavy for market.



Parasol covers in black lace are much in demand.

Lady Habberton is urging that female servants dress in knickerbockers.

Catharine Parr Traill is yet writing books, although she is ninety-two years of age.

Men no longer offer their arm to ladies in handing them from dining to drawing room.

An active agitation is carried on at Vienna, Austria, in favor of the higher education of women.

A new fad of society girls is to collect the little bows from the hatbands of their gentlemen friends.

Susan B. Anthony is not radical in appearance. She dresses very quietly and has very motherly ways.

Tweeds in varied qualities and new stylish color schemes occupy a prominent place among autumn dress goods.

Violet and lavender hold their own remarkably well as fashionable colors. The former continues to lead in Paris.

The Princess of Wales has a tea service set of sixty pieces, and each piece is decorated with a photograph which she took herself in Scotland.

New waists are made with very short basque skirts that turn out abruptly from the waist-line and are slightly ruffled around the edge.

Among the Colonial dames and maidens embroidering the family coat-of-arms or crest is what may be called fashionable fancy work in public.

Mlle. Jeanne Benaken, licentiate of philosophy at Paris, took her bachelor's degree at the age of sixteen—almost an unprecedented feat in European universities.

Artificial flowers are much the vogue on dancing gowns. A Parisian frock recently seen was of violet glace silk with the short puffed sleeves made entirely of pink rosebuds.

Princess Stephanie, the widow of Rudolph of Austria, is one of the most daring woman mountaineers in Europe, and has made several extremely perilous Alpine ascents.

The eightieth birthday of Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton will be appropriately celebrated by the National Council of Women at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.

Medium and lightweight crepons, plain and with colored stripes and dots, will remain in fashionable favor, but they will not reach the universal popularity they enjoyed this season.

It is not correct to have pockets in the up-to-date dress skirt. Therefore, the pocket handkerchief is something produced from the most unexpected places on the person of the young woman.

The mother of Mrs. Jack Gardner, the famous Boston society leader, is the second wife of Bierstadt, the artist. Her first husband left her a fortune, which he made in the candy trade.

It is said that Mary E. Wilkins has an extremely inmature, girlish handwriting, which was a great drawback to getting her manuscripts accepted when she first began to write for the press.

A hat in a modified sailor shape is trimmed with loops of very wide ribbon that stand upright on either side of the crown. The entire front is covered by a wreath of roses with foliage.

Radical changes in the style of coiffure are predicted for the autumn by Paris papers that have space for such important announcements. And, it is further stated, "false hair is coming back."

Fans are much smaller than heretofore, and the most fashionable are the pretty Empire air-givers mounted on tortoise-shell sticks of yellow. Others are embroidered very finely with baby ribbon, in Louis XV. styles, and illuminated with spangles.

Very charming waists are developed of the gorgeous silks in which are commingled the French and Roman colors, but they are not intended for women of florid complexion. The Oriental silk crepons of Eastern designs produce very much softer and prettier harmonies.

Pale green is a popular color this season. Gowns and hats, cloaks and toques, evening frocks and street suits share the craze. The tint never appears to better advantage, though, than when used as a foundation color for the open work linens and lawns that enjoy favor equal to its own.

New waterproof cloaks of red, black and mixed colors are piped with white, giving an extremely smart effect. One quite perfect in its way is of fawn color, piped with white. It is of ulster pattern, with enormous armholes to its sleeves, and boasts a velvet collar and mammoth mother-of-pearl buttons.

Of thirty applicants examined for the position of library cataloguer and clerk for the Agricultural Department, Washington, D. C., all the men failed to pass while only five of the sixteen women failed. Secretary Morton has appointed Miss E. B. Wales, of Chicago, clerk, and Miss G. F. Leonard, of the Albany State Library, cataloguer.

The first woman in America to demand naturalization papers was Mrs. Elizabeth Cryer, who showed a certificate dated at Omaha, Nebraska Territory, February 14, 1856. She is also believed to be the first woman to pre-empt Government land in her own name. The court records at Omaha and the land office records verify these statements.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Wonderful Paradise Fish.

The oddest of all piscatorial rarities is the Paradise fish of China. Like the German canary and one or two other species of bird and fish, this little finny beauty is the product of cultivation only, there being no place in the world where it is found in a wild state. In the land of the dragon they are kept and cultivated in ornamental aquariums, each succeeding generation of the little oddities exhibiting more diversified colors. The male is the larger of the two sexes, measuring, when full grown, 3½ inches. The body is shaped very much like that of a common pumpkin-seed sun-fish its color surpassing in brilliancy any fish heretofore cultivated for the aquarium. The head of Macropodus (that's his generic name) is ashy gray, mottled with irregular dark spots. The gills are azurine blue, bordered with brilliant crimson. The eyes are yellow and red, with a black pupil. The sides of the body and the crescent-shaped caudal fin are deep crimson, the former having from ten to twelve vertical blue stripes, while the latter is bordered with blue. The upper surface of the body is continually changing color—sometimes it is white, at others gray, black or blue. The dorsal and anal fins are remarkably large, hence its generic name; Macro, large; podus, fin or foot. Both fins are shaped alike, and are striped with brown and bordered with a bright blue. The dull-colored ventral fins are protected by a brilliant scarlet-colored spine, extending three-fourths of an inch behind the body of the fin. The pectoral fins are well-shaped, but transparent and colorless.—

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accent any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN DOCTOR,

By J. Hamilton Ayers, A. M., M.D.

This is a most Valuable Book for the Household, teaching as it does the easily-distinguished Symptoms of different Diseases, the Causes and Means of Preventing such Diseases, and the Simplest Remedies which will alleviate or cure.

550 pages, profusely Illustrated.

The Book is written in plain every-day English, and is free from the technical terms which render most Doctor Books so valueless to the generality of readers. **This Book is intended to be of Service in the Family,** and is so worded as to be readily understood by all

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COMPLETE INDEX.

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PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c, and $1.00 at Druggists

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

AM. N. U. No. 39, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
25 CTS. 25 CTS.

The easiest cleaning

is with Pearline. Yes, easiest for everybody. Whether you're doing the hard work of house-cleaning yourself, or having it done, get Pearline and get through with it. It'll do more work, better work, quicker work, than anything else.

You ought to look out for the wear and tear in house-cleaning as well as in washing. Some of your delicate things won't stand much rubbing. They're meant, especially, to be cleaned with Pearline.

Send it Back Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled, and if your grocer sends you something in place of Pearline, be honest—*send it back.* 432 JAMES PYLE, New York.

The One Crop System

of farming gradually exhausts the land, unless a Fertilizer containing a **high percentage of Potash** is used. Better crops, a better soil, and a larger bank account can only then be expected.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

Yes, it's ready!

An elegant book for your table and constant reference. Send for it NOW. It's New and Nice. . . . .

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brimming full of illustrations, and showing how the thousand-and-one things really look. You'll like that.

There are Guns, Rifles, Pistols—from all over the world, and some of our own make—Fishing Tackle, Dog Collars and Chains, Tennis Sets, etc., etc.

You can see our LOVELL DIAMOND BICYCLE—The Finest Wheel on Earth,—the Williams Typewriter—you ought to have one. There's lots of other things too.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.
Sole U. S. Agent for "STAR" AUTOMATIC PAPER FASTENER.

Probate Judge

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., OCTOBER 3, 1895. NO. 28.

Sea Song.

With a hey and ho, and a fairy boat,
And a rollicking summer breeze,
With a heave and a roll to the East we go,
O'er the dancing shimmering seas.

Yon mast will stand us fast, I ween,
In the arms of the laughing gale;
And that strip of cloud, ere it melt away—
Tear it down for our rosy sail.

With a hey and a ho, and the sails are set,
While the sea-maids laugh for glee;
And each wave as it curls breaks to frothy mirth
O'er the green of the rolling sea.

Up anchor now and away to the East,
Where the sun-ball peeps anew;
And the gray and the red and the opal lights
Spread wide into watery blue.

With a hey and a ho, and a fairy boat,
And a rollicking summer wind,
With a heave and a roll to the East we go,
With the wakening shore behind.

—Angela Goetze.

WHITE MITTENS.

BY JOHN ALBEE.

The curtain rises—and there are only two actors on the narrow stage which is set with rustic scenery. There are a road, trees, and in the distance water. This latter looks as if intended for the sea. There walk along the road toward the sea a young man, tall and stalwart, and a young woman, also tall and of a very slight figure. Her eyes and hair are dark, and her features are somewhat too sharp for a handsome face. Her name is Rebecca Champernown. She is the last descendant of a very ancient and famous family, whose pride is almost her only inheritance. No one could have believed that she would fall in love with a fisherman least of all her mother. But so it has happened. She loves Reuben Gage, captain of the fishing schooner Anna Sheafe, and they walk together and meet as often as they can find opportunity.

As Reuben and Rebecca walk along the road they do not appear to talk much. She seems cold and distant, but in her heart is a fire of love that burns more fiercely the more she represses it. And she is obliged to repress it, for Reuben is shy, awkward and undemonstrative. Yet in some way, perhaps by her womanly intuitions, she has discovered his great manly, affectionate nature. They have now been intimate a whole year, and every one supposes them lovers and probably engaged, but in fact they have never yet exchanged a word of love. Reuben has often been on the point of speaking, but the right words failed him and something arose in his throat that choked utterance. And Rebecca has waited, eager, a little impatient at times, and at others almost tempted to speak out herself. That, indeed, is just what is needed; she is conscious of it, and yet—"How can I?"—she asks herself. Then she goes home from her interviews with Reuben to her room and cries until her eyes are red and swollen, and her mother's reproaches follow, and make her life so wholly miserable that she wishes herself dead. She recovers herself in a day or two; looks forward with longing to their next meeting, which is always timed by his return from his fishing trip, and thinks matters between them will surely be settled. She longs for something to happen that will decide the question. But she is not going to give up Reuben; no, her heart is unalterably fixed and if she dies an old maid her affection can never decline.

Reuben is equally perplexed in his simple mind; he is sure of only one thing, that is the state of his own feelings, but he is not yet able to decide whether Rebecca loves him. He would like a sign, something, however slight, that would show him where he stood. Men are always longing for this sign, some token, not words, but more certain, more significant, something to treasure and remember as long as they live.

Of late he has been unlucky on his fishing trips in the Anna Sheafe, a small vessel which he commands and of which he owns one quarter. After the vessel's expenses were paid there has been little to divide among the owners. The winter was coming on and with it the hazardous and often unprofitable business of trawling. He met Rebecca less and less often. Somehow without money in his pocket he could not enjoy so much being with her, felt less a man and an inequality he could not explain. Then it was, however, that he discovered the depth of his attachment. His compauions noticed it and rallied him about it, and behind his back expressed themselves in the customary village slang and gossip.

"There's no more fish in the sea for Reub," they said. He is getting his line on dry land, over at the Champernowns'; pretty dry it is. Small catch there; a big name and not enough cash to go with it. He is too good for her, anyway; but I hope he will get her if he wants her and come out of his dumps."

Reuben did not recover his usual spirits; his good old mother insisted that he was not well and needed physic. Reuben took the medicine, being a good deal of a child under his mother's roof, obeying and yielding to her in nearly all of her whimsies, which were leavened with much shrewdness and knowledge of human nature.

"Mother," said he, "it does me no good, but I will take it to please you."

"My son, you just wait; you've been behindhand some time, and it will take a while to get you beforehand again. These herbs never failed in my experience and I've had a good deal in sickness of one sort or another."

"Herbs, mother, are good in their place. I like the smell of them, but the taste——"

"That's just it, my son; the smell is sweet, which shows the taste is good medicine. It's just like being in love and marriage; one you like and the other you must take, because it is best for everybody and naturally follows; and sometimes," she added, with a sly look at Reuben, "it cures love."

"I'm not going to marry—never, so you are out of your reckoning there, mother."

"Well, I don't know. Your father before you said that; so did I—until I was asked. Nobody means what they say when in love, or rather they mean just the other way. I think now I know what it is the trouble with you, Reuben," and she poured out the dose and gave it him, saying: "It will keep up your spirits at any rate, until Rebecca gives you some soothing syrup—eh, my boy? So cheer up."

Reuben grew thin and nervous in spite of the medicine, but he went about preparations for the winter cruising. Bad luck continued to follow him, small fares and falling prices discouraged him more and more. But the greater his depression the more his mind dwelt upon Rebecca. In some curious, involved way he had come to connect his ill luck with her. His brother fishermen, however, thought it was all on account of his not wearing white mittens when he set and handled his trawl lines, it being in that region of fishing villages the universal belief of superstition that white mittens must be worn to insure good luck in winter trawling. But Reuben paid no attention to what he thought was a mere fancy. He felt rather that he was working with a half hearted energy, and all on account of his dubious relation with Rebecca. He determined to see her again and arranged to see her when her mother was absent.

"I have come to see you once more," he said on meeting her; "but perhaps I had better not come again."

"Why?" said Rebecca; "are you not always welcome, Captain Gage?"

"Yes, we never quarrel—and we never get any further along from one time to another."

This was more than he had ever been able to say before in regard to their personal relation, and he was frightened at himself. So he began again from what he thought was another point, yet, as out of the fullness of the heart the mouth speaketh, he could not help betraying his true feelings.

"I'm not getting on very well now, no luck, no money, and the Anna Sheafe getting in debt. I thought I would tell you, though I do not know as you will care."

"Yes, I do care—very much, Captain Gage. I knew something was the matter and I heard from one of the village gossips it was because you neglected or sneered at the custom of wearing white mittens as the other fishermen do when setting their trawls. Do you think it is a silly superstition?"

"Yes, I do, in the main."

"So do I, when I reason. At other times I half believe in it. There is something at the botton of all common customs and beliefs, which, when harmless, it is just as well to accept. Our little village would be very dull and uninteresting without them."

"I have no particular objection to white mittens, Reuben replied, "only I did not happen to have any."

I thought as much. You would wear them if you had them?"

"Why, yes, I should."

Rebecca disappeared for a moment, and returned holding out a pair of snow-white mittens.

"There, I made them for you. I had to guess at the size, most girls wouldn't, who have—brothers,"—she said, archly. "Let me try them on," and she pulled one over Reuben's hand, but before she could adjust the other his hands in some manner had become inextricably entwined about her waist. Then they sat down and completed the trying on again and again.

They fitted, but Reuben never wore them afterward. He hung them up as a sacred trophy over the little mirror in the cabin of his vessel. And he had thereafter good luck enough.—New York Advertiser.

An Up-to-Date Serpent.

John Gadsden, colored, killed a rattle-snake near Poor Robin, Ga., on the Savannah river, last week, that had twenty-nine rattles and a button. And speaking of snakes—the strange looking serpent that was seen by a party of deer hunters over in "the fork" of Brier creek and Savannah river last winter, has been seen again. On account of the description given of it at first it is known as the silver serpent. Its scales were white and glistened in the sun like shining silver. It is said to be anywhere from fifteen to twenty feet long and is generally seen in trees. The two fishermen who last saw it say that its body has grown darker, but they declare that its head was so dazzling as hurt the eye. Its neck was arched over the limb of a tree, and as the rays of the morning sun fell upon it they counted sixteen shining silver scales upon its head, and to make it stranger and more gorgeous still, right in the centre of these they saw a single scale of a yellow cast that shone and glittered like burnished gold.—Atlanta Constitution.

A Sunflower Wonder.

The largest sunflower, possibly ever seen in Atlanta is being displayed today by Mr. S. A. Johnson, the groceryman, who resides at 112 West Pine street. The flower measures thirteen inches across, and is filled with seed much larger than an ordinary flower. It was raised in Mr. Johnson's garden where he cultivated it with his vegetables.

After the flower had matured and the seeds had ripened Mr. Johnson pulled it and is showing it to his friends. He will put it on exhibition at the agricultural department, he says. He thinks that it would pay for people to devote some time to the cultivation of this flower, as the seed make fine feed for fowls and animals. After the seed has been compressed the oil from them makes the best grade of labricaing oil.—Atlanta Journal.

Bad Luck.

Mrs. Gadders—Your daughter was miraculously rescued from drowning yesterday.

Mrs. Matchmaker—Yes Dolly, has awful luck.

Mrs. Gadders—Awful luck!

Mrs. Matchmaker—Why, the man who rescued her is married!—Puck.

The Youngest Grandmother.

A claiment for the honor of being the youngest grandmother in America is Mrs. John W. Pierce, of Boston, whose age is twenty-eight. She was married at the age of fourteen years and her daugnter became a wife when only twelve years old.

A German marble cutter, S. Klaber, has given to the New York Society of Ethical Culture, in memory of his son, a bronze tablet beautifully framed in marble, containing Abraham Lincoln's Gettysburg address.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

He who is racked by superstition can never find peace of mind.

Conquer a vice today and you save your descendants untold misery.

Small and steady gains bring the kind of riches that do not take wings and fly away.

An evil deed will run a thousand miles; a good action does not look out of the door.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear praised.

Good people shine from afar, like snowy mountains; bad people are not seen, like arrows shot by night.

Principle is a great thing and is a convenient excuse for some people avoiding something they ought to do.

As it is characteristic of great wits to say much in few words, so it is of small wits to talk much and say nothing.

While we are here, let us think earnestly of the few brief chances remaining to us, they grow fewer every hour.

As the bee collects nectar and departs without injuring the flower or its color or scent, so let a sage dwell in the village.

Absence lessons small passions and increases great ones—as the wind extinguishes a taper and kindles the burning dwelling.

Times may be as good now as they ever were, but it is a waste of time to argue the point with a man who has an empty stomach.

Let a man overcome anger by love, let him overcome evil by good, let him overcome the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth!

A smooth sea never made a skillful mariner, neither do uninterrupted prosperity and success qualify for usefulness and happiness.

We are the arbiters of our own fate, and that fact is the most important one of our lives. Our will is positively unfettered, it is a rudder put freely into our hands and with it we can steer wherever we choose.

Love is the torment of one, the felicity of two, the strife and emnity of three, a charm that draws together two beings and unites them by sympathy, happiness to be with each other, but misery to be apart.

Words are wondrous things; they are sometimes potent for weal or woe; they are winged incarnations of thoughts and have controlled the destinies of empires and dynasties. It is well said: "They possess an endless, undefinable, tantalizing charm; they paint humanity, its thoughts, longings, struggles and failures—paints them upon a canvas of breath in colors of life."

Cranberry Culture.

The cranberry is an acquatic plant, and require's wet land and occasional overflowing by water. The soil must be black, decaying vegetable matter, commonly called swamp muck, and the land must be level and supplied with banks and ditches, so that at the right season the plants may be covered with water. The surface, however, of the swamp must be covered with ocean sand, wholly free from ordinary soil, so that grass and other weeds will not grow in it. Then the plants are set out in rows twelve to eighteen inches apart and a foot apart in the rows. As the plant roots by cuttings very easily, and rooted plants are easily moved, it is usual to procure the cuttings or roots of nurseymen who make a business of selling them. They are sold by the barrel at the usual price of three dollars. The whole cost of the preparing the land completely and planting it is about $300 per acre. The plantation bears the second year, and the culture is so profitable that the money spent in fitting the land is sometimes repaid the first year. There are several insect enemies that prey on this plant and precautions against these are one of the special cares of the grower.—New York Times.

Swiss newspapers report that the number of American tourists visiting that country this summer is one-third larger than it was at the same time last year.

How Gold Leaf is Made.

The process by which gold is made into thin leaves is called gold beating. As yet the use of machinery for this purpose is very limited, nearly all gold leaf being beaten by hand.

First, the gold is cast into oblong ingots about three-fourths of an inch in width, and weighing two ounces each. These ingots are passed between polished steel rollers and flattened out into ribbons of about 1-180th of an inch in thickness. These ribbons are softened by heat and cut into pieces one inch square.

One hundred and fifty of these pieces are placed between vellum leaves, one piece above the other, and the entire pile is enclosed in a double parchment case and beaten with a sixteen-pound hammer until the inch pieces are extended to four-inch squares. They are then taken from the case and each square is cut into four pieces; the pieces thus obtained are then placed between gold-beaters' skin—a delicate membrane prepared from the large intestine of the ox—made into piles, inclosed in a parchment case and again beaten, but with a hammer of lighter weight.

Still the leaves are not thin enough, and once more each leaf is cut into four pieces and again beaten. This last quartering and beating produces 2,400 leaves, and the thickness of an inch. Gold is so malleable that it is possible to obtain a still greater degree of thinness, but not profitably.

These thin leaves are taken up with wood pincers, placed on a cushion, blown out flat and carefully cut into squares three and one-fourth inches in size. The squares are placed between the leaves of paper books, which have previously been rubbed with red chalk, to prevent adhesion of the gold, each paper book containing twenty-five squares or leaves of gold; and in this form the leaf is sold, not by weight but by superficial measure.—New Orleans Picayune.

Hints on Bathing.

With the increased amount of dust in the atmosphere, and its natural propensity for adhering to the perspiring body, the daily bath becomes more of a necessity during the summer months than at any other time of the year. One should take great care, however, that the bodily temperature is reduced as nearly as possible to normal before the bath is taken. If the temperature is somewhat high, and the body perspiring freely, the danger of taking cold will be increased, by reason of the sudden congestion of the blood in the dilated vessels at the surface of the body. Much of the advantage to be derived from sea bathing will be lost, unless the crusts of salt which form in the pores of the skin on the evaporation of the water are removed by subsequent brisk toweling or fresh water sponging. Not only is the perspiration an efficient means of removing superfluous heat, but by this same channel go out many of the waste products of the body. These waste products are always relatively increased in the summer months, and so it is doubly important that during this trying season we should keep the skin in a healthy and cleanly condition.

A Survivor of Waterloo.

The recurrence of the anniversary of Waterloo has led to a diligent search in France for French veterans of that great combat. Only three survive, of whom Victor Baillot is the eldest. He was born in Caresey in 1793, and was caught in the last of Napoleon's conscriptions. Baillot was taken prisoner at Waterloo after receiving a saber slash on the helmet which felled him to the ground, but did not wound him. His chief recollection of the battle is that the growing wheat impeded the progress of the French army, and cavalry were sent to trample it down.

The Prairie Schooners Still Sail.

Steam railroads have not yet crowded the prairie schooner entirely out, even though the steam engine seems to be threatened by the electric motor. Last week a train of five schooners from Northern Kansas arrived at Walla Walla, Wash., bound for the Great Palouse. Two families of immigrants occupied the wagons, and the outfit had been on the road ever since last April.—New York Sun.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

It is said that steel containing 12 per cent of manganese cannot be magnetized.

Dropping a steel magnet, or vibtating it in other ways, diminishes its magnetism.

Decayed teeth can now be stopped with aluminum. A process has recently been discovered.

Electric power is used for operating exhibits in the new machinery hall on the State Fair Grounds at Sprinfield, Ill.

For scientific purposes it is proposed to fly ten giant kites to the height of two miles during every possible phase of weather.

Trunk wires to connect London by telephone with Edinburgh, Glasgow and Dublin, have just been put up by the English postoffice department.

The Western Union Telegraph Company makes about $1,500,000 annualy furnishing "exact time" from its naval observatory office in Washington.

A telephone was recently installed between Berlin and Potsdam by trotting cavalry. The distance is about twenty miles and occupied four hours.

An experiment in reheating steel by elecricity under the Bessemer process was recently made at the Homestead, Penn., Steel Works. The result was most satisfactory.

Some scientists have been measuring Bismarck's head and calculating its contents. They find it very big and fignre that his brain weighs 1867 grammes about one-third more than the average.

Out of a thousand flowers 284 are white, 226 are yellow, 220 are red, 141 are blue, 75 are violet, 36 are green, 12 are orange, 4 are brown and 2 are black. White flowers become proportionately more numerous as one advances towards the north.

A steam dredger, claimed to be the largest ever built in America, has just been finished at Alameda, California. It is one hundred and ten feet long, fifty feet broad and ten feet deep. The dredge bucket weighs five tons, and will lift twelve tons of mud at each scoop.

Aluminum wire is increasing in use and if it continues to cheapen may be the wire of the future. Its electrical conductivity is three times that of iron and more than half as great as copper, while the tensile strength is one-third that of steel, and its resistance to corrosion phenomenal.

Professor Keeler, of the Allegheny Observatory, has just published a paper on the rings of Saturn, in which he demonstrates from spectrum analysis that the rings are neither solid nor liquid, but are composed of a host of small satellites, revolving around the planet in circular orbits. The same theory was mathematically demonstrated by Clerke Maxwell in 1859.

Wool Production.

The principal wool exporting countries are the Australian colonies, Argentine Republic, Uruguay and the British possessions in Asia and Africa. The Argentine Republic exports annually about 266,000,000,000 pounds, and New South Wales about 200,000,000 pounds. The total product of the United States is about 300,000,000 pounds, on the average, annually. In 1890 our production was 285,000,000 pounds, and we imported 126,000,000 pounds. In 1891 we produced 307 000,000 pounds. We produce about 70 per cent. of the wool we consume. Thirty per cent is imported, and it comes chiefly from Australia and South America.

A Paradise for Prisoners.

A Portland lawyer, who has been down to Cathlamet, Oregon, tells of the courteous treatment the few prisoners in the County Jail at the river town receive at the hands of the authorities. When the time came for the restaurant or hotel men to make their bids on furnishing food to jail prisoners they refused to bid at all. As they did not bid no one got the contract, and when they have a prisoner now they take him over to the hotel and he gets his meals like any respectable guest. — San Francisco Chronicle.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

Over $75,000,000 are invested this country in ducks and geese.

The Central Liberal Organization of London is said to have accumulated $500,000 to be used in elections.

Japan has laid down her implements of war, but she is not letting them get far out of reach, notes the Washington Star.

The Atlanta Constitution says that the typewriter is ruining modern journalism, as it destroys all originality. Everything it composes has a mechanical turn.

Our 1,890 roads carried last year about 600,000,000 passengers, which means that if every passenger had been a different person, half the entire population of the globe would have traveled over our lines.

The "Civic Federation" of Chicago, a citizens' organization for the enforcement of the law, is making things excessively warm for the mayor and the street commissioners.

Money is so plentiful in New York that the other day $250,000 was loaned over night at the rate of three-fourths of one per cent per annum. The bank of America has called a meeting of its stockholders to vote upon a proposition to cut its capital stock of $3,000,000 in two because it finds it difficult to lend at a profit.

There died recently in Moscow, Russia, a man who in the last twenty years gave $5,000,000 to charity. He was State Councilor Jermakoff, who came from a poor family. His first public act which excited general attention was the purchase of the freedom of all the serfs living in his native village. This cost him $120,000.

Oregon people are raising a strong protest against the continuance of the horse-canning industry in that state, learns the New York Sun. They claim that they will injure the reputation of the State and of other canning industries. They don't want people to say or think "dead horse!" when they see the brand "Oregon" on canned meats. The horse cannery has started business, but little is known of its business yet.

A Chicago Tribune writer has been figuring out the number of wrecks at sea in January and February of the present year, and he finds the record unprecedented in the world's history. In these two months seventy-five vessels, including twenty-eight schooners, seventeen steamers, fourteen sloops, five barges, three barks, three brigs, two barkentines, two ships and one pilot boat were wrecked, with a total loss of 1,190 lives. Over half these losses, or 669 lives, were occasioned by seven disasters, vis.: Steamer Elbe, 332; steamer Port Nichteroy, 120; ferryboat Terciera, 100; steamer Kingdon, 40; steamer Chicora, 26; steamer Initrahul, 26, and steamer Nordsee, 25.

The New York Posts remarks: A considerable part of the deficiency in the revenue of the general government has been caused by the decreased income of the postoffice. Under our system the post is regularly operated at a loss, and during the last two years of bad business this loss became a very heavy one, amounting to about $9,000,000 during the year just closed. It is, therefore, very gratifying to see that the postal revenue is now materially increasing. During the quarter ending with July the receipts of the twenty largest postoffices rose to $6,794,000, gain of about $500,000 over last year, or more than 7 per cent. The next ten cities in point of receipts also make an excellent showing, so that the gain in these thirty cities amounts to about $550,000. As the expenses of the postal service do not increase in anything like the same ratio as the receipts, these returns show that the Treasury is steadily working towards an easy condition.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

THE HEAVY LOSSES BY FIRE.

Exports and Imports Last Week. Marriage of a Septengenarian. Fatal Result of Crawling Under a Train—Train Strikes a Wagon—Suffocated in Cotton Seed.

SOUTHERN.

The Interstate Iron Works at Meridian, Miss., with machinery, patterns, etc., burned Saturday morning. Loss, $30,000; insurance, $6,000.

Charles W. Hill, formerly a well known young man of Knoxville, Tenn., now living in New York city, was thrown to the ground while trying to board the eastbound vestibule at Morristown, Tenn., Saturday. The fall fractured his skull.

Paul Flesher, postmaster at Elkhorn, W. Va., was killed Sunday by falling from Pinnacle rock, near Bramwell. He had gone to spend the day at that picturesque spot, and while at the top of the rock, lost his footing and fell almost perpendicularly 175 feet.

Richard Majors was cut on the head and back of the neck in Crook's bar, on Cripple Creek, Tenn., Saturday night. He was quarreling with a man when Lizzie Peck jumped on him and nearly killed him before she could be gotten off. He will die. Both are colored.

Frank Phillips, one of the members of the James gang, during their tour through Kentucky and Tennessee in the early seventies and later a figure in the McCoy-Hatfield feud, is dying from blood poisining fifty miles south of here in Kentucky, caused by a bullet wound. A few days ago on the line between Virginia and Kentucky he enticed Frank Arnot out and shot him to death. During the dying moments of the latter he fired a bullet into his assailant, that struck the vital point, and then dropped back a corpse.

WESTERN.

John B. Sherman, one of Chicago's oldest, as well as wealthiest citizens, was married Wednesday to Miss Katherine Neeson, of Detroit. Mr. Sherman is 70 years old, while his wife is but 30.

The exports of specie from New York this week amounted to $2,500,837 in gold and $810,200 in silver. The imports for the week were: Gold, $67,086; silver, $26,347; general merchandise, $6,920,570; dry goods, $2,338,334.

Two boys, aged 17 and 9 were drowned Sunday in the North river, New York, by the capsizing of a sailboat. A catboat in which Samuel Hauptman, 20 years of age, was sailing on the Harlem river also capsized and Hauptman was drowned. None of the bodies were recovered.

At 5:20 Saturday morning the Daisy Mill elevator at West Superior, Wis., and contents were burned. The structure was the finest mill elevator in the northwest. It was owned by the E. T. Allis company, of Milwaukee, and contained 80,000 bushels of wheat, the loss on which will be about $50,000, and the same amount on the building, fully covered by insurance. The fire was caused by explosion of flour dust.

While riding his bicycle after dark in Tecumseh, Mich., Thursday night, Rev. Hudson, pastor of the Baptist church of that village, struck Miss Woodward at a cross walk, injuring her so severely that she died Friday morning. A contusion on the young woman's head was the only mark of injury. The affair has caused a great sensation in Tecumseh, where the reverend gentleman and Miss Woodward are highly esteemed.

The steamer Humboldt is on the rocks off Point Gorda, Cal., and is a total wreck. A. H. Buhne and Purser Laird, who got ashore in a small boat Saturday afternoon, have reached Eureka. The passengers were all taken safely to shore in life boats Saturday forenoon. The mail was not taken off, but in all probability the life saving crew will do so when a tug arrives on the scene. The Humboldt is lying about one thousand yards from land with her stern pointing shoreward, and is breaking up fast.

EASTERN.

A two-horse wagon belonging to Scribner & Smith's circus was struck by a Pan Handle passenger train at Hudson's Crossing, near Carnegie, Pa., Saturday morning. The wagon was demolished and two employes and the horses killed. The men were Andrew Brady and Melville Essimine.

Two young men, believed to have escaped from the Indiana reform school, attempted to crawl under a train at Derry, Pa., Saturday morning, and both were crushed to death. A card with "Richard Abraham, Indiana Reform School," was found on the body of one. The young men were about 20 years of age.

The plant of the River Spinning company in Woonsocket, R. I., was partially destroyed by fire which started in the dye house at 8:30 o'clock Saturday morning. The loss will reach nearly $150,000, covered by insurance. The dye house building and the store house adjacent were consumed before control of the flames was obtained.

An extensive cave-in occurred at No. 4 mine in Plymouth, Pa., Saturday night. It extends one hundred feet in length, the surface having settled twelve feet. Many of the chambers in the mine have been closed by the falling debris. The squeeze continued Sunday night, though no further damage is apprehended. This portion of the mine will be abandoned until the fall is cleared up.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Altogether Too Greedy.

On Wednesday night last week W. F. Yarbrough's store at New Market was robbed of goods valued at $600, which the thieves carried off in a wagon.

Jumping on a Moving Train.

Joseph Doak, 12 years of age, attempted to jump on a moving Southern train at the foot of Sylvan street, Selma, Wednesday night when he slipped and fell. His left foot was crushed by the wheels and had to be amputated.

Sheriff Foster's Murderer Convicted.

The negro, William Brown, who, on the night of April 7th last near Rogersville, Lauderdale county, murdered Sheriff James Foster, was convicted in the criminal court of that county last Thursday morning. The jury fixed the penalty of death.

John Boyd's Back Battered.

Mr. Oscar Cobb, who resides in Sumpter county, discovered John Boyd, a negro, in the act of robbing his corn crib a few nights ago. He ordered the thief to stop, but the negro ran. As he did so Mr. Cobb snatched up a shotgun and fired his back full of squirrel shot. It is thought he is not fatally wounded. Cobb was not arrested.

Burglary at Livingston.

Five hundred and forty-five dollars in money and a gold watch were stolen from the trunk of Mr. Cawthorn, of Selma, a guest of the Artesian hotel at Livingston Friday. The room was entered by some means and the trunk broken open. Suspicion rests on a white person and the case is being worked up. As yet no arrests have been made.

Killed at a Railroad Crossing.

On Friday morning about 4 o'clock as G. W Rollins and John Williams, of Barbour county, were crossing the Alabama and Midland railroad near Ozark, a westbound train struck their buggy and killed them both. Mr. Rollins, who was 76 years of age, leaves a wife and twelve children, all grown. Mr. Williams leaves a wife, the daughter of Mr. Rollins, and seven children.

Mobile's Deep Water Channel.

The contract for dredging the ship canal, 23 feet deep, 280 feet wide and twenty-three miles long, made July, 1892, and costing $1,393,800, was completed Friday. It extends from Mobile city to deep water in the lower Mobile bay. The work was done by the National Dredging company under contract with the government. Ships drawing more than 13 feet pass through the channel without difficulty.

How the Pistol Defends Us.

Mrs. Dr. Parsons, of Johns, a small station on the Birmingham Mineral, was accidentally shot by one of her small children about 8 o'clock Thursday morning. The child had taken a pistol from a bed, which it dropped. In falling the pistol was discharged, the ball striking Mrs. Parsons in the thigh, producing a painful wound. Dr. Dunlap, of Adgers, was called in and dressed the wound, and at last accounts Mrs. Parsons was doing very well.

Murderer Caught After Seven Years.

Attorney-General Fitts received a telegram from Tuscaloosa yesterday announcing the capture of Isham Cannon, colored, a fugitive from justice. About seven years ago Cannon beat his wife to death, and to conceal the crime, threw her body in a well and fled on the midnight train. Excitement was very high at the time, and the proof against him very plain. His flight went to prove his guilt. Two years afterward he was surrounded, but escaped and since that time has been at large and the crime almost forgotten.

The Pistol Scores One More.

A special from Tallassee, Ala., says: Wednesday A. F. Andrews accidentally shot and killed a young man named Coker. A party were gathered around a spring eating dinner when Andrews took a pistol from the pocket of another man and was fooling with it, when it went off and Coker was instantly killed. About twenty years ago the same Andrews killed a boy accidentally. At that time he was hunting turkeys, and on seeing the bushes moving and hearing a noise, he fired his gun and the two boys were killed with the one shot.

Throat Cut, Head Hammered.

A serious fracas occurred at Montgomery Sunday, in which W. H. Thorpe, manager of the Montgomery Furniture company, cut the throat of Nick Grimes, his negro porter, and Grimes, in return beat Thorpe over the head with a hammer, inflicting most painful injuries. Neither is fatally hurt. It is stated the difficulty occurred over some transaction in the store. (From later reports it appears that Grimes finding Mr. Thorpe alone in his office, attacked him with a hammer, and Mr. Thorpe used a pen knife to protect himself.)

Death of Col. D. S. Troy.

On Friday last at his residence in the city of Montgomery, Col. Daniel Shipman Troy passed away. The deceased when the war broke out was engaged in the practice of law at Montgomery. He entered the service as a private and rose to the rank of lieutenant-colonel. At Petersburg, where he was shot through the body, he fell into the enemies hands. He remained a prisoner of war until peace was made. Since the war he has been active in business and prominent in politics. He was ever the friend and benefactor of the poor. Colonel Troy was 63 years of age. He left a wife, the daughter of Ex-Governor Watts, and six children, most of whom are grown.

PERILS OF LAKE NAVIGATION.

How Brave Men Risk Their Lives to Rescue Wrecked Mariners.

The steam barge Kershaw and the schooners Moonlight and Kent went ashore on the Choclay beach, four miles east of Marquetta, Mich., at 4 o'clock Sunday morning, while trying to make habor. The schooners were driven high on the sand beach and will weather the storm. The Kershaw was driven on a reef nearly a mile from shore and broke in two in the middle, the bow being washed away. The other half of the boat is still on the rocks, with a furious sea beating against it.

The life-saving crew reached the wreck about 5 o'clock and took off nine of the crew. When returning to get the other four men of the crew, the boat capsized and the life-saving crew had a narrow escape from death. When they reached shore half of them were disabled from cold, and one of them nearly dead. The boat was so badly damaged as to be disabled.

Another boat was manned at the station with part of the life-saving crew and volunteers who reached the wreck at 2 p. m. and rescued the four men, who were in a yawl attached to the wreck by a cable, and in a perilous position.

The Plant steamer Margaret, from Newport News to Tampa, Fla., dragged anchor and went ashore four miles inside of Cape Henry in Chesapeake bay Sunday night, during the heavy blow. The vessel is badly broken, her starboard side being gone. All hands were saved.

A special from Independence, Mo., says: Six men were killed Sunday afternoon by a premature explosion in a rock quarry near that place. The known victims are Mark Tierney, contractor, and a boy named Ferguson. Four other bodies are known to be under the rocks.

A heavy rain storm raged in Easton Pa., Sunday night. It was very cold and a snow squall passed over the city at 11 o'clock.

INDUSTRIAL CONDITIONS.

Agricultural Interests, Iron, Coal, and Textile Manufacturers.

The Tradesman's reports as to industrial conditions all over the south for the week ending September 30, shows increased firmness. The condition of cotton, both as a crop and as to price show that southern planters will have ready money this fall with which to meet their indebtedness. Cotton at 8½ to 9 cents in local markets gives a grower's profit of from 2 to 2½ cents per pound. The crop this year has been grown at less cost than for many years. Cotton will net more money for producers this year than it did last year, even though there be a considerable failing off in quantity. Soathern iron furnaces in blast are doing a very large business, additions will be made to their number this week. Iron is not advancing in price, but is very steady at quotations. Large manufacturers do not look for any fall in prices and think that present figures can be maintained. Southern coal miners are very active, with good orders for present delivery, with firm prices, and good prospects for the winter. The Trademan's reports as to southern textile mills show that mills are all busy, and that such of them as are well stocked with old cotton are doing very well. Mill owners who are buying new cotton find the margin between raw material and manufactured goods to be pretty close. Co-operative cotton mills are growing in favor and new ones are reported each week as in process of organization. Lumber operators report that higher prices do not cause any falling off in the amount of business. A feature of the lumber trade growing more noticeable each week is the increased export demand, which bids fair to add considerably to the winter's business.

THE CHINESE AND FOREIGNERS.

England Issues an Ultimatum—The Commission of Inquiry Disgusted.

The British ultimatum in the matter of the Sze Chuen riot has just been issued. Within fourteen days an edict must be issued degrading the viceroy of the province, otherwise the British admiral commanding will act.

The American commission, consisting of the consul of Tien Tsin and the naval officer, accompanied by Chinese soldiers and interpreters, are starting overland.

The viceroy pays the French an indemnity of 940,000 taels. Li Hung Chang has been appointed a commissioner to negotiate a commercial treaty with the Japanese.

The whole Ku Cheng commission of inquiry into the Hwa Sang massacre is disgusted with Chinese official duplicity. All the members feel that unless they are more strongly supported than now they had better return to Foo Chow. The British consul, R. W. Mansfield, has been grossly insulted. The Chinese officials are openly furious towards Christians for giving to the foreign consuls the names of the murderers. The prefect, it is reported, threatens vengeance upon the departure of the commission.

The magistrate issued three weeks ago an offensive proclamation. On the demand of the consuls another proclamation was issued publicly, but the offensive one was re-issued privately to all heads of villages.

The result is that disorder is spreading, the commission's position is perilous, the total destruction of the Christians' work is probable, and prompt and strong action is needed.

More Missionaries for Slaughter.

The Central Presbyterian church of New York city gave a farewell Sunday evening to the Rev. Chas, Otis Gill and his wife, Mrs. Mary Nelson Gill, who will leave this week for Pekin, China, where they will be supported as missionaries by the church.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Cotton is booming,

Cold weather is coming.

The hogs are squealing.

Somebody start a "dye factory" in Montevallo.

The north wind shows which way the straw hat blows.

Lend us your overcoat.

If the editors get pulled in Atlanta you must help us out.

Mhere are the mosquitos?

Mr. W. S. Cary attended court at Columbiana this week.

Mr. E. S. Lyman spent the week in Columbiana attending court.

Mr. Jno. C. Dill went up to Birmingham Tuesday. He has sued the Louisville & Nashville railroad for $20,000 damages in the loss of his leg. John is a worthy young man and we wish for him every success. His case comes up Thursday.

Charles Williams who spent the summer here with relatives left Monday to accept a position on a boat on the Alabama river.

We regret to chronicle the illness of our brother editor, Mr. L. N. Bowdon. He went to his home in Calera a few days since and we hear he is very sick. We wish for him a speedy recovery, and return to us as he is very greatly missed by his many friends here.

Our schools continue to grow. Montevallo ought to support a good school and as we now have one of the best teachers we have ever had we certainly ought to encourage him with our patronage.

W. B. Reynolds visited Blocton Monday.

Dr. F. F. Snedecor, the popular dentist from Blocton, is in the city prepared to do all kinds of dental work.

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas and Mrs. S. A. Curry, of Chilton, were in the city a few days since.

P. O. West made us a flying visit Monday.

Mrs. Coca returned to her home in Selma Tuesday after a visit to her daughter, Mrs. G. W. Canterberry.

Mrs. D. McMath is visiting friends and relatives at this place.

Mrs. Augusta Wilson will build a nice residence on the Lyman lot and live here in the future. Mrs. Wilson has legions of friends here who welcome her back to her old home.

This cold wind reminds us of the fact that it is time to get into winter quarters. Throw tho old summer duds away and get into something heavier.

Mr. Jack Fondland, a young man who left his parents at Marion and went out to try his fortune, was stricken with fever and died at Aldrich last Saturday night. His people were telegraphed and his mother and brother came up to see him, but too late. When they arrived he didn't know anybody. His remains were carried to Marion for burial Monday. Young men thinking of leaving their homes had better profit by this young man's sad experience, for often they will be reminded of the fact that "There's no place like home."

Miss Jennie Wyllie returned to her home at Montgomery Saturday.

Miss Lucy Backus spent several days in the city in the interest of Loveman, Joseph & Loeb, of Birmingham. this week.

Cotton continues to come in very rapidly, and the price holds on well. Up to date more cotton has come into this market than for several years. Bring your cotton to Montevallo. You get more for it here than you would get in Selma or Birmingham, and get goods cheaper. One day last week fifty-three bales were bought here.

We regret very much the loss of Mr. Thos. J. Williams and family, who moved to Selma yesterday. Mr. Williams has lived in our midst for a number of years, and while here succeeded in making friends with all with whom he came in contact. The town has lost one of its most worthy citizens and the church one of its best workers. We learn they will spend their summers in Montevallo. The News wishes for them every success in their new home.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISMARK DOTS.

Miss Alice Little entertained quite a number of her friends at the beautiful home of her mother, on last Wednesday evening. The evening was enjoyed by all. Music both vocal and instrumental was furnished by the young ladies. We are endebted to Miss Alice for the pleasant evening.

We are glad to learn that Miss Lucinda Cochran, who has been quite sick is some better.

Messrs. Charles and Will Nolen, attended the baptizing at Carleton Hill last Sunday and report a very nice time. We think they lost something.

Lige McDonaugh looks forsaken since his girl left the boarding house. Cheer up, old man; she will return.

Miss Sallie Moreland of Brierfield spent Sunday with friends at this place.

Farmers are very busy getting out their cotton to get to market while they can get a good price for it.

—o—

CONCORD LOCALS.

Our quarterly meeting embraces the first Saturday and Sunday in October, Rev. S. L. Dobbs, P. E. It would afford us much pleasure to have a full attendance of friends and stewards.

Miss Kate Garner contemplates opening a school near Clanton in the near future. Miss Kate is one of our most popular girls and we predict for her a bright future.

One of our boys spent last Sunday with his best girl in Dogwood.

Mr. Joseph Green, Jr., of Selma, spent last Friday in our community on business.

Richard Ozley says he met such a bewitching pair of brown eyes he can never love any other kind.

Sam Moore is so enthused over the name of Lowery that he cannot speak to a lady without saying, "Good morning, Mrs. Lowery."

Miss Maggie Woolley is attending school at Clanton. Miss Maggie is a sweet girl and will no doubt win many friends while at school.

Mrs. Lizzie Thomas returned home last week, after an extended visit to friends in southeast Alabama.

They say we are to have a marriage in our community in the near future.

With best wishes to Montevallo and Dogwood societies, we are yours lovingly, Guess Who.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Chas. Williams, Montevallo's walking health advertisement, resigned his position last Monday and returned to his home in Selma.

Walton impersonated his "father-in-law" at the party Monday night. Many compliments were paid him, as he acted the old man to perfection.

Ask Burr who he represented Monday night.

Think my good Concord friend has forgotten something he promised to give the fellow whose girl wore the ring on her toe. "Cherry."

Eugene Fancher of British paid relatives a flying vist Monday.

"Lize" took in Aldrich Sunday with her fine turnout.

Chas. Ambrose, a wife seeker from Aldrich, canvassed our town Saturday.

"Son has strained his eyes looking at the strange sights in Birmingham. Said he didn't know the world was so large, and what dazzled him was to see cars running without anything pulling or pushing them.

Wonder why folks who are mean try to make everybody else appear so.

Say, "Foots," the girl on the hill thinks it high time you were sending up another box of bon bons.

John McMath has been sailing around a certain house on the hill. Lookout, boys, for when he makes up his plea somebody will be minus a daughter.

"Puck's artist" struck our town Monday. He said of all the faces he had ever seen or painted Jim Sessions' took the prize.

Ain't dot big fat fellow in Southside getting to be mighty spry 'mong de gals dese days?

Success to the News. I am one of its most ardent admirers.

Snukes.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MISSIONARY DAY.

The most interesting entertainment witnessed in Montevallo for some time was given by the Baptist Sunday school on last Sunday. The programme was arraigned by the Woman's Missionary Union and was the same at all the Baptist Sunday schools all over the south. The children had been trained by Misses Hattie Lyman and Fannie McMath and everything went off like clock work. The recitations by the children were perfect and the novel feature of the burning tapers representing the light of the world was the feature of the occasion. Addresses were made by Prof. Dill and Mr. H. C. Reynolds on home and foreign missions. Miss Pauline Acker who posseses an exquisite soprano voice, sang a solo which was enjoyed by all. Mr. Wm. Lyman the worthy superintenden conducted the reading exercises and to him much credit for the success of the exercises is due. Taken altogether it was the most ereditable Sunday school entertainment we have had for a long time.

It seems that we were mistaken about Dr. Trammell moving to Brierfield. The Dr. leaves Saturday for New York.

THEY DO SAY.

They have told us.

That Brur wanted a new suit of clothes.

That Burr says she and he can't agree.

That Major has been sick for a week.

That Montevallo is buying cotton.

That grub was plentiful at the lunch party.

That W. P. M., went to the lunch party Monday night, and he hasn't done anything since.

That Burr and Brur are studying too hard.

That the school is flourishing.

That they would like to have us on exhibition at Atlanta.

That somebody would like to go to Jemison.

That birds don't build nests in winter time.

That George M. knows a good thing when he sees it.

That there were "several moons" last Saturday night.

That "Bill" is worn out.

That F. K. R., made a break last Thursday night.

That the time is near for hot drinks.

That Xmas is coming and so is "Brurs" "laundry bill."

That the girls must have had a big dinner last Monday.

That Lee wants to swap bis wheel for a pair of wool blankets.

That John Mc likes to sit in the sunshine on Sunday evenings with his summer suit on.

That the wind will blow through your whiskers.

That Nat said his "bud" was about to break him.

That they would like to have the little amount due them for that cream "sent on the hill."

That John D. says sugar is sweet but "shug" is sweeter.

That Snedecor is a first-class dentist.

That M. M. & Co's. porter couldn't push a wagon load of potatoes to Aldrich, consequently he lost his job.

That "Pleasant" sho' killed sardines Monday night.

That Sargeant is not going to any more lawn parties.

That Bob Hall bought two cow hides and is going to have him a pair of shoes made.

That Burr Mc is the people.

That if we never get baek from Atlanta, on our tombstone shall be wrote "———."

That Brur says, no more will she run the hog over me.

That "Shorty" keeps up with the season.

THE LUNCH PARTY.

Monday night was one long to be remembered by all who gathered at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Cary and partook of the excellent lunch the young ladies had so kindly provided. The name of every young lady was put in sealed envelopes and the boys had to draw one and pay twenty-five cents to eat with her.

Mrs. Cary has endeared herself to the young people of Montevallo by more ways than one. Many times this last summer have we enjoyed ourselves at this lovely home, and we are greatly indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Cary for several evenings that will ever be remembered by us. The money realized from the lunch party is for the C. E. society.

A SUICIDE.

Mr. G. A. Northington, one of Verbena's worthiest citizens, committed suicide by hanging himself last Sunday morning. About 11 o'clock the old gentleman left the Clifton house of which he was proprietor, and went towards his barn. When he failed to return for dinner his son went out to look for him and found him hanging from one of the rafters with a plow line around his neck. Mr. Northington was sixty-seven years old and no cause is given for his rash act. He was a member of the house of representatives of Alabama during the season of 1892–93. When his son found him he tried to kill himself by jumping in a well, but was prevented by members of the family.

Trifling With Love.

Two young men, Lon Mitchell and Will Knight, were suitors for the hand of Miss Geneva Marks, of Pikeville, Tenn. Both loved her ardently and for months she received the attention of both without apparent preference. One day last week she coyly acknowledged her preference for Mitchell. Upon hearing of his rival's success Knight went on a drunk, and continued until Saturday night, when, crazed with liquor, he went to a church where Mitchell and the young lady were attending divine worship, and startled the congregation by calling out, "Mitchell, I want to see you." Mitchell responded and at the door met his rival, who attacked him furiouslys When the people rushed out Mitchell was found prostrate on the steps of the sanctuary, his life blood flowing from a knife wound in his side. Knight was carried to jail. Miss Geneva, it is said, is prostrated with grief.

To Meet in Extra Session.

Governor Culberson, of Texas, has called the legislature of that state to meet in extra session on October 1, for the purpose of passing a law to prohibit prize fighting. The proposed Corbett-Fitzsimmons mill at Dallas is the urgent reason for the call, though some other matters will be presented for action.

RAM'S HORN BLASTS.

Warning Notes Calling the Wicked to Repentance.

ENVY is a robber. Wherever God puts us he will support us.

The faith that moves mountains stands on God's hand to lift.

Prayer is not prayer until it becomes communion with God.

The Christian may lose his gold, but he can never lose his God.

God will give us all the truth we will love and live.

Many a man worships an idol with an open Bible in his lap.

The devil and whisky are two of the best friends in this world.

The devil hurts us most when he smites us through those we love.

When God puts a good man in the dark it is to give somebody light.

God can say things in the fiery furnace he couldn't speak in heaven.

When the mountains are cast into the sea, God's hand is under them.

Job sinned not with his tongue because there was no sin in his heart.

The devil is close by when the Christian worries about things he can't help.

A man must be born from above to know for himself that God is above all else.

If church membership alone could save, heaven would be full of hypocrites.

There are people in every community who want to be religious without Christ.

When Job's wife told him to curse God and die, it hurt him more than all his boils.

There is sometimes as much venom in the point of a pen as there is in the bite of a dog.

Every man has a religion of some kind, but only those who know Christ are Christians.

When you go into the closet for secret prayer be sure to take the key of your safe along.

The man who can take hold of God for others has to be one who knows him well for himself.

The devil in some shape is being made welcome in every home where the Bible is not read.

When the scribe said, "I will follow thee whithersoever thou goest," there was no cross in sight.

Let the preacher leave Christ out of his preaching and the devil will help him to fill his church.

Bad surroundings do not make people bad. They only bring out the bad that is already in them.

A detective association has for its motto: "We never sleep." It would be a good one for a church.

The preacher misses it who tries to substitute for the bread of life something of his own make.

The church is a help to the Christian, but it cannot do anything for the sinner who will not repent.

Prayer has no favor with God unless it is prompted by a heart that either loves his Son or wants to.

There are people who will read so many chapters or verses in the Bible and call it being religious.

There are people who think they could be very good Christians if their circumstances were better.

We shall be sure to lose something if we turn from the lion's den when God's hand points that way.

Making the Bible a center-table ornament is an altogether different thing from making it a lamp of life.

The only fear Stephen had when he was being stoned to death was that those who were killing him might be lost.

The world is full of people who believe the Bible with their heads who take no step toward Christ with their hearts.

The man whose wife doesn't know that he is a Christian had better keep his seat when a rising vote is taken at church.

Plucking the feathers from an eagle's wings may keep his body on the ground, but his heart will still fly toward the sun.

Had some modern church pillars been in Job's place they would have rent their robes and put ashes on their heads when the first messenger came in.

Out of Love for His Mother.

A notable case of filial love came to light in Pittsburg a few days ago, says the New York Sun, when a 76 year-old son came to the office of an aid society to claim his mother, who is two years past the century mark, from whom he had been separated by the long illness of both. It was shown that the man had remained a bachelor all his life in order to care for his mother. They came from Ireland thirty years ago, and had lived together since that time, as they had previously in the old country, until five months ago, when both were taken sick and had to be removed to an hospital.

Treading Water.

The information cannot be repeated too often that one can keep afloat for a considerable length of time by merely treading water. Everybody can do this, for the motion is identical with that required for walking upstairs.

To know what to do will profit you little unless you know how to do it.

She Fell 1,000 Feet,

Nellie W. Hagel, an aeronaut, was instantly killed at Monrovia, Cal., in making a balloon ascension and parachute jump. Wnen at the height of 1,000 feet she pulled the rope which cut the parachute loose. The air caught the parachute, and suddenly it became apparent that she was falling. She came down like a cannon ball, and her skull was crushed into a jelly, killing her instanlly.

J. B. Lewis Co. WEAR RESISTER SHOES

Leads All Others

FOR

Wear,
Style,
Ease,
Comfort.

For Lowest Prices.

FOR SALE BY

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

The Southern Railway

—WILL GIVE—

Greatly Reduced Rates

For the following occasions:

29th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11–14, 1895.

Battlefield Encampment, Sons of Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16–19, 1895.

Dedication of the Chicamauga-Chattanooga National Park, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19–20, 1895.

The Southern Railway reaches all of the above points. Its schedules are convenient and quick, and the service is of the highest standard.

For datesof sale and full information address any agent of the company.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

THE STATE OF ALABAMA, SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.
Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. M. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C & W. B. Reynolds 3t

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

☞ Jug Orders a Specialty.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.

LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Fall and Winter Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Missouri has more mules than any other State in the Union. The last census credited her with 251,714.

Illinois is first in broom corn, with 15,932,592 pounds.

$100 Reward. $100.

The reader of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞Sold by Druggists, 75c.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

What is the father of half a dozen young lady daughters but a bear in a circus?

An Atlanta Banker has Words of Praise for a Home Institution.

Mr. Chas. E. Currier, of the Atlanta National Bank, is very careful with his words, not only in financiering, but in his conversation generally. Like the rest of us, he is sick sometimes; but, unlike many of us, he knows how to get well.

"I have used Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy in attacks of acute indigestion, and have always found it to give instantaneous relief. I consider it a medicine of high merit."

Price per bottle, 50 cents. For sale by all druggists.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Take Parker's Ginger Tonic Home With you. It will exceed your expectations in abating colds, and many ills and aches.

To Avoid

constipation is to prolong life. Ripans Tabules are gentle, yet positive in their cure of constipation. One tabule gives relief.

I have found Piso's Cure for Consumption an unfailing medicine.—F. R. LOTZ, 1305 Scott St., Covington, Ky., Oct. 1, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

Pain is Not Conducive of Pleasure, especially when occasioned by corns. Hindercorns will please; it removes them perfectly.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

It Will Pay

To make some provision for your physical health at this season, because a cold or cough, an attack of pneumonia or typhoid fever now may make you an invalid all winter. First of all be sure that your blood is pure, for health depends upon pure blood. A few bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla will be a paying investment now. It will give you pure, rich blood and invigorate your system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

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The Largest Manufacturers of

PURE, HIGH GRADE COCOAS and CHOCOLATES

On this Continent, have received

HIGHEST AWARDS

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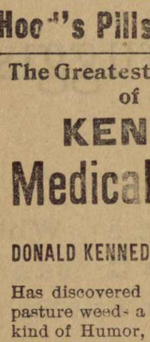

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WALTER BAKER & CO. LTD. DORCHESTER, MASS.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS. Water Wheels and Hay Presses. BEST IN THE MARKET. DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

FARM AND GARDEN

SUNFLOWERS.

It would seem as if the extensive cultivation of the sunflower were one of the probabilities of the near future in American agriculture. The merits of this plant as a feeding crop have been long appreciated in Canada, the heads being mixed with corn and other fodder plants in the silo, while the leaves are gathered as those of corn, and are found acceptable and nutritious. The seeds also are valuable, not only as a food for fowls but also for cattle, horses and other stock, while the roots make excellent fuel. The product of an acre is from thirty to eighty and sometimes more bushels of thirty-three pounds.

The sudden awakening in this country to the merits of the sunflower has been caused by the appearance on the market of sunflower meal, which threatens to become a formidable rival of oil meal. This product has originated in Russia, where sunflowers have long been largely grown for food and forage purposes. Sunflower cake has always been esteemed one of the best auxiliary cattle foods in that country. This cake is the residual product obtained after the extraction by hydraulic means of the oil of the seeds of the sunflower.

The oil has long been valuable for its superior quality for table and other uses, but the cake has not found a foreign market owing to its hardness. Now that the question of its disintegration has been successfully solved, it will doubtless soon be in general demand owing to its composition and palatability for fattening cattle. It has been found possible to prepare two qualities of the meal, one rich in proteid and poor in fat and the other rich in fat and poor in proteid. The crop is an easy one to raise, as sunflowers will grow readily on almost any kind of soil and it seems as if with our improved modes of farming it might be made a very paying one. At any rate, it is worth giving it a fair trial.—New York World.

WHEN AND HOW TO FEED.

These are questions that are answered in various ways. We will now compare a few of them to see which we will accept as our standard, writes P. W. T. Herm, of Indiana.

There is a class of farmers that pay but little attention to their fowls and only feed them once a week, if at all, giving them all they can eat. They will have their fill, too, if he gives them a chance. Such farmers spend the greater part of their time walking in the garden and fields and say "It doesn't pay to keep 'em." The hens roost in the trees, for the hen house, if there is one, is full of lice and filth. The hens die of indigestion (he declares it's cholera though) from eating so much at one time in order to make up for the long vacations.

We come now to the man who feeds only once a day, that is in winter. Corn is his only food, too. His fowls are dying from indigestion and bowel disease caused by the fowls eating too much at a time.

A method that is hard to make some see is a mistake is feeding three times a day. They argue that man eats his three meals a day, why not the fowls. Fowls that are fed three times a day expect to do nothing but eat and grow fat. They have no reasons to exercise, and, of course, lay few eggs. Let fowls learn to work for themselves. It makes them hustle about, and their blood circulates more freely, which is sure to bring eggs soon. They cannot live on nothing, nor with no chance to even scratch for their living.

My way is to feed a half feed in the morning, warm mash is the best in the winter, then they still have an appetite to work or scratch for half pint of millet seed or wheat scattered among some leaves or cut straw on the hen house floor. What a time biddies have while they hunt for their other half of breakfast! Such talking, singing, cackling, flopping, jumping, running, fighting, picking and scratching you cannot imagine unless you have seen it. It's all "hustle," "hurry-up" the entire day. Exercise seems to be more beneficial to fowls than to man. Just before dark, after the biddies grow tired of their work, I give them a full supper of wheat, corn or buckwheat, and they go to roost contented over their day's work.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

PROTECTION AGAINST FROSTS.

This is a vital matter to fruit growers and truckers, whose season's labor and investment may be wiped out by a single destructive frost. The more valuable the crop and the greater the risk of frost, the more effort and expense may be safely put into means of protecting against frosts. A famous California orange grove is equipped with a system of iron pipes through which water is conducted to nozzles at frequent intervals, the idea being that the spray will ward off light frosts. Barrels of tar and rubbish in different parts of the orchard are available for making a smudge of smoke, which is the most practicable means yet devised. In the case of a freeze, such as visited California two years ago and Florida last winter, or a real hard frost in other sections, neither of these methods is of much avail. Smoke is good against all light frosts, and is easily obtained. Strawy manure, leaves, rubbish, etc., should be piled in the lowest places and about the sides, and covered with hay caps or ducking (previously painted with two coats of linseed oil and dried), so as to be always dry. Have a barrel of kerosene oil handy, some cans and torches. When frost threatens, set a night watch to inspect thermometers placed on stakes in various parts of the field, especially in the most exposed places. If the mercury drops to thirty-five degrees by 1 or 2 a. m. it is likely to mean a frost of more or less severity before sunrise. Then call up the folks, light the torches and let each person take torch and oil can (previously filled) and set fire to the row of rubbish heaps previously assigned him. If the wind blows the smoke away from the field carry some rubbish over to that side so the smoke will be blown on to instead of off from the field. If the danger never comes, no expense worth mentioning has been incurred as the piles can be scattered and plowed under for manure or burned, the ashes making excellent fertilizer. No prudent person thinks of leaving his buildings uninsured against fire. Certainly it is just as important to insure againt frosts so far as it can be done by such simple means as smoke coverings or water. We wish all who have had experience in this matter would send it for publication. Mr. E. P. Powell, a sucessful and brainy horticulturist in Western New York, writes:

"The very best preventive against frost is not fires but thorough spraying with water during the evening and night. When this can be done, we can overcome the danger from a fall of two or three degrees. This will often save our whole crop. This last spring I lost my grapes by a margin of not more than two degrees, but on a preceding night anticipated the frost by deluging the trellises with water. Of course bonfires may also be used. I anticipate we shall be compelled to adopt irrigation in all the Eastern States."—New England Homestead.

TRAINING THE HEIFER.

A heifer should not be given too rich or stimulating food for a week before calving. A pint of oil meal in thin gruel given every day for the week before will generally prevent any trouble with the placenta. The udder must be closely watched, as heifers are peculiarly liable to inflammation. Should it become unusually distended, it may be necessary to draw from the teats from one to several quarts of milk in order to prevent inflammation. If this is done, it must be perfomed at regular intervals. As soon as possible after calving give a warm bran mash, protect the heifer from cold and wet and supply her frequently with a moderate amount of water from which the chill has been taken; feed moderately and give flaxseed gruel, warm bran mash or other laxative food.

Authorities disagree as to whether it is best to separate the cow and calf at once or to leave them together for the first three days. We prefer the latter method. The udder at this time is apt to be inflamed and hardened and the sucking of the calf is the easiest method of softening and reducing it, and the milk is at this time unfit for use. If the udder is very distended the cow should be milked immediately after calving, but if not it is best to let the calf be the first to reduce it.

The cow should be regularly milked night and morning at the usual time, so as to remove any milk left by the calf. This is a very important precaution, and any neglect of it might seriously injure the cow by leaving a portion to produce inflammation. It has another great advantage, however. It accustoms the heifer to hand milking as well as to sucking, and when the latter ceases with the removal of the calf the usual performance of breaking is largely avoided, the milk is not held up or the pail kicked over, nor is there nearly such undue excitement at the loss of her calf, her affections having been equally divided between her offspring and the gentle coaxing milker who feeds and pets her. The so-called maternal instinct is simply the desire to supply nourishment for the young, and the heifer thus skilfully managed classes the calf and milker in the same category and yields her milk as freely to one as to the other.

As habits soon become second nature we cannot be too careful about those formed by the future cow. One of the worst is the habit of shrinking in the milk as soon as the pastures begin to fall. The reason for this in the beginning is the deficiency of nutriment in the ripening grass. But the habit once formed by the heifer will cling to the cow through succeeding years even though the cause be removed by supplying bran or shorts in addition. We may find this expensive, but as we educate a child to fit him for his future career without grudging the cost, so must we treat our heifer with a view to future rather than present returns.—C. D. Bell, in New York World.

The largest woodenware works in the world are located in Bay City, Mich. The present output ever ten hours is 1800 tubs and 8500 pails.

Of mineral waters, used to medicate the American interior, this country bottled and barreled in 1891 18,392,732 gallons, valued at $2,936,259.

Horse-Breeding in India.

Mr. Rayment of the Veterinary Department of the British Army read a curious and interesting paper the other evening before the Asiatic Society of Bombay, in which he showed how the business of horse-breeding in many districts practically had been destroyed by the tremendous increase in the export of wheat and cotton. He said that in places where formerly one could easily find fifteen or twenty mares in a village, now none or only one or two exist, the reason being that more money is to be made out of grain, cotton, etc., than out of horse-rearing. The zemindar, alive to his own interests, sells his mares and puts his money into bullocks, well-digging, etc., to raise what will pay him best. If he could be induced to use his mares in the plough, in drawing water for irrigation, and the like, instead of his non-productive bullocks, an immense step would be taken in the right direction. For various reasons, the chief of which is his intense conservatism, nothing will persuade him to do this. The zemindar keeps his mare simply to breed from, and with the exception of leading her in a wedding procession, or occasionally riding her at a walk from one village to another, never uses her. So the sale of her produce has to cover the expenses of her keep and leave a margin of profit. As long as the grass costs nothing and grain but little, this is all very well, but now there is not sufficient fodder to be got off the land for the plough-bullocks, and grass must be bought. Grain too, has gone up in price. Thus, as the mare does nothing for her own keep, she becomes an expensive luxury instead of a remunerative animal, and is disposed of, and the zemindar, finding he has lost money, is very chary of breeding horses again. Hence horse-breeding is on the decline in India, owing mainly to economic causes.

STOMACH AND HEAD PAINS.

A REMEDY.

Women Are Subject to Both, on Account of Tight Lacing.

From the Evening News, Newark, N. J.

One of the happiest women in this city is Mrs. George G. Reiss, of 29 Montgomeery Street.

"No one to look at me now," said Mrs. Reiss to a reporter, "would think for a moment that I was so ill that the doctors said I could not possibly be saved. About three years ago I began to suffer from terrible pains in my stomach and it was almost impossible for me to do any work. Then I had severe headaches that almost distracted me and altogether I was in a very sad condition. Of course I wanted to be well again, and like most people in such cases, I consulted a doctor, spent money for medicine and took it faithfully. To my infinite regret I got no better, and another doctor was called in. More medicine was prescribed and this I took, but it did no good. Those terrible pains continued to make life miserable for me. The doctors blandly told me that I could not be cured entirely, if at all. Pleasant news, wasn't it? Well, I continued to work about the house here and suffered untold agonies. I did not give up hope but did all I could to relieve my misery. Nothing gave me any relief, however, and I had begun to think that all hope must be abandoned, when, in reading the *Evening News*, I saw Dr. Williams' Pink Pills advertised. The printed testimonial coming from a resident of this city led me to believe that I, too, might be benefited by these pills and not without some misgivings I bought a box of them.

"Almost as soon as I began to take them I felt relieved and the first marked indication of improvement was when that tired, weary, don't-care feeling disappeared. This was in itself something to be grateful for, but other and more pleasing results followed after I had taken more of the pills. My headaches ceased entirely and the pain in my stomach troubled me no more. Now once in a great while I have an occasional ache or a pain, but I know the cure. Out comes the Pink Pills, and after taking one or two of them, away the pain goes. It all seems so good to me that at times I can scarcely believe that it can be true and yet I know that if I had not used these Pink Pills I would still be suffering agony such as few people do in this world."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. They are an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effect of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, all forms of weakness either in male or female. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

The Sandwich Islands Tipple.

G. F. Burrell, of California, says that while the Sandwich Islanders know nothing of what we call whiskey, they have a fluid which can discount any corn juice in existence. It is called kava or yaquona. The method of production is so simple and the ingredients so cheap and plentiful that the stimulant is within the reach of all. A man with a shovel, a little water and a plantain leaf can secure a drink and be drunk within a quarter of an hour. The principal thing used in the manufacture of kava is a pepper-producing root, which is plentiful. He who aspires to intoxication has only to dig up a root and masticate it until it is soft enough to allow its juices to exude. Then he places it upon a plantain leaf and pours a little water over it, and his toddy is ready for business. Milk used in place of water makes a more palatable but no less effective a drink. There is no fermentation and the liquor is as good immediately after its production as it would be if kept 100 years. Its effects are almost immediate and last for ten or twelve hours, and even longer in persons who are not accustomed to the use of kava.

A remarkable feat in telegraphy was recently performed in Australia, when the land lines between Broome, in West Australia, and Rockhampton, in Queensland, were joined, and direct messages were conveyed between the two places, which are 6575 miles apart. Automatic repeaters were used, and these were placed at nine stations. The wires encircled nearly two-thirds of the Australian Continent, and this is believed to be the longest land telegraph connection that has ever been worked.—New York Journal.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Different Kinds of Buffalo.

The buffalo is evidently a whole-souled creature, for many hunters have seen the common domesticated calves of the frontier farms standing patiently waiting for a buffalo to dig a place in the snow and when he had accomplished his task the calves would eat the grass fearlessly, sharing, as by right, the fruits of their huge companion's toil. Hunters have often been saved by buffaloes from a terrible death from thirst, says the Illustrated American. The buffalo, like the camel and the elephant, has the power of taking a large amount of water into his body, and depositing it in the reticulum, or cells of the honeycombed department of the stomach, until needed. The hunters, therefore, when their vessels are empty, and they see no sign of a stream within a day's travel, promptly slay the first buffalo that comes in view, for the sake of the water which they know will be found in the usual situation. The bonasus, or zubr buffalo, found in the Russian forest of Bialowikza, has a very peculiar trait. It gives forth a powerful and very pleasant odor, which partakes equally of musk and violet. This really delicious perfume is found to penetrate the whole of the body, to a certain extent, but it is exhaled most powerfully from the skin and hair which cover the upper part of the forehead. The zubr in appearance is very much like our American buffalo, but the hair on the head and shoulders is more tightly curled and not so rough or long. To preserve this really magnificent animal in perfection it is protected by the most rigid forest laws.

The yak, a curious species of buffalo, which is found in western Thibet, has not only the long mane reaching to the ground, but the flanks are covered with hair which reaches the ground in long, thick, silky masses. The hair of the tail is white, and the Chinese take these tails to dye red and blue, and then make tassels of them. When domesticated it needs very little care, foraging for itself and coming to be milked when called by the milk-maids, as a pet cow might do.

A quaint ceremony is about to be performed in the German court, the announcement of the death of the late Grand Duke of Hesse. Prince William of Hesse will go to Berlin to hear the news. The Emperor and his court, all in deep mourning, receive the envoy in a room hung with black. The envoy enters with a luguorious air, and dejectedly announces the demise of his sovereign, while the Emperor deplores the loss and makes a suitable eulogy of the departed one. Then an hour later the Emperor and court, all in gala dress, receive the envoy again, there is much jubilation and joy, and the old adage about "the king is dead; long live the king," gets a new confirmation.—[Picayune.

"Oysters are fatter this year than I ever saw them before," said a restaurant oyster opener. "I don't know why, but usually the fatter an oyster is the poorer the flavor. This is because the fat oyster has generally been out of the water too long and has been fed. That is not wholly the reason this year. They are fatter anyhow.

"An oyster is best on the half shell, about twenty-four to forty-eight hours after he is out of salt water. Eaten before that time they are apt to give cramps. Yes, the male oyster is the best but we don't come across a male more than an average of once in fifty times."—[New York Herald.

Take Care of Your Umbrella.

After coming in out of the rain, let the umbrella down, and stand it on the handle that it may dry in this position; the water will thus drip from the edges of the frame, and the cover dry uniformly. When placed with the handle upward, as is frequently done, the water runs to the top of the umbrella, and the moisture is there retained in the lining underneath the ring for some length of time, causing the silk or fabric with which the frame is covered to become tender and soon rot. Ordinarily the top of an umbrella wears out sooner than the other part of it, and in the majority of cases may be thus accounted for.

A silk umbrella is much injured by being left open to dry, the silk becomes stretched and stiff, and will soon split thus cared for. When not in use let the folds lie loose, not fastened down; the creases are less apt to split from this usage. Dispense with an umbrella case, except in traveling, as a protection from dust and cinders.—[New York Recorder.

EARLY to bed,
Early to rise,
Eat cakes made of buckwheat,
To be healthy and wise.

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BUCKWHEAT MAKES The Best Cakes.

Always Light and Dainty.

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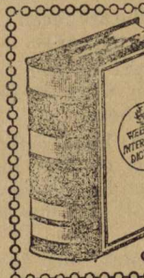

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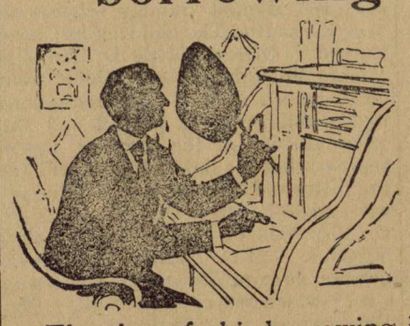
borrowing from health.



If you have borrowed from health to satisfy the demands of business, if your blood is not getting that constant supply of fat from your food it should have, you must pay back from somewhere, and the somewhere will be from the fat stored up in the body.

The sign of this borrowing is thinness; the result, nerve-waste. You need fat to keep the blood in health unless you want to live with no reserve force—live from hand to mouth.

SCOTT'S EMULSION of Cod-liver Oil is more than a medicine. It is a food. The Hypophosphites make it a nerve food, too. It comes as near perfection as good things ever come in this world.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., OCTOBER 10, 1895. NO. 29.

The Parting Hour.

There is something in the "parting hour"
Will chill the warmest heart—
Yet kindred, comrades, lovers, friends,
Are fated all to part;
But this I've seen—and many a page
Has pressed it on my mind—
The one who goes is happier
Than those he leaves behind.

No matter what the journey be,
Adventurous, dangerous, far,
To the wild deep of black frontier,
To solitude or war—
Still something cheers the heart that dares
In all of human kind,
And they who go are happier
Than those they leave behind.

The bride goes to the bridegroom's home
With doubtings and with tears,
But does not hope the rainbow spread
Across her cloudy fears?
Alas! the mother who remains,
What comfort can she find
But this—the gone is happier
Than one she leaves behind.

Have you a friend, a comrade dear—
An old and valued friend?
Be sure your term of sweet concourse
At length will have an end,
And when you part—as part you will—
O take it not unkind,
If he who goes is happier
Than you he leaves behind.

God wills it so—and so it is;
The pilgrims on their way,
Though weak and worn, more cheerful are
Than all the rest who stay;
And when, at last, poor man, subdued,
Lies down to death resigned,
May he not still be happier far
Than those he leaves behind.

EDWARD POLLOCK.

AN INSPIRED BLUNDER.

THE RAILROAD MAN'S STORY.

Tramps? You see only one type in these middle-state suburban villages. It is along the big transcontinental railways that the varied phenomena of human history presented by those "gentlemen of the road" may best be studied."

I graduated in this branch of knowledge at Wigwam, a small station three miles from Santa Rosa, Col., where I replaced the "section boys"" during his vacation—grin away, boys! I was filling "general utility parts" that summer, because of financial disaster—which you can spell "poker" if you like!

All outbound trains stopped at Wigwam for water and the depot master at Santa Rosa used to send empty box cars to wait on our side tracks until some home bound "freighter" could return them where they belonged. These cars offered ideal hiding places for tramps and rows between train hands and such unprofitable voyagers were of frequent occurrence and of diverse aspects, both piteous and humorous. I've seen a Methodist parson turned out who had spent the money for his fare on charity, and I've looked on at the expelling of a "swell" temporarily beggared by riotous living, whose name is known among the "Four Hundred." Often my sympathies were opposed to the interests of my company, and once I attempted an evasion of its rules—with the result that, except for somebody's "inspired blunder," I should be haunted by the responsibility of a tragedy.

My term of service was over. The man whose substitute I had been would come back to his post within a couple of hours. The afternoon was hot, and the little office very still, and a nap assisted me to get rid of some irksome time, when across the borderland between sleeping and waking I heard a voice.

"Will you give me a drink?"

"The voice was refined, and so familiar that I roused completely and confronted my visitor.

He leaned against the doorframe—a dingy, drooping figure, whose hair and a half-grown beard were dusty past guessing their original color, while his dark eyes made odd contrast with his otherwise universal grayness. Yet they were familiar after the same elusive fashion as his voice.

"Who are you?" I asked briskly. "Ive seen you somewhere."

"Watts?" he muttered, hesitatingly. "I remember you now." He dropped on the end of a bench beside me. "I'm Terry Rolfe and dead-beat," he gasped.

My memory bore him prompt testimony, and turning to a cupboard I produced a bottle and a glass. He swallowed the whisky with a mingled eagerness and difficulty of faintness and of a throat parched almost to paralysis.

I watched him, curiously comparing my last sight of pleasant, prosperous Terry Rolfe with this broken-down tramp. He and his chum, Jim Crosby, belonged to a party of engineers in whose company I had camped for several weeks during the preceding spring. These two were just from the East—the "tenderfeet" of the lot—rather given to picturesque sombreros and brilliant sashes, yet jolly comrades.

"Have you been long on the road?" I asked, when he gave me back the glass.

"A—few days."

"Where from?"

He stared at his shabby boots without reply.

Mentally I reviewed the list of catastrophes in recent daily papers, and could recollect no mention of the name of Rolfe.

"Hard luck, I'm afraid—eh?"

He nodded.

"Where is your chum?—'doubles,' we used to call you!"

He looked dumbly up at me, while into his eyes came that which none of us behold often—thank God!—but which at first meeting we know to be despair.

Then his head dropped, and he fainted.

I got him down on the floor, and worked over him until he revived a little.

"Why should I bear this?" he murmured, half consciously. "I would let no other man live who had killed Jim!" He caught his breath with a sobbing cry that hurt to hear. "My darling, I must go to her! I must tell her how I——" His voice sank inaudibly.

And I remember hearing that he was to marry Jim Crosby's pretty sister next autumn.

Rolfe rallied some strength after he had eaten the fragments of my dinner, and bathed his blistered feet. But he refused my offer of a ticket on the night express to the east.

"I cannot risk meeting any one—from Trinidad!" he said hoarsely.

I bethought me of certain box cars, waiting on our sidetrack, to be carried during the next twenty-four hours many hundred miles further from Trinidad. Within one of these empty vans I proposed to install him, and so label it that neither tramp nor official would disturb his solitutde until it reached the limit of his journey, where he could probably slip out undetected. This plan he accepted eagerly, and, just before the time for my own departure, I accomplished that defrauding of the company who paid me to protect their interests.

"You don't want thanks!" he exclaimed, when I left him in the dusky car, with a jug of water and some crackers. "As for shaking hands!" he ended, shuddering, "you have guessed what mine have done!"

I was going whence he had come, as I had been summoned to Trinidad by division superintendent at that point. I should soon be familiar with the details of poor Rolfe's tragedy, I reflected, as I settled myself in the "smoker." The conductor took a seat beside me when we were fairly off, and remarked that we had escaped the wanted fight to dispossess secreted tramps.

"There is one chap, however, supposed to be tramping in this way, whom I would like to meet," he continued—"Terrence Rolfe."

"Terrence Rolfe?"

"Young engineer—you know him, Watts; you went down the road with his party a few months ago."

"Great chum of a fellow named Crosby?"

"Just so, and engaged to Crosby's sister. Well sir, he skipped out of Trinidad last week under the belief that he had killed his friend"——

"The belief? Is Crosby not dead? I interrupted something children call a "lump" choking my throat.

"Neither dead nor likely to die unless he brings on brain fever fretting over Rolfe's disappearance."

"Tell me your story and I will tell you mine."

This was his story.

The company projected this summer a branch line connecting Trinidad with a town fifty miles distant, and the engineers who were employed to lay it out camped in the neighborhood. They ran up to Trinidad for every chance of fun, and thus made the acquaintance of a handsome Mexican girl, Juanita Valdez, with whom Crosby became bewitched. Rolfe sought persistently to save his friend from her clutches, and his efforts transformed the fancy she at first manifested for him into the hate such a woman cherishes toward the man for whom she would have slaved had he liked her. One night after a dance Rolfe, while urging Crosby's return to camp, affronted Juanita, who seeking possible renown as the cause of a tragedy, stimulated her lover's resentment until he drew a revolver. There was a struggle, the revolver was discharged in Rolfe's grasp, and his chum fell apparently dead. When the police arrived Crosby showed no sign of life. Juanita gliby accused Rolfe, and he, who seemed to have gone quite mad, fled from his not very energetic captors. Crosby was taken to the hospital, where he remained many hours insensible. Then like the chap in the miracle he "became of a right mind." He refused Juanita's attentions, and sending for the authorities, declared that Rolfe had been actuated throughout the affair by a devotion to him and his family which he feared had led to a catastrophe.

"Put the police to shame and produce your man," concluded the conductor.

Forthwith I confessed the plot, whose disastrous result was carrying poor Rolfe as fast as steam could take him away from the one remedy for his despair. I did not share Crosby's dread that he would attempt selfdestruction, because I knew him to be sustained by his wild scheme of escaping arrest until he had made his defense to his sweetheart. But those long hours of vain agony were bitter to anticipate, even from the calm distance which lies between us and another's soul's misery.

The conductor and I combined our wits regulations to intercept his journey. The halts of freight trains, however, depended upon many circumstances, and were irregular beyond our power of reckoning. The only possible way of finding him was to telegraph to probable stopping places of that freighter, and its ultimate destination. This we did at the next station, but it was hours after our arrival at Trinidad, and long past midnight before I received any reply. The dispatch informed me that car 369 was not with the freighter, and that train hands reported it to have been blunderingly left at Wigwam.

Before breakfast on the following day I walked again to the station. A freight train was crawling in with half its ugly length slowly winding around a curve. I glanced over the line of box cars, one of whose compeers so occupied my thoughts.

Surely there was curious similarity in that combination of numbers on the last, or did the distance deceive my sight? Or was I really growing nervous?

As I stared, shading my eyes with my hand against the glare of the sunlight, the doors were pushed open and a man sprang from the car. He stumbled a step or two, fell and scrambled to his feet.

Never, even in college races, had I ran as fast as I ran then; nor for so high a stake. Another instance and Rolfe would recognizo Trinidad. He would believe that a fiendish trick of treachery had brought him back whence he had fled. Here, where those steadily revolving wheels suggested swift escape from his agony. would he curse God and die?

While I live I shall remember the tall, swaying figure, the blazing eyes that confronted me as I rushed toward him.

"Not yet, you devil!" he cried.

Despair is mighty, though fettered by hunger and exhaustion. He would have got away from me, except that a couple of trainhands sprang to my help.

When finally he lay limp and panting in the hold of my assistants I found breath to speak.

"Rolfe!" I gasped. "Listen! God upsets men's plans, not a devil. Against your will and mine you have been brought back here because Crosby is alive! He will redover as soon as soon as he knows that you are safe."

Yes, he married Crosby's pretty sister three months later, and I was best man at their wedding.—Ellen Mackubin, in New York Tribune.

A TRUSTY ANIMAL.

Few Horses Are Vicious and Tricky by Nature.

The Fractious Ones Made so by Human Influence.

The man who, in one of the papers, has protested against the agitation against overhead checks, blinders, etc., on horses, on the ground that such guards are needed because "there never was a horse that would not play a mean trick on a man if he could," has simply made an exhibition of his ignorance of horses. There are some of us who fancy that we know horses pretty well, and who have the absolute knowledge of experience to sustain us in the opinion that not only is a tricky horse a rare thing, but that it is in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the product of abuse. A thorough, practical "horse man" once told the writer that "a fractious horse was always made by a fractious man." The writer himself had the advantage, all through his youth, of daily and constant association with horses. Every day of his life he rode or drove horses, almost from infancy. They were of several generations and of all sorts. There were sometimes six or eight in the paternal stable, and in all these years there was but one horse which by any stretching of terms could be called "tricky" and there were extenuating circumstances in her case. The nature of the horse, as every real and intelligent student of the horse knows, is essentially honest, open and confiding. It is unrivaled among animals in this characteristic, except by certain breeds of dogs. Even the honest ox is capable of a kick or a thrust of the horn (generally the result of ignorance or want of intelligence rather than design) at unexpected moments, but the horse has no natural propensity to any form of treachery. The always well treated and trusted horse may be depended upon.

Nevertheless, the horse is very apt to reflect the characteristics of the people he lives with or has lived with.

It is safe to wager that a vast majority of cases of trickiness in horses could be traced to human influence if the history of the horses could only be known.

Perhaps a good deal of the writer's personal love for horses is traceable back to a single incident of his early childhood. At the age of six he once mounted old Rosy, the term "old" at that time being one of endearment, for the mare was not as old as the boy, to ride to a neighbor's. The mare was fat and sleek; so was the boy; her back was so round that her spine was a little hollow instead of a projection. On thit glossy round back was no saddle, not even a banket. The little fat boy's short legs simply stuck out into the air on either side. The greater part of the journey had been achieved and the boy and mare were returning homeward, when, in going down a slope, Rosy inadvertently began to trot, and the boy, having no kind of anchorage, began to slide forward upon the mare's neck. Upon that he let go of the bridle, hugged the neck and screamed. Not knowing quite what this performance meant, Rosy continued to trot placidly down the hill and the boy continued to slide. Doubtless she thought it was some new kind of boy's play. At last he slid clear over her head and rolled upon the ground. The mare must have eased the fall for him by ducking her head slowly, and she certainly kept her feet entirely clear of him. He simply rolled into the ditch oy the side of the road, quite unhurt, but boo-hooing lustily.

And then comes the pretty part of the story. The young mare did not go on ten steps after the small boy rolled off her neck, but stopped, turned back, came down to the screaming child, nosed him affectionately, and, as he will swear to his dying day, comforted him as best she could. She showed him that the bridle reins were hanging down within his reach. Under such an influence the boy of six—which is an age, it is scarcely needful to say, when few Boston boys are intrusted with the management of a horse—stopped weeping, got up, took hold of the bridle and reflectingly led the mare home.

This occurrence happened when the writer was at a very impressionable age. Many subsequent experiences have convinced him of the essential benevolence of the horse kind; but no horse will ever occupy in his heart the place that is occupied by old Rosy, who treated him so tenderly and lovingly.—Boston Transcript.

Berlin's Famous Avenue.

The famous street in Berlin known as Unter der Linden, is a mile long and 200 feet wide. In the centre is a promenade, with carriage drives on either side and a road bed reserved especially for equestrians. This famous boulavard is lined by beautiful palaces, large hotels, public buildings, universities and museums. The rows of trees in the centre are composed of chestnuts, lindens, acacias and aspens, whose varied foliage stands in beautiful contrast with the buildings that line the street. At the southern terminus of the boulevard is the celebrated Brandenburg gate or triumphial arch, surmounted by beautiful bronze car of victory, which Napoleon carried off to Paris in 1806, but which was brought back by the Prussians when Paris was captured by the Allies in 1814. The arch, nearly 200 feet wide, spans five distinct carriage drives. At the other end of the street are clustered the national gallery, the royal museum, the new museum, the royal library and the old palace in which Frederick the Great was born. In an open square in the centre of the great avenue, facing the Emperor's palace, is a bronze equestrian statue of the Emperor. The Brandenburg gate at the southern terminus leads into the Thiergarten, a park nearly two miles long by one mile wide, filled with magnificent trees, small lakes and canals. The most beautiful part of the park is that which is most distant from the city.

Great Additions to the Lake Fleet.

There are now under construction and under contract at lake shipyards sixteen vessels, nearly all steel, the aggregate of which in eighteen feet of water is more than 65,000 gross tons. This fleet alone will be able to carry from the head of Lake Superior to Lake Erie during a season of navigation not less than 1,600,000 tons of iron ore. None of the vessels has less than 3,000 tons capacity, and the largest is 432 feet over all, forty-eight feet broad, and twenty-eight feet deep, with a tonnage capacity on deep draught of over 7,000 gross tons. The average tonnage of these steamers is eighty per cent greater than the average capacity of the ore vessels now in commission, notwithstaading the fact that the limit was supposed to have been reached. The American built and owned lake freight fleet is now said to comprise a larger number of large vessels than the American ocean fleet.—The Iron Age.

Care of Lepers in India.

The twentieth annual report of the Mission to Lepers in India and the East states that the society has now the cooperation of the missionaries of fifteen different societies. It has opened seventeen asylums: eight homes have been established for the reception of the children of lepers, and it has stations in thirty-three districts in India, Burmah, and Ceylon. The mission has also done good service in a number of aided institutions. Every effort is made to induce these poor people to embrace the Christian faith, but the ministrations of the mission officers are expended impartially on all.—London News.

How He Judged Character.

"So you want a situation," said the business man.

"Yes, sir," replied the applicant.

"Hum—do you ever go fishing?"

"Occasionally."

"When were you fishing last?"

"Day before yesterday."

"Catch anything?"

"Not a thing,"

"You can come to work next Monday if you like; if you keep on telling the truth like that you may be a partner in the firm one of these days.—Washington Star.

According to the census of professions, etc., recently taken in Berlin, the population of the capital is 1,616,381 persons. The population has hitherto been estimated at 1,734,239.

The Four Voices.

By sober Brown Beard, who is said to have seen
Of winters and summers some thirty-and-seven.
Tripped lightly Gold Tresses, of sweet seventeen,

"How pleasant the evening breezes that stir
The rustling leaves, as the woods grow dim!"
Such aimless words spake his lips to her;
But his heart was muttering low to him:

"Oh, that the summer of life were spring!
Oh, to have found her long summers ago!
Is it yet too late? Would this sweet young thing
Give the hope of her youth to—? No, ah, no!"

"Yes, pleasant it is, when the woods grow dim,
To hear the sound of the leaves that stir!"
Such trivial words said her lips to him;
But her heart was whispering low to her:

"Is there ever a man like the man that I see—
A man like the Bayard of ages ago?
He thinks me childish and foolish; ah, me!
Could he really care for me—? No, ah, no!"

Quoth his lips: "Good-night, you now are home."
Prayed his heart: "God love her, whose ever she be!"
Said her lips: "Good-night, you were kind to come."
Sighed her heart: "No, he never, could never love me."

—Truth.

HUMOROUS.

A man's best friend is very seldom his neighbor.

The flagman at the railroad crossing waives responsibility for his company.

"Papa, do lawyers tell the truth?" "Certainly my boy, they will do anything to win their case."

Visitor—But what does your mother say when you tell these dreadful lies? Boy.—She says I take after father.

"Jones, we miss you lots. You haven't been to the club since your wife died." "Well don't worry. I shall marry again."

He—Will you marry my money? She—You forget yourself, sir. He—Oh, no, I don't. I'll throw myself in to bind the bargain.

Adolphus (fingering his only ten-cent piece)—Ice cream is becoming more and more deadly every day. Imogene (pashionately)—Let us die together.

Young lady (on the grand stand)—The umpire calls a foul, but I don't even see a feather. Her Escort—But you must remember that this is a picked nine.

"Green tea or black tea, miss?" inquired the shopman in a sort of medico bedside manner. "I don't think it matters," said the girl; "missus is color blind."

"There are only two important epochs in a woman's life," said the observant bachelor. "Name them," replied Miss Giddy. "Before she is married and after."

Yabsley—Did you carry out your threat of telling Samuelson what you thought of him? Mudge—No. The telephone girl said she positively could not stand such language.

"Is this where you vote?" asked an Ohio voter to an election officer. "Yes, ma'am." "Then please cut off samples of all the tickets, and I'll take 'em home and see which I like best.

Mistress (greatly scandalized)—Is it possible Huldah, you are making bread without having washed your hands? New girl—Lor,' what's the difference, mum? It's brown bread.

Mr. Highfli—Where's that "Book of Etiquette and Complete Letter Writer?" Mrs. H.—What do you want it for? Mr. H.—I want to write to the grocer to tell him I can't pay him.

Mrs. Lumkins—Joshua, I am going to the dentist's to have a tooth pulled. You mind the baby while I'm gone. Mr. L. (with alacrity)—You mind the baby, Jennie; I'll go and get a tooth pulled out

Patient (about to have his leg removed, cheerfully)—Well, doctor, I'm afraid that I won't be able to go to any more dances. Dr. Knifer—"No. After this you'll have to confine yourself to hops.

Mistress (to cook)—Your name, Mary, and my daughter's being the same, makes matters somewhat confusing. Now, how do you like, say, the name of Bridget? Cook—Sure, mum, it's not me that's particular. I'm willing to call the young lady anything you like.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

Almost all the biggest London and provincial English papers are printed on presses made in New York.

Judge Ross in the United States District Court at Los Angeles, Cal., declared the Wright irrigation law unconstitutional. Under the Wright act bonds have been issued to the extent of $50,000,000 and are held all over the United States and Europe. The decision invalidates $50,000,000 of bonds of irrigation districts in which confirmation proceedings have been taken.

The last report of the Zurich penitentiary shows that forty-eight of the male convicts were "disciplined" for talking, while none of the female inmates had to be punished for the same offense. "Distressing symptoms of the degeneracy of man are reported from everywhere," laments the New York World.

A writer in a San Francisco paper proposes that every county should hold a certain amount of land to be worked by the unemployed, not as poor farms are now held, but rather in the line of the recent experiments in vacant lot farming. That experiment is succeeding so well that, the New York World thinks, it may show better way of giving public aid to the helpless than by treating them as paupers.

The fortune of Col. John T. North the "nitrate king" of Peru, and probably the wealthiest man in England, exceeds one hundred millions of dollars. He is 51 years old and was a humble Yorkshire mechanic when he went out to the little town of Huasco, in Peru, 28 years ago, to find employment at laborer's wages. His fortune has found an entrance for him into the charmed circle of the Prince of Wales, and his magnificent lavishness of expenditure has made him the most talked-about rich man in the kingdom.

A striking summary of domestic wretchedness in London, is furnished by the showing of the number of persons to the living room. We are accustomed to regard the tenement quarters of New York as densely crowded, and to pity the poor creatures of the East Side, recently arrived immigrants for the most part, for the narrow quarters in which they pass their lives. General Booth's figures, however, show a condition of existence far worse than we are accustomed to associate with the New York poor. There are in London no fewer than 2,257,000 people whose idea of home is represented by a single room. Of these, 304,000 live three in a room, 102,000 four in a room, 57,000 five in a room, 20,000 six in a room, 6,000 seven in a room and 2,000 eight in a room. By a room is ment the apartment in which they eat, cook, sleep and dress. The mind revolts from too vivid a realization of what this signifies in point of cleanliness, still more of morals, if, indeed, cleanliness and morality of any kind can be predicated of such hideous human cohabitation.

Great Additions to the Lake Fleet.

There are now under construction and under contract at lake shipyards sixteen vessels, nearly all steel, the aggregate of which in eighteen feet of water is more than 65,000 gross tons. This fleet alone will be able to carry from the head of Lake Superior to Lake Erie during a season of navigat on not less than 1,600,000 tons of iron ore. None of the vessels has less than 3,000 tons capacity, and the largest is 432 feet over all, forty-eight feet broad, and twenty-eight feet deep, with a tonnage capacity on deep draught of over 7,000 gross tons. The average tonnage of these steamers is eighty per cent greater than the average capacity of the ore vessels now in commission, notwithstaading the fact that the limit was supposed to have been reached. The American built and owned lake freight fleet is now said to comprise a larger number of large vessels than the American ocean fleet.—The Iron Age.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

STORM ON ENGLAND'S COAST.

Forty-Six Vessels Lost—Eighteen People Perish in the Waves—A Spanish Cruiser Driven on Rocks in Cuban Waters—Assassination in Florida. The Fire Fiend's Work.

SOUTHERN.

Julius Sorenson was arrested at the Gayoso hotel, Memphis, Tenn., Saturday, charged with the embezzlement of $1,500 from the United States Express company while acting as the agent of that company at Waubay, S. D. About $1,200 of the money was recovered.

Dr. J. Frank Edgar, the Lexington, Ky., man who eloped from that place with Mrs. C. B. Davidson and was arrested at Memphis, Tenn., was indicted Saturday on the charge of impersonating another person in a judicial proceeding. He pretended to be the woman's husband in order that she might have papers served on him in a suit for divorce which she had entered at Memphis. The grand jury has not yet acted upon the charge of perjury made in the same case.

The public interest in the dedication of the Chickamauga and Chattanooga National park and the memorable events commemorated there is such that the entire editions of the Chattanooga Times of the 18, 19, 20 and 21st of September have been sold and the Times itself is now offering 25 cents for the set, and 10 cents per copy for the edition of the 18th.

Fire broke out in the business portion of Dickson, Tenn., Saturday morning at 3 o'clock, and the result is the total destruction of five business houses and one livery stable. Main street is the center of the fire, and the south side for half a block is a total wreck. The flames were first discovered in the store occupied by Holt & Bros. Weather conditions were favorable, or the whole town would have been burned.

The Evans Marble company, of Knoxville, Tenn., has secured a contract for furnishing marble to be used in the Chicago library building. The contract amounts to $450,000.

A young man who answers to the name of E. L. Brigham, addressed a young lady stranger in a familiar manner on the streets in Atlanta, Ga., the other day, and was arrested and carried before the recorder, who asked him to deposit $25 in the city treasury, which he did.

J. P. Lamb, marshal of Welaka, Fla. was assassinated last Monday. His body was found about four miles from the town in the road. He had been shot in the back of the head.

WESTERN.

J. W. Wilson, who lives near Jackson's Hole, reported at Idaho Falls, Idaho, Sunday that Captain Smith, who precipitated the Indian trouble in the Jackson's Hole country last July, and two other white men were killed by the Indians on October 3rd. The killing took place at the lower end of Jackson's Hole, the victims being shot from ambush.

The Colorado Milling and Elevator company's flour mill and elevator at Fort Collins, Col., were burned Saturday. Loss estimated at $125,000, partly insured. The origin of the fire is not known.

Southbound freight train No. 1657, the New York boat freight, the fastest freight on the Worcester division of the New York, New Haven and Hartford road, ran through an open switch at Blackstone Junction, R. I., on the State boundary Saturday afternoon and ran into a turntable pit, wrecking the engine, nine loaded cars and the turntable. Two men were killed, one being the engineer and one a brakeman. Two passengers and a fireman were injured.

FOREIGN.

A dispatch from Constantnoble says that while the city is quiet the streets are still patrolled by soldiers and many arrests have been made. The Sultan, when he appears in public, has an unusually large body-guard. All the Armenians hitherto employed about the Yildiz palace have been dismissed.

Advices from Antananarivo, the capital of Madagascar, under date of September 22d, are to the effect that Queen Ranavalona has issued a proclamation accusing her army of cowardice. Her majesty declares that she will neither leave the capital nor yield to the French. Foreigners are unable to leave the city.

On Tuesday last the temperature in the British isles suddenly fell 25 degrees, it having been very warm for ten days previous. The sudden drop was followed by a strong gale which played havoc among the shipping on the coast. Nineteen steamships and large sailing vessels and twenty-seven smaller craft are reported to have been lost. It is remarkable that so many of the crews were saved, only eighteen being known to be lost.

A dispatch from Athens, Greece, says that anarchy prevails throughout the island of Crete, and murders are frequent. The governor of the island has forwarded his resignation to Constantinople. The Cretans have submitted a statement of their grievances to the representatives of the powers, the Grecian consul at Canea having informed a Cretan delegation that Greece was unable to intervene in their behalf.

A dispatch from Rio de Janeiro say Great Britain, France and Italy have decided upon a plan of combined action with a view to obtaining satisfaction of their respective claims in Brazil.

A FRIGHTFUL ACCIDENT.

A Church Corner Stone Laying Turned Into a Scene of Woe.

While a great crowd of people was assembled Sunday afternoon to witness the laying of the corner stone of the new St. Mary's Catholic church, at Loraine, O., a temporary floor on which many of the people were standing, gave way, precipitating many men, women and children into the basement. One was killed outright, ten were fatally injured and between thirty and forty others were badly hurt.

The services were just about to begin when the accident happened. Fully 3000 persons were assembled on and around the platform, which had been constructed across the foundation of the edifice. The board forming the temporary floor had been laid across the joints which were supported in the middle by upright posts. These supports broke and the floor went down with a crash.

Fully 300 people were thrown into the pit formed by the sagging in the middle of the floor. For a moment everybody was paralyzed by the calamity, but soon there was a rush forward by those willing to lend assistance to the crushed and struggling people. This made matters worse, for fifty more persons were crowded forward into the hole upon those who went down with the floor. When the confusion had subsided somewhat, many of those who were able to extricate themselves did so by walking and crawling over their less fortunate companions. The work of rescue was begun at once and all were finally taken from the pit.

The old Catholic church and parochial school were at once turned into hospitals. A score of doctors were called and they were kept busy for hours caring for the injured, several of whom will die before morning.

The accident was due to defective timbers. The contractor was told that the platform was insecure, but he said it would hold all the people that could be crowded upon it. There were between 1500 and 2000 people on it when it gave way.

Despite the accident the services were continued and the laying of the corner stone was completed.

TRAMPING FOR A PURPOSE.

A Fat Fellow Footing Far Finds Flesh Fast Failing.

An aged hobo came into Albany, N. Y., Sunday night over the Schenectady turnpike and journeyed on to find a place in the fields beyond to camp. His gray hair hung down over his shoulders, but he held himself erect to the full stature of 6 feet, and though he walked slowly, he steadily covered ground. He says his name is Levi Jones, and that he started last March from Denver, Col., to walk to New York and go thence to Washington any way he pleased, so long as he gets there by the time congress convenes. It is for a $10,000 wager, and he says that when the bet was made he weighed 300 pounds.

By the terms of the wager, he says he is to have no money, nor is he to sleep under a roof until New York is reached. Accordingly, he carries a roll of old quilts and blankets under his left arm and a gunny sack with cooking utensils on his back, while in his hand he carried an old tin can over half full of tea leaves that had been used several times. That he did not ask for money to help him along, and rather sought to conceal than reveal his identity, lends color to his story.

Jones says that he twice hoofed it over the mountains to the City of Mexico, and has camped all over the Rockies as a mining prospector. He has reduced his weight to about 180 pounds.

"LOOK OUT FOR THE ENGINE."

Three Killed and Two Wounded at a Railroad Crossing.

William and Thomas Mooney, aged 19 and 17 years, respectively, and Denis Burke, 21 years old, were instantly killed, and Miss Addie Jones and Ed. Mooney, the boy's father, were badly injured at the Michigan Central crossing at Essex, Ont., Tuesday. The party were in a wagon driving to the fair grounds. They drove on the track before they saw the approaching express and the wagon was struck before they got across. Burke was carried 400 yards on the cowcatcher. The Mooney boys were struck on the head and were badly mangled and cut. Edward Mooney and Miss Jones were thrown to one side. Miss Jones is seriously injured, but Mooney's injuries are comparatively slight.

Surrendered for Trial.

J. B. Suit, implicated in the killing of United States Deputy Marshal S. H. Stallcup, has surrendered to the officers at Murphy, N. C. Court convenes there next week, when he will have his trial. It will be remembered that Poley Taylor and S. H. Stillcup had a fight, in which Stillcup came out first best. They then resorted to arms. Suit was Taylor's personal friend and a spectator. He had a double-barrel shotgun, and seeing Taylor was in danger he fired, killing Stallcup. Taylor is now under arrest. The trial promises to be interesting.

The French in Madagascar.

A correspondent of the London Times at Antananarive, writing under date of September 13, says- "The French are thirty miles off and are advancing fast. The British cemetery and the French observatory here have been wrecked. The queen, in a speech yesterday, said. "The French are close upon you. You said you would fight for me, but you have not fought. I will not yield. I shall die at the palace."

"The hovas are preparing to make the last stand at Ambohmanga."

DEBTS OF ROYAL FOLKS.

Tradesmen Never Dun Imperial Customers.

There are many persons who will envy the privilege which royalty enjoys of never being dunned for tradesmen's bills. The great Parisian dressmakers in particular make a point of never sending in any account to their royal and imperial customers unless specially requested to do so. At the same time, all sorts of clever artifices and devices are adopted to remind customers of this exalted rank—without appearing to do so—that money is due and payments desirable.

Very different from the Princess of Wales is the dowager Queen of Portugal, who is perennially hard up in spite of the large allowances she receives from the Portuguese and Italian civil lists. Her tradesmen at Paris, whence she gets all her clothes, have to wait years for their money, which they get only when some of those Portuguese loans happen to be floated, or when the Queen is able to get her brother, King Humbert of Italy, to come to her rescue and fill her depleted purse.

The members of the Russian court are very exact and unquestioning in their payments, and so, too, is Queen Marguerite of Italy, her punctiliousness in this respect being due to her husband, King Humbert, who, still suffering from the disastrous effects of the insane extravagance of his father, Victor Emmanuel, is careful to run as few bills as possible, and, so far as he can, to pay as he goes.

There is a popular impression abroad that the Prince of Wales is frequently dunned by tradesmen, but this is not the case. I don't suppose he ever received a tailor's bill in his life, and his pressing needs for money which drive him into such extraordinary and promiscuous friendships and associations, are attributable to loans coming due and to gambling and racing debts. Perhaps the most unpunctual and least satisfactory of royal personages with whom to run a bill is the present Emperor of Germany, a reigning sovereign who comes about as near being dunned like an ordinary mortal as any one could find, the tradesmen who are unable to get their money taking out their annoyance in disagreeable remarks that bring them dangerously near indictment for the crime of lese majeste.

An Immense Trout Hatchery.

Dr. F. J. Bethel, a well known dentist of Bakersfield, is at the Baldwin. He spoke yesterday of his recent trip to Seattle.

"While in Seattle," said Dr. Bethel, "I learned of an immense trout hatchery to be established at Orillin, on Sprink Brook, about four miles north of Kent, and thirteen miles from Seattle, on the Northern Pacific. Sprink Brook is a branch of Black River, and at the place chosen for the enterprise it is the purpose of the company operating it to construct dams, where there are the most springs, on the brook bottom. This insures a constant supply of fresh water, and several miles of artificial lakes will thus be secured. When the trout have attained a certain age they will be transferred to the lake next below, and so on to the end, when they will be fit for the market. Fifty acres of land will be covered by these lakes. It is also the purpose of the management to allow fishing in the lowest lake and charge fishermen for what they catch. The hatchery is to be known as the Sprink Brook Trout Farm, and will be the largest in the United tates.

Fish That Cannot Swim.

More than one species of fish is met with which cannot swim, the most singular of which, perhaps, is the maltha, a Brazilian fish whose organs of locomotion only enable it to crawl or walk or hop after the manner of a toad, to which animal this fish to some extent bears a resemblance, and it is provided with a long, upturned snout.

The anterior (pectoral) fins of the maltha, which are quite small, are not capable of acting on the water, but can only move backward and forward, having truly the form of thin paws. Both these and the ventral and anal fins are very different from the similar fins in other fishes, and could not serve for swimming at all.

Other examples of non-swimming fishes include the sea horse, another most peculiarly shaped inhabitant of the sea, which resembles the knight in a set of chessmen; and the starfish, of which there are many specimens, which mostly walk and crawl on the shore or rocks, both being unable to swim.

Duns in Green.

A collecting agency operating in Maine towns is employing a scheme that is said to be a great success in bringing slow paying debtors to time. The first move is made by a young lady of great personal attractiveness, whose business it is to call on the merchants and secure their membership in the agency. After she has thoroughly canvassed a town there come along in a few days a number of men dressed in bright green coats, who get the particulars of old debts and debtors from the members and then proceed to call on their victims. The contract provides that the horribly conspicuous collectors shall make fifteen calls a day on each creditor if settlement is not soon made. Many hard cases pay up rather than be haunted by the green coated specter.

When it comes to

LOW PRICES

We still Lead the Procession.

We have just received a large consignment of MATCHES, which are from a bankrupt match factory. We can sell them to you at 12 1-2c a dozen boxes--200 matches, full count, to every box; this makes 4800 matches for 25c. Did you ever hear of such a thing as this?

STOVES

A full trimmed No. 8 Cook Stove for $9.00; No. 7 for $8.00.

Quart Fruit Jars, Mason's, at 80c a dozen.

12 Pounds best quality Leaf Lard for $1.00.

Best quality of Green Tea at 60c a pound.

Money refunded if it does not give satisfaction.

A full set of horse shoes and nails for 20c.

Rubbers for Fruit Jars at 10c a dozen.

Best quality of Drilling 20 yards for $1.00.

Coates' Thread 42 1-2c per dozen.

Ball Thread 7 for 5c.

ALL SUMMER DRESS GOODS

will be sold at cost to make room for the immense Fall Stock we will have later on.

A fine article of Plug Tobacco at 25c per lb.

A large line of Fancy Stationery, Tablets and Letter Paper.

STRAW HATS AT COST!

School Crayon Chalk, 4 boxes for 25 cents.

We are constantly adding to our drug department, and will in a short while carry one of the most complete stocks kept in any town or city.

We invite comparison of prices with any other house and will guarantee to save you money.

Do yourselves the justice and us the favor to get our prices before buying. It will pay you.

Yours for Low Prices

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 77 B'ham & Selma: .Lv 8:45 am
No. 60 North .....Lv 11:11 am
No. 61 South .....Lv 4:12 pm
No 60 Selma & B'ham...Lv 4:40 pm

No 67 makes close connection at Anniston for Atlanta and Washington.

No. 61 makes close connection at Selma and Meridian for New Orleans.

tf

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Messrs. French Nabors, Jr. and Williamson Hawkins left here for Texas Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McCanaughy visited Birmingham this week.

E. S. Lyman visited Birmingham this week.

Mr. Joe Cain, of Chilton, was in the city Saturday.

Jeff Davis, colored, died at Bismark Friday night last.

F. W. Rogan is prepared to accommodate his customers at his new quarters.

Messrs. E, D. Reynolds, H. E. Reynolds and Rush Collier, of Blocton, spent Sunday in the city.

Mr. ——— Bell, of Columbiana, was in the city Sunday.

Dr. J. S. Davis visited Birmingham on business this week.

We hear of a great deal of sickness near here.

W. L. North, of Birmingham, was in the city a few days since.

Dr. Trammell left Saturday for New York city where he will remain until the first of January. Mrs. Trammell will spend the time with her mother in South Alabama.

There was no preaching at the Methodist church Sunday morning, as the pastor attended quarterly conference at Concord,

Some of our citizens spent the day at Concord Saturday.

Professor Joseph Dill went up to East Lake last Saturday and returned Monday accompanied by his wife and son, We learn they will board with Mr. Burr Nabors for the present.

Are you in need of anything in the shoe line? If so go to H. C. & W. B. Reynolds, where you will find a large and well selected line, bought before the rise.

Died, at his home on Thursday morning, Mr. George Harrison, a worthy citizen of our community. Mr. Harrison has resided near Montevallo for quite a number of years. He leaves a large family and many friends to mourn his loss. Some weeks ago he and several members of the family were taken with fever and Thursday morning he breathed his last. Four of his children are still in a critical condition. To the bereaved family in their sore affliction we extend our heartfelt sympathy.

Miss May Harris spent Monday in the city.

Mr. L. N. Bowdon has returned to our city, after his recent spell of illness, and has taken up his old duties. We are glad to have him with us again.

Editors Allen and Davis left on the B. B. & B. train Monday evening for Birmingham to attend the Press Association, and will go from there to Atlanta.

Professor Elliott F. Rogers, of the chemical department of Harvard college, committed suicide by taking a large quantity of cyanide of potassium.

A negro boy by the name of Smith was lynched at Cole City for the assault on Miss Maggie Henderson on October 4th. The young lady is of one of the best families of Tennessee. No hope is entertained for her recovery. Such fiends should be burned at the stake.

We were glad to see Miss Nannie Curry in town one day last week.

Mr. J. M. Battle and J. Battle and wife, of Six Mile, were among the visitors this week.

Our juniors being absent this week accounts for the scarcity of news. The devil is trying his hand editing the paper, but prefers his old job of setting type.

Our town looked like a miniature city, from early morn till late at night the stores were crowded with customers.

For a number of years Montevallo has been noted far and near as the best market in this section of the country. Here you can get a better price for cotton than anywhere else, and good goods are to be had in abundance at prices lower than in any city in the South.

The ladies interested in literary work are requested to meet Friday afternoon (at 3 o'clock) with Mrs. Jas. L. McConaughy, for the purpose of organizing themselves into a society for mutual improvement and literary enjoyment.

The big price paid for cotton by our enterprising merchants is what did it.

Throngs of people from Chilton, Bibb and Shelby counties were in our town last week, selling cotton and buying goods,

A drummer (and they are usually well posted) was heard to say that goods were sold here for less profit than any place in his knowledge, and that the farmers seemed to have the best end of the bargain all the way round.

Now while we are always in a rush, don't let that keep you from coming, for we can always manage to accomodate a few more.

LOST.

Lost our two junior editors. When last seen they were headed for the depot with Martin in the lead, carrying an oil cloth carpet bag, which contained a linen duster belonging to the senior. and a box of paper collars and two brick bats for ballast. Should any of our brothers of the Press come up with these two verdant youths, we hope to be notified by wire of their whereabouts! Having left our bed and board we hereby give notice that we are not responsible for their bills amounting to over ten cents. We are due them 15 cents and a package of cigarettes for their last week's work.

REPLY TO THE ABOVE.

BIRMINGHAM, ALA., Oct. 9, '95.

We are here and sober—have just drawn on you for $150.—may never see you again—so good-bye.

Hope you will run your paper better than we ever did. We leave for Atlanta this eve, (Wendesday), from there we go to Chicago, We have two bricks in our grip as you say, but they are gold bricks. My "Saratoga" is full of your best clothes. Tell J. S. D., "Bishop" said he left him one pair of pants; he will find them in the closet. Very truly, S. S. A.
F. E. D.

CONCORD LOCALS.

The quarterly meeting was well attended, and good reports from each steward.

Miss Nannie Curry and Mrs. Thomas left last Sunday for the Birmingham Infirmary, where Miss Nannie will have an operation performed on her arm. We wish her a speedy recovery.

Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Vandegrift and Miss Louis McCauly attended church here last Saturday.

P. I. West and C. C. Ambrose, attended "camp meeting" near Jemison last Sunday. The aimable young ladies of Jemison made favorable and lasting impressions on those young men.

The friends of Mr. Joe Keen will be glad to know he is wonderfully improved since attending the Birmingham Infirmary.

Several of our young people attended "camp meeting" at Rocky Mount, last Sunday.

John T. Wilson, of Brierfield, was in our community last Saturday in the iuterest of the M. E. church south.

Master Sam Reynolds while descending a tree was seriously wounded by a snag. Guess Who.

IN MEMORIAM.

Again death has touched with his icy fingers and taken from our midst one of the little flowers of this world, little Ione Whorten, after lingering three or four months. She has paid the debt that we will all have to pay. Weep not, dear parents, for we can meet little Ione in that bright world above. She cannot come to us, but we can go to her. She has gone to live with the angels of heaven. Her suffering is done. She is at rest forevermore. She has gone,

"Where pleasure's rose immortal blows,
And sin and sorrow are no more."

Then we say sorrow not over her death. Your loss is her gain. She is only awaiting your arrival. She is reaping her reward.

"Why lament the child dying?
Why indulge in tears or gloom?
Calmly on the Lord relying,
She can greet the opening tomb.

Scenes seraphic, high and glorious,
Now forbid her longer stay;
See her rise o'er death victorious!
Angels beckon her away.

Hark, the golden harps are ringing,
Sounds unearthly fill her ear;
Millions now in Heaven singing,
Greet her joyful entrance there."

The subject of the above was born in Shelby county, Ala., June 10, 1892, and died October 1, 1895.
Written by a friend and relative.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

Guardian's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree made by the Hon. Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the county of Shelby, State of Alabama, I will proceed to sell in front of the postoffice, in the town of Montevallo, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1895, between the legal hours of sale, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of Mary Jane Eddings, a now compos mentis, to-wit: A one-tenth undivided interest in that certain tract of land situated near Cataba River, in said county and State, and known as the Thos: A. Harper place.

Terms cash

NEWTON EDDINGS, Guardian.
tf

The following clipping is taken from the State-Herald, complimentary to our fellow-townsman, which we take pleasure in republishing:

A BRAVE ACT.

Clay Reynolds, of Montevallo, commanded a Confederate scout during the war and was distinguished for his courage and daring. Upon one occasion a Federal officer galloped up to a squad of ten men under Reynolds with pistol drawn. Reynolds said: "Boys, he is too brave not to have a fair chance. I'll try him alone," and thereupon he rode out to meet his antagonist. Several shots were interchanged, the other Confederates looking on. Reynolds had one ball to pierce his coat collar and another his vest, but finally shot his antagonist through the heart, killing him.

AN OFFICER CRAZED BY DRINK

Leaves the Hospital and Goes a-Gunning, Making His Colonel a Target.

While the soldiers of the garrison at Fort Sheridan were on dress parade last Thursday evening Lieutenant Pague, who had been confined in the hospital, came upon the grounds and deliberately fired three shots at the commandant, Col. R. E. Crofton. The first shot went wide of its mark, the second went through the colonel's coat and the third grazed his abdomen. Pague would have fired again, had not the colonel jumped from his horse and grappled with him. Being so much younger and stronger than Colonel Crofton, the latter was no match for him, and was thrown to the ground before Lieutenant W. H. Plow and others rushed to the rescue and disarmed the maniac. An ambulance was called to remove the wounded colonel, and Pague was escorted to the guard house. Why the young lieutenant should have attempted to take the life of his colonel seems to be something of a mystery, though it is known that he is hardly responsible for his actions. Pague is addicted to drink and has on two occasions been an inmate of the establishment for drunkards at Dwight. It appears that he has lately returned to his old habits, and he was in the army hospital getting rid of the effects of his last spree.

Monument to Wm. Henry Harrison.

Gen, Samuel F. Carey has been selected as orator at the unveiling of the Harrison monument in Garfield park, Cincinnati, next December. General Carey has served in congress and state offices. He is the oldest resident of Cincinnati, and probably the only man in the city who voted for General William Henry Harrison twice for president. Besides this, the general was a warm personal friend of the hero of Tippecanoe, and stumped the country for him in both of his memorable presidential campaigns.

Ex-President Harrison, as the grandson of General William Henry Harrison, witness the affair.

Child Burned to Death.

The little child of John Elrod, in the ower end of Cherokee county, N. C. was recently burned to death. The parents left it to take care of the baby while they went to the field to work. In some manner its clothes caught fire. The little one tried to put out the flames, but failed to do so. Its clothing was burned entirely off, leaving only the band of its dress around its neck. The body was terribly burned. Before it died the little one crawled up into the cradle, where it was found by its parents, and was hardly recognizable. The grief of the parents over the accident is extremely heartrendering.

Three Men Asphyxiated.

Three men lost their lives at Pemberville, O., last Saturday, in an attempt to drill to a successful conclusion the water well on the Fappell property. The well has been in process of construction for several days. This afternoon it was shot with nitro-glycerine, and in due time Henry Fappell was sent down to ascertain the result. He had been down over the half hour without those above getting any response, and Charles and Louis Wegman went down to see what, if anything, was the trouble. In an hour the three men were taken out dead, having been asphyxiated.

Opening Valuable Mines.

In the vicinity of Hot Springs, Ark., has been developed the most extensive and best supply of iron pyrites in the world. The other day over four tons of the richest and purest ore ever seen in this or any other country were thrown out at the Wikel mine at one shot. It was the first dynamite blast fired to get out the first shipment of 100 tons that have been ordered by a Georgia firm, and will be followed by an order for 50,000 tons should it prove as valuable as the owners have just cause to believe. The company is now getting our from eight to ten tones of this ore per day.

COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS.

Mercantile Failures Fewer And Liabilities Less Than Last Year.

PRICES LOWEST EVER KNOWN

On Average of All Commodities at Wholesale. Rise in Cotton Goods, Boots and Shoes. Decline in Food Products: Retail Distribution Generally Good.

Commercial failures in the third quarter of 1895 were 2792. with liabilities of $32,167,179, averaving $11,572 per firm, against $10,028 last year, about 15 per cent more. The rate of commercial mortality, 234 failures in a quarter for every 1000 firms in business, is lower than last year and the proportion of defaulted liabilities to the solvent business represented by payments through clearing houses is but 2.49 per $1000, against 2.77 last year.

Highly important comparisons of prices this week show about September 3 the lowest range ever known for wholesale prices of all commodities, notwithstanding advances since March of 20 per cent on cotton goods, 40 per cent in boots and shoes, and 53 per cent in iron and steel products, while in woolen goods there has been scarcely any advance, and in all food products taken together a fall of 17 per cent.

Reports from other cities at the end of the quarter are highly cheering in facts recorded and reflected a hopeful spirit. Beyond question, the quarter has shown astonishing improvement in some branches, and retail distribution has generally been good, though not commensurate with speculative wholesale purchases as prices were rising. Hence there is a marked decrease in buying, which some branches of industry begin to feel.

The Pennsylvania has ordered 40,000 tons of steel rails and other roads 85,000, but the steel makers having bought their pig, Bessemer is lower and also gray forge, and the demand for finished products is decidedly smaller, so that the average of iron prices turns downward for the first time since February. Coke workers gain 6 per cent more wages and coke is raised 18 to 33 per cent. The money market is stronger, with heavy demands from the interior. All fears of gold exports have ceased.

Failures in three days have been 207 in the United States, against 219 last year, and 41 in Canada, against 40 last year.

HEAD-END COLLISION IN GEORGIA.

An Engineer, Disregarding the Conductor's Signal, Rushes on to Death.

Alex Atkins, an engineer on the Atlanta and West Point railroad, was killed in a collision Saturday morning one mile below Red Oak, Ga. Atkins was engineer on the New York and New Orleans fast mail, which left Atlanta at 6 o'clock a. m., fifteen minutes late. At East Point he received orders to pass a northbound passenger train at Red Oak. Instead of stopping at the station he ran through at forty miles an hour. Conductor Law signalled the engineer to stop, but Atkins paid no attention to the bell. Then Law ran through the train and threw a piece of coal over the tender to attract the engineer's attention. Still Atkins kept on. Law, who had signed the orders at East Point, then cut the cars loose from the tender. Atkins and the engine sped on, and 200 yards further crashed into the approaching local train. The automatic brakes on the fast mail stopped the detached train and the passengers escaped.

Engineer McDade of the northbound train reversed his engine and jumped. His fireman and the fireman on the southbound train also jumped. Atkins stuck to his engine and was terribly crushed and died three hours later.

A postal clerk named Boyd on the northbound train was badly injured, but will recover

RIOT IN CONSTANTINOPLE.

Armed Armenians Professedly Seeking Redress for Grievances.

The secretary of state has from Constantinople the following dispatch: Monday several hundred Armenians marched on the Port, professedly to ask redress for grievances. The patriarch tried to prevent it. A conflict occurred between the Armenians and the police. Probably about sixty Turks and Armenians were killed, among others a Turkish Major, and many were wounded. The Armenians carried pistols. Yesterday several more were killed. Last night there were eighty killed. Several hundren have been imprisoned. The Porte had notice of the demonstration, which it was said was orhanized by leaders of the Hunchagist revolutionists, whom they have captured. Much terror exists. I think the Porte will be able to restrain fanaticism. Terrell."

DISASTROUS COLLISION OF TRAINS.

Eighteen People Killed and Twenty-five Fatally Hurt.

Two heavily laden trains came into collision between Wavre and Ottignies about eighteen miles from Brussels, Monday evening, and most of the cars of both trains were wrecked.

Eighteen persons were killed and at lest 100 injured. The list of fatally wounded is also likely to be increased at least twenty-five.

The collision was between a passenger and freight train. The engine of the freight train struck the passenger cars, two of which were crowded with men and women. These cars were telescoped and a third thrown on top of them. The rescuing party worked throughout the night taking out the dead and injured from the debris.

D. L. Moody is planning to put a Bible in the hands of each of the 750,000 criminals in this country.

The trolley car in Philadelphia have reduced taxable property to the extent of $1,000,000 worth of horses, but as the general net increase in the valuation for the year is $13,000,000 the city has no complaint to make.

J. B. Lewis Co.
WEAR RESISTER SHOES
Leads All Others
FOR
Wear,
Style,
Ease,
Comfort.
For Lowest Prices.
FOR SALE BY
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

The Southern Railway
—WILL GIVE—
Greatly Reduced Rates
For the following occasions:

29th Annual Encampment, G. A. R., Louisville, Ky., Sept. 11–14, 1895.

Battlefield Encampment, Sons of Veterans, Knoxville, Tenn., Sept. 16–19, 1895.

Dedication of the Chicamauga-Chattanooga National Park, Chattanooga, Tenn., Sept. 19–20, 1895.

The Southern Railway reaches all of the above points. Its schedules are convenient and quick, and the service is of the highest standard.

For datesof sale and full information address any agent of the company.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.
Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. M. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds 3t

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,
Selma, Alabama.
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
—DEALERS IN—
Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty
Jug Orders a Specialty.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....
M. BORN & CO.
The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!
I carry a full line of
Fall and Winter Hats and
Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.

A Happy Woman.

At last I am a well and happy woman again; thanks to McElree's Wine of Cardui. I have suffered for four years from womb trouble of the most horrible kind. Twelve years ago I went to the San Antonio Hospital, where they performed an operation, but it left me in a worse state than ever. I went to Dr. Kingsley and Dr. D. Y. Young, but they gave me little relief. After spending $125.00 I was not able to leave my bed, and most of the time suffered pains to equal a thousand deaths. On the tenth of last October my friend Mrs. Stevens, advised me to try McElree's Wine of Cardui. The first bottle did me good, and I got more, and to-day I am a new woman; am able to do all my cooking and house-work. I am running a boarding-house and doing all the work myself. I still use the Wine, and always keep it in the house—it saved my life.

MRS. M. J. MEYERS.

Appleby, Texas.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Does Lots of Good—You Will Find it so if You Try it.

Mrs. T. J. Meador has kind words to say about Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. "For many years I have suffered with dyspepsia and nervousness. I have been taking Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and find that it is doing me lots of good and I am now in better health than I have been for years. It relieves me in a few minutes of indigestion."

If you are suffering with indigestion or dyspepsia of any character whatever, it would be to your interest to try a bottle of this remedy. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Eclectic, Ala.

I know Totterine to be a radical cure for Tetter, Salt Rheum, Eczema and all kindred diseases of the Skin and Scalp. I never prescribe anything else in all Skin troubles. M. S. Fielder, M. D. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Stomachic

means a medicine that strengthens the stomach, or to be brief, it means Ripans Tabules. If you are troubled with a weak stomach and cannot digest your food use Ripans Tabules. One gives relief.

Now is the Time to Cure Your Corns

with Hindercorns. It takes them out perfectly and gives comfort. Ask your druggist. 15c.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

We think Piso's Cure for Consumption is the only medicine for Coughs. — JENNIE PINCKRD, Springfield, Ills., Oct. 1, 1894.

Every Mother Should Always Have

a bottle of Parker's Ginger Tonic. Nothing so good for pain, weakness, colds and sleeplessness

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Nerves and Blood

Are inseparably connected. The former depend simply, solely, solidly upon the latter. If it is pure they are properly fed and there is no "nervousness." If it is impure they are fed on refuse and the horrors of nervous prostration result. Feed the nerves on pure blood. Make pure blood and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills the after-dinner pill and family cathartic. 25c.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Try it when the digestion is WEAK and no FOOD seems to nourish. Try it when it seems impossible to keep FOOD on the stomach!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

THE turnpike road to people's hearts I find,
Lies through their mouths or I mistake mankind.
But the surest way to get there is I say,
Feed them

Heckers' Buckwheat

Every day.

20

MONEY IN PECANS.

Monied Men Ambitious Clerks NOW

Is your opportunity to invest in the LARGEST PECAN ORCHARD IN THE WORLD. 400 acres in orchard just coming into bearing. Will prove an absolute GOLD MINE when in full bearing. Send for free prospectus giving references and full particulars. F. A. SWINDEN, Brownwood, Texas.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

FARM AND GARDEN

DAIRYING HANDBOOK OF VALUE.

Bulletin No. 19 of the South Carolina Station is designed to show the possibilities of the dairy business under the conditions which prevail in the South. In its directions how to select and breed cows it epitomizes the knowledge gained by experiment at different stations throughout the country. The value of different feeds and the best and most economical methods of using them are given in the bulletin, which also treats of stables and fastenings, milk and milking, cream and butter, cheese-making, dairy by-products, etc. It is a simple, concise and eminently practical handbook which possesses considerable value and must prove of assistance to the farmer who is anxious to engage in some line of production that promises more remuneration than cotton-growing.

USES FOR POTATO TOPS.

Since the fungus nature of potato rot has become known, farmers are less inclined to draw their potato tops to the barn yard than they used to be. No quicker way of spreading the fungus can be devised than mixing it with fermenting manure. Neither should cattle be fed the rotten potatoes from the cellar during the winter. Some of the worst affected pieces will be rejected by the cow and be thrown into the manure pile. The potato stalks often are affected by the fungus when it does not reach the potato tubers. But the potato top has valuable manurial properties and it should not be wasted. It is very rich in potash, and as it rots very quickly, it makes the best covering for strawberry plants late in the fall. The vines will be rotted down early in the spring, and will not need to be removed. They will furnish sufficient protection in winter without danger of smothering the strawberry plants, and in spring will make a rich mulch that will help the growth of the berry crop.—Boston Cultivator.

PREPARING FOR THE WINTER DAIRY.

Don't be guilty of the carelessness or unbusiness-like thoughtlessness of having cows served now or during the next three months so they will come in during the flush of feed and flood of milk. Neither cream nor butter brings so much then, and is really difficult to dispose of. If the cows rest any time, let them rest then (while farm work is driving), and calve in July, August or September. Coming in at this time they will give more milk than they would otherwise do when milk and all dairy products are high, and more nearly equalize the work of the year. Some foolishly fear it will be impossible to get the cows with calf if service is delayed, but this proved to be a fallacy. The cow's condition should be watched and she should be treated patiently while in season, but the time when she is next to calve may be controlled as most things in business life. Nature calls for ninety per cent. of the calves in spring, when even a calf will scarcely sell because there are so many of them. But the sensible farmer does not always let nature dominate. He has the market and other artificial conditions to meet, and must cultivate fresh cows at the periods of greatest profit.—New England Homestead.

PICKING AND MARKETING THE QUINCE.

The error of many growers is the time of picking and the manner of handling. As quinces do not blow off like apples or pears, many growers pick when convenient and that may be only after they have become yellow. An experience of years in growing, buying and shipping quinces causes the writer to believe there is a right time to pick; that two days before the time is too early, and two days after that right time is too late for the good of the fruit. A little too early, the fruit is not well colored and it does not present its best appearance in market; a little too late, especially if the weather be warm, and it is overripe, and it is just then that black spot, where it exists, gets in its work rapidly.

People are cautioned, over and over again to handle fruit carefully, and this applies more to quinces than to any other fruit. A slight bruise, from dropping into the basket or turning into the barrel, in forty-eight hours has become an ill-looking brown patch. Slack packing in the barrel is disastrous, for fruit carelessly put up this way will hardly bring freight charges. The moving about of specimens during transit, perhaps for hundreds of miles, is ruination to the whole package. Another thing to be observed is to pack and ship at once, or as soon as they are taken from the bushes.

The writer's own quinces, while no better than many others, have for many years sold for from fifty cents to a dollar per barrel more than average quinces on account of the care in picking and packing which made them show well in market. The proverbial "handle like eggs" applies very much to the marketing of quinces.—American Agriculturist.

CATTLE RAISING.

In cattle raising much of the profit depends upon the skill of the feeder and the maturity of the breed, two points that were formerly never considered. Feeding then consisted in supplying the animal with sufficient food to keep him alive and to fatten him if necessary. The quality of the food was not generally considered, nor was there much trouble taken to find out whether it was a suitable ration. The question of early maturity was never raised, because unknown, the common stock of the country always maturing late.

All this is now altered. The various kinds of feed and the best methods of using them have become favorite subjects for discussion and disagreement, while the experiment stations, with their innumerable tables and formulas by which to construct a "well-balanced ration" add greatly to the general enlightenment and sometimes to the general bewilderment, for feeding is not and cannot be an exact science, because the matter of price is one of the prime factors in the calculation how to produce the greatest amount at the least possible cost. This is just where the skill of the feeder comes in, and this is where experience counts. He has learned the cheapest kinds of feed in his locality and the proportions in which to mix them, and he knows whether it is best to produce or purchase them. He has also realized the value of variety in the feed.

The introduction of the improved breeds has brought up the question of early maturity, with which we are all now familiar. The quicker the stock can be fitted for market the greater the profit. Early maturity means the largest proportion of muscle or lean meat for the least food eaten, as well as the attainment of this condition at the earliest possible age. All growth is made from what is eaten in excess of the amount necessary to support life, and the quicker it reaches the stage best fitted for food not only will it have cost less per pound, but it will have developed the tenderest and the largest amount of lean meat. These two factors are the prime considerations of the consumer, and the feeder who caters to them receives the largest returns for his work. This is so well recognized that all progressive cattlemen now feed off as early as possible.—New York World.

GOOD HOGS VALUABLE.

It is difficult for some farmers to appreciate the true value of good hogs for breeding purposes. This is true as much in the ranks of the well-to-do stock feeders as it is among the poorer grain growers, who tremble to think of investing a cent beyond the intrinsic pork value of breeding swine.

In the case of a brood sow, that has the fattening quality, which all improved hogs should have, that transmitted to the offspring furnishes a litter of half a dozen with the capacity of early maturity, the superiority should be easily noted. The pig that grows and fattens at 250 days of age into 250 pounds weight at a total of food equivalent to but four-fifths of the amount fed to an ordinary "good pig," is surely worth searching for. The improved swine of the country comprise a good proportion of vigorous feeder and with disposition to appropriate their food to their growth and the storing away of fat as well as flesh.

With right selection, by the exercise of proper judgment, the hog breeders may produce from a single litter of thoroughbred pigs one-fourth more pork, to say the least, than from the same number of the common sort. The pork, too, sells under all conditions for fully one-tenth more per pound. These results follow, as a rule, the use of a good sire, and with due diligence in procuring the best high grade or pure bred dams, a better showing can be made.

Six litters ordinarily furnish thirty substantial pigs. On the basis of 250 pounds weight at eight months, and one-fifth of this as the result of using a pure bred sire, we should have to his credit fifty pounds per head, or for thirty pigs in growth into maturity 1500 pounds additional of pork, worth ordinarily $4 per hundred in the farmer's yard, thus placing to the credit of the improved sire alone $60.

Added to this conservative estimate the gain which would accrue were both sire and dams of the highest order, and $100 would be a moderate limit to place on the increased value of the exercise of brains, and diligent care to get the best, and to do the best in every way on each lot of a half dozen sows, bred in the modern methods of wide-awake, thinking farmers.

Of course, the average farmer will attain the above results on twice the number of litters, if he exercises ornary care. The ordinary increased value of a boar for such results is but $15. Where sixty mature hogs are grown from the use of a good sire, the profit on this $25 sire (allowing $10 for commercial value) where but a speculation of $15 is made amounts to eight times, or on but thirty pigs four times the sum ventured. The profit net on the thirty pigs, $45, will ordinarily pay all the taxes and more on the average farm. It will also pay for more than one acre of the average farm. It thus follows that it pays to think about the hogs. It is more important still to act promptly, and secure good breeding stock before the season is passed for selecting the best.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

When an umbrella is wet the water should be allowed to drip over the handle end, as it soon rots the ferrule, where the material lies thick when closed.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

Uncle Sam has 25,000 women stenographers.

Saco boasts of the only women undertaker in Maine.

Queen Victoria has worn her crown only sixteen times.

Dublin, Ireland, has a new paper called "To-day's Woman." It is edited and written by a group of talented women, many of whom are university graduates.

Queen Victoria, like many women, is a good judge of character, being able to tell much about a person from the single piercing glance which she gives each stranger.

The Empress of Japan is getting more and more European in her ideas, and has for some past entirely discarded the National dress in favor of costumes made for her in Paris.

According to the London Figaro the only woman in England to be admired by the Shazada of Afghanistan was an American, Mrs. George N. Curzon, formerly Miss Leiter, of Chicago.

Mrs. Eleanor Sedgwick, dean of Newnham, England's famous college for women, is a sister of First Lord of the Treasury Balfour, and famous as one of the best mathematicians in England.

A prize of two dollars' worth of ice cream tickets for the first woman who will ride a bicycle in bloomer costume around the public square in the evening is offered by the Times of Clay Center, Kan.

Miss Alice Ireland, of New York, has graduated as a dentist. She claims to be the first woman to practice dentistry in Gotham, although there are others in various parts of the country.

Mrs. Arthur Stannard, better known as John Strange Winter, claims that the Writers' Club, of which she has been President since its organization in 1892, was the first women's press club in the world.

The Privy Council of Holland are beginning to look around for a husband for their fifteen-year-old Queen Wilhelmina. She will not be allowed to exercise much of her royal prerogative in the matter.

White satin was the principal material at the court ball at Buckingham Palace recently, as it has been for the past three seasons—satin shot with gold, with pink, with silver and with mother-of-pearl tints.

Buttons are surely growing in favor, and their size is certainly on the increase. They are becoming quite a necessary accessory of a costume nowadays, and seriously increase the expense of the garments.

Miss McFee, of Montreal, has just obtained the degree of Doctor of Philosophy at Zurich. She is a graduate of McGill University, and studied philosophy at Cornell and under Professor Wundt, of Leipzig.

The headdress of the reign of Louis XIV. were wonderfully made. They were frameworks of wire, from two to four feet high, divided into tiers and covered with bands of muslin, ribbons, chenille, pearls, flowers and aigrettes.

A London newspaper recently contained the following advertisement: "Nine young ladies want to rent elegant apartments, with convenient rooms for their bicycles. Conditions—neither cats nor men in the neighborhood."

A Mohammedan widow of Bombay started on a pilgrimage to Mecca recently, taking her jewelry with her. After landing at Jeddah she was forced to marry a Turkish soldier whom she had never seen before and who disappeared in a couple of days with all her property.

The late Professor Huxley's sister, Mrs. John Scott, a woman of remarkable intelligence and strength of character, was a resident of Nashville, Tenn., for many years. Her husband, when a young surgeon in the British army, was the friend of Trelawney and Byron.

Miss Lillian Chandler leads an orchestra in Boston, numbering forty-five women. These women have thoroughly overcome the difficulty of the trombone, clarionet and flute, and hope soon to be masters of the horns, trumpets and bassoons, which men are now employed to play.

Miss Adelaide Hasse, who has just been selected by the Secretary of Agriculture for the position of chief of the department of Government documents, is an expert fencer. She is also an expert cyclist, and if she were a man would come under the classification of a "good fellow."

A European lady living in Japan acquired no fewer than 700 teapots of various patterns and kinds. Another lady had a hobby for collecting bonnets. She made a rule never to part with one she had worn, and, when she died, left behind her a wonderful collection of feminine head adornments.

German women singers, according to Le Menestrel, have a hard lot as a rule. When they find employment in one of the seventy theatres they receive at first $30 a month, and if successful reach $125 a month. For every vacancy there are thirty conservatory graduates who apply. The concert singers are still worse off.

Princess Beatrice has always been known as the most accomplished musician of the British royal family. When quite young she developed a wonderful gift of reading difficult music at sight, and this has been carefully cultivated. She is also a most graceful composer, and has set to music various poems by the late Lord Tennyson.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

QUEEN OF THE WEST.

California, Where the Sun Gives Uncle Sam a Good-Night Kiss.

Glowing words of praise were uttered by Rev. E. D. Dille, of San Francisco, when he described California to the Christian Endeavorers at Boston. Said he:

"Were it not that Californians are all as modest as violets, outblushing the strawberries that grow there the year round—blushing like their world-famed fruits at praise of their own loveliness—I would tell you something of California—though had I the tongues of men, and even of real estate agents, you would still say when you come to us, 'The half has not been told!' We have a wonderful empire out there; we have arable land enough to support a population of 30,000,000, and then our population would be less dense than that of Europe; an empire of our own, as large as Spain—larger than the nine States of Delaware, Maine, Maryland, Massachusetts, New York, New Hampshire, New Jersey, Ohio and Rhode Island combined. Then the salubrity of our climate makes California the sanitarium, the fairer Italy of the world; its scenery is grander than any beneath European skies, and its variety of productions and climate is so wonderful as to defy even the Californian genius for exaggeration. The Sierras, those snowy bulwarks of our State, though their lower slopes are rich in gold as their crests at eve with the gold of sunset, and their farther slopes are lined with silver like those great crests at noon, yet hoard no such wealth as the soil yields in its billowing wheat fields, its clustered vineyards, its orchards and orange groves bending with fruit more golden than that of the Hesperides. Yonder the star of the empire stops in its westward course and stands still over our young State."

DONT OVER-EXERCISE.

The Danger Which Confronts the Novice of the Wheel.

When Corbett, always rugged far beyond his fellows, goes into training, no exacting exercise is undertaken at the outset, so greatly do his mentors fear the evil consequences of over-exertion. The young men of the Yale and Harvard crew, exercise gently all winter in the gymnasium before undertaking any severe work upon the water, and even then the solicitous "coach" permits no man to reach the limit of his endurance. Zimmerman, king of the bicycle, as Hanlon was emperor of oarsmen for so many years, trains in precisely the same manner. When out of form in consequence of a long period of inactivity, he resumes work with the utmost care, avoiding all fatigue and over-exertion. Every few days his task is slightly increased and in the course of time he is ready for the starter with every muscle trained to its utmost capacity, and a reserve of strength up his sleeve, to use the expressive words coined by the great cycler himself.

What a contrast there is between all this and the reckless expenditure of energy by the young woman and the young man who have just become enamored of the bicycle. With no previous training of any kind, and no attention to diet beyond that involved in consuming as much ice water, cake and ice cream as possible, reeling off miles by tens and twenties, and then go home overstrained and almost in a state of collapse to recuperate slowly and repeat the folly when they have sufficiently recovered to drive nature to another dangerous test.

Why She Couldn't Use Them.

This is what was heard in a theater the other night. They were in a private box, and she was both pretty and well dressed. But she was in a bad temper because she could not see the stage. "Why," said he, trying to mollify her, "did you not bring your opera glass?"

"I did, but I can't use it."

"Is it broken?"

"No, but I forgot to put on my bracelets."—Tit-Bits.

Enough to Build Them All.

It is computed that all the houses in London and New York could be built of the lava thrown out by Vesuvius since the first recorded eruption in A. D. 79.

Simply Follow Custom.

Farmers in Mexico use oxen of one color in the morning and of another color in the afternoon. They have no reason for doing so beyond the fact that their forefathers did it, and they conclude it must be the right thing to do.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

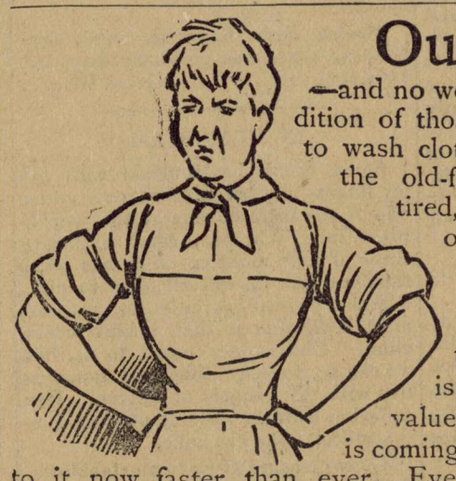
CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box LB, Detroit, Mich.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS. Water Wheels and Hay Presses. BEST IN THE MARKET. DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

AM. N. U. No. 41, 1895.



Out of sorts

—and no wonder. Think of the condition of those poor women who have to wash clothes and clean house in the old-fashioned way. They're tired, vexed, discouraged, out of sorts, with aching backs and aching hearts.

They must be out of their wits. Why don't they use Pearline? That is what every woman who values her health and strength is coming to. And they're coming to it now, faster than ever. Every day, Pearline's fame grows and its patrons increase in number. Hundreds of millions of packages have been used by bright women who want to make washing easy. 481

MILLIONS NOW USE PEARLINE

Fertilizers for Fall Crops

should contain a **high percentage of Potash** to insure the largest yield and a permanent enrichment of the soil.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

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MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., OCTOBER 17, 1895. NO. 30.

The Hidden Life.

Deep down beneath the billows' angry sweep,
Beyond the fury of the raging sea,
There is a world of silent mystery.
There coral mountains lift their hoary heads,
And sea-shells lie in glowing amber beds,
And all is wrapt in deep eternal sleep.

Deep down beneath the world's distress and pain,
Beyond the fury of life's ceaseless storm,
To noble souls there is eternal calm.
There fancy sits in bright illumed caves
And hoards the treasures of the stormy waves,
And quiet truth and beauty ever reign.

CLARENCE HAWKES, in Lippincott.

BY CHANCE.

I don't know exactly why Jack called me "governor," but I suppose it was because I was some years older than he was and because, when he was a wee toddler, I had made him kites and showed him how to spin tops, and perhaps because I used to help him out of scrapes, either with his teacher or some playmate too large for him to "lick." At all events, I got the name and it has stuck to me. What surprised me most, however, was to hear it a few weeks ago, when I supposed Jack was thousands of miles away. I was strolling leisurely down an old street in Dublin, looking about for some old landmark of the "stamping ground" of my childhood. How things had changed! Yonder where the little frame church had been was a stately stone edifice; over the old golf links had been built long rows of stores and houses, but there—yes, it must be—there was a house that had not been changed.

"Governor," said a voice behind me, "isn't that the house where Alice lived?"

I never should have known the speaker had it not been for the epithet; it was Jack, careworn and gray and looking thirty-five instead of twenty-seven.

"Jack, old boy, what brings you here? I thought you were in America."

"I have been in New Orleans for a good many years; Helen used to like the climate. But the company's agent here has left, and I must needs come and take care of the business until another man is appointed. Besides, the president knew that I once lived here, and thought it would be both a change from my surroundings and a pleasure to see the old place. But, isn't that Alice's old home?"

"Yes," said I, "I am quite sure of it; but you ought to know best; wasn't she once a sweetheat of yours?"

"Oh, don't speak of that! You pain me! It brings back such a flood of sad recollections even to look upon the old scenes. I don't know that you have heard, but I am a widower."

"My poor fellow! I extend you my most heartfelt sympathies. But I didn't know that you had ever married. However, we have kept such poor track of each other that I don't wonder at my ignorance. But can't you tell me something of yourself? Come, I'm your 'governor.'"

"Well, 'governor,'" said he, with a faint shadow of his old smile, "I left for America nine years ago. I went straight to Quebec and lived there three years. It was there that I met her who became my wife. We were married just six years ago last month. Her health failed and we went South. She grew worse, gave birth to our first child and died. That was a little over two years ago, and as the child is in good hands (my sister-in-law's) I consented to come here."

"But Jack, what made you go to America? Why didn't you say here?"

Well, it was the same old tale of the young workingman not being fit to marry his idol. As you said, Alice was my sweetheart; she said so herself, dear girl, but her brother Tom—there was the difficulty. I called on Alice very often and had asked her to be my wife, though I was but nineteen. She said 'Yes, but Tom wouldn't hear of it. I tried to bring him around by all manner of means, but he was resolute. He had never liked me and he never hesitated to tell me so; in fact, he took great pleasure in berating me before me, as well as behind my back.

"One night—I think it was Hallowe'en—a crowd of young fellows got on a lark and in their sport took Tom's small donkey out of its shed, and, pushing it upon the roof of a wagon house, which sloped almost to the ground, tied it there. Tom thought I was the prime mover in the trick, though I knew nothing of it, and accordingly the next night, when I called, promptly showed me the door, with the injunction never to set foot inside it again.

"I saw Alice at times, but she seemed somewhat changed. So, after I had tried all in my power to straighten things, I got angry about it, and when I was offered a position in Canada I was glad to leave. My marriage was not spite work. I loved Alice and always shall, but I knew I could be happy with Helen, and then she said she loved me."

Just then we passed the house. It was the same old place we both remembered. The same trees and bushes spread their branches about lawn; in one corner of the yard stood a large, old-fashioned bucket pump, and on one of the boards of the side fence was the rude weather-stained carving:

"JACK HIGGINS, ALICE NEAL."

Jack turned red, then white, as he looked at the names and then glanced at me.

"Do you suppose she lives there now?" he asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," I replied, "but let's ask some one."

Several persons passed, but all seemed in a hurry, so we went into a store across the street and inquired. Yes, Tom Neal and his sister lived there. Did we know them? Indeed! No, his sister was not married; some fellow off in America jilted her, so they said.

"Well, Jack," said I, after we came out, "I'm not a matchmaker, but if, as you say, you always have had warm affection for Alice, why don't you begin again? It isn't too late."

Jack blushed to the roots of his hair and said he should never go there, after having been shown the door. I tried to coax him, but it would not do, yet all the time I could see he wished to meet his old "flame" once more.

Jack and I lived together at the same hotel and daily I spoke to him of going to call as a friend. At last the day before he was to return to New Orleans I got him down near Neal's home. We passed it six or eight times, and I began to feel foolish at promenading up and down the street. Once he stopped in front of the gate and he put forth his hand to open it, but drew back like a young schoolboy. Then I told him I had had enough of such fooling and that when we approached again we have to go in. We came up, I opened the gate and pushed him forward up the steps.

"Heavens, 'Governor,'" he gasped, "ring the bell for me!"

Tom Neal cam to the door and greeted us warmly.

"Jack," said he, "I owe you an apology—have owed you one for years. I found out who did that work with the donkey and I'm sorry I ever treated you as I did."

We began to chat of old times, and shortly Alice came down stairs. She was the same girl we had known only matured. I felt sure that she had seen us before we entered, for she was dressed in her lovliest. She met Jack not quite like a sweetheart, but very tenderly.

It did me good to tell them of Jack's diffidence and what a hard time I had to get him to come. They were a little displeased that he had not come before, and when we said something about sailing, Alice exclaimed—

"Sailing! What! Are you going back?"

"Yes," returned Jack demurely, "I start tomorrow."

Alice hummed to herself a moment, then going over to him and taking his hands in her own, said:—

"Well, I don't propose that you shall go without me. I have loved you and you me; you once asked me to be your wife but we were separated. I know you are too bashful to ask me again, so I ask you to be my husband."

To say that we were surprised is putting it mildly, but Jack turned to me and said:—

"Governor you are a matchmaker, after all."—Chicago News.

In London there is a street collection for one benevolent institution or another on almost every Saturday in the year.

Antarctic Explorations.

Cape Horn was rounded for the first time in 1616 by a Dutch expedition, which had set out from Amsterdam in the Hoorne (or Horn) and Eendracht, (or Unity,) to find a new western route to the East Indies, and so to evade the ordinance of the States General prohibiting all Dutch ships not engaged in the service of the Dutch East India Company from passing by the Cape of Good Hope to the eastward or through the Straits of Magellan to the westward. The Hoorne was burned at the entrance to the Straits of Magellan, and some of her timbers were found on the spot half a century later by Sir John Narborough, whom Charles II. sent to Patagonia for gold.

The other vessel pushed on, doubled and named the Horn after the lost ship (which had also received its name from the place of that name in Holland, of which one of the principals in the undertaking was a native,) discovered and named (after the Amsterdam merchant who conceived the idea,) the Straits of La Maitre, and finally reached the Pacific. Seventeen years earlier another Dutchman, Dirck Gerritz, in a vessel of only 150 tons burden, which formed part of the East India squadron of Simon of Cordes, had been driven by bad weather from the western entrance of the Straits of Magellan as far south as latitude sixty-two degrees, and discovered the islands now known as the South Shetlands. To him it was a coast resembling that of Norway, mountainous and covered with snow. His statement was regarded as apocryphal until Mr. William Blythe, in the year 1819, rediscovered the islands while on a voyage from Montevideo to Valparaiso.

The Dutch navigator De Gonneville was creadited with having, even before Gerritz, discovered a Terra Australis to the south of Africa, but we know from Pigafetta, the biographer of Magelian, that the phrase "Anarctic Pole" was a very loose one, and was taken to mean the southern hemisphere, which is a vastly different matter. Moreover, De Gonneville brought home to France with him the son of the sovereign of his new found land, which is of itself sufficient to prove that he did not penetrate far south. But his story and the sight of his dusky captive set the hearts of his countrymen beating with wild hope for a century and a half.—Macmillan' Magazine.

Precocious Roses.

A new race of roses has been introduced by some Paris growers. They belong to the Polyantha group—that is to say, they bear their flowers in trusses. The new roses have advantage over the others of being "perpetual," and consequently they flower continuously all through the summer. This advantage they owe to their origin, a natural cross (croisement naturel) observed in the Lyons gardens between the flowers of the first specimens introduced from Japan, and some hybrid perpetual roses. By repeated and careful selections a new race of roses has been produced, which, like annuals, germinate, flower and produce seeds in less than a year.

The term "dwarf" is justified by the height, which in adult plants is only about twenty inches. The flowers are single, semi-double or double in almost equal proportions, and present almost all variations of color observed in cultivated roses. Flowering commences in the first year and even a few months after sowing.—Gardener's Chronicle.

An Imposing Mansion.

Lowther Castle, where Lord Lonsdale has been entertaining the German Kaiser, is one of the most imposing mansions in Great Britain. Its great terrace, nearly a mile in length, is carried along the brink of a steep cliff, and its park is filled with forest trees of immense size. This park is famous throughout Europe, and has been likened to the great park of the Emperor of China at Gehol—"the paradise of 10,000 trees." A British ambassador to China, after wandering through the Emperor's magnificent preserve and enjoying a "prospect as sublime as his eyes had ever beheld," wrote home that if any place could be said to be anything like it that place must be the Lowther Castle Park.—New York World.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Camphor and gun cotton are the chief constituents of celluloid goods.

The telephone system in Vienna has passed into the hands of the Austrian Government.

A determination of Professor Barnard with the Lick telescope places the diameter of Neptune at 32,900 miles—from 2,090 to 4,000 miles less than is stated in most textbooks.

The Engineering News draws from the Ireland building disaster the moral that the use of cast-iron columns in tall and heavy buildings be forbidden and only steel employed.

It is dangerous to inclose the bulb of an electric lamp in any fabric, even as light as mosquito netting, and by this practice many fires are originated. Experiment has shown that an incandescent lamp globe closely wrapped with paper, so that the air can pass between it and the glass, will cause fire in a very few minutes.

The fact appears that there is a very marked difference in the way temperature is borne by the eyes when it is below 2,000 degrees Fahrenheit, and when above that heat. Up to such a a degree a man can look at the metal in a furnace with comparative ease, but before it reaches 3,000 degrees he is compelled to wear colored glasses.

One of the very best ways to treat a severe case of sunburn is to bathe the face constantly for fifteen or twenty minutes with soft water as hot as it can be borne. This treatment takes out the redness and removes the sting, and the skin returns to the normal state much sooner than if left alone. After bathing in this way, apply a pure cold cream that contains nothing that will irritate the skin.

The mileage of the blood circulation reveals some astonishing facts in our personal history. Thus it has been calculated that, assuming the heart to beat sixty-nine times a minute at ordinary heart pressure, the blood goes at the rate of 207 yards in the minute, or seven miles per hour, 168 miles per day and 6,320 miles per year. If a man of eighty-four years of age could have one single blood corpuscle floating in his blood all his life, it would have traveled in that same time 5,150,808 miles.

Lake Moeris.

One of the greatest wonders of ancient Egypt was the famous artificial body of water called Lake Moeris. According to Herodotus, "the measure of its circumference was 3,300 furlongs, which is equal to the entire length of Egypt along the seacoast." The excavation, which was made in the time of King Moeris (the Memnon of the Greeks and Romans), was of varying depths, and its centre was occupied by two pyramids, the apexes of which were 300 feet feet higher than the surface of the water. The water for this gigantic artificial reservoir was obtained from the Nile through a canal, which six months of the year had an inflow, and the other an outflow, corresponding to high and low water in the river. The canal gradually filled with sand, and the lake has long since evaporated, but the bottom is still one of the most fertile tracts in Egypt.

Kissed by Henry Clay.

There is left the little girl—now no longer a little girl—the proudest recollection of whose life is of the kisses Mr. Clay used to give her, and for which, with commendable business exactness, he always paid her with a silver ten-cent piece deposited in her sunbonnet. She now confesses that when she saw the statesman approaching, she learned to lay this bonnet upon the table in her father's shop, that it might be well in evidence, and the impressive ceremony of the dime and the salutation might not be omittted before the Whig leader, her father, and several other old cronies settled down for their regular afternoon discussion of national affairs for all Kentuckians are politicians.

In Medical Circles.

The old physician had sent his new assistant out to see a patient. "Did you take his temperature?" he asked, after several other questions. "Oh, no," respondtd the young man with confidence, "I left it with him."—New York Sun.

Congo Telephones.

Captain Five, a Belgian explorer, says that the people of the Congo have a curious and interesting method of telephoning. For a long time he refused to believe that the natives really had the power to communicate with others at a distance, though articles had been sent to him in answer to such communications. At length, one day, journeying on the river by pirogue, and being about fifty miles from Basoko, he determined, instead of stopping, to press on to the village. Then one of his people offered to telephone to the village that the party would reach the place toward evening and would like to have supper prepared on arrival.

A native with a drum then began to beat it after a peculiar fashion, and presently announced that he had heard a reply. He then rolled the drum for some time and tranquilly returned to his paddle. Captain Five waited with much interest to see whether his approach would be expected, and was astonished as he neared Basoko toward evening to recognize on the bank one of his fellow-explorers, Lieutenant Verellen. A fire was burning ashore and a supper was being made ready. Captain Five after greeting the lieutenant, inquired eagerly how he had learned of the approach of the expedition. The lieutenant replied that the news had been brought some hours before by a native, who said that a white man was approaching by way of the river and would need supper.

The drum used by the natives for this purpose is a small but noisy affair of wood. It is constantly employed in communicating short distances, in order to save time and trouble. In this instance there had evidently been relays of drummers along the whole fifty miles of the point where the original signal was given to near Basoko. The natives are able, with their drums, to signal messages of considerable length. This particular instance is recorded in La Flandre, a Belgian publication.

The Moose is Not Beautiful.

Truth compels the statement that, considered artistically, the moose is a very homely creature; his legs and his head are too long, and his neck and body too short for beauty. He has a high and sharp crest on his shoulders, coarse, bristly hair, and not enough tail to speak of, even in a whisper; in short, he has no tail at all. His eyes are too small to match his immensity, but his voice is like that of a bull of Bashan.

But all these homely features have their uses. His overhanging nose is as useful as a tapir's snout in browsing on the twigs of the birch, maple and poplar, and his keenness of scent is worth more to him than an accident insurance policy. His long and powerful legs simply annihilate distance, no matter whether it be in the form of forest, swamp or prairie, covered with snow, mud or water. His favorite gait is a long, swinging trot, and his speed and endurance surpass those of any ordinary trotting-horse. In small lakes and ponds he strides about like a Colossus, feeding on lily-stems and bulbs, and swimming with ease and comfort whenever he thinks it necessary.—St. Nicholas.

Rooms Trimmed With Buttons.

"One of the latest craze of ornamentation is the employment of factory buttons of all sorts and sizes," said the head of one of the greatest decorative firms in England. "We are now fitting up for a great manufacturer, whose wares are recommended on thousands of boardings, a smaller drawing room, the walls of which are covered wholly by thousands upon thousands of buttons of every imaginable pattern, these being fixed by means of a special cement. The effect is, I can assure you, very handsome, and at the same time quaint, and I have received orders for two hallways to be similarly decorated."—New York Sun.

Decidedly So.

"My dear daughter," said Mr. Dukane." is Mr. Northside a young man of regular habits?"

"Oh, yes, papa." replied Miss Dukane, earnestly. "He calls regularly every Tuesday and Friday evenings, and hasn't missed for ever and ever so long.—Pittsburg Chronicle Telegraph

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Every child must learn to walk by using its own legs.

Oak trees cannot be grown under green-house glass.

The man who lives on the rock never has to lose any sleep in bad weather.

The heart is larger than the world, because the whole world can not fill it.

Those who have no money are not always rich, and those who have it are seldom rich.

It is better to wear a clean dress of homespun, than a purple robe filled with smallpox.

Parents often destoy their children because they haven't the wisdom to know what is best for them.

It is likely that more sin and suffering has been caused by the overindulgence of parents than by the hatred of enemies.

By doing too much for our children we often render them incapable of doing anything for themselves.—Ram's Horn.

The way to be a true disciple is not to make a specialty of looking for feet to wash, but to do in kindness and love whatever needs doing.

Gilded Gold.

"It takes Chicago to reach the limit of refined elegance. I mean elegance as Chicago knows it. Here's an illustration of it on my watch chain, and I value it as much as a wild Westernism as I do for its personal associations." The speaker held up a gold coin about the size of a five-dollar gold piece, fastened to his watch chain by a small eye. It bore the stamp of the South African Republic and was gliteringly bright. "A friend of mine who has traveled much in Africa, brought home a dozen of these to give to his friends as souvenirs," continued. "The coins were of a rather deep red hue originally, and just as pure gold as is practicable for continual use. My friend had occasion to go to Chicago on his return from Africa and found himself compelled to pass a fortnight there before coming back to civilization. He took the coins to a prominent Chicago jeweler with orders to affix on each an eye. 'All right, sir, said the jeweler; 'we'll fix 'em up in good style.' A few days later my friend stopped in for the coins. They were returned to him, fixed as he had ordered them and a little more. 'I thought they looked a bit dull and wouldn't be the worse for brightening up a bit,' explained the jeweler. 'You'l find they look more natty now.' And they did, for he had gilded every one."—Boston Gazette.

Voracious Pike.

A little school of large suckers, or mullets, emerged from the outer depths and swam peacefully along the bottom, feeding as they went on such bugs and snails as lay in their way, when this same pike darted out from cover, and closing his jaws upon the head of the leading fish—which was probably eighteen inches long and about three pounds in weight, attempted to regain his hiding-place. while three-fourths of the body of the struggling captive still protruded from his mouth. He was not, however, to bear off the prize so easilys for, even as he strained to gulp it down, another and much larger piko shot into the arena, and seizing it crosswise, in the middle, savagely tried to wrench it from the hold of the lawwful owner. The latter, even if he would, could not relax the grip of his backward-pointing teeth so long as there was a strain in front, and the enraged combatants tugged and tore with furious jerks until, finally, they actually separated the unfortunate sucker into two parts and each of the water-tigers retired with his portion.—Outing.

Acute Kleptomania.

'When I was in India," said the man who had traveled, "the native thieves stole the sheets from under me while I slept, and I never knew it."

"Yes, and when I was in the Northwest during the boom," said the man who will never admit that America can be outdone, "I had to sleep in a room where there were four real estate agents, and one of them stole a porous plaster from my back without awakening me."—Indianapolis Journal.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

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Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

The appointment of a successor to Judge Leeper will devolve itself upon Governor Oates in a few days. We learn there are three candidates in the field. W. T. Smith, D. R. McMillan, and E. S. Lyman. They are all worthy applicants for the office, but it does seem to us that Montevallo should come in for a share of the county offices. In the appointment of E. S. Lyman no mistake could be made and justice would be done our part of the county. Mr. Lyman has a host of friends who are pushing his claim, and populites and democrats alike join in saying no better man for the place could be appointed. We hope our friends in the northern part of the county will recognize our claims and unite with us in putting in our candidate. Mr. Lyman is a young man above reproach and will, in our opinion, make a model judge.

Judge John S. Leeper.

It becomes our painful duty to chronicle the death of John S. Leeper, our beloved Probate Judge of Shelby county. Judge Leeper was born in Talladega county just 52 years ago, and enlisted in the defence of his country when he was only 17 years of age. He made a valiant soldier and no man has ever since had aught to lay at his door. For years he was a trusted and esteemed officer of the railway company, and his dealings in all departments of life were characteristic of the noble high-minded man that he was.

A conscientious Christian gentleman has gone to his reward. To his bereaved wife and family we extend our heartfelt and sincere sympathy in their terrible bereavement.

The Neue Wiener Tagblatt, of Germany, prints the strange will of a wealthy and eccentric old man who lately died. "I give all my property," he says, "to my six nephews and six nieces, but under the sole condition that every one of my nephews marries a woman named Antonie, and that every one of my nieces marries a man named Anton." The twelve are further required to give the Christian name Antonie or Anton to each first-born child, according as it turns out to be girl or boy. The marriage of each nephew and niece is also to be celebrated on one of the St. Anthony's days, either January 17, May 10 or June 13. Each is further required to be married befor the end of July, 1896. Any nephew or nice remaining unmarried to an Antonie or an Anton after that date forfeits half of his or her share of the property.

The New York World has been asking questions of the ministers of the Metropolis as to the best method of obtaining an audience—whether it is wise to offer, as does a London preacher, free tobacco or a cup of hot tea to those who will come and listen to the words of the Gospel on the Sabbath day. The replies are both varied and interesting. Bishop Potter has shown by going into the slums and performing active mission work, instead of going to Newport, that he believes in learning the ways and needs of the masses by personal contact, and thinks that the plain presentation of the Word of God the best. He declares that the new cathedral will be made a place of worship for the masses like St. Paul's, of London, and the attendance will be steadily augmented by the work of numerous missions throughout the city. Rev. Herman Warszwiak, of the Church of the Sea and Land, the famous Hebrew missionary, believes that Christ's methods should be followed, and that the people should not be bribed into attending church by offers of free tobacco, free lunch, free drinks or free concerts. He commends the action of Bishop Potter in taking up personal mission work, and says that the Bishop's example must reproach the consciences of the fashionable clergymen who are enjoying themselves at the fashionable resort

NOTES AND COMMENTS.

THE New York Evening Post asserts that prize fighting enjoys more real liberty in New York and Boston than anywhere else in the country.

WHILE there are no complete statistics available, careful estimates from all possible sources of information make it probable that, at the time of the discovery, there were no more than 500,000 Indians in all North America.

THE deaths always outnumbered the births in France. Since the beginning of this century the percentage of childless couples has increased from 5 to 10. The doctors seem agreed that this is generally due to gout, maybe the gout of ancestors living too well one hundred and more years ago.

MADAGASCAR has improved on the Chinese treatment of defeated Generals. Ramasonbaya, Governor of Boneni, ran away from Marovosy without resisting the French, and was burnt alive for his cowardice in the outskirts of Antananarivo. Some other Malagasy Generals are to be treated in the same way when they are caught.

THE meeting of the letter carriers in annual convention in Philadelphia, reminds the Record of that city that three years ago they handled in twelve months 5,500,000 registered letters, 1,335,000,000 unregistered letters, 275,000,000 postal cards and 600,000,000 newspapers, besides collecting 2,115,000,000 pieces of mail matter. These figures are almost incredible. But then so is the country.

REV. ANNA SHAW says there is going to be a new man worthy of the new woman, no longer the prey to drinking, smoking, or the latest fashion in neckties, receiving a larger salary for playing ball than he could as a minister, but a man, always a strong moral force in this community, playing ball for recreation, and in every way fitted to walk through this world of temptations with a serene and unfaltering step.

THE operation of the system of paroling prisoners from the penitentiary is well illustrated by a case that came up in Springfield, Ill., the other day. Frank Evans was sent up from Petersburg for burglary. He was so well behaved at the Joliet penitentiary and made such a good impression on the authorities that he was paroled. It was but a few days until he was caught in a highway robbery at Springfield.

PROF. MOORE, the new head of the weather bureau, thinks that captive balloons can be of great use in collecting meteorological data. A North Pole expedition, by means of balloons, has been projected, and inventors are constantly struggling with flying machines. The possibilities of ballooning are just as attractive to scientists now as they were a hundred years ago, when Benjamin Franklin was foremost in predicting results, but little of much value has been accomplished.

AT the recent Anthropological Congress, held in Cassel, Professor Waldeyer, of Berlin, in an address before that body, said that European boys at birth are from one-half to one centimeter longer than girls, but when fully grown the men are ten centimeters longer than the women. The average weight at birth of boys is 3,333 grammes, and of girls, 3,200 grammes. The muscles of the tongue, he said, are much more highly developed in the women than in the men—which is an unkind statement on the part of the scientist.

AN authority on European affairs recently, in speaking of the Japan-China war, declared that it was easy for the Japanese to win from the Chinamen. It was simply, he added, the victory of a gamecock over a big clumsy mud-turtle, which is so awkward and slow that he can hardly get out of his own way. "But wait," declared the war prophet, "and see this gamecock when he jumps up against the great Russian bear, and you will see more feathers fly than you can shake a stick at." He says that war is inevitable, and predicts that all the feathers will be plucked off the Japanese fowl.

A FRENCH medical authority has decided that death by falling from great heights is absolutely painless. He says the mind acts with great rapidity for a time, and then unconsciousness follows; and now a scoffer has come to the front with a pertinent inquiry as to how the Frenchman knows anything about it. The argument is made that no man has fallen from the height of, say, a mile or so, and landed on the earth in a condition to tell anything as to his feelings. Most of the people who have fallen great distances have not been greatly inclined to talk of their adventures, and, in fact, most of them, on arrival from their trip, have, if any acquaintances have been handy, made quick trips to an undertaker's shop.

IT may be of interest for ladies to know that one need not be very much of an heiress these days to catch a nobleman, even of some of the most ancient houses in France. Before the revolution there were some 50,000 noble families that flourished in that country, but it is said that to-day less than half of them have the means to live up to their titles, while many of them are in absolute poverty. Among the servants, artists, mechanics—everywhere there are hundreds of noblemen without means, many of whom might, no doubt, be had for the asking, by appreciable parties. The comte de St. Megrin drives a cab in Paris; the comte Jean de Retz is a grave digger in the Normandie; a descendant of the Valois is a letter carrier in Saint-Chamas; the comte de Saint-Jean peddles mousetraps, etc. Of course, the newly rich in France are as ambitious as those elsewhere, and generally endeavor to ally themselves with some noble family; but the supply of marriageable noblemen and noblewomen is not exhausted by this demand.

CLEAR LAKE, seventy-five miles north of San Francisco and 1,317 above the sea level, having its outlet in Cache Creek, a stream supplying 327,000,000 gallons of water daily, is to have its forces translated into electricity, sent on overhead copper wires, 20,000 horse power and upward, to the motors at San Francisco, besides doing lots of useful work all around the region and on the line of transit. On the way, the waste water is to irrigate hundreds of thousands of acres of land, making it bud and blossom like the rose. The water will be shot through Pelton wheels, which will be connected directly with the dynamos, the latter being among the largest and most powerful known. The transmission of the electricity under the water of the bay has been an intricate and difficult problem, but has found its solution, and now presents no obstacle of a serious character. Compared with the potentiality of Niagara, which is equipped to send abroad 700,000 horse power over its electric channels, the forces generated by the descending floods of Clear Lake are not very great, but are enough to help along the industries of San Francisco greatly, besides those subordinate and various utilities on the way. California is taking a front rank in electrical enterprises, and has enough power stowed up in her mountain lakes and streames to make her one of the greatest manufacturing and industrial regions in the world, at the same time promoting her fertility in an immeasurable degree.

VIOLETS CURE SNAKEBITE,

And Rattlers' Oil Declared a Remedy for Deafness.

Everybody in the upper part of New Jersey has heard of Richard Cook, the snakecharmer. He has studied the habits, peculiarities and characteristics of snakes until they are as familiar to him as the multiplication table. His home is at the foot of a mountain range about two and a half miles southwest of Glenwood and is contiguous to a number of snake dens in which are pilots and blacksnakes, and rattlesnakes are frequently seen sunning themselves upon the rocky slope.

Sometimes, when Mr. Cook has leisure, he climbs up to the dens above mentioned and by some hocus-pocus (he declines to tell how) he entices the reptiles from their dens and captures them alive, and the next day he puts a big boxful of the writhing creatures on exhibition in some nearby town. Many a dollar has he picked up by this means. Last year was an unusually good season, and he captured 180 pilots and 75 or 80 huge blacksnakes, one of which measured 11 feet.

It looks more like a boa constrictor from South America than a common Jersey blacksnake, and was as vicious and cunning as he was big. He would sometimes viciously encircle the body of the exhibitor until you could almost hear the bones crack. This season Mr. Cook is not devoting much time to pilots or blacksnakes, but has succeeded in capturing four large rattlers, from which he extracted several ounces of oil, which found a ready sale at $3.50 an ounce. He says that there is a growing demand for rattlesnake oil. It is said to be a swift and sure cure for deafness, and, as a balm or lubricator for sore muscles or stiffened joints, is far ahead of chloroform liniment or any other remedy known to materia medica.

In regard to the poison injected by the bite of a rattlesnake, Mr. Cook said it was far more deadly in its effects than that of a pilot and required prompt attention. He had a painful but not serious experience with each, as his scarred hands testify. When bitten he never thinks of consulting a doctor or drinking whiskey, but gathers a handful of blue violet leaves and stems and, crushing them, makes a poultice which he applies not on the wound but on the swelling around it. Upon the bitten part he applies equal parts of salt and indigo. This application is renewed every half hour. Three applications are generally sufficient to effect a cure.

Mr. Cook says he has observed that all snakes lie dormant until blue violets appear in the spring and that they all disappear after the leaves of white ash trees begin to fall in autumn; and so great is their antipathy to ash bark or leaves that they will recoil from them as from fire.

New Race of Roses.

What is now described as "a new race of polyantha roses" has been known to rose-fanciers for several years. It is a cross between the polyantha and a hybrid perpetual, with perhaps an accentuation of the tea-blood of the hybrid. It blooms constantly, is hardy with little or no protection, and is perhaps the best of all roses for borders. The Clotilde Soupert is a good example of it. The science of hybridization is carried to a higher degree of perfection in roses than anything else, but still the best new roses are nearly always accidental hybrids created by bees and butterflies. When men assist nature she shows them how to improve on their best efforts.

The only bird that sings while flying is the lark.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

GOSSIP.

A school of medicine is soon to be established at St. Petersburg for women.

A Norwalk (Conn.) woman in a fit of hysteria swallowed her engagement ring the other day.

One-half the money deposited daily in the various banks in Chicago is placed there by women.

Among the wedding presents recently received by a Maine bride were a hymn book and a gun.

There is a college for dentistry at St. Petersburg and one at Wilna, at which most of the students are women.

No season at Bermuda is complete without the engagement of some British officer stationed there to an American girl, even though the engagement does not always result in a wedding.

The Boston Business League is credited with being one of the very few women's organizations that is thoroughly practical and likely to be of future advantage to its fair members.

The most enlightened and progressive woman in Egypt is said to be the Princess Nazle, of Cairo, who, though a Moslem, has abandoned the customary Moslem veil and enjoys comparative freedom.

The Countess Cacilia Plater-Zybeck, one of the wealthiest women in Russia, has been enrolled in the guild of master tailors of Warsaw. She is at the head of a cutters' school in that city and does much to help the poor.

Miss Bilgrami, of Hyderabad, the first Moslem girl to try a university examination, has passed in arts and in Arabic with honors at the Madras University. As she was not allowed to leave the zenana she prepared herself in her own home.

Mrs. Bullen, who married Lord Marcus Beresford in England recently, is said to be a charming woman whose hobby is cats. She has an establishment for cats, and has been remarkably successful in adding to the number of the orange Persian cats in Great Britain.

A commission for a statue of Esek Hopkins, first Admiral of the Revolutionary Navy, has been given to Mrs. H. H. Kitson, of Boston, by the city of Providence. Mrs. Kitson has exhibited works in the Paris Salon and at the World's Fair that have been highly praised, and her model for the Hopkins statue is said to be strong and vigorous. Her husband is a sculptor of prominence in Boston, whose pupil she was before her marriage.

FASHION NOTES.

All French gowns now fasten at the back.

Wraps and capes are largely feather-trimmed.

The newest features in stock collars are the Paquin points.

Brown crepon trimmed with putty-colored grass-cloth will be a favorite combination of color in the season of brown leaves and withered grass.

Hats are worn more this fall than bonnets, the latter being seen only on the heads of those women who think this dignified article of headgear is alone appropriate for them.

New bonnets are made of a double row of tulle or chiffon, pleated round an invisible frame about the size of the palm of your hand, and hidden with a large bow of colored satin.

Lustreless colored black silk is worn by others than those in mourning. Combined with sapphire blue, apple green or cowslip colored velvet it makes a handsome dinner gown.

Some of the handsomest and most artistic designs in jet trimmings are the dull-jet manufactured for mourning gowns. They are very much lighter than those previously worn.

When putting gloves on always begin by buttoning the second button. Then when the glove has been buttoned to the top the first button can be easily fastened without tearing the kid.

The fashion in hairdressing has changed. A waved coiffure is still popular, but the latest mode is to have the back hair perfectly flat to the head and pin little twisted nobs just under the hat.

Many black ruches of chiffon, gauze-ribbon and pinked silk have gay flowers set into the plaitings at intervals about the throat. Some of them have only a single flower at each side of the closing in front.

Full effects are retained on separate waists for autumn wear. A popular shape shows a box plait in front with a deep yoke effect each side, and in the back is the yoke-shape, but below this the waist is snugly fitted.

A number of the newest sleeves have a close fore-arm buttoned nearly to the elbow on the outside of the arm, and above this are two full puffs instead of the one balloon shape. Some of these puffs show a band of rich passementerie between each. On others the lower puff is deeper and wider than the shoulder puff above it.

There is a prospect of having trailing gowns and soft draperies once more for house wear. Little coats of the Directory will be worn as concession to the change of style, but she who likes the short-waisted gown may wear the coat short-waisted and over a softly flowing skirt that falls almost from below the bust line in front, and that lies close and soft about the hips and back.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy AND WE Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-wind d advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 77 B'ham & Selma: .Lv 8:45 am
No. 60 North.....Lv 11:11 am
No. 61 South.....Lv 4:12 pm
No 60 Selma & B'ham...Lv 4:40 pm

No 67 makes close connection at Anniston fo r Atlanta and Washington.

No. 61 makes close connection at Selma and Meridian for New Orleans.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Look out boys. Don't stay too late you might get rapped out again.

Wanted—To know the whereabouts of our brother editor.

Lets take up a subscription and pay Bishop out.

Mrs. H. C. Reynolds is spending a few days at her old home Pleasant Hill.

We regret to hear of the continued serious illness of Mr. Thomas Fancher. He is a good citizen and we hope to learn of his recovery at an early date.

Mrs. Mick Kuffner spent Tuesday in town.

Mrs. P. W. Haskins, Mrs. Cobb and others visited Montevallo Monday.

Mrs. McCauley carries the nicest and cheapest line of ladies hats we have ever seen.

Dr. J. H. Gunn spent Tuesday in our town.

Dr. Claughton has moved to our town to engage in the practice of medicine. The doctor comes highly recommended and is an accomplished, agreeable gentleman. We wish for him a pleasant and profitable practice in our midst.

Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Curry were called to Birmingham last Saturday to the bedside of their daughter, Miss Nannie, who had to undergo a painful and serious operation on her arm. At last accounts she was resting well and improving.

One of our editors came back from Atlanta last Monday and claims to have left his partner in Birmingham. We are not so sure about that.

Major Strong has been on the sick list and Miss May Harris has been in charge at the postoffice for the last few days.

Cotton is coming to Montevallo from all quarters. We are not surprised, however, as Montevallo merchants pay Selma prices and sell goods just as cheap.

Don't fail to read H. C. & W. B. Reynold's advertisement. They seem to be doing the business. Prices will tell. Don't fail to give them a call. We learn they made large investments in shoes before the advance and are giving their customers the benefit of it.

Mr. M. C. Reynolds, of Birmingham, was married to Miss Cecelia Williams, of Mobile, last Wednesday.

Cotton sold in our town Tuesday as high as 8.90.

Professor Dill's school continues to flourish. He will soon number fifty pupils.

Mr. Frank Kroell leaves Sunday for the exposition.

It looks like cotton is going to 10 cents before it quits. Don't be too sure of it however.

Pretty Miss Addie Mims, of Strasburg was in town Friday.

We will try to tell you all about the exposition next week.

LITERARY SOCIETY.

A meeting was held at the residence of Mrs. J. L. McConaughy, of Montevallo, on October 11, 1895, for the purpose of forming a literary society.

Miss Hattie Lyman, who was elected chairman of the meeting, called the house to order.

The following officers were installed for the year: Mrs. J. L. McConaughy, president; Miss Bertie Allen, vice-president; Miss Pauline Acker, secretary and treasurer.

The president then took the chair and appointed a committee for naming the society.

The same committee is to report at next meeting on a constitution and by-laws.

The purpose of this society is to further the study of good literature, and eventually to establish a circulating library in our community.

After a pleasant discussion of literary work the society adjourned to meet at 3 o'clock on Friday afternoon next at Miss Hattie Lyman's.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Montevallo clerks are having a jolly time selling goods to the pretty maidens that visit town. Come often girls your sweet smiling faces make us forget our "troubles."

They say that Abb Fancher is dead stuck on anything in the shape of a "cucumber."

Somebody said "Shorty" tried to assume the authority of town marshal last Monday.

Why don,t the peace-loving citizens of Montevallo take some steps to prevent drunken men from using profanity on the streets and otherwise making themselves very obnoxious to ladies that may chance to pass near them.

Mrs. H. C. Fancher returned from British last Tuesday morning from a visit to her brother-in-law who has been dangereusly ill several weeks.

Free musical entertainment at George Kroells store every night. Band is composed of local colored talent. Manager, "Cat."

"Foots" wants his girl to eat a whole basket of grapes by herself. Why not allow her to divide with us poor fellows that haven't money enough to go to Birmingham after them.

Kirk Sessions wants to foreclose a mortgage he has on a certain girl living somewhere near here.

Wonder why Jim Sessions don't get somebody to help him keep his fine residence in first-class apple pie order.

"Long Johnie" thinks he is mighty sly but I am onto his racket. Look out Johnie I may be a huckleberry above your persimmons yet.

Can you tell me what makes "Ed D." look like he had eaten an overdose of real sour pickles.

John Dill can't talk about any other girl now but that sweet little piece of loveliness he met in Bridgeton.

Say, "Razar," Mattie said she did not know you had reference to your "shoe sole" in that note of thanks and to please press the flowers in a book hereafter. Also when you spoke of a soul to specify what sort meant.

Tom Randall, a jolly old "bachelor," residing in Dry Valley, visited Southside Tuesday.

"Bishop" talks with his gtrl in the moonlight to save oil.

Boys why can't we help each other in our love agairs like the girls do. Stay all night, visit, carry love messages. Such like nonsense.

Wishing you prosperity, I am,
"Nocknasty."

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCORD LOCALS.

The greatest event of social society was the entertainment given the young people at the beautiful country home of our most popular young friend, Mr. James S. Sessions, on last Thursday evening. After several hours of amusement in the parlor, we were invited into the dining hall, where refreshments were served in abundance. A great part of this enjoyable occasion should be awarded the Misses Thompson, who entertained the guests with their beautiful vocal music, and, as a host, Mr. Sessions cannot be excelled.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs filled his regular appointment here last Sunday.

P. O. West and C. C. Ambrose, accompanied by Misses Harris and Perry, of Montevallo, attended church here last Sunday.

Mrs. N. C. Moore was quite unwell the first of this week.

What is the matter with Will Parker? Has he got the "g. b.?"

We regret to say that there is some sickness in our community.

Richard Ozley visited home folks at Dogwood last week.

By a New Boy.

IN MEMORIAM.

Death has taken another little darling child from this world of sorrow and tears, little Mary Ann Whorten, who was born July 13th, 1894, and died October 7th, 1895. She has gone to the spirit land. She is, without a doubt, in heaven today, enjoying the great joys there are in that beautiful land, where all is peace and happiness. Weep not, dear parents, for your loss is her gain. Comfort yourselves in this manner, that you have a treasure up in heaven. Oh, dear father and mother, you can go to your loved ones if you love and trust in the Lord.

Little Ione had just passed over the river of life, then Mary Ann was called away. Christ says, "Suffer little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven." They are sleeping with the blessed Savior.

Asleep in Jesus, blessed sleep,
From which none ever wake to weep.

Then sorrow not over the loved ones. May we all be a united family in heaven. May we be carried on the wings of love to that crystal city. May we fly for succor to His breast.

Jesus lover of my soul,
Let me to thy bosom fly;
While the raging billows roll,
While the tempest still is high.
Hide me, oh, my Savior hide,
Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
Oh, receive my soul at last.

Written by a friend and relative,
R. I. E.

Father Flaherty, the Rapist.

A telegram from Genesee, N. Y., states that a stay of proceedings has been granted in the case of Rev. Father Flaherty, under sentence for outraging a young girl, and that the prisoner was liberated under $10,000 bail pending an appeal for a new trial.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

A Reduction in Rates.

Fire insurance rates have been reduced at Marion.

A Large Membership Represented.

Forty-two churches, representing an aggregate membership of 3,600, were represented at the Baptist Association at Jacksonville.

Brewton Wants a Bridge.

The merchants and business men of Brewton are calling on the county officials to build a good bridge across Conecuh river near there.

Crushed to Death Instantly.

Last Thursday Miss Mattie Murdock, while standing near the edge of the depot platform at Mount Meigs, was struck by a passing train and instantly killed.

Cotton Receipts at Abbeville.

Cotton receipts are growing lighter at Abbeville, and farmers state that the crop has been almost entirely gathered and considerably over half marketed.

They Never Smile.

Jasper has a new city law which prohibits the city police officers from drinking intoxicating liquors while on duty, and the law considers them on duty while they are away from their residences.

Hung Juries Go Hungry.

During circuit court at Linden, Judge Tyson informed the jury in a civil case that could not agree that the county was only bound to pay hung juries in felony cases, and they could send to their homes and get their meals.

New Cotton Seed Oil Mill.

The big plant of the cotton seed oil mill at Selma was set in motion last Friday. The mill is said to be the finest in the south. It owns its own electric lights and water works, and is the effort of local enterprise.

Montgomery's City Bonds.

The $50,000 worth of bonds of the city of Montgomery go to A. M. Baldwin, of that city. White & Co., of New York, refused to confirm the bid of Steiner Bros., of Birmingham, their agents, consequently Mr. Baldwin gets the bonds at Steiner Bros.' bid, 104½.

Carried the Mail Too Far.

The postoffice department has offered a reward of $200 for the arrest and conviction of William Bibby, late mail carrier from Newton to Geneva, Ala., who absconded with the mail pouch. He is of English birth, but hails from Pennsylvania. Bibby is about 18 years of age, and has a sailor's gait.

General Mahone and Alabama.

We are reminded by the death of General Mahone that the old Third Alabama was in his brigade at Norfolk and fought its first fight, the battle of Seven Pines, under his command. The Mobile Cadets, Mobile Rifles, Gulf City Guards and Washington Light Infantry formed part of the Third Alabama.

More Telephone Connections.

The Courier Telephone of Vernon, and the Citizens' Long Distance Telephone Company of Mississippi are arranging to connect their wires at the state line. This arrangement will connect Kennedy, Fayette, Millsport, Vernon, Sulligent, Crews, Pickensville and Eutaw in Alabama, and Columbus and Aberdeen, Miss.

Home Production of Rice.

Numbers of farmers all over Southeast Alabama have made this year fine crops of rice, and are independent of the South Carolina rice crop. One would be surprised to see what fine rice is raised by our farmers up on dry land at that. Southeast Alabama and Dale county are truly the garden spot of Alabama.

A Postoffice Robbed.

Fred Mankin, a young man employed in the rolling mills at Gate City, and Mollie Gallacher, who lives at Gate City, were arrested on a warrant sworn out by Postoffice Inspector Little, charging them with breaking into the postoffice at Gate City and stealing therefrom $30 of the postal money order funds. The accused deny all allegations.

After Moonshiners.

Deputy Internal Revenue Collector Hughes and Deputy Marshal Perkins made a raid on an illicit distillery in the mountains near the line of Winston and Marion counties, a few days since, and captured a 40-gallon copper still with copper cap and worm. It had a capacity of about eight or ten gallons per day, and was worth about $150. Besides the still there was also captured 600 gallons of beer, a barrel of syrup, five gallons of whisky and a lot of half made stuff. All of it was destroyed. When the officers appeared on the scene a man and a boy were at work; they had just made a run of whisky. At the sight of the officers the man made off and succeeded in escaping. The boy was caught, but is too yound to prosecute.

Illicit Distilleries Destroyed.

In the office of the Internal Revenue Collector at Birmingham the reports of the raid on two illicit distilleries, made by Deputy Collector J. R. Caldwell and Deputy Marshals, was received Saturday morning. The following was the capture: Near Newell, sixty gallon copper still, with wooden cap, three fermenters, two vats, 1,090 gallons slops, 300 gallons apple pomace, condenser, flake stand. The still had a capacity of seven gallons per day, and was valued at $55. No arrests were made. Near White Plains, forty-five gallon copper still, with copper worm and wooden cap, six fermentnrs, 600 gallons of beer, five gallons of singlings, two bushels of malt corn. No arrests were made. Both outfits were destroyed, as it was impracticable to remove same.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

A CHILD-MURDERER ARRESTED.

Yellow Fever in Cuba—Two Negro Women to Hang—Twenty-ninth Anniversary of Cuba's First Strike for Liberty—Bank Failure. The Negro-Mexican Colonists.

SOUTHERN.

Princeton worsted the University of Virginia in the foot ball game at Baltimore.

The First National bank of Alexandria, La., capital $50,000, has been duly authorized to begin business.

Tom Speer, a negro preacher, is in jail at Zebulon, Ga., charged with murdering his own child by administering poison.

Florence English and Manly Cody, two negro women, were sentenced to hang at Warrenton, Ga., Thursday. They both fainted when sentence was pronounced.

Otto Blementhal, a jeweler at San Antonio, Tex., was robbed of $2,500 worth of diamonds Saturday by a stranger, to whom he was showing some jewelry. The thief escaped.

J. W. Eggleston, wholesale grocer at Fort Worth, Tex., filed a deed of trust the other day naming Luther I. Boaz as trustee. Liabilities, $60,000; assets, $40,000. Preferred local creditors to the amount of $25,000 are named.

The tobacco crop in Lincoln, Logan, Wayne and Cabell counties, West Va., has suffered great damage by frost. The crop was the finest ever grown, and a great yield was expected. The damage thus far is estimated at $60,000.

An extensive fire at the wharf of the Seaboard Air Line at Norfolk, Va., a few nights since, destroyed property valued at about $200,000, on which there was insurance of about $75,000. W. W. Hall, who had been in the employ of the Old Dominion Steamship company for about twenty-five years, was forced overboard by the heat and drowned.

At a late hour Friday afternoon fire broke out in wholesale grocery house of Hazen & Lotspeich on Jackson street, Knoxville, Tenn., having caught in a mysterious way near the elevator. The flames quickly spread to all of the floors of the building. The fire department controlled the fire and prevented it from spreading to the adjoining wholesale houses. The stock of Hazen & Lotspeich is completely ruined by fire and water. Loss on stock between $20,000 and $30,000; insurance about $30,000. Loss on building, $1,000; covered by insurance.

WESTERN.

The Citizens' State bank, of Omaha, Neb., failed to open its doors Friday. It is capitalized at only $50,000.

Coal operators in the Hocking Valley coal region have advanced wages of their men, as per contract.

The Green County Bank, at Springfield, Mo., has been closed by order of Examiner Jones. Deposits only amounted to $60,000, which will be fully protected.

An incendiary fire destroyed the Hollard radiator works at Bremen, Ind., at 5 a. m. Friday. All the wrenches for the hose carts were stolen, and no water could be obtained.

A work train on the Panhandle railroad Thursday night ran into a group of three little girls picking up coal in the railroad yards at Twenty-eighth street, Chicago. One of them was fatally hurt, another so injured that recovery is doubtful, and the third slightly injured.

At Springfield, O., John R. Linson, of Baltimore, is under arrest for drunkenness, and is said to be a complete wreck, due to grief over the betrayal and suicide of his only sister. He followed the man responsible for his troubles around the world on a mission of vengeance, and finally killed him, for which he served six years in the California penitentiary.

Lieut. J. K. Miller, of the Eighth infantry, stationed about twenty miles from Jackson's Hole, states that J. C. Wilson, who brought the report a week ago of the killing of Capt. Smith and companions in Jackson's Hole, is a deserter from the Seventh infantry, in camp in the Teton Pass, and that Wilson made these statements in order to obtain a relay of horses and to facilitate his escape, and there is no truth whatever in them.

An attempt was made near Cochran, Ind., to wreck the Baltimore and Ohio Southwestern express Wednesday night for St. Louis. The engine struck a dynamite cartridge which had been fastened to the inner rail. Engineer Tom Higson and his fireman were badly stunned. Great damage was done to the engine. Fortunately the cars did not leave the track. The motive of the attempt was evidently robbery.

Sunday morning at Greenwood, S. C., J. J. Moseley, a liquor constable, was shot in the back of the head and instantly killed. Moseley had just seized some liquor, coming in on a late train. He was accompanied by a trial justice's constable and had a warrant. While storing the whisky in the depot a negro seized a jug and ran. Moseley fired two shots at him, and just then was shot dead from behind. Four negroes have been arrested and are guarded in the guard house.

EASTERN.

Silver certificates went up to 69½ on purchase of 55,000 ounces in New York a few days ago.

Thirty houses were burned at Bayard, W. Va., Wednesday night. Loss, $50,000.

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of

Fall and Winter Hats and

Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

A COURAGEOUS WOMAN.

Though Wounded by a Robber, She Successfully Defends Herself.

A fine display of grit and the liberal use of a pistol probably saved the life of Mrs. Beva Marshall, operator at Baden, Cal., for the Southern Pacific.

Late Thursday night C. L. Herbert, the office manager, left the office, leaving Mrs. Marshall in charge. About fifteen minutes later Mrs. Marshall was startled by some one kicking on the door. She was somewhat alarmed at the violence displayed, and putting a pistol in her pocket went toward the door to open it, but before she reached it the door was kicked in and a tall man wearing a mask, entered and demanded money, leaving a companion outside. Mrs. Marshall drew her revolver for use, but the villain was too quick for her, and fired at her heart, missing it but a few inches, the ball entering her left arm at the elbow.

Mrs. Marshall then commenced to use her revolver, emptying it on the fleeing robbers. She waited for some time, thinking that the shots would be heard, but no assistance coming Mrs. Marshall telegraphed to Train Dispatcher Walters in San Francisco, who immediately sent a special car to bring her to San Francisco for treatment. Before the train arrived a constable arrived and commenced a search for the men, but without success. Mrs. Marshall is at St. Luke's hospital in San Francisco. Her injuries are not very serious.

SWEPT BY A TIDAL WAVE.

La Paz, the Capital of Lower California, and Other Towns Devastated.

La Paz, Mexico, was completely destroyed by a hurricane Thursday last. The storm was followed by a tidal wave, the waters in the bay rising to an unprecedented height, invading that portion of the city fronting on the bay, and carrying out to sea men, animals and debris of wrecked buildings as the tide subsided. One hundred and eighty-four houses were destroyed, four lives lost and twenty-one persons were wounded. Nineteen craft, including the American schooner Czar, partly loaded with dynamite, was beached, and a government cutter sunk. Gardens and orchards were washed away. An iron safe containing $5,500 in Mexican dollars was washed over half a mile away, but was rescued.

At San Jose del Cabo several houses were damaged, and gardens and orchards destroyed. At Mazatlan many residences were damaged. Considerable damage was done at Playa Colorama. The customs house at Topolobampo was partly destroyed and the adjoinings were beached. Many residences of the American colony were destroyed, and the remainder more or less damaged.

Agiabampo was almost entirely destroyed. The whole country around Rivers, Yaeua, Mayo and Fuerto were overflowed, and immense damage done.

The sugar refineries at Aguilla and Florida were totally destroyed. The cane fields were all washed away.

There is no news of the towns of Fuerto and Altata. It is supposed that great damage was done.

For the Tennessee Centennial.

On last Thursday Nashville, Tenn., voted on a proposition to subscribe $100,000 to the Centennial exposition, and the proposition carried overwhelmingly. There were over 10,000 votes cast, and the highest number of votes against it in any ward was forty. In the Twelfth ward but two votes were cast against the proposition. This insures the immediate putting to work of hundreds of more men. Nashville and Davidson county have now given over $300,000 to the enterprise, $50,000 from the county, over $150,000 by private subscription, and $100,000 voted by the city.

THE SUGAR PLANTERS.

They Organize a White Republican Party, With Independent Action.

The plan for a white republican party was launched in New Orleans a few nights since. The sugar planters held a conference with white republican leaders, but the latter advised against an independent movement, holding that the respectable negro element deserved recognition and that the national committee would frown upon independent action. The matter was referred to the meeting of the planters' executive committee. The latter held a lively session, but finally determined upon a white republican party and independent action, and will organize all over the state for a vigorous campaign. They claim that they have made large gains in the state.

THE STATE OF ALABAMA,
SHELBY COUNTY.
Probate Court, Shelby County, Ala.

Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

Letters of administration upon the estate of Margaret Latham, deceased, having been granted to the undersigned, on the 30th day of August, 1895, by the Honorable Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court of Shelby county, notice is hereby given that all persons having claims against said estate will be required to present the same within the time allowed by law, or that the same will be barred.

J. M. REYNOLDS, Administrator of the Estate of Margaret Latham, deceased.

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

—You can get—

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly

ADVERTISER

An eight page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!

The Fireside!!

The Store!!!

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St.

Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,

30 Soute Pryor St.,

ATLANTA, - - GA.

The Army and Mobs.

It is a significant fact that so much of the new and revised army regulations should be devoted to laying down the method of handling the army against mobs. Until the breaking out of what may be called the Debs rebellion last year the regular forces of the United States had had little experience in that way. One new regulation calls for the detail of sharpshooters to watch for and shoot down ringleaders who may fire on the troops or lead in attacking them. It is a most effective order, but it is one that must be accompanied with the strictest responsibility in officer and soldier alike.

Fall Medicine

Is fully as important and as beneficial as Spring Medicine, for at this season there is great danger to health in the varying temperature, cold storms, malarial germs, prevalence of fevers and other diseases. All these may be avoided if the blood is kept pure, the digestion good, and bodily health vigorous by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

Your Poor Tired Husband.

He has worked hard all week.

Let him sleep late Sunday morning, then treat him to a breakfast of

Heckers' Buckwheat Cakes.

10

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

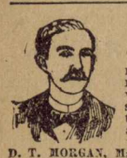
When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

DON'T SCRATCH — TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE** The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp. Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

ASTHMA POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.



$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box L'5, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS. Water Wheels and Hay Presses. BEST IN THE MARKET. DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

STAMPS 10 different, 15c.; 1000 mixed foreign, 40c.; Agents wanted at 50 per cent. List free. Old U. S. and Confederate stamps bought. Send list. F. W. H. Moyer, Bethlehem, Pa.

Increase Your Income Large profits made on small investments. Send for our free book. Comstock, Hughes & Co. 55 Broadway, N.Y.

AM. N. U. No. 42, 1895.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION

STUBBLE AS MANURE.

No kind of grain stubble is worth anything as manure. It may have some value on very wet land in keeping it more open to the air when turned under the furrow. But for any fall-sown crop this is a disadvantage, as for the soil to be open and porous during winter is for it to become fuller of water than it would be without it. The ashes from burned stubble contain all that is really of manurial value, and it is not bad policy to burn stubble before plowing wherever the stubble will burn readily.—American Cultivator.

KEEP STOCK OFF NEWLY SEEDED LAND.

When the established pasture fields during fall present a burned appearance, it takes considerable will power to resist the temptation to turn stock on to the newly seeded fields in which the young clover and timothy present an inviting appearance, but the pasturing off of this new growth close to the ground will cause the whole plant to perish if drouth prevails. The pasturing off of this fine top growth should be avoided, and it is just this mat that is required to protect the roots during the severe cold of winter, and when frozen solid this growth of leaves and stalks pressed close to the ground prevents the daily spring thawing and freezing, such as would be the case were this covering pastured off. The top growth is not lost, but as the spring growth progresses it decays and is added to the fertility of the land.—American Agriculturist.

FATTENING BIRDS.

After the chickens are fully grown they must be fattened for about three weeks before being killed. Many people make their chickens thinner rather than fatter during this process, even if they do not kill them prematurely. The mistake is that they put the birds up and then begin rich, fattening food right away, and the result is that the birds sicken.

Feed for the first week on the same kind of food that the birds have been having previously, without giving too much; then gradually increase the quantity and richness, noticing by careful examination of the crop before each meal whether or not the food is being digested. If, on going to feed, the crop is still full with the last meal, stop a meal, and do not feed so often for a day or two. After about three weeks the chickens ought to be in prime condition for the table.

FEEDING STOCK AT PASTURE.

When the pastures begin to fail in autumn, the thrifty condition of the stock will likewise fail until they are given additional rations. For this purpose green corn fodder is excellent, as it is reaching its fullest development while the pasture is decreasing. The green cornstalks may be fed in the barnyard or hauled to the pasture. Any good soiling crop, as millet, vetches, Hungarian grass, sorghum, cowpeas, or late oats with peas, will answer the same purpose. When none of these are obtainable, the drying pasture should be supplemented by small feeds of grain, such as a mixture of chopped corn, oats and rye, or chopped corn with wheat bran and middlings, fed in troughs, and better if either slightly moistened or freshly soaked. On dry grass, it is very necessary that stock should have an ample and continuous supply of pure drinking water, as more is required for the digestion of the drier food material. Stock will glean much food by a run in the stubble fields after harvest, not only of scattered grain, but of nutritious weeds. Winter rye, if sown early, makes excellent fall pasture, and the early winter wheat fields will be benefited by having all the growth which the frost would kill, grazed off while the ground is not muddy. Such roots as turnips, mangles and sugar beets also supply the succulent food needed to supplement failing or drouth-stricken pastures.—American Agriculturist.

FEEDING ENSILAGE.

On the subject of ensilage there have been some interesting statistics taken lately. Professor Wall, of the Wisconsin Agricultural College, wrote to one hundred of the most successful dairymen in the country to learn what rations they fed. Of the one hundred answers received sixty-four fed ensilage. In Wisconsin fifteen of these successful dairymen answered and twelve of them fed ensilage. In Canada every one of them fed it. The lowest rations of silo feeders came from the Southern States, where, of course, there is not the imperative necessity for winter feed that there is at the North.

But this should not be a question of necessity, but one simply of profit. Does it pay to feed ensilage, and if so why don't you do it? That is the question. Cows need winter housing at the South as well as at the North, in order to make them comfortable, and that means to make them give larger flows of milk. It goes without saying and has been abundantly proven that the corn crop is the cheapest and best cow food that can be grown anywhere, and especially in this country, and any method or practice that gets cheaper and greater feeding power out of the corn crop should be the sheet anchor of the dairyman. He should use every effort to secure this benefit, and as the silos can be built so cheaply by any one who can handle a saw and hammer there is really no excuse for neglecting to build one. Full illustrated descriptions can be had simply by asking for them, how to build them and how to fill them and every particular that can possibly be desired. The houses that sell dairy implements are handing out these pamphlets as advertising material. Do not let another season go by without building one.—Home and Farm.

BUDDING FRUIT TREES.

Having everything in readiness, the process of budding may be described under six heads.

(1) At a smooth place in the stock—preferably two or three inches above the ground—an upright incision, an inch or over in length, is made clear through the bark. (2) Across the upper end of this incision a short, horizontal one is made. The usual way for the latter is at right angles, but it will be found better to make it obliquely, in which case the tying material cannot get into the upper incision, but must cross it, as is best. (3) The bark is then raised by pressing the thin piece of ivory (or the rounded point of the knife) against the cut edges with a kind of lifting movement, beginning at the upper end of the incision and proceeding to the lower end, one side at a time. In this operation special care is required to avoid touching the layer of soft, new wood immediately under the bark. To touch this soft, new wood checks the growing process, which fastens the bud to the stock, and this check renders success very uncertain. (4) A bud is now cut from the prepared scion, the knife entering about half an inch below the footstalk and coming out three quarters of an inch or more above it, taking as thin a slice of the wood with it as may be. The practice of some is to remove this thin piece of wood, but if not done with the greatest care the bud will be spoiled, while success is not endangered in the least by allowing the wood to remain. (5) The bud is now taken by the piece of footstalk left for the purpose, placed under the bark at the upper end of the incision and pushed gently down to the lower end. If part of the upper portion of the bud projects above the cross incision, it is to be cut off, making a neat fit. (6) Tying is the next thing in order. This to hold the bud in position, and to exclude air and moisture. It should be done at once, beginning at the lower end of the incision, and covering every part of it, but leaving out the footstalk and the point of the bud. The work is now complete.

If the stock is growing rapidly the tying may cut into the wood before the bud adheres properly. Should this occur the tie is to be removed and immediately replaced, but not so tight. In three weeks from the insertion of the bud the tying may be removed permanently.

Ten days or so after budding, it may be known that the operation is successful by the piece of footstalk dropping off on being touched. If instead of this it has dried and sticks fast, the work has failed. But if the bark still peels freely, the budding may be repeated, selecting a new place on the stock.

Most of the hardy roses can be budded on each other. The wild running rose—the Michigan rose—makes a pretty stock, but the best for the purpose is the Manetti rose, a vigorous growing kind brought from Como, Italy, half a century or more ago, which multiplies readily by cuttings. In advance of the budding, the spines should be rubbed off the inch or two where the bed is to be inserted.—The Examiner.

POULTRY NOTES.

Do not let up the fight on lice and uncleanness.

Get rid of the surplus cockerels as soon as possible.

A dry floor, a dry roof, but plenty of fresh water daily, is the way to keep dampness out of the hen house.

There are flocks of fowls that need green stuff given them just as much this month as in December. Is yours one of them?

A daily allowance of fresh cut bone and a bit of oil meal will help the fowls through the moulting season in good shape.

It is a pleasure to see a thrifty flock of fowls enjoy themselves scratching for something to eat from a lot of straw or other litter.

Clean out the nest boxes once in a while, even though they have not been used for incubating. When clean give a dressing of kerosene oil, then a fresh lot of hay or straw.

Fresh air is good for young chicks, but getting drenched in a leaky house, in a tree top or upon a fence is not the best way to produce hardy fowls from this year's chicks.

Get the pullets into the houses or yards in which they are to make their homes this winter. The sooner they are "at home" the sooner they will begin their winter laying.

Fresh earth is an excellent deodorizer when spread under the roosts. Some hen houses would be better for their inmates if some earth was used in them. Perhaps you own one such.

Umbrellas for Dogs.

"Yes," said a dog's outfitter, "fashions in canine clothing change pretty frequently. There is not, as yet, any journal devoted to the dress of dogs that I am aware of, but in the Palais Royal fashion plates, published in Paris, the latest modes of 'dogs of luxury' may be seen.

"And this reminds me of an incident. A month or so ago I saw in the publication above mentioned the picture of a dog's umbrella! The article is small, and made of silk. When open the frame is attached by ribbons to the dog's collar, and, according to the advertisements, the animal is trained to hold the handle in its mouth.

"In addition to providing clothing for dogs, I retain the services of a dentist to fit dogs with false teeth; and the extent to which this branch of my business is patronized is surprising. The cost of a set of teeth varies from $5 to $15.

A NEW LEASE OF LIFE.

IN GOOD HEALTH AT SEVENTY-THREE YEARS OF AGE.

Miss Cornwall's Wonderful Recovery of Health---Became Well in Two Months After an Illness of Six Years.

From the Register, New Haven, Conn.

In this rapid age of ours when so many men and women are old at fifty, one who has lived three-quarters of a century, and then, after debility and suffering, regains health and vigor, must be regarded with a feeling akin to wonder. A New England lady has been found who has had this remarkable experience.

In the family of Clarence Williams, a Cheshire farmer on the Meriden road, Cheshire, Ct., lives Miss Cornelia Cornwall, a lady seventy-three years of age. For several years Miss Cornwall's health has been declining very rapidly, caused by a general debility. Her friends feared that the respected lady had not long to live; but a kind Providence directed the aged lady, and in a newspaper advertisement Miss Cornwall read about Dr. Williams' Pink Pills—a few boxes of which she procured at once, and with the result that is best told in her own words.

"About six years ago," Miss Cornwall began, "my health commenced to fail. I suffered from loss of appetite and pains in different parts of my body. My condition gradually grew worse until my limbs were apparently unable to bear my weight, and I could no longer go up stairs without the assistance of some one.

"I consulted physicians who prescribed medicines for my blood. These I continued to take for several months, but without any effect. The sense of feeling in my lower limbs seemed to be leaving me, and I began to fear that it was hopeless to look for a cure. I was still suffering terribly from the pains through my body, when I chanced to read the story of a cure that had been effected with the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I discovered that the town druggist here had none on sale, so I sent immediately to the headquarters in Schenectady, N. Y., and secured two of the boxes of the pills.

"Last December I commenced using the pills regularly, and a month after I had been taking them, I felt greatly benefited by their use. The feeling in my limbs came back again, and in two months I was able to go about the house as I had been accustomed to a year before. Now, as you can see, I am enjoying good health. The pallor in my face was removed by the pills. A number of my friends in the neighborhood were complaining of symptoms somewhat similar to my own, and I recommended that they take Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They did so, and they tell me that they have been very much benefited by their use. I still continue to take the pills, though there is not so much necessity for them at present. As a purifier of the blood, I consider the Dr. Williams' Pink Pills a wonderful medicine."

Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk, or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Henry E. Abbey, the impresario, says that Mary Anderson is the only American artist that ever made any money in London. Her last season at the Lyceum made a profit of $80,000.

When Nature

Needs assistance it may be best to render it promptly, but one should remember to use even the most perfect remedies only when needed. The best and most simple and gentle remedy is the Syrup of Figs manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co.

Man first wants all he can get, and after he gets that he then demands something else.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure Deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube gets inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

How is it with You?—Do You Masticate Your Food Thoroughly?

A little attention to this matter is well rewarded. Eating, just for the sake of it, will cut life short by many a year. Eat to live. Look well to digestion. If your stomach is weak and unable to properly care for the food eaten, the use of Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will work wonders. It benefits from the first dose. A positive cure for every form of indigestion. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

At The Office

you may have a sudden bilious attack or headache when it is impossible for you to leave your work. If you have a box of Ripans Tabules in your desk a tabule taken at the first symptom will relieve you.

There is Pleasure and Profit

and satisfaction in abating troublesome and painful ills by using Parker's Ginger Tonic.

FITS stopped free by Dr. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No Fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

It is So Easy to Remove Corns With

Hindercorns, we wonder so many endure them. Get it and see how nicely it takes them off.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

I believe Piso's Cure for Consumption saved my boy's life last summer.—MRS. ALLIE DOUGLASS, LeRoy, Mich., Oct. 20, 1894.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Africa's Big Mahogany Supply.

Mahogany, cut from the forests discovered by Stanley in his expedition for the rescue of Emil Pasha, now reaches this country. These forests are said to be inexhausible, and are probably of equal, perhaps of greater, value than the richest gold or diamond mines on the dark continent. Capitalists were interested in Stanley's account, and a flourishing trade in the timber has resulted. Prices of mahogany products were in a fair way to rise to excessive figures until the cutting began in Africa. This has only been within the past year, but prices have already fallen 20 per cent. A car load was recently delivered at Louisville at a net cost of $80 per 1,000 feet, whereas it has been a common thing for mahogany to sell at auction in Liverpool, England, for $100 per 1,000. Heretofore the principal sources of supply have been the forests of Central America, Cuba, San Domingo and Brazil. Already 12,000,000 feet have been cut and exported from Africa, and the trade promises to yield an immense revenue to the British and French colonists, who have seized the mahogany territory. This African mahogany has a pinkish tinge, in contrast to the reddish-yellow color of the American varieties. The trees are very large, and logs received in the shipment mentioned were two feet to three and one-half feet in size. They are squared before being exported.

If you are at all "touchy" don't have any friends; they will always be hurting your feelings.

The last report of the Zurich penitentiary shows that forty-eight of the male convicts were "disciplined" for talking, while none of the female inmates had to be punished for the same offense. "Distressing symptoms of the degeneracy of man are reported from everywhere," laments the New York World.

A writer in a San Francisco paper proposes that every county should hold a certain amount of land to be worked by the unemployed, not as poor farms are now held, but rather in the line of the recent experiments in vacant lot farming. That experiment is succeeding so well that, the New York World thinks, it may show better way of giving public aid to the helpless than by treating them as paupers.

The New York Sun observes: One of the [illegible] points in this year's shooting at Bisley was the good work done by the English smokless powder called rifleite. The same powder also achieved excellent results at Roumania, where the noteworthy merit of it was that the specimen used had been kept a year and a half. The problem of smokeless powders seems to be solved.

The Catalogue is sent by mail on receipt of 10 cents in stamps or money.

Seasonable Bargains

sounds like overcoats or household goods, but this time 'tis Guns, Pistols, Revolvers, Bicycles, &c. Johnny gets his gun about this time of year, and to know just what to get and WHERE TO GET IT, is why the Lovell Arms Co. put out their New Mammoth Catalogue. It will tell you lots of things you knew before—lots that you didn't know. It's a sure money saver for a bargain hunter. It says nothing about a few Second-hand Bicycles, but they are bargains too and should be applied for at once.

JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Sole U. S. Agent for "STAR" AUTOMATIC PAPER FASTENER and WILLIAMS TYPE WRITER.

Agents wanted in every city and town for the Lovell Diamond and Excel line of bicycles.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited, DORCHESTER, MASS.

The One Crop System

of farming gradually exhausts the land, unless a Fertilizer containing a **high percentage of Potash** is used. Better crops, a better soil, and a larger bank account can only then be expected.

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

germ-life

The doctors tell us, now-a-days, that disease germs are everywhere; in the air, in the water, in our food, clothes, money; that they get into our bodies, live there, thrive and grow, if they find anything to thrive on.

Consumption is the destruction of lung-tissue by germs where the lung is too weak to conquer them. The remedy is strength—vital force.

Scott's Emulsion, with hypophosphites, means the adjustment of lung strength to overcome germ-life. It is fighting the germ with the odds in our favor. These tiny little drops of fat-food make their way into the system and re-fresh and re-invigorate it. Whether you succeed with it or not depends on how good a start the germs had, and how carefully you can live. The shortest way to health is the patient one. The gain is often slow.

50 cents and $1.00 SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, New York

Probate Judge

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., OCTOBER 24, 1895. NO. 31.

Echoes.

I heard beyond the hills a clear voice ringing,
And rocky heights the tones were backward flinging,
Each airy summit towering there
Gave forth an answering sound;
And yet so changed it was by oft repeating,
It seemed some other self had caught the greeting
And tossed it back with mocking air
And hurried, leaping bound.

I heard a word of gossip, lightly falling,
A little word, but gone beyond recalling,
So swift from lip to lip it flew,
Caught in the social gale;
But when the echoing sound came backward stealing
Each voice had added somewhat in revealing,
So that a listener scarcely knew
The author of the tale.
—Anna B. Patten, in Boston Transcript.

An Incentive to Effort.

"Of course you will have a good time; I realize that just as well as anybody. What do you take me for?" And blythe, kind-hearted Marion Harris finished tying her head up with a napkin preparatory to the morning's sweeping, which she invariably insisted upon doing, much to the disgust of her sisters.

"But, Marion; just reflect. What will folks think? You ought to have respect enough for ma to do as she desires—not to mention the obedience which as a daughter you owe her. You know just as well as I do that everybody will say that you stayed at home just to keep pa company; and the heartlessness of the Harrises will have to be dilated upon, as it has often been before, just on account of your obstinate capers." And Miss Belle Harris turned from the contemplation of the little figure in evident disgust.

"That's so, is it?" laughed Marion, with a defiant twirl of the broomstick. "Well, let's give Mrs. Grundy credit for telling the truth, then. The Harris family is a heartless family. Sometimes I have been puzzled with that family myself, albeit, I am a member of it. It has never happened since I was old enough to remember, that father has had a week's leisure in the summer; and yet the dear old fellow is left to take care of himself from June until October, one-third of every year, with as little remorse as though he were a dog to whom a bone could be tossed, instead of the precious husband and father we all know him to be. By the powers! If ever I get a husband I'll never leave him, or let him leave him; and then father can come and live with us. There is one thing certain, whatever happens, I remain at home! So now, please vamose, and allow your younger sister the privilege of kicking up a dust."

Harmon Laight told me the other day, that he had decided to accompany our party wherever it determined to go this season. So just see what you will miss by your obstinacy.

"Humph, miss!—miss what? A cane—a stale operatic criticism—a 'Bon jour, Miss Harris.' If I don't have a rest it will be because I have lost my senses."

"And do you mean to tell me you don't like Harmon?" put in her sister, apparently a little surprised.

"I can conceive of a Harmon Laight who would be absolutely glorious—a man one could love to death—a bright, spiritualized, earnest reality. And now the broom forgot to twirl, and the little dimity-covered head, with a wave of her deliciously golden hair peeping out from its immaculate prison-house, leaned dreamily against the handle of the dust-raising weapon, and continued:

"I wouldn't give a fig for a man who isn't manly. I believe I hate fashionable men, anyhow; but there is something about Harmon Laight that few men possess, and I'm blessed if I know what to call it. Sometimes it appears to me like the essence of nobility, and then it makes me sad to note the bad effects of a bad education. I think that the good that was born in him has been almost entirely obscured, from the fashionable superficial and conventional training he has received from his haughty mother, and the false life he has been compelled to live. I have wished for more than a year that he was some relative of mine, so that I could give him a piece of my mind."

"What little sense you had to begin with has taken leave entirely, I see. I like Harmon just as he is. He is handsome, intelligent, perfectly au fait in the ways of the beau monde, and refreshingly good natured. Why, a woman could scold away all day at Harmon Laight, and he'd never think of such a thing as talking back! And better than all, he is to inherit heaps of money."

"I wish that old uncle he is eternally talking about would leave every dime of his money to somebody else; just push Harmon out into the cold. I believe it would be the making of him. But, come now; make tracks or I shan't get my work done today. One thing is sure, as Harmon Laight stands today in true manliness and intellection, to a sensible woman he can be nothing more nor less than a bore." And with this parting shot, the broom was set in actual motion, and Bella, in order to save her fair hair from the defilement of dust, was forced to retreat ignominously. Just at that moment, young gentleman, in a white suit, with a face upon which consternation and disappointment were both written might have been seen passing stealthily out the hall door of the Harris' brown stone mansion, walking quickly and shamefacedly away. This was Harmon Laight. Finding the door ajar, and being on intimate terms with the family, he had passed quietly in, intending to surprise them; but up to this time the surprise had been quite a one-sided affair.

"This beats the Dutch!" he muttered, after a corner or two had been turned, and he felt himself in safe distance from the enemy's camp. "This is a shower bath I little expected; but every word is as true as the Gospel; and the worst of it is I have always realized it. Jerusalem! what is a fellow in such a fix to do? I can never look the girl in the face again until I have resolved upon something. Twenty-four years old, and never did a day's work in my life! not because I was too lazy to work, but because my lady mother considered all labor ignoble; and the consequence is, I am a laughing stock for sensible people as fools. I'll go at something! see if I don't, Harmon Laight! if it is nothing more exalted than carrying mortar. There is one thing I am thankful for, that she believed there was a spark of good in me. 'The essence of nobility,' she called it. An essence now without flavor! I'll give it an odor yet, if it be as common as the odor of the essence of peppermint!" And more annoyed than he ever dreamed it possible he could become, Harmon Laight locked himself in his room, and gave himself up to earnest thought. One result of this self-communion was a letter received by Marion the following day which ran after this style:

"Miss Marion—You have awakened me to a humiliating sense of my real character. I have always been aware of my mental and moral deformity, but until now have lacked the proper incentive to healthy and honest action. Bid me God speed my friend! I shall never again enter your presence until I feel in some degree worthy your notice; and have rubbed out, I trust, the singularly expressive and truthful title of 'bore.' In all kindness,

HARMON LAIGHT."

"That accounts for the hall door being open yesterday. He must have overheard every word I said." And Marion re-read the little note, while a tear trembling among the brown lashes, and a quiver of the arched lip, almost gave the lie to Marion's declaration of "I'm glad of it."

"I should have said this to his face and more kindly," she murmured.

"I have heard queer news of Harmon Laight today," said Mr. Harris to his daughter, as they sat at the tea table alone, a few days after the above occurrence, the family having departed for Saratoga. "He starts for California on Saturday. 'Going into business,' his friends say. 'Going to work,' he says. The idea of associating labor with that hot house plant is too ridiculous for anything," and the old gentlemen laughed heartily. "His uncle Ralph read me a letter today he had received from the foolish fellow, which proves conclusively to me that he has lost whatever little sense he had, to begin with. He declined the honor of being his uncle's heir, begged him to do some good with his money while he was living, suggested the plan of establishing a training school for girls. Very good letter; but, good gracious, so confoundedly unpractical! But what the dickens is the matter with you?

Marion was sobbing.

"Oh, father, there is lots of good in him, but I have driven him from his home." And Marion, sitting upon her father's knee, gave him a detailed account of the affair.

"Humph!" muttered the old gentleman, holding his pet child at arm's length. "I hope my little girl will make sensible choice of the man she takes for better or worse."

"What father?" and Marion wiped away the tears and looked her parent full in the face.

"That's what I said child, and that's what I mean. It is a little strange that you should have dived deep enough with that fellow to have discovered the little spark of good hidden under the crust; but love is very cute. I shall lose you one of these days."

"Nonsense, father," was all she could say.

A year passed. Letters came occasionally from the wanderer. He was doing well; always sent kind remembrances to Marion. Wrote hopefully and with an earnestness and force which alarmed his lady mother exceedingly. Another summer rolled around with its sunshine and flowers. The Harris family, with the exception of Marion and her father, were again at Saratoga.

"Just one year today," said Marion, "I stood, broom in hand, pitching into Belle and Harmon, and the dirt, all at the same time. Poor Harmon!"

"Miss Marion, a gentleman to see you," and the servant opened the door.

"Harmon!" and down went the broom, and utterly forgetful of bare arms and head, Marion gave him both her hands.

"Marion, you darling little household angel! tell me you believe in me. Trust me, and then I will assure you I am worthy of that trust."

A little cough, a big bunch in the throat, a frantic effort to swallow it, and this incentive to manly effort burst into tears, and—well, Harmon took her in his arms and kissed her, just as any other sensible man would have done.

They were married a month ago, and father Harris is spending the summer at their residence on Long Island.
—New York News.

Fads in Ships.

Fads in shipbuilding seem to date from the seventeenth century, when a Dutch merchant gave orders for a vessel to be constructed for him like the pictorial representations of Noah's ark. The shipping folk in the town where he resided jeered at him for his eccentric idea, but when the craft was completed and she was found capable of carrying a third more cargo than their owners' ships, and no extra men were required to work her, the laugh changed sides. Probably this is the only instance on record of a "fad" turning out successful when put to a practical test.

In 1814 William Doncaster patented what he described as being "the first hydrostatic ship which has ever appeared upon the habitable globe." It consisted of five pontoons, sharp pointed, to divide the displaced water so that she would rise well to the waves. Four water wheels were fixed fore and aft, between pontoons one and two and four and five, through which the water ran to propel the vessel. This invention, as might readily be imagined, proved to be of no use whatever.—Chambers's Journal.

Murdered With a Rose.

Death is at all times terrible when it falls remorselessly and violently upon a child, and its terrors are not softened though smothered in the odor of a rose. It is difficult to account for the strange fancy of the poetical assassin of an infant, who was found near Lower Suydenham road by a laborer named Parr. Instead of using blows or simple neglect leading to starvation the person placed a rose in the child's mouth, and the helpless one lost its breath in the fragrance of the sweetest flower of summer.—London Telegraph.

Supremity of Greatness.

Willie—An' what did Clawence do when Bob Slugard kicked him?

Algy—He simply said: "Gweat men are not sensitive to cwiticism," and walked swiftly away.—Tit-Bits.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Electricity seals cans.

No insulator of magnetism is known.

Some of the Japanese soldiers wear paper clothing.

Eggs are being hatched by electricity in Germany.

To make one ounce of attar of roses requires 10,000 roses.

The Agricultural Department's report shows that all milk contains germs.

Pittsburg manufacturers hope to get electric power from Niagara falls before long.

It is said that electric lamps run by storage batteries last twice as long as lamps operated directly from dynamos.

Fremont is the first city of Nebraska to take advantage of the new law permitting municipal ownership of electric lighting plants.

Quicksilver poured in a glass will not fill it to the brim, as it forms a convex surface, and is higher in the center than at the brim.

England has a lighthouse to every fourteen miles of coast, Ireland to every thirty-five and Scotland one to every thirty-seven miles.

The Hawaiian government has granted to an American an exclusive franchise and an annual subsidy of $40,000 for laying a cable from San Francisco to Honolulu.

The most powerful telescope now in use magnifies two thousand diameters. As the moon is 240,000 miles from the earth, it is thus, to all intents and purposes, brought within 120 miles of our world.

In the recent Chinese war it was found that vibration caused by the firing of the heavy guns disarranged some of the electrical devices on the warships and broke the electric wires used for igniting charges.

A new German veneering material is composed principally of infusorial earth and various binding and coloring ingredients spread in layers over a wooden core. When dry the mass is cut into sheets or blocks, which resemble figured wood.

Intense cold, as is well known, burns—if we may use the term—like heat. If a "drop" of air at a temperature of 180 degrees below zero were placed upon the hand, it would have the same effect as would the same quantity of molten steel or lead. Every one who has had the care of horses ought to know the pain inflicted by placing a frosted bit in a horse's mouth. It burns like hot iron.

A Lawyer From Boyhood.

There is a story told of the late Judge Strong's boyhood, which shows that from the beginning his mind had a legal bent. Young Strong, it seems purloined a piece of cake from the table spread for some festival occasion. No one discovered it until the family and guests were seated at the table, and then nothing was said. When everyone had gone and the father was alone with the youthful epicure he said to him, "Don't you know, my son, that in taking that cake, you broke one of God's commandments?" "Question 82," responded the boy, who had his catechism at his tongue's end. "Is any man able perfectly to keep the commandments of God? Answer 82. No mere man since the fall is able in this life perfectly to keep the commandments of God, but doth daily break them in thought, word, and deed." It is not recorded what the reverend father said, but it must be admitted that the boy won his first case.—Boston Transcript.

New York's River Tunnel.

There is a big hole under North River. Some day it will be a tunnel connecting New York city and Hoboken. No work has been done for four years, but the owners of the hole are now trying to raise money in London to complete their tunnel before a bridge can be built over North River. Only 1,230 feet remain to connect the two holes bored from either shore, each of which is now full of water. This water has simply soaked through since work was abandoned on the death of the principal backer. So far $3,000,000 has been poured into the hole and only $500,000 will be required to complete it.

Among the Charcoal-Burners.

Charcoal-burners in the pine woods of southern Jersey, Deleware, and other points south, follow a romantic and monotonous life. At the best the business is a dirty, smutty one, and it is difficult to distingush a white man from an African. Both work in the camps, watching the fires by night, and hunting game in the daytime. The work is carried on in summer and winter, and during the latter season the bright fires are rather pleasant sights. They illuminate the dark forests, and keep the cold out by their intense heat. The burners cook their sweet potatoes and wild game and fish on the hot coals, and dine sumptuously every day. Half-a-dozen or more may belong to one camp, and they while away the time in hunting, singing, and card-playing. The colored men invariably have their banjoes in camp, and to stumble upon one of the companies on a dark night impresses one strangely. The flickering light, rollicking, dancing crowds around it, and the twang of the banjo, are not calculated to quiet your apprehensions unless the true character of the camp is known beforehand.

In this business of burning charcoal the capitalist has not yet entered. There are no trusts or corporations. The work is conducted chiefly by individuals, many of them poor. The woods are free, and with an axe and a box of matches any one can start a charcoal camp in the South. Most of them can get their living in hunting and fishing, and the actual cost of board is reduced to tobacco, and a suit of old clothes occasionally. Every week or two a traveling Methodist preacher appears in the woods, and conducts service in the camp. This is a day when all of the members of the camp wash and spruce up as much as possible, for they welcome all strangers and give a hearty reception to the minister. It is doubtful if the preacher receives more attention in any part of his long route. Strangers visiting the woods are always invited to the rude feasts of the charcoal-burners and despite their black-looking faces, they have white hearts and accommodating ways. They visit the town or city only when the stock of tobacco is exhausted, or when they drive to the railroad station to dispose of their finished product.—Country Gentleman.

To Quiet a Horse.

When a horse becomes frightened, demoralized or otherwise rattled about something he encounters, a good way to quiet him down is simply to talk to him in a good tone of voice. If a horse gets frightened at something he sees in the road, stop him at once and give him a formal introduction to it, telling him in the meantime how very foolish he is to let such a little thing disturb him. Nothing can be worse than to whip a horse when he is frightened. He doesn't get frightened because he wants to. It is only because he has seen or heard something that he is not familiar with. After he once gets thoroughly acquainted with the object of his uneasiness, it will never frighten him again.—Minnesota Horseman.

St. Petersburg's Wonderful Clock.

At St. Petersburg a remarkable astronomical clock or timekeeper is reported to be on exhibition. It is furnished with ninety-five dials, which indicate the hour at thirty different points of the globe, the movement of the earth around the sun, the phases of the moon, the signs of the zodiac, the crossing of the meridian of fifty stars and the orthodox Gregorian, Mussulman and Hebrew calendars. The mechanism is so complicated that when taken to pieces for transport to St. Petersburg it required nearly two years to put it together again.

Identification By Thumb Prints.

As a means of identifying criminals with certainty it is proposed to take impressions of their thumb-prints in wax, after the fashion of Mark Twain's hero Pudd'nhead Wilson. Mr. F. Galton, who has written a book on the subject says that the chances of two men making the same thumb-prints are less than one in 60,000,000.—New York World.

Jean Bungaitz, the animal painter, is experimenting with the training of dogs to do hospital or "Red Cross" service in time of war.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Every coward is somebody's hero.

Eternity is the infinite expansion of time.

The world cannot frown away a soul smile.

Death is the open hand to large opportunities.

A lazy man loses heart every time he looks at the clock.

Remember that the top side of a cloud is always bright.

Love is the only thing that more than pays for all it gets.

If we know how to aim, the bigger the giant the better the mark.

The world owes no man a living who is not willing to work for it.

The man who looks through cobwebs will see spiders everywhere.

The man gains nothing who loses his character and saves his money.

For every fault we see in others we have two of our own which we overlook.

Some shepherds seem to forget that sheep never stand on their hind legs to eat.

Give some people the power to move mountains, and how quick they would spoil the country for everybody else.

Cold hands are said to be the sign of a warm heart. We do not think that way about frost-bitten branches. The blood that does not reach the finger tips is congealed at its source. The warmer the blood the more rapid is the flow.—Ram's Horn.

Smuggling.

It is curious to see how many good people engage in smuggling with an ease of conscience that is astonishing. Good church members would feel that they were unredeemed indeed and willful "partners in the fall" if they took a small red apple from the fruit stand. They wrestle mightily with a temptation to use a postage stamp from a friend's desk when a guest in the house and given the freedom of the desk for correspondence. They might use costly stationery ad libitum and split a gold pen without a qualm of conscience; but where is the man or woman of every-day respectability who would fail to produce two copper cents and offer it on the shrine of conscience for using a postage stamp? Yet these same good folk tender-souled in other matters, will smuggle with alacrity, and cheat, and lie, and swindle Uncle Sam with a smiling light heartedness that is inexplicable.

As every one of the steamers approaches her wharf the passengers appear, one by one, before the officers of the United States government to ask and answer questions concerning the contents of their trunks. The questions are simple, the amount of goods allowed by law not altogether niggardly, yet hundreds and thousands of people lie with the greatest facility, conceal costly dutiable purchases and openly bribe the customs officers.

"None of the big people who come home let those horrid officers go through their trunks and tumble up their things. Just give any one of them $10 and you can have your trunk sent up to your hotel untouched, and you need not wait for it, either."

This frank statement on the part of a traveler is an example of the attitude often taken. But there are still some people who recognize the old-fashioned principle that a law is a law, that to evade it is criminal, and "slip a bill into a customs officer's hand" is corruption of one's self and bribery of the man.—Boston Transcript.

A Playground on the Roof.

A novel feature of a new public-school building is to be a playground on the roof. This playground, which will contain 10,000 square feet of space, which is equal to four city lots, will only add a cost of $4,000 to a building the total cost of which is $200,000. The roof garden will be protected by a wall on the south, east and west sides. On one side the view will be unobstructed, as it will be covered only by a wire netting. An indoor playground on the first floor of the same building will have a floor of asphalt. The fifth floor of the school will have a gymnasium, a kitchen equipped with all conveniences for teaching cooking, and a manual training school.—New York Post.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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EDITORIAL.

The Industrial School should not only be the pride of Montevallo, but the entire county should see that it is kept in her borders. We appeal to the people of Bibb, and Chilton, also, to lend us their aid.

If we all do our duty by the 1st of next October, we will see the Industrial School with 200 pupils, in full operation on the hill.

The great State of Alabama will never let her institutions fall through. If we only start it right, we need have no fears for its future. The Trustees are right. Let us not touch a dollar of the appropriation until the school opens.

It is a settled fact that the Industrial school cannot be moved, but if we cannot come up to the requirements of the trustees we do not want it. We can and we will so our sister towns who think they will fall heir to it may as well give up such delusions.

We have no stones to throw at the trustees in their endeavor to do the best they can for the Industrial school. This is to be a great and grand institution and they feel keenly the responsibilities resting upon them to see that it has the proper start. They may rest assured however that we will come up to their requirements to the letter and we even want to do more and will if we can.

When the board located the school at Montevallo they made it a fixture, and it is beyond their power to recall it. They, like we, want the school to be a success and exact of us the needed buildings and improvements so as not to use any of the funds appropriated by the state. This is a reasonable way of looking at the question and they can rest assured the citizens of Montevallo will go more than half way to meet them in their efforts to make the institution a grand success.

Boston has taken the first step in imitation of the Greater New York movement by seeking to extend its post office jurisdiction and authority to embrace no less than nineteen suburbs, containing, with the Hub, more than a million inhabitants.

Out of total revenues of $300,000 000 Germany spends $118,000,000 for army and navy; England $180,000,000 out of $488,000,000, and France $174, 000,000 out of $670,000,000. Dr. Mendes, who gives these figures, estimates the annual military expense of the United States as $80,000,000, but this omits $140,000,000 for military pensions. When these are included our total military expenses are greater than those of any other country, with the possible exception of Russia.

New York City sportsmen have introduced jack rabbits from Australia on the farms of Long Island. Farmers there are much alarmed, as the rabbits are increasing very fast, and promise to become the worst kind of a pest. It is not surprising, to the American Cultivator, that the farmers are asking the authorities to interfere. The rabbit breeds several times a year, and if unchecked, the produce of a few will soon become numerous enough to devour everything, as has been the fact in Australia. The rabbits are especially destructive to garden vegetables, which are largely grown on Long Island.

Mrs. Ellen C. Johnson, the Superintendent of the Reformatory Prison for Women at Sherborn, Mass., owes much of her remarkable success in the work to a certain rule of hers. She says: "I have made it a rule ever since I came to the prison to know none of the women's histories. Of course a clerk keeps a record for the Government, but I do not see it nor do I allow any one to ask for what the inmates are confined. Sometimes the women tell their stories to me, but I do not encourage it unless I can help them in some definite way. I want them to feel that as soon as they enter these doors the curtain falls on their past life, with all its short comings, and here begins a new one."

HER SUMMER OUTING.

She didn't seem just happy here
In the old farm house with her ma an' me,
So we fixed her off an' she went down thar
To stay a while by the sea.

She writ about the big hotels,
An' the yachts, an' steamers, an' sailin' boats;
An' about gals in their splendid togs, an' men
In trousers of white an' striped coats.

She'd tell us of the sea with the sun a-risin',
An' the sea with the sun goin' down;
An' of evenin' walks along the beach
When the stars an' moon was shinin' roun'.

Tom, he couldn't help a frownin'
An' a-shakin' his head at this,
But then he'd say, "She's enjoyin' herself,
Bless me! but—oh, yes, she must miss——"

Wal, here's what she says in her last—
"Look fer me home to-night on the cars.
I'll be just in time to drive home the cows
Under the light of our blessed stars;
The folks down here are stylish, but—
Tell Tom to be at the bars."
—Detroit Free Press.

MR. MILLDUE'S REAPPEARANCE.

PETER MILLDUE so conscientiously followed the example of the lilies of the field, the lotus-eaters, and other Bohemians, in taking no care for anything, that he greatly resembled a scarecrow.

Mr. Milldue lived alone. When he told the elderly, garrulous woman who cooked his meals that she might take a holiday, as he was going away for a week, he surprised her to speechlessness.

"Cone in on Wednesday morning," were his last words.

The Wednesday arrived. Mrs. Murphy was later than usual. The wheezy old clock in the kitchen struck 10 as she dished the eggs and bacon. But as Mr. Milldue never rose until his breakfast was ready, she carried the meal upstairs and knocked at the chamber door.

"Come in," said a voice.

Mr. Milldue's chamber was occupied by a clean-shaven, dapper gentleman, smartly dressed, and not in the least like the Shingleton "character."

"I beg pardon, sir. I thought Mr. Milldue was here."

"So he is," coolly replied the unknown. "I am Mr. Milldue."

The tray full of crocks struck the floor heavily. Mrs. Murphy did not stay to pick up the fragments. She tumbled down the stairs, banged the front door behind her, and rushed bareheaded to the police station.

"What's the matter?" asked Inspector Bolter, who chanced to be on duty.

The inspector went back with her himself. It was necessary to knock; Mrs. Murphy had left her latchkey in the kitchen. The door was opened by the dapper gentleman who had caused so much alarm.

"That's him," said the Irish woman, in a loud whisper.

"Hold your tongue. I want to see Mr. Milldue," the inspector added.

The unknown reddened. "I—I'm Mr. Milldue," he stammered.

"So you're Mr. Milldue, are you?" the inspector continued. "I wouldn't have believed it if you hadn't told me." He produced a notebook. "Think I'd better take your answer down. What do you say your name is?"

"Peter Milldue. Surely you know me, Mr. Bolter?"

"No, I don't; I never say you before that I'm aware of. Where do you live?"

"Here. I've lived here nearly ten years."

"That'll do, young man. You're in custody. You can pitch that tale to somebody else."

"What are you going to charge me with?"

"Being on Mr. Milldue's premises for an unlawful purpose."

"It's absurd! Look here. Now that silly woman, who couldn't keep a secret to save her life, is gone. I'll——"

The man in custody stopped, as if he had suddenly changed his mind. Thrusting his hand into his breast pocket he produced a sheaf of letters and a banker's passbook. "These will satisfy you," he said.

Inspector Bolter examined them. All the envelopes were addressed to "Peter Milldue, Esq." He opened the passbook. "Peter Milldue" stared him in the face.

"They're good evidence that you have robbed Mr. Milldue, and they'll be produced in court."

"In court!" cried the prisoner, in alarm. "Give me my letters!"

"They are not yours." The inspector put them in his pocket.

The return of Mrs. Murphy with a constable put an end to the conversation. The inspector ordered the officer to take the prisoner to the police station.

"It's a queer case," muttered the inspector, "see if there is anything missing."

They sought him high and low—in the attic, the cellar, the water butt, in every conceivable place. Acting on Mrs. Murphy's suggestion the inspector examined the back garden for traces of a newly-made grave.

"It's as plain as the nose on my face that he's been murdered and done away with," she said, and scrutinized the washhouse copper and stock of coals.

When convinced that Lombard villa did not contain Mr. Milldue, dead or alive, the inspector locked the doors, put the keys in his pocket and called on the neighbors. He learned nothing, except that the missing man would not be missed if he never returned, which was scarcely news.

Inspector Bolter returned to the police station.

"Rum go this, sir," said the sergeant in charge.

"What's that?"

"This chap as says he's old Milldue, sir. When he isn't crying in the cell like a baby, he's vowing awful vengeance on us all."

The Shingleton police court was crowded. Mrs. Murphy had told everybody she knew that Mr. Milldue had been murdered. Mr. Bompas, J. P., had heard the news and was almost punctual.

"Call the man who says he's Milldue," said the magistrate's clerk.

The next moment the prisoner stood in the dock. He did not look the worse for the brief confinement. His black hair was smooth, his attire unwrinkled. Asked his name, he replied as before:

"Peter Milldue."

"Ridiculous!" cried the magistrate. "The height of absurdity. Don't ask him any more questions. Inspector, what do you know about him?"

Mr. Bolter told the story of the arrest, adding: "I apply for a remand, your worship. Letters were found on the prisoner addressed to Mr. Milldue by a lady. I have not yet communicated with her. I propose to do so to-day."

"I forbid you!" shouted the prisoner, shaking his fist at the inspector in great excitement. "I won't allow you to communicate with Miss Tapley in any way!"

Here, in the newspaper reports of the case, the word "sensation" was interpolated.

"The inspector will do his duty," said the magistrate. "You are remanded for three days."

Now, only a few years back Shingleton had consisted of three fishermen's huts and a coast guard station. It was a brand new town, and the disappearance of Mr. Milldue was its first mystery. Naturally it reveled in it.

Meanwhile Inspector Bolter took the first train to Bamford-super-Mare, with Mr. Milldue's corespondence in his pocket. He found the writer of the letters without difficulty. Miss Tapley proved to be a good-looking, dignified lady of 30 or thereabouts. She admitted the correspondence at once.

"Mr. Milldue is missing," said the inspector.

"He has probably gone to London. He told me he would go yesterday," she said.

"Humph!" Inspector Bolter took a letter from his pocket-book. "Do you recognize this?"

"Yes. It is an authority I gave Mr. Milldue to receive the money and securities mentioned therein on my behalf."

"This letter—this authority," continued the police officer, impressively, "was taken from a man, a stranger in Shingleton, whom I arrested in Milldue's house. He declared he was Milldue himself. There is no doubt in my mind that he was aware Milldue was going to receive this money, and that accounts for Milldue's mysterious disappearance. He wouldn't go to London without this paper?"

"No. He was going entirely on my account—to obtain some money. Do you supect that he has been—that something has happened to him?" Miss Tapley seemed in great distress.

"I knew Mr. Milldue very well when I was a child, twenty years ago. I have lost sight of him until about a week since. He had learned that I am entitled to a large sum of money, and that I was being advertised for, and he came over to seek me. He stayed here a week. He returned to Shingleton the day before yesterday."

Two hours later Inspector Bolter conducted Miss Tapley to the prisoner's cell door and removed the cover of the spying hole.

"Gracious; what an escape!" she whispered. The police officer took her aside.

"I thought you would know him," he said. "In fact, I was sure of it. Now we have a clue to Mr. Milldue's disappearance. Who is he?"

"Mr. Milldue himself."

"Oh, nonsense!"

"Well, he is the man who came to Bamford as Mr. Milldue. As I said, I had not seen him for twenty years. If he is not my uncle's old friend, my escape is most fortunate."

"What do you mean?"

"He—he asked me to marry him, undertaking to get this money if I would do so. I understand there are difficulties and expenses. I felt very grateful, and—and I consented."

Inspector Bolter looked the picture of a puzzled officer.

Recovering, however, he dispatched Miss Tapley to London to the solicitors who were supposed to have advertised for her. It was necessary to know whether the story told by the mysterious stranger were true or a fabrication. Then he wired to the country town for the assistance of a couple of detectives.

They came. They searched Lombard villa by way of a start, but discovered nothing of importance.

The almost fruitless search ended. Inspector Bolter took his assistants to the prisoner's cell, in the hope that they would recognize him.

"Thought you said he was a young fellow?" said the first to look through the spying hole.

"So he is," whispered the inspector, applying his eye. He started back instantly as pale as a corpse.

"I am a ruined man!" he gasped. The next moment he had the door unlocked and stood within the cell.

The prisoner had changed to an old man almost bald. The few hairs remaining were white. He was asleep, with his head bowed over the table. On the floor lay a wig.

"What do you mean by this, Mr. Milldue?" he cried, furiously.

"What do you mean by it?" was the rejoinder, after an astonished pause. "Didn't I get black in the face telling you I was myself and nobody else? D'ye think I was going to let all Shingleton know why I chose to make myself look young and smart again? Thanks to your stupidity, the folks will know, I suppose; but if you've done me out of a wife and $50,000 into the bargain you'll be sorry for it as long as ever you live!"

No time was lost in getting the Shingleton "character" outside the Shingleton police court. As he left the building a telegram was handed to the downcast prime mover. He tore open the envelope:

"From Tapley, London, to Bolter, police station, Shingleton. Money all right."

"That settles it!" exclaimed the unfortunate inspector. "I'll have to clear out of Shingleton."

And he did.

The marriage of Mr. Milldue to Miss Tapley was announced shortly afterward.—London Answers.

A LADY ELGIN SURVIVOR.

He Is Living the Life of a Hermit in Wisconsin.

On the north end of Mud Lake, one of the tributaries of Lake Chetek, and a short distance from the village of Chetek, there lives quite a historic being, one whose mode of living is somewhat peculiar, Hi Palmer, one of the survivors of the Lady Elgin disaster in Lake Michigan is the name of the antique individual. For twenty-five years the Hermit of the Lake, as the villagers call him, has made this lonely place his home. Living in a one-story log hut built by himself twenty-five years ago, with one window and one door, a home-made bedstead and a bench for chairs, he lives the life of a hermit, fishing in the summer and hunting in the winter.

When he visits Chetek he is dressed in blue drilling overalls reaching only to his knees; his vest is one of his own make, as well as the moccasins which he wears. He has the face and figure of "Uncle Sam." His neck is covered with a bushy growth of whiskers, and a goatee, silvery white, grows straight out from a well-rounded and characteristic chin. Whenever he pays Chetek a visit the children all treat him with much respect. The younger generation look upon him as a supernatural being. When speaking of the loss of the Lady Elgin his eyes fill with tears and his voice falls to a low monotone. His description of the shrieks of the drowning and frenzied seamen and helpless officers brings tears to the eyes of the listener.

He was saved by the aid of a life-preserver, and after floating for hours he was picked up by a searching party, void of all clothing and about dead. He remembered nothing until after he awoke in a Milwaukee hospital. Palmer cares very little for his fellow beings, and much less for the gentler sex. It is said that poverty is not the cause for his mode of living, but that in his younger days the girl he loved jilted him, and since he has had an intense hatred for females. Since living in this lonely place he has never visited any other place except Chetek, and never in his life did he ride on a railroad train.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Gelsoline a New Fabric.

Referring to "gelsoline," the new fabric or material prepared from the fiber of the bark of the mulberry tree without the intervention of the silk worm, a technical journal remarks upon the singular fact of there being three absolutely distinct fibers procurable from or peculiar to that tree. Thus, in addition to the ordinary silk, a strong and thick fiber for certain purposes is obtained by killing the silk worm and drawing the thread out of its inside; in the preparation of the gelsoline the bark is retted and the fiber treated after the manner of flax, and after purification with soap and soda is ready for the weaving shed—some works in Italy, as appears, already producing thousands of yards of the woven fabric for upholstery purposes. This new material is said to be ten times as strong as middling Orleans cotton and is obtainable at one-tenth the price of flax; being perfectly round, the fiber insures a close fabric.

Was Onto Clams.

In North Carolina the judges of the Superior Courts "rotate," i. e., ride each circuit of the whole State in regular succession. When Judge Shipp, of one of the mountain circuits, in regular rotation came to ride a circuit on the sea coast, he was much pleased with clams which were new to him. He had a clam supper, with the result that he had a most violent illness, and could not hold court for two or three days. When able to sit on the bench, the first case tried was an affray in which one man used a pistol and the other knocked him down with a clam (in the shell). Manly, appearing for the State, introduced a witness to prove that one clam, so used, was a deadly weapon. "Stop there, Manly," said the judge, earnestly; "the court will hear evidence whether or not a pistol is a deadly weapon, but the court knows without further evidence that a clam is."

Technical.

Mrs. Figg—Dear me! You never come into the house without making an attack on that dish of doughnuts.

Tommy—Yes, maw; a home run doesn't count unless a feller hits the plate, you know.—Indianapolis Journal.

O.

Editor—Why do you say Blinks left a large circle of friends? He hasn't a friend on earth!

Spacer—Well, a circle means just that, doesn't it?—New York World.

Some people imagine that as soon as they get married, they must kiss in public.

No woman should give way to grief; let her keep her hair frizzled, and everything may come around all right.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy AND WE Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 77 B'ham & Selma: .Lv 8:45 am
No. 60 North .....Lv 11:11 am
No. 61 South .....Lv 4:12 pm
No 60 Selma & B'ham...Lv 4:40 pm

No 67 makes close connection at Anniston fo r Atlanta and Washington.

No. 61 makes close connection at Selma and Meridian for New Orleans.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Six Mile and its surrounding neighborhood boasts of more pretty girls than any section we know of. Among the visitors from there last week was Miss Ruby Langston, whose beauty would grace the court of a king.

Mr. J. T. Self and his son John left for the Atlanta Exposition last Monday.

Cotton fell with a sickening thud last Saturday. It looks like it is going still lower. We fear we will see no more eight and a half cent cotton this season.

A large and enthusiastic meeting was held at the office of J. M. Reynolds, Esq., Monday night, to discuss the school question. An executive committee, consisting of H. C. Reynolds, W. S. Cary and E. S. Lyman, was appointed, with full powers to act in any way necessary for the advancement of the cause. The task imposed on us looked large, but all expressed themselves as believing it could be successfully carried out. Committees will be appointed by the executive committee, and everything goes to work. We wish to be able long before the 1st of January to report to the board that we are ready for work.

Judge French Nabor had his well cleaned out Monday. It being very deep and dangerous, he had all parties represented at the cleaning. One Democrat, one Populite and one Republican. He put the Populite in the well, which is about 150 feet deep. The Judge is not a very good judge of water, but his family had been complaining for some time that it was not pure. It had not been cleaned out since the days of Edmond King. Here is what came to the top: 18 well-buckets, 2 shotguns, 4 andirons, 3 skillets, 7 chairs, 4 pistols, 6 churns, 115 dippers, 27 pitchers, 42 old hats, 16 pocket-knives, 15 flasks (empty), 4 ladies' hats, 16 bonnets, 2 lanterns, 1 mattrass, 3 quilts, 125 marbles, 14 tops, 20 sling-shots, 12 canteens, 3 churn-dashers, 1 wagon wheel and a dozen pitchforks.

Dr. Claughton and his handsome wife are comfortably quartered in their new home.

Hurrah for Atlanta!

The Exposition is a great show.

The "Mystic Maze" is a mystery.

The Scenic Railway is "out of sight."

Bill will know a wax figure the next time he sees one.

The local press of Birmingham treated the Association royally.

It will pay you to visit the Exposition.

Don't get uneasy about the Industrial School.

A good rain would be appreciated just now.

"Bill" says he paid ten cents to ride a "camel" five minutes in Atlanta. "He thought it was a camel."

The display of fireworks at Atlanta was just simply grand.

Alabama ought to afford a much better exhibit than she has. The building is nice enough, but some of the exhibits are very poor, indeed.

We learn that Mrs. S. A. Carleton is very sick.

The "Liberty Bell" graces the Pennsylvania building at the Exposition.

The Chicago Liberty Bell is no baby, by any means.

The Pullman sleepers and palace dining cars on exhibition at Atlanta are said to be the finest in the world.

Miss Bettie Dill has returned home after a long and pleasant visit to friends and relatives at Bridgeton, Ala.

The County Convention of the Y. P. S. C. E. will be held in Calera today. President Fred. S. Ball will be there, and we hope Montevallo will be well represented. Our society is not doing the work that it should do. Let all the members attend the meetings in the future. We are sure they will be benefited.

The many friends of Mr. and Mrs. I. I. Williams, who recently moved to Selma, will be glad to know that their baby, who has been dangerously ill with diphtheria, is rapidly recovering.

There were services at the Methodist and Episcopal churches Sunday.

Mr. Charles Killough, one of our old boys, but now of Alpine, was in the city Sunday.

We saw a squash at Atlanta which weighed three hundred pounds. How's that for high?

Major Strong is again able to resume his position as postmaster.

You won't enjoy the Exposition unless you put up at the "Victoria Hotel," 30 Pryor street.

Bishop says he would feel bad over the report that he was in the "lock-up," if anybody but Sam Allen had told it.

Messrs. H. C. Reynolds, E. S. Lyman and W. S. Cary visited Montgomery on business last week.

Mr. William Lyman visited Birmingham last week.

We hear of a great deal of sickness in the country now.

The time is near at hand for 'possum hunters to swap lies.

Mr. H. Fox spent Sunday and Monday in Selma.

Mr. and Mrs. J. L. McCanoughy went up to Birmingham Monday evening, returning Tuesday morning.

"Bishop" is busily engaged in taking up a subscription to send his brother editor to a reformatory school where he will be forced to tell the truth occasionally.

It is said that Sam Allen saw more at the Exposition than anybody who has visited that great show. You must remember that Sam has a "good memory."

When you visit Atlanta be sure to stop at the Victoria Hotel. It is one of the nicest hotels in the city, and we know from experience that everybody stopping at that popular hotel will be satisfied.

Bill says you needn't tell him that New York is larger than Atlanta for he knows it is not. Says he can't see how they can fight a "sham battle" without killing somebody.

Miss Bessie Allen spent several days with Miss Joana Farrington, near Brierfield this week.

Mrs. Etta Woodard of Knoxville, Tenn., is visiting friends and relatives in our city.

Mrs. S. A, Curry, returned from Birmingham last Wednesday where she was called to the bedside of her daughter, Miss Nannie. The many friends of Miss Nannie will be glad to know that she is recovering and will soon be able to return home.

Mrs. A. E. Davis accompanied by her two little daughters and her son, "Moses" are visiting friends and relatives in Birmingham this week.

Mrs. Augusta Wilson and Mrs. D. McMath are visiting friends and relatives in Birmingham.

J. Sistrunk, of Columbus, Ga., was in the city a few days since.

Mr. John Wilson spent a day or so in the city last week.

Burr Nabors, Jr., left for Auburn last week where he will attend school. Boys nre getting scarce in our town.

Died, at Bismark, Ala., last Friday little Fannie Thompson, infant daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Thompson.

Messrs. Booker Hill and Ed Holcomb, of Calera, passed through our city Sunday. Somebody had better look out.

Miss Elva Gunn, the accomplished little daughter of Dr. Gunn, of Calera, is visiting Miss Annie Finley of our town.

Several of Montevallo's citizens were in the Exchange Hotel at Montgomery, when the boilers exploded tearing out the entire back part of the building. However, none of them were hurt and escaped with only a "scare."

Wiley Trott is again behind the bars in the Jefferson county jail at Birmingham. He was captured at Natchitoches Parish in Louisiana by Deputy Marshal B. D. Loper, of Natchitoches Parish, La., and brought to Birmingham Monday morning. The News readers are all familiar with Trott's crimes.

WHISKY AND PISTOL AT CALERA.

News reaches us of a difficulty in Calera last Saturday night. It seems that one Thos. Hill was drunk and disorderly, when John Pilgreen, city marshal, went in to arrest him. When Mr. Pilgreen approached Mr. Hill it is stated that Hill drew a knife and was going to carve the marshal up, when Cliff Pilgreen, a son of the marshal, drew his pistol and shot Hill, inflicting a flesh wound in his thigh. Mayor Oliver came in and at the point of a revolver quieted the gentlemen down. The Pilgreens and Hills are closely related. We should feel proud that we live in a prohibition town where whisky can't be sold. May the day never come when our town will be the scene of drunken brawls A drunken man is a rare thing on the streets of Montevallo, and we trust that this shall ever be the case.

A FIRE.

Monday night while Mr. Thomas Cashatt was unloading a load of cane by lamp light, the lamp which was inside the crib was accidentally knocked over, and exploded setting fire to the crib which together with all of his corn was destroyed. This is indeed a sad accident and Mr. Cashatt has the sympathy of all in his loss. A years work gone in a few minutes.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bismarck, Ala., Oct. 21, 1895.

Business is improving down here.

The Southern railway has put an extra man in the office and has made this place a general freight office. There are five or six coal trains a day from Blocton and Bessemer. The Southern will put in some more tracks here.

There is a protracted meeting in progress here. Rev. T. B. Disen, of Blocton, preached a powerful sermon here yesterday. We hope that much good will be accomplished.

Mr. L. P. Paro, master of trains, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Thomas Evans, road master, was in the city yesterday and located a place to build a depot and a general waiting room. That is what we want and will get it right away.

Mr. W. F. Aldrich, of Aldrich, Ala., was in the city a few minutes yesterday.

Some of our boys are getting things fixed to go to Atlanta to see the big show. We must get some one to take charge of them when they reach Atlanta to keep them straight. We don't know but what they will want to buy the great show when they see

Much success to the News.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.

According to a call of the governor the board of trustees for the Girl's Industrial school met in Montgomery last Thursday and continued in session two days. It had been rumored for some time that an attempt would be made to reconsider the question of location and give it to some other place. We were represented by Messrs. H. C. Reynolds, W. S. Cary and E. S. Lyman who vigorously opposed it. The first reason assigned for change of location was that Montevallo had failed to come up to promises. Our representatives enquired in what particular. They were informed that we had promised $3,000 in money which had not been paid in. This was denied by us and soon clearly proven that at no time had we ever promised over $1,000 and we had even altered that in our second or supplemental offer in which we agreed to build a forty room dormitory in lieu of the money. After the executive committee together with the president, Miss Tutwiler had inspected the grounds they informed us that they would prefer that we put the money that we calculated such a building would cost in with the state's money and erect a nice and modern building. This we heartily agreed to and they left us with that understanding. We tried in vain all the summer to get the board called together and made trip after trip to different trustees urging on them the importance of action but all to no avail. Finally the executive committee, through their chairman, Colonel Wadsworth sent out a circular letter asking that permission from the other members of the board be granted them to go on with the buildings, etc., as had been contemplated while at Montevallo. Very few replies were received to this and as a last resort the governor said he might as well call the board together and settle the question one way or the other.

So the board assembled, and after being convinced that Montevallo had not in any particular failed in her promises, the objection was raised that we had over valued our property. To this our committee answered that such a question was merely a difference of opinion. We claimed we had not and that we were better acquainted with the values than they. Finally the attorney general was consulted—who gave it as his opinion that the board had no authority or right to change the location. The proposition was then made us to put nine thousand dollars worth of improvements on the school grounds, so as to arrange for 150 girls, and they would agree that we keep the school, and they would co-operate heartily with us in getting appropriations to run it. We were given until January 1st to accept or reject this proposition.

This is the way the matter now stands. The question therefore confronts us: Can we afford to give up the school? We, of course, cannot enter into a contest to prevent its being moved. If we cannot fulfill the requirements of the board then it is our duty as good citizens and well-wishers of the school to give it to some place that can. We assert and contend, however, that we are able to put up the necessary buildings and make the needed improvements on the old building, and if we and each of us put a shoulder to the wheel it will be done. Of course it looks like a Herculean task after we have raised so much money and property already, but the prize to be won is worth the labor.

Let every man be up and doing for this will be THE school of the state,

A STREET DUEL AT UNIONTOWN.

On Monday morning a shooting affray took place between City Marshal Robert Britton and V. G. Metzzer, a merchant of Uniontown, in which Britton received four pistol balls, and is fatally wounded. Metzzer was shot in the head, but will recover. The difficulty arose from some trivial affair.

"ONLY A LITTLE PUMPKIN."

Miss Minnie Lucas of Pea Ridge, showed us a pumpkin this week which was forty inches long and thirty-seven inches in diameter. We saw pumpkins on exhibition at Atlanta that were not near as large as this. Miss Lucas should send it to Atlanta and let people see what can be raised on Pea Ridge, and let them make "pumpkin pie" for a hundred or so of hungry visitors.

PREAMBLE.

Believing that study is the foundation of every strong fortress of the memory and that the mind, like the tender cypress, will form a more beautiful trellis if it is gently trained, and that the thoughts will bear more wholesome fruit if cultivated with regularity, and that in unity there is strength,

We, a board of Montevallo ladies, do hereby organize ourselves into a society whose aim shall be progressive intellectuality, and we do adopt for our guidance the following:

CONSTITUTION.

ARTICLE I—NAME.

This organization is to be known as The Studiosis.

ARTICLE II—OFFICERS.

The officers of this society shall consist of a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer, and leader. The officers shall be elected by ballot and continue in office one year. The leader for each meeting shall be appointed by the president.

ALTICLE III—YEAR.

The literary year shall commence the first of October and continue till the last of May.

ARTICLE IV—DUTY OF PRESIDENT.

It shall be the duty of the president to preside over the meetings, appoint committees, map out the course of study (with the assistance of any committee she may appoint), appoint the leader for each meeting and call to order the meetings promptly at the appointed hour.

ARTICLE V—DUTY OF SECRETARY AND TREASURER.

It shall be the duty of the secretary to keep a faithful record of the business transactions of each meeting, and read the same at the following meeting. Her report shall also embody the literary programme. Her book must show at all times an exact enrollment, the date of each membership, and the name and date and cause of each withdrawal. The treasurer shall keep a record of all receipts, of all donations of whatever character, whether financial or literary, and make her report monthly.

ARTICLE VI—DUTY OF LEADER.

The leader shall make out the programme for the meeting which she is appointed to lead, assign the work and be responsible for the literary tenor of this meeting. She must assign the work at least two weeks before the meeting which she is to lead.

ARTICLE VII—DUTY OF MEMBERS.

Each member of the society is expected to keep abreast of the times, to enhance the value of literature in as far as she is capable, to do any work that is assigned to her unless necessarily prevented from so doing, to attend all meetings when it is possible, and to further the interests of the society at all times' She shall make an honest effort to inform herself thoroughly on the topics of each meeting. In case she is unable to do any work assigned her, she shall either appoint a substitute or ask the leader to do so.

ARTICLE VII—MEETINGS.

The meetings shall be held every week, Friday afternoon, at 3 o'clock. The hostess can invite any member of her household to be present. Refreshments are to be served not oftener than twice per year and not at all if the members so elect.

ARTICLE IX—NEW MEMBERS.

The membership shall not exceed twenty-five. When a member desires to propose a new name for membership, she must first ascertain privately the opinion of each member of the society regarding the proposed member. The name of the proposed member shall remain before the society for two meetings, and at the second meeting shall be proposed. She shall be elected provided she receives not more than one negative.

ARTICLE X—QUORUM.

Five members shall constitute a quorum for business transactions.

ARTIBLE XI—ASSESSMENTS.

No assessments shall be made unless approved by a quorum.

ARTICLE XII—ELECTING OFFICERS.

The officers shall be elected by ballot at the first fall meeting.

ARTICLE XII.

Any amendment to be made shall be prepared in writing and receive a two-thirds vote before it is adopted.

Respectfully submitted,
Mrs. J. L. McConaugey, Pres't.

THE STUDIOSIS.

The above is the name of the new literary society formed by the ladies of our town. The meeting last Friday was, we learn, very interesting. The preamble and constitution which we publish in another column was adopted. Miss Hattie Lyman was appointed to prepare a programme and lead the next meeting. The society will meet with Miss Pauline Acker next Friday afternoon.

GREAT IS ATLANTA.

Cotton States and International Exposition, Atlanta, Ga., opens September 18, and closes December 31, 1895. The Southern railway will sell tickets from Montevallo, Ala., at the following rates for the round trip, viz: $4.10 good to return within seven days from date sold. $6.00 good to return within fifteen days from date sold. $8.20 good for return passage until January 7, 1896. Information in regard to rates, tickets and schedule cheerfully furnished by any representative or agent of the Southern.

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of **Fall and Winter Hats** and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO. ALA.

ATLANTA EXPOSITION.

It would be foolish as well as useless for us to even attempt to describe the wonders of the Exposition. They are of such an order that they have to be seen to be appreciated. Suffice to say we have seen no one who regrets the time or money spent in seeing this, the greatest Exposition ever had on this side of the Ohio river. One could profitably spend a day in each of the buildings and still not see it all.

The Alabama building, though located in one of the prettiest spots on the grounds, is not what we would like to see it. Its exhibits are mostly minerals from in and around Birmingham. It is in our opinion the poorest of all the State buildings. The annex of this building is quite interesting to those who have never seen a coal mine in operation.

Just across from this building is a modest little structure full of interest to all patriotic people. It contains relics of the Confederate war, and is in charge of a daughter of the late Gen. E. K. Smith.

Next in point of interest comes the Government building, which has about the same exhibits shown at Chicago, and would require some time to thoroughly inspect.

The Woman's building is said by many to be even on a grander scale than at the World's Fair.

On to the Agricultural, Mineral, Forestry, Machinery, Manufacturers and others, each one in itself being larger than some of our State fairs.

After several days spent in the exposition proper, you are then ready to take in the "Midway Plaisance." This is simply a collection of side shows, some bad, others worse. While a few are well worth the price of admission. The Mystic Maze, Scenic Railway, Shooting the Chutes, German Village and a few others are quite good.

The Electric launches which are continually gliding over the lovely twin lakes are well patronized.

It is on this lake that the paraphernalia of the fireworks, which takes place every Wednesday and Saturday night, is situated. It represents one of the naval battles in the late war between China and Japan, and is one of the grandest things connected with the exposition. The fire display alone costs five thousand dollars each night.

After a few days pleasantly and profitably spent at the exposition, the Press Association, one hundred and twelve strong, left for their respective homes, hoping that the succeeding pleasure trips which they expect to take shall be as pleasant as this.

The thanks of the entire crowd are due the mayors of Birmingham and Atlanta and the commercial club for their kindness and courtesy while in their respective towns.

Guardian's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree made by the Hon. Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the county of Shelby, State of Alabama, I will proceed to sell in front of the postoffice, in the town of Montevallo, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1875, between the legal hours of sale, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of Mary Jane Eddings, a now compos mentis, to-wit: A one-tenth undivided interest in that certain tract of land situated near Cataba River, in said county and State, and known as the Thos: A. Harper place.

Terms cash

NEWTON EDDINGS, Guardian.

tf

Murder in Knoxville, Tenn.

Tom Breene, a Southern railway mechanic, was shot and killed at Knoxville, Tenn., Wednesday night by Charles Rich. Breene, having loaded up with "red eye," went with a friend to a baudy house, where he quarreled with Emma Clark, the proprietress. The woman went out and hunted up Rich, whose mistress she was, and was returning with him when they met Breene and his friend on the sidewalk. Breene brushed against the woman as he passed, whereupon Rich shot him through the heart. Rich appeared at the police station Thursday morning and gave himself up. He has engaged eminent counsel, and will plead that he did not fire the fatal shot. Emma Clark is held as an accessory.

What It Cost Him.

The lawyer who represented Louis Stern, of New York, during the legal proceedings growing out of his alleged insult to Baron von Thuengen, deputy commissioner of the Spa at Kissengen, and his subsequent sentence to pay a fine of 600 marks and undergo two weeks' imprisonment, says that Mr. Stern will not go to prison, but will forfeit his bail, 80,000 marks (about $19,000), and that he will not again be able to visit Germany.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

—You can get—

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly

ADVERTISER

An eight-page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!

The Fireside!!

The Store!!!

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St

Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,

30 South Pryor St.,

ATLANTA, - GA.

A Book for Women.

To assist modest, afflicted women in the successful treatment of diseases peculiar to their sex, a book has been prepared under the direction of Rev. R. L. McElree, assisted by eminent physicians and specialists, entitled Home Treatment of Female Diseases.

The book is written in simple language, easily understood, and contains:

1st.—A description of the female organism.

2d.—Instructions for detecting the approach of the menstrual age, and for treatment during the monthly period, and to insure its regular return.

3rd.—A minute description of diseases affecting the genital, urinary and menstrual organs of women, giving their cause, symptoms and treatment.

A paper edition of this great book has been prepared, copies of which can be secured for six cents in postage. Write, Rev. R. L. McElree. St. Elmo. Tenn.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY. }

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{ SEAL } A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Chicago, Ill.

From personal knowledge, having used it myself and in my family, and from the enthusiastic commendation of numerous customers, I have no hesitancy in pronouncing Tetterine to be unmeasurably superior to any remedy known to me for skin diseases, and I have tried all the well known ones. I write this, the only testimonial I have ever given to a remedy, because I am deeply impressed with the extraordinary merits of Tetterine. C. H. McConnell, Mngr. Economical Drug Co., 126 Clark St. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Do not be Misled

by statements regarding the supposed curative qualities of tonics, nervines, cod-liver oil and iron compounds. Little permanent good results from their use. The greatest good comes by increasing the digestive power. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will do that. In simple indigestion it will give comfort at once; in chronic dyspepsia it will give quick relief, and, with a little perseverance, bring a permanent cure. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Keeps Men Poor.

The clerk might be "boss" if he had the head for it. The brains are there, but they don't seem to work. The trouble usually begins in the stomach. Indigestion keeps men poor because they don't know they have it, but imagine something else. Ripans Tabules insure sound digestion and a clear head. They regulate the entire system. Ask the druggist for a box

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Why You Should Use Hindercorns.

It takes out the corns, and then you have comfort, surely a good exchange. 15c. at druggists.

I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—MRS. E. C. MOULTON, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, 1894.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Money Spent in Parker's Ginger Tonic is well invested. It subdues pain, and brings better digestion, better strength and health.

Health

Built on the solid foundation of pure, healthy blood is real and lasting. With rich red blood you will have no sickness.

When you allow your blood to become thin, depleted, robbed of the little red corpuscles which indicate its quality, you will become tired, worn out, lose your appetite and strength, and disease will soon have you in its grasp.

Purify, vitalize and enrich your blood, and keep it pure by taking

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye. $1. All druggists.

Hood's Pills cure habitual constipation. Price 25c. per box.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is unquestionably a most valuable FOOD in the sick room, where either little one or adult needs delicate, nourishing diet!!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carle & Sons, New York.

If your wife is over-worked,

Do all you can to lighten her household cares.
Begin to-morrow by sending home a package of

Heckers' Buckwheat.

It means for her a half hour more sleep in the morning. A buckwheat breakfast can be prepared in a moment you know.

ITCHING PILES MYERS' Solid Extract Witch Hazel cures them. 25c. and 50c. pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Tiffin, O.

AM. N. U. No. 43, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS

FARM AND GARDEN

CORN FOR GROWING ANIMALS.

Corn is not a wholesome food for young, growing animals, especially colts. It should not be fed exclusive to calves or pigs at the time when they are making bone or muscle, or to work horses.—New York World.

CAUSE AND CURE OF BLOODY MILK.

This disease is due either to derangement of the action of the liver, or in some cows is the result of abnormal action of the milk glands. Some cows suffer from it in consequence of overfeeding, by which an inflammatory condition of the udder is produced, thus exciting the action of the milk glands, which, on account of the udder being overcharged with blood, secrete some of this blood, which mixes with the milk. This blood would otherwise be milk, for milk is a direct product of the blood, and if the udder were in a normal condition the blood would be changed into milk by the healthful action of the glands. Sometimes the liver is so disordered by overfeeding of rich food that the blood is not sufficiently purified and in this case the impurity of the blood escapes through the milk, instead of, as at other times, through the kidneys, when the disease would appear as red water. At times this fault in the secretory function is constitutional, and a heifer may always give bloody milk, and may continue to do so, thus being useless in the dairy. That this kind of milk is wholly abnormal is shown by the fact that calves will not drink it. The treatment should be by laxative and cooling medicine, such as epsom salts, given in half-pound doses daily for a few days, after which the system will probably be relieved of the undue strain on the secretory organs, and the milk be all right.—New York Times.

THE FARMHOUSE AS A BOARDING HOUSE.

I was reading an article not long since, said Mrs. H. A. Whitman before the Androscoggin (Me.) Pomona Grange, upon "Farmers should provide separate cottages for their hired men," which, I think, deserves more than a passing thought. The writer said: "Do merchants generally board their clerks? Do manufacturers usually impose upon their wives and daughters the necessity of furnishing meals and beds for their begrimed and sweaty laborers from forge and loom, of serving them at table with their food and sharing their company at the fireside! Why should the wives and daughters of farmers be expected to do this? And so long as such a burden is laid upon them, is it strange that farmers' sons rebel against their lot and seek the city, and farmers' daughters set their caps for clerks, mechanics, tailors, speculators—anybody but their schoolmates?

"The introduction of hired men into the household destroys the family relation. The farmhouse becomes a boarding house, in which the husband is steward, the wife cook and the workmen boarders. The employed becomes the served, and the employers servants. No well-bred woman can tolerate such a condition of things unless her ambition is crushed."

There is many a woman in the land who has cooked tons of food for "the hired men," who, while her husband has grown well-to-do and been elected Justice of the Peace and gone to the Legislature, has become thin and furrowed with drudgery, bent to a furious and never-ending rotation of scrubbing, baking, stewing for the hired men.

This wretched community system has prevailed long enough in America, to the amazement of foreigners and the disgust of our own people. It is high time that every farmer with a particle of personal sensibility or independence, or with any respect for the rights of his companion, should adopt a better way.

THE VALUE OF STRAW.

The abundance and cheapness of straw do not justify its waste, for some good, profitable use may be found for all of it, writes J. M. Stahl. If fed in connection with cottonseed or linseed meal, malt sprouts, bran, etc., which are rich in the elements in which it is deficient, it has a fair feeding value. The potential feeding velue of oat straw equals that of sixty-five per cent. and wheat straw fifty-five per cent. of its weight of average meadow hay. But to make the potential feeding value of straw near actual it must be cut, moistened and mixed with such feeds, rich in protein, as are enumerated above. Cattle fed on straw alone, or nearly so, cannot pay anything for the straw, for it is so deficient in the muscle formers that an animal cannot digest enough straw alone to grow any, or even to hold its own. However, if fed as just stated with such feeds as will make a well-balanced ration, straw has an actual feeding value far too great to justify the waste of any of it.

If it is not possible to feed all the straw to good advantage, it has a value for bedding and for shelters that makes it unjustifiable to waste it. As straw is a very poor conductor of heat, it is well adapted for these purposes. As litter it has the additional good quality of being an excellent absorbent. By using straw liberally for bedding one may reduce the discomfort of animals in poor shelters and avoid the waste of liquid excrement, while giving the animals a comfortable bed upon which to rest. Warm, comfortable shelters can be made out of straw; and, while they are not so durable and handsome as those made of wood, they are within the financial reach of many that cannot well build expensive shelters. Likely the most profitable use to which straw can be put is to form a comfortable shelter for farm animals that otherwise would be exposed to the severities of the winter. Finally, rotted straw has a fertilizer value that makes it highly profitable to save it carefully.—American Agriculturist.

SCIENCE IN FARMING.

Frank W. Hawley, one of the gentlemen interested in the Niagara Electric Power Company, and a scientific farmer, has a model place near Rochester, N. Y. Writing on the subject of the farmer of the future, he says:

The new era for the farmer has just begun. In no domain of human activity lies greater scope for genius than in agriculture. No other calling is so conducive to health, longevity, and happiness. Science lays discoveries at the farmer's feet and implores their use. For him the chemist toils in his laboratory. For him the botanist gleans the fields. For him the inventor has simplified labor and enlightened toil. For him scholars and experts employed by the Government are ever at work at State and National experiment stations to solve the problems of the soil. The broad-minded agriculturist who avails himself of these researches and discoveries is a man to be envied. We may yet attain the art of making malleable glass, and under such protection acres may be devoted to the growth of vegetables and semi-tropical fruits for our local markets. Rapid transit and improved refrigerator cars will enlarge the territory to be supplied. The broad belts of the temperate zones extending round the world will be explored in search of new varieties of grain, trees, flowers, and shrubs for our use. The laws of animal breeding and heredity will be better understood and our domestic stock be greatly improved. America will possess the finest cattle in the world, and the States fitted for cattle raising and dairying will vie with one another for the leadership.

The electric age will materially improve the condition of the agriculturist. I look for the day when each farmer will own an electric equipment to furnish power for his creamery, for grinding food, for pumping water, for lighting his house, and for heating his greenhouse and other buildings. Electric roads will pass his door, affording quick transit for himself and his produce to the nearest market town. His horses will labor on the farm while he journeys on the highway in a wagon propelled by a storage battery. The subtle energy can be made to serve him in a thousand ways and perform innumerable tasks. By its kindly aid the hitherto overworked farmer may become largely a gentleman of leisure. Then we shall expect much of him. Then will he have liberty to assume that political importance to which he is justly entitled. The successful farmer should be the coming man, and future legislation must look closely to his interests. It is a notable fact that many of our best and ablest men have exhibited a strong predilection for rural life. Webster delighted to retire to Marshfield; the the name of Jefferson recalls Monticello; Jackson reminds us of Hermitage; Clay is associated with his beloved Ashland; Mount Vernon has been rendered classic ground as the abode of the Father of his Country. With the advance of this new era, from our rural homes, beautified by nature and adorned by art, saving influences will come in the future to guide and guard the future of the Republic.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Boiled turnips are excellent for the hens.

The average farm horse suffers more from poor care than he does from hard work.

Cut out and burn the dead canes from among the raspberries and blackberries.

Save the ears from the largest and earliest maturing corn plants for next year's seed.

The farmers who have held on to their breeding cattle are about to reap their reward.

A good crop of strawberries next year depends largely on stirring the soil now and keeping the weeds down.

The balky horse can often be cured of this trick by any simple device which may distract his attention for the moment, thereby causing him to forget his whim.

Once in the morning is often enough to water house plants, and let the water be about the temperature of the room. Setting pots in dishes of water is not a good plan, as the roots become saturated and have a tendency to rot. All water should be applied at the surface.

Buckwheat can come after another crop very well without extra fertilizing. It is an excellent crop to sow on land where oats, barley or corn have been destroyed by bad weather. Such land seeded to buckwheat right away will help the owner out of his difficulty and save him from the entire loss of his crop.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

GOSSIP.

The bayonet was invented by a woman, in 1323.

Women letter-carriers may be seen in parts of France.

Queen Wilhelmina, of Holland, has a large collection of dolls.

Books on social etiquette continue to multiply year by year.

Women act as stationmasters on some of the Austrian railways.

Many society women are quoted as suffering from tea intemperance.

Governesses able to cycle will soon be in demand in Paris, such is the rage for cycling among girls.

Several of the New York hospitals have been presented with ambulances by Mrs. Frederick Vanderbilt.

At the age of fourteen years Anna Dickinson, the lecturer, was a contributor to leading periodicals.

Mrs. Temple, wife of the Bishop of London, acts as his private secretary. She is an expert shorthand writer.

A Vermont man cured his wife of the new woman fad by clothing every on the premises with a pair of bloomers.

Americans are the only women in the world who do not by their dress indicate whether they are married or single.

Yachting is the only form of athletics in which the Princess of Wales indulges. She disproves of bicycling for women.

Mrs. Richard King, one of the largest land owners in this country, holds title to an entire Congressional District in Texas.

Mrs. Cleveland rarely fails to attend the regular church services and is scrupulously exact in being present on all special days.

One result of the Tory victory in the British elections is the loss of strength in the Commons by the advocates of woman's suffrage.

Queen Victoria saves her dining-room carpet at Balmoral by covering the space around the table with strips of drugget that will wash.

Queen Victoria is a great tea drinker, and is so particular about her favorite beverage that, when away from home, she always makes it herself.

Mrs. Thomas C. Platt, wife of the political leader, and owner of a successful orange grove in Florida, is the inventor of an improved packing case for oranges.

The Police Commissioners of New York City have issued an order declaring that women who ride a horse astride in the public parks shall not be interfered with.

A famous tiger huntress is the Baroness Marie Ede von Ameline, who killed with her own hand the four beasts whose claws she invariably wears around her neck.

Mrs. Peter White, who had charge of the Irish village at the World's Fair, agreed to read a paper on the progress of Irish industry for women at the Atlanta Exposition.

Fraulein Von Gotze, daughter of the General commanding the Seventh Prussian Army Corps, has been decorated for saving a servant girl from drowning at the risk of her own life.

There are twenty-two ladies acting as certified sanitary inspectors in England, and it is noticeable that the districts they control are in better order than others in which men do the inspecting.

Queen Victoria is said to attribute her general good health to the fact that she has never been a victim of insomnia. She always eats a light supper before retiring, and sleeps soundly for seven hours.

It will surprise many people to learn that Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of "Curfew Must Not Ring To-Night," is only forty-five years of age. She wrote the poem that made her famous when only sixteen years old.

Seven hundred and eleven female missionaries are at work in India. During the last two years these visited 40,513 heathen families, and instructed 62,415 heathen girls in the different mission schools.

An English lady—Mrs. Plumtre—has just finished a dictionary for the blind at Braille. It has been a great undertaking and has occupied her nearly two and a half years, working at it four, five and often six hours a day.

Tulare, Cal., boasts of a woman engineer who has charge of the great engine in one of the largest lumber mills near there. She is not obliged to call upon a man when the machine is out of order, as she is fully able to repair it herself.

FASHION NOTES.

Mohair and alpaca are regaining their former popularity.

Dull jet in spangles and beads is used with crape trimmings.

It is announced that the headgear of the New York girl will be enormous this winter.

Moreen is finding increasing favor with fashionable dressmakers and tailors as a skirt lining.

Nearly all the hats are overladen with trimming, giving their wearers a topheavy appearance.

Little stools and tables are made of highly finished wood, the tops and legs painted in landscapes or floral pattern.

Numbers of little narrow ruffles set over the tops of the sleeves and over the shoulders of thin dresses are pretty and becoming.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

At all times garters have been considered very important details of woman's dress, and always associated in some manner with matrimony. Down through half a dozen centuries comes to us the custom practiced to-day of having the garters as a finishing touch to a bride's toilet. The particular girl friend who is permitted to slip them into place is conceded to stand the best possible chance of wedding happily before twelve months are out. A prospect of near and blissful matrimony is also shared by the friend who secures the privilege of making a bride's garters, the proper pattern for which is now a circle of white silk elastic covered with embroidered white satin and clasped by a small gold buckle enamelled in white bow knots. The garters of Marie Antoinette were pretty pink silk bands elaborately embroidered on the upper half in tiny jewels and gold thread. In an American family are preserved the bridal garters of a titled English ancestress. These are of white silk, nearly two inches broad, and decorated with round buttons made of seed pearls, from which suspend pearl cords and tassels two inches long.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

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Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

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Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
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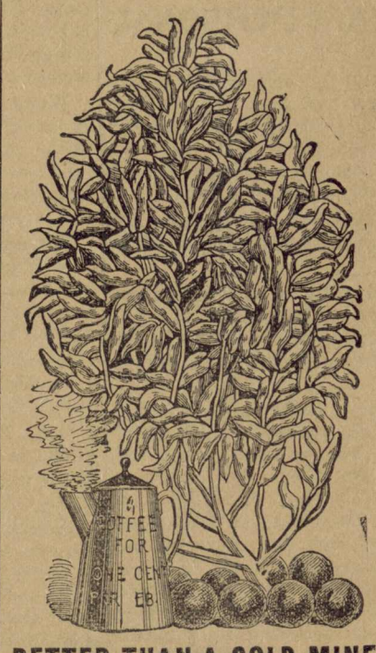
SPECTACLES.—If you wear them, or need them, or have trouble with your eyes, apply for my Treatise on the Eye, Test Sheets and Catalog, sent free. F. E. GREENE, Optician, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

Terrapin Farming.

A deed of Cornfield Harbor, one of the best known estates of Southern Maryland, owned by Col. S. I. Wailes, from Mrs. M. E. Davison to N. S. Ackerly, of Long Island, has been filed for record in the office of the Clerk of Land Records of St. Mary's County. This property consists of about forty acres of upland and seven acres of oyster creeks. The property is situated about a mile and a half from Point Lookout, and has a frontage of about three and a half miles on the Potomac River. In one of the creeks, especially, known as Potter's creek, it is said, as fine oysters as any in the world can be grown. Mr. Ackerly has taken a great interest in the artificial cultivation of oysters. He has been quietly experimenting with a view to determining the value of these oyster lands, if properly cultivated.

On the property is a large fresh-water pond, which has been connected with the creek by a canal, so that the pond may be made salt, for the cultivation of diamond-back terrapin, which, when complete, good judges think will be about the best and largest of its kind in the country.—Baltimore American.

COLE'S NEW DOMESTIC
COFFEE BERRY.



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Special wholesale prices to farmers and merchants, who clear over 600 per cent. selling this wonderful seed during winter months.

A HORSE OWNER ought to think enough of his animal to wish to be able to care for it properly in health and sickness. It is money out of his pocket if he does not. To accomplish this result we offer our One Hundred Page Illustrated Horse Book for 25 cents. It teaches you to pick out a good Horse; know imperfections and so guard against fraud; detect disease and effect a cure when same is possible; tell the age by the teeth; what to call the different parts of the animal; how to shoe a Horse properly, etc., etc.

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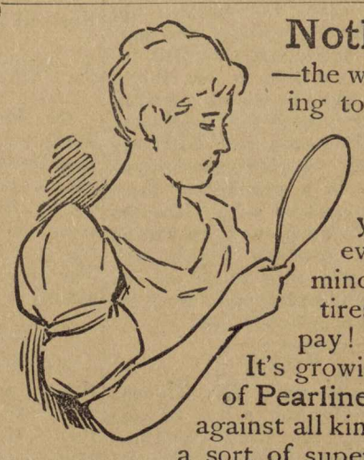

Nothing to complain of

—the woman who uses Pearline. Nothing to complain of in the washing and cleaning line, anyway. And certainly the proprietors of Pearline can't complain. If you only knew how many women, every day, are making up their minds that the old, wearing, tearing, tiresome way of washing doesn't pay!

It's growing bigger than ever—the success of Pearline; though it has to fight not only against all kinds of poor imitations, but against a sort of superstition that anything which can save so much labor must be harmful in some way.

Beware Peddlers and some unscrupulous grocers will tell you, "this is as good as" or "the same as Pearline." IT'S FALSE—Pearline is never peddled; if your grocer sends you an imitation, be honest—send it back. 290 JAMES PYLE, New York.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., OCTOBER 31, 1895. NO. 32.

Too Late.

What silences we keep year after year,
With those who are most near to us and dear!
We live beside each other day by day,
And speak of myriad things, but seldom say
The full, sweet word that lies just in our reach,
Beneath the commonplace of common speech.

Then out of sight and out of reach they go—
Those close, familiar friends who loved us so;
And sitting in the shadows they have left,
Alone with lonliness, and sore bereft,
We think with vain regret of some fond word,
That once we might have said, and they have heard.

For weak and poor, the love that we expressed,
Now seems beside the sad, sweet, unexpressed,
And slight the deeds we did to those undone,
And small the service spent, to treasure won,
And undeserved the praise for word or deed,
That should have overflowed the simple need.

This is the cruel fault of life—to be
Full visioned only when the ministry
Of death has been fulfilled, and in the place
Of some dear presence, is but an empty space,
What recollected services can then
Give consolation for the "might have been?"

—Norah Perry.

OUR COUNTRY COUSIN.

This is how it all happened: My two sisters, the fashionable Misses Seymour, toward the end of a certain summer having been the round of all the old summer resorts and tiring of the last one, suddenly remembered that somewhere in the rural districts in the interior of the State they possessed some cousins of more or less nearness or distance.

As a last resort, in order to overcome the ennui that was gradually taking possession of them, they decided to settle down upon these cousins for the remaining days of the late summer and the heated period of the autumn.

With them to decide was to act, so with almost unfashionable alacrity—and my sisters were sticklers for fashion, too—letters were despatched to the suddenly remembered cousins and the answer to them awaited with breathless impatience.

They came at last, bearing the most cordial invitation for my sisters to follow their inclinations and come up into the country at their earliest convenience.

To say that my sisters jumped at the chance would be wholly misleading; my sisters never jumped at anything; they were entirely too elegant for that.

But with surprising haste they answered, informing their hostesses when they would arrive, and then on the heels of the letters swept up into the country, bag, bandbox and baggage.

Letters told us how they found the cousins, a charming widow and her daughter, with a fine old place, and, what blessed it, real country hospitality. The widow was set down as a person who had seen something of life and the daughter was voted nice, though a trifle old fashioned.

As father and I were very busy in town that summer we did not join the ladies in the country, but merely took a week's fishing at one of our favorite haunts and went right back to work again, so it was not until early October, when the girls came back to town, brown as berries and full of the pleasures of their trip, that I received a regular detailed description of my cousin Harriet and her daughter Alice.

And from the description I gathered that the young lady was a person who would do very well—for the country.

Indeed, my sisters gave me very plainly to understand that our cousin, Alice Seymour, would not shine under the city's lamps.

In a few days after their return there was nothing new to tell either of their trip or of their entertainers and I heard no more of my country cousins until one day in early winter, when the female portion of the household was thrown into sudden consternation by the arrival of a letter from Mrs. Harriet Seymour, in which she informed my sisters and their maternal parent that she would like to have her daughter spend a month in town with them.

There were sundry other remarks of a pleasant and personal nature in the letter, but they were hardly noticed in the all obscuring importance of the desire expressed.

Sister Florence came to me with indignation written in every feature.

"To think," she exclaimed, "Cousin Alice wants to come here!"

"Well, why shouldn't she?" I asked.

"Why shouldn't she?" echoed Florence. "Why, it simply can't be done."

"Why not?"

My sister did not deign to answer me, but swept away in great indignation.

It was Caroline next who expressed to me how awful the idea was, I expressed my entire inability to see its awfulness, and was told by my sister that men didn't understand these things at all.

"I understand, I think," said I, "that you accept the hospitality of people whose kindness you are unwilling to return," and Caroline left me in disgust.

Then mother whispered to me confidentially that she couldn't see how she was going to avoid having that girl come, and was entirely amazed when I asked why she should wish to avoid it.

"Why, it would never do in the world, Hubert," said my mother. "I love the girl as well as any one can, but you know that the country and city are so different."

"Is my cousin a lady?" I asked.

"To be sure," said my mother, "but"——

"Is she an idiot?"

"Why, certainly not, but"——

"Can she tell a train of cars from a hansom?"

"Hubert!"

"Well, then, I can't see why it's going to be such a terrible thing to bring her to the city."

My mother left me with the parting assurance that men never could appreciate such difficulties.

But, after studying it, they could find no way but to allow the girl to come, and come she did.

The girls wanted to send a servant to meet her, but I insisted on going myself, so Florence went with me.

I could hardly believe that the dainty little lady in the gray traveling suit, who answered my sister's greeting with a quiet smile, was the objectionable country cousin. She was a lady all over from her charming hat to her pretty little walking boots.

She was so pretty that as I looked at my sister I began to understand the point of objection which the coming of my cousin had raised.

Now, while I do not believe in love at first sight, I must confess that a strange fancy for this quiet little girl took immediate possession of me, and as the days passed it grew. What else could be expected of any obstinate young fellow, anyway, when his mother and sister opposed him?

So I found myself loving Alice Seymour. But in this I was not alone; several other young fellows seemed to share my feelings, and it made me uneasy.

Her manners were so perfect, and yet she said and did much quaint and unstudied things that a man couldn't help being attracted to her. She was not conventional, but she possessed a natural dignity that was greater than convention could give. As Beverly Bridges said, she was one of nature's noblewomen.

Confound the fellow, he always had the trick of turning a neat phrase.

Well, like a blind man, I went on seeing nothing about me, until one day I came upon my little cousin looking very dolorous. She was alone in the parlor, and she looked as if she had been weeping.

I was all up in arms in a moment to know who had offended her, but she hesitated a long time before she told me falteringly that she had grown to believe that my sisters did not want her there, and that she was going home.

Somehow I steeled myself to say: "I do not want you here, either."

She raised her tear stained face to me—I had forgotten to tell you that she was freckled—just about a dozen bewitching ones placed where they would do the most good. I saw surprise in her look, but before she could speak I kissed her and whispered: "Let us make a little home of our own, dearest, and"—

Oh, pshaw, a fellow can't tell about these things, you know, but she was willing, and I was happy.

When my sisters were informed they acted very well, kissed us and feigned a great deal of enthusiasm. I thought at first it was all pretended, and I never understood until later.

Both of my sisters are now married.—Chicago News.

A New Kind of Club.

The Broken Plate Club is a curious little association or brotherhood, with headquarters in a small village in the Department of the Nord, France. Several years ago a party of manufacturers and merchants were dining together when by chance a plate rolled from the table, fell into the fireplace and broke. Strangely enough, the number of pieces corresponded exactly with the number of diners. Upon this circumstance a society was formed to include only those then and there present and to terminate finally on the death of the last member. To each man was assigned a piece of the broken plate.

The men meet and dine each year, and though no deaths have occurred as yet in the little association, the unwritten law reads that when each member dies his piece shall be handed over to the president, who, one by one, shall fasten the fragments together. When every member save one has passed away, that man shall add his final bit to the plate, cementing it firmly in, and shall have it buried.—New York World.

A Timid Giraffe.

It is very curious how timid these creatures are about certain sounds. Noisy sounds, like a man walking by with hob nailed boots, it does not notice, but a lady coming in with hardly more sound than the mere rustling of her dress, makes it stare with pricked ears and eyes distended. We remember well after the terrible explosion of gunpowder on a barge on the neighboring canal, asking the keepers of the giraffes of that day how they had taken it, and he said he was surprised how very little notice they took at all. They jumped to their feet, but almost at once lay down again when they found nothing had happened. "But," he said, "if I was at night time to creep along that gallery in my sooks, they would be so scared that I believe they would dash themselves to bits." They fear the lurking foe, and a big bang scares them less than a faint, rustling sound. They are in that very deerlike.—Leisure Hour.

Not That Kind.

An English writer would abolish the honeymoon, insisting that it spoils many a promising marriage by wearying the young couple one of the other. There are not a few old couples left who would suggest an indefinite extention of the honeymoon rather than the abolition, having found that closer acquaintance opens up depths of affection undreamt of on the wedding journey. The subject recalls the reply of a homesick soldier to General Thomas. The General met the man's request for his second furlough in a single year with the remark that he himself hadn't been home in a year and a half. "That's all right for you, General," retorted the homesick man, "but me an' my wife ain't that kind.—Midland Monthly.

Too Much Civilization.

Civilization, says an exchange has demoralized the Samoans, They have taken a fancy for the large men-of-war's boats, for which they have discarded their canoes and in which they row about from village to village, discussing politics and neglecting their crops. To build the boats they have mortgaged their land, and instead of making an attempt to raise money to pay their creditors they spend their time playing cricket for stakes consisting of pigs or kegs of salt beef.

The Only Chance.

"Do you think," said Chappie, "that a gentleman ought to speak to his barber when he meets him on the street?"

"Certainly," said Briggs. "It is about the only chance he has to get a word in."—Indianapolis Journal.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

There are 109,000 flowering plants.

India oak, one of the hardest of woods, will sink in water.

An officer in the French army has invented a new bullet that is shaped like a goose quill.

The sparks that fly off when a piece of metal is ground on an emery wheel are due to the burning in air of minute particles of the metal.

Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson writes that in twenty-four hours the heart at its fastest beating can do work "equal to raising not less than 122 foot-tons—that is to say over five foot-tons an hour." A foot-ton is a ton raised one foot from the ground.

Electricity generated by the falls of the American River at Folsom, Cal., was recently turned on in Sacramento 24 miles away. Only street cars are furnished with power, but the electrical power will be extended to all kinds of industrial establishments and used for light and heat.

Experiments have shown that mild currents of electricity may have a beneficial effect on the growth of plants, but, of course, a heavy charge will kill a plant, just as lightning will kill a tree. Professor Dolbear says that this quality of the electric currents has been used to destroy weeds that grow by railroad tracks and on adjacent embankments.

The military workshop of Puteaux in France is turning out leather tires for the army cycles in place of India rubber ones, which are difficult to repair when they break down. Leather tires can be sewn without much trouble by the cyclist or a neighboring shoemaker. Moreover, they are lighter than rubber ones, and less apt to slip on wet pavement or asphalt.

The perfume of flowers is now incred by moistening them with an alcoholic solution of the corresponding essential oil or perfume, manufactured artificially. For fixing the coloring, which would otherwise prove fugacious, glycerine is employed. Flowers which have begun to fade can be freshened by dipping the stems in a weak solution and then adding a little essential oil.

How He Made Bells Ring.

Recently, at one of our large hotels, while a party were holding an argument on the subject of spiritualism, one young fellow expressed his belief that there was something in it, as he himself was a sort of a "medium."

"How a medium?" inquired one of the speakers.

"Why, replied the wag, "I can do a good many mysterious things; for instance, I can make a bell ring without touching it."

The other offered to wager that he couldn't. The wag persisted, and said that he would lay him five pounds he could make at least a dozen of th bells in the passage ring within two minutes, without leaving his seat.

"Done!" exclaimed the sceptic, and the money was staked.

The young fellow turned round on his seat, opened a closet door, and turned off the gas from the upper part of the building. In less than one minute half the bells in the passage began to ring violently, the persons above having suddenly lost their lights.

And so, of course, the money was fairly won.—Tit-Bits.

Big Business in Tarantulas.

According to a Passedena (Cal.) paper, the capturing and shipping of tarantulas may be classed as one of the industries of the Pacific coast. The business in this unique traffic resulted last year in the shipment from that place of over 20,000 tarantulas to meet the demand of the tourist traveler, and it is estimated that in the last five years 250,000 spiders have beed sold.

Reunited at Last.

"Darling!"

"My Life!"

After four years of estrangement they were clasped again in each other's arms.

There remained no obstacle.

The big sleeve was a thing of the past.

Armour & Co. are arranging for a machine with a killing capacity of 12,000 hogs a day.

Egg Hatching in Europe.

Among the fellahs of modern Egypt a process of incubation is in use which has been handed down from antiquity perhaps from the time of Diodoras who, forty years before the Christian era, said that the Egyptians brought eggs to maturity with their own hands and that the chickens thus hatched were not inferior to those hatched in the usual way. The process is described in Nature.

Ovens are built, consisting a chamber about 11 feet square and four feet high with a flat roof. Above this another chamber, nine feet high is built with a vaulted roof, having a small opening in the middle to admit light. Below, a larger opening communicates with the room underneath. In cold weather both rooms are kept closed and a lamp is left burning in each, entrance then being had through the lower chamber.

When the oven is ready the proprietor goes to the neighboring villages and collects eggs. They are placed on mats strewn with bran, in the lower chamber. Fires are then lighted in troughs along the sides of the upper room, the eggs being in two lines immediately below. The fires are lighted twice a day, the first dying out at noon, and the other burning from three to eight in the evening. The first batch of eggs is left for half a day in the warmest place and then it makes way for the next, until all have been warmed. This process is kept up for six days, when the eggs are examined carefully in a strong light. Those that are clear are cast aside. Those that are cloudy are put back in the oven for another four days. They are then removed for five days to another chamber where there are no fires, but the air is excluded. After this they are placed an inch or two apart and continually turned, this last stage taking six or seven days.

The eggs are examined constantly by being held against the upper eyelid to reveal if they are warmer than the human skin. The whole process lasts twenty-one days, but thin-shelled eggs often hatch in eighteen. The heat required is 86 Fahrenheit. Excessive heat is undesirable.—New York Sun.

Old Nursery Rhymes.

Although little Jack Horner has not yet reached man's estate he is nearly three hundred years old. The frog who was so unfortunate in his wooing first saw the light in 1650. "Pussy Cat, Pussy Cat, Where Have You Been?" dates from the reign of Queen Elizabeth. The author of "Cinderella," "Jack the Giant Killer," "Blue Beard" and Tom Thumb" was Charles Perrault, a Frenchman, and his stories were written in 1697. "Boys and Girls Come Out to Play" dates from Charles II. "Old Mother Hubbard," "Goosey, Goossey Gander," and "Old Mother Goose" were first published in the sixteenth century. "Humpty Dumpty" was a bold, bad baron who lived in the days of King John, and was tumbled from power. This history was put into a riddle, the answer to which is an egg. "The Babes in the Wood" was founded on an actual crime committed in the fifteenth century. An old house in Norfolk is still pointed out, upon a mantel shelf in which the entire history is carved.

How Far a Boy Walks.

A gentleman residing near Yonkers, experimented with his boy of nine years, who was out of school and in a community affording space and attractions for rambling. He purchased a pedometer—an instrument for measuring distances walked. This he managed to get into the little fellow's pocket, among the marbles, nails, knives and other bric-a-brac there collected. Its additional weight was not noticed for a few days, and in that time it did its work.

The first day the instrument registered nine and one-eighth miles, and the boy was at the table for every meal. The second day's record was ten and three-sevenths miles; the third, a rainy day, seven and one-half miles; the fourth, nine and one-half miles. The family were astonished at the result, and thereafter, when any one complained of a walk of a mile or two, no one pooh-poohed louder than Bob. And he wore out a pair of shoes a month without half trying.—New York Press.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

It is better to be trusted than to be loved.

It is out of the storm alone that true peace comes.

It is a fine thing in friendship to know when to be silent.

Duty, resignation, the approval of self, there is nothing else.

Everything is possible; but without labor and failure nothing is achievable.

Count not that labor an evil which helps to bring out the best elements of human nature.

The wind-tossed anemone is a word of God as real and true as the unbending oak beneath which it grows.

The only way to get at what is right is to do what seems right. Even if we mistake, there is no other way.

Thousands that are capable of great sacrifices are not yet capable of the little ones which are all that are required of them.

Perhaps the highest moral height a man can reach, and at the same time the most difficult of attainment, is the willingness to be nothing.

A real duty is always something right in itself. The duty a man makes his for the time, by supposing it to be a duty, may be something quite wrong in itself.

He who is faithful over a few things is a lord over cities. It does not matter whether you preach in Westminster Abbey or teach a ragged class so you be faithful.

To help the growth of a thought that struggles toward the light; to brush with gentle hand the earth stain from the white of one snowdrop. Such be my ambition.

The man who is able to look down and see that part of him capable of disappointment lying beneath him is far more blessed than he who rejoices in the fulfilment of his desires.

Love in an Ice Cave.

Henry Carter, the famous Mount Tacoma guide, has fallen in love under romantic circumstances, and will be married by the Rev. William M. Jeffries, the first preacher to deliver a sermon on top of the mountain the place where he fell in love, recently, with the thermometer registering 20 degrees below zero. He is to marry Cora Beachman, a school teacher, and the belle of Lake Park, a suburb of Tacoma.

Miss Beachman, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Groe of Eatonville, set out recently with Carter, the most trusted of all the mountain guides, to ascend Mount Tacoma. At Gibralter rock, which corresponds to the "shoulder" of the Matterhorn, 4,000 feet from the summit, Mrs. Groe became exhausted. Miss Beachman declared her intention to reach the summit at all hazards. Carter led the way, but soon lost his ice ax, and in scaling difficult passes they were compelled to rely solely on their alpenstocks. They did not reach the summit until 6 o'clock in the afternoon, too late to attempt to descend that night. They had left Paradise Valley, below the snow line, without wraps, and only a lemon and one sandwich each in the way of provisions. Carter selected a sheltering ice cave formed by jets of steam from the crater, and here they passed a sleepless night, discussing all sorts of topics, and before they left the summit at 9 o'clock the next day, Miss Beachman had promised to marry the guide.

The instant they left the steam of the cave their clothes were frozen stiff, and they suffered great hardships in descending. A rescue party organized during the day came to their relief late in the afternoon, after they had been without food over 24 hours.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Information on Sale.

Miss Fussey (hurrying into docto'rs office)—Doctor, look at this. Why are these wrinkles coming around my eyes?"

Doctor (busily(—Because you are getting old. Two dollars please.—New York Weekly.

Important tests of the armor of the new battleship Iowa show that the vessel could withstand the projectiles of the best twelve-inch gun carried by any warship.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

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S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

The Price of Cotton.

The farmers of the country now have the price of cotton practically in their own hands. It they will put it on the market slowly the price will advance. If they rush it in of course the spinners will place their own price on it and it will decline. If you owe a debt bring it at once to your merchant and ask him to hold it for you. He can use it as money and hold it for you until you see fit to sell. It can be insured at practically no cost to you and will serve as money to the merchant you owe and save your credit and his also. If you are out of debt hold your cotton. If you are in debt let your merchant hold it for you. Don't sell a bale at present prices. The crop is undoubtedly short and prices are bound to advance.

THE INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL QUESTION.

We are still confronted with the question whether or no the citizens of Montevallo and vicinity will come up to the requirements of the board of trustees and put up the needed buildings. We have no doubt each and every one who has already contributed to the cause feels that he has done his share or at least all that he is able to do. We must say, our people have all acted in a liberal manner, but we cannot afford now for the sake of saving a few hundred dollars to each man, to let such a grand institution as this is destined to be, slip from hands.

In correspondence with Mr. Robert Frazer, the president of Mississippi's industrial school, he says: "Columbus gave $50,000 in money and city property worth $50,000 to get this school located here, and the people now realize that they never made a better investment.

In a letter from Chappel Harris, the president of the Georgia school, He says: "There is no estimating the value of such a school to a town. Milledgeville was practically a dead town before the location of this school here, now property brings a 100 cent more than it ever did and finds ready buyers."

The industrial school in North Carolina is said to be one of the finest institution in the South. Alabama, with her varied resources, is destined to be one of the foremost States in the Union. She will never have but one State Industrial School. You may rest assured it will be well taken care of after it is firmly established. Shall we sit idly by in the face of these facts before us and for the paltry sum of a few thousand dollars, let some more enterprising town get the school. We do not believe the people of this community will allow it.

Harper's Weekly says: "Herreshoff" is a name with only a limited amount of Yankee twang to it, but the Herreshoffs have been New Englanders for more than a century, and are as fully entitled to rank as Yankees as if they were Adamses or Perrys. Charles Frederick Herreshoff came from Germany in 1790, and settled on a farm on Prudence Island in Narragansett Bay. Captain "Nat" Herreshoff, who was christened "Nathaniel Greene," is one of the nine children of Charles Frederick's son. It is of him that Mr. Ratsey, the British sailmaker who sailed on the Valkyrie, said: "Herreshoff is a genius, and has mastered it all. He is not only a naval architect and designer, but an engineer as well." Whether Captain Nat has "mastered it all," or whether the perfect ability to build yachts is the result of the combined knowledge and talent of all the available Herreshoff brothers, is a question of interest, but not of great importance so long as the yachts are built. Three of the brothers are blind, and the head of the business concern at Bristol is the eldest of them, John Brown Herreshoff. How the blind brothers bring their wits to bear on such a business as boat-building is a mystery to all seeing people, and continues to be almost as great a mystery after their methods of work have been explained.

SONG.

The song we never sung,
The pine-trees sigh in chorus;
The eyes our eyes must shun
Our hearts keep still before us,

The rose we gathered not
Blooms in the soul forever,
And hands ne'er joined in life
Death has no power to sever.
—Lilla Cabot Perry, in the Century.

MONTANA BILL.

It was evident that something of uncommon interest had been arranged for the meeting that evening at the headquarters of the Salvation Army in San Francisco. Throughout the large attending crowd the spirit of expectancy moved uneasily, but with muffled wings; its energy stirred not only by divers vagrant rumors on the street, but also by many flowers and foliage plants which hampered the stage.

After some preliminary religious exercises conducted by the brigadier, a man with a clean face, a clear eye and a coaxing voice, that gentleman made the following speech:

"You doubtless all read at the time of its publication a telegram from Butte, Mont., announcing the distressing experience of our brave little sister, Cadet Annie Smith, who was so great a favorite with us here before she was assigned to duty at Butte."

There was an amused twinkle in the brigadier's eyes, but in the audience there was a spreading titter.

"Well," resumed the brigadier, "our noble little sister, with the help of God, passed safely through the ordeal, as most of you are aware, but as it is a part of our plan to confess publicly our errors and shortcomings I will ask Cadet Smith to give you the true and full account of what happened to her at Butte."

A faint clapping of hands, a vociferous "God bless Cadet Smith!" here and there and a removal of some of the restraints which muffled the wings of the spirit of expectancy greeted the ascent to the platform of a small, lithe young figure arrayed in the sombre blue and quaint poke bonnet of the army. Her face was a glowing crimson as she faced the audience, but her eyes were bright and her glance was firm, and the vigor of a strong and sturdy soul lent a certain grace of freedom to her pose.

"After I had served several months selling War Crys in San Francisco," she began with a steady voice which had acquired that plaintive quality so common the hard workers in the cause, "I was sent to Butte, where there was a small corps of workers. They had become discouraged, and it was thought that my experience would help them a little. I didn't know that Butte was so different from San Francisco, and the members of the corps there didn't know it either, because they had never worked anywhere else. That is why they didn't tell me some things that I wish I had known more about.

"I started out the first day with about 200 War Crys. They looked surprised at the corps headquarters when I asked for so many, but I thought I could sell them.

"Of course, I went into the hardest part of the town, and after I had visited one or two saloons and failed to sell a copy, I went into another one. A good many men were gambling. I had never seen anything but card playing in San Francisco, but they had wheels of fortune and a great many other things to gamble with. Several men were drinking at the bar. I went among them all and asked them to buy the paper, but they simply stared at me in wonder. The games began to stop, and then a big, fine looking man with a broad-brimmed hat came up to me and said—and he said—he said: 'Hello, little Parson Sally, what do you want?' He said it just like that. He was so big and his voice was so deep—and –and he was so——"

"Out with it, Cadet!" cried a half dozen voices in the audience as the girl broke down, stammering and blushing.

"Handsome!" she added desperately, as though the saying of the word was a cross between martyrdom and the confession of a mortal sin. Great applause and laughter followed this declaration with an occasional "God bless Cadet Annie!" This so overwhelmed the girl that her lips trembled and tears sprang to her eyes and she cast a despairing, appealing glance toward one peculiar spot before her in the audience where she had not had the courage to look before. That single look was sufficient to rivet the bonds of decorum which had held a giant in restraint, and the uprising of a towering frame sent the brigadier's programme and discipline tumbling into chaos. The tall man approached and mounted the platform with the stride of a grenadier, while Cadet Annie gazed at him with a dismay which was still inefficient to quench the light of the stars that shone all the brighter in her eyes now that her cheeks had paled. Simultaneously a startled hush fell upon the audience, for although the familiar uniform of the Salvation Army sat upon the man's splendid frame, he was a stranger to all, and there was a commanding air about him that stilled all sounds.

He stalked to the girl's side and stood there facing the big crowd like a lion at bay in defence of his lair. And an uncommonly handsome man he was, with swarthy face, jet black wavy hair worn long, and formidable black mustache and imperial. These two made a strange picture as they stood side by side, she so small and seemingly so frail, he so tall and muscular and competent; she looking up at him, he ignoring her and sweeping the hall with a glance half of defiance, half of benignancy, and wholly of strength and mastery. When the man spoke his voice rolled forth in those rounded billows that in a rich diapason sing the mysteries of the deep.

"My friends," he said, "with God's help and the brigadier's consent"—which he never took the trouble to secure—"it seems too hard for this poor child to tell what happened to her in the gambling house at Butte that day. I was there when it happened and saw it all, and I will tell you the story. I can't bear to see her tortured as she has been this night. Cadet Annie Smith, take your seat."

He said that still without looking at her. With a glance at the brigadier which meant, "How can I help it when this big thing shoulders me away?" she slipped behind the rose-embanked parlor organ and the embowering foliage plants on the stage and was lost to view.

The brigadier sat watching the man with a peculiar expression which no one could have understood had any one thought to observe it, but the stranger so completely filled all eyes and so impressed his masterly personality on the consciousness of all who could see and hear that nothing else could be observed. The stranger resumed:

"I knowed the gambler that played it low down on this brave little Salvation Army lassie that day—knowed him well. He was a big, hulking dog that had skinned tenderfeet all the way between Puget Sound and Lake Michigan. He didn't know what it was to make an honest living. He just sailed through life laughing at everything and skinning tenderfeet.

"He was running a faro game in a Montana joint when somebody left the door open and this little girl drifted in. The fellows wasn't used to the way she went after 'em. She just waded right in and tackled 'em, and them blue eyes she carried in her head looked straight at 'em and through 'em, as much as to say 'I think you'd be a real decent fellow if you'd read the War Cry, quit gambling, quit drinking gin and have respect for good women.' That's what the fellows told me her eyes said to 'em.

"Then the big gambler she started to tell you about comes up and says to her: 'Hello, little Parson Sallie, what do you want?' 'I want to sell you a War Cry,' she says. 'A what?' says he. 'A War Cry,' says she; and her calm blue eyes looked him through and through. 'A War Cry?' says he; 'What's that?' and he knowed as well as she did what it was.

"After badgering her that way and not making her lose an inch of ground, he told her he'd make a proposition by which she might sell him all the War Crys she had. The poor little thing listened to him, and her eyes got bright, and she asked him what the proposition was. He had her sit down at a card table, and he took three cards—a king and two spot cards—and shuffled 'em on the table so that she could see the king while he was shuffling 'em, and then asked her if she could pick out the king as the three cards lay face down, along side one another on the table. She said of course she could. He says to her, 'Try it.' She done so, and of course she picked out the king.

"He says: 'That's smart, and I didn't think you could do it. Now, I'll tell you what I'll do; I'll shuffle the cards, and every time you pick out the king I'll buy two War Crys. Every time you pick out a spot card you are to give me a War Cry for nothing.' She agreed to that.

"The poor child did'nt know that she was gambling—didn't know that she was tackling the notorious Montana Bill in his particular specialty—didn't know that she had run up against the slickest three-card monte thrower in the whole Northwest.

"Well, you know what happened. Bill cleaned the poor child out of every War Cry she had and then laughed at her. I saw her as she sat there, and I saw how she looked when she began to realize that she had lost all her papers and didn't have a cent to show for 'em. I saw how white she got, and how she stared at Bill like he'd run a knife through her body; I saw how she got up and looked around at the laughing men, like a lamb cornered by a pack of wolves; I saw her try hard to keep down the tears, and then she says: 'Men, I will pray to God to lead you all into better lives.' And her voice was so choked up she couldn't say any more. Then she walked out slowly and cried all the way up the street.

The big man paused, for his own voice had become unaccountably thick and had lost much of its rich, deep swing and resonance. But he soon regained his self-possession, and then proceeded:

"Montana Bill was a hard case for sure, but he had a small streak of manhood somewhere under his thick skin. The boys in the joint all thought it was a great joke on the little girl, and they laughed and shouted till they almost cracked the roof. But Bill didn't laugh. He stood silent and glum, with his hands in his pockets, looking out through the door. Then he went out, saying he had a game awaiting for him at Ike's saloon, and he went slouching up the street. The further he got away from the joint the faster he walked, and then he done a sneaking thing—he looked back to see if any of the boys was following him. They wasn't, though, and then he let out them long legs of his for the liveliest walk he ever took in his life.

"He soon caught sight of her, and then he slowed up and followed. She was still crying, and people would stop and wonder what was the matter, and some of 'em laughed. Bill got on to that, and it riled him through and through. He slapped one fellow clean into the middle of the street, and went right on without a word. I heard afterward that several people that he knowed spoke to him, but he didn't see none of 'em, and kept right on.

"The girl went straight to the headquarters of the Salvation Army, and Bill followed her in. She went into a little office, where there didn't happen to be any body else, and sat down and put her head on the table, and cried like her heart was broke. For the first time in his life Montana Bill's nerve broke down. She looked so small and forlorn and miserable that if he hadn't been the man that done her up he'd a gone out and whipped the fellow that did. And when he knowed that he was that identical scoundrel, and that there wasn't anybody big enough and man enough to whip him, he felt just like a thoroughbred dog that had been caught sucking eggs.

"I want to say this for Bill. Bad as he was, he never meant to rob the girl. He was only having fun with her in the saloon, and he meant to give her back the papers, but it was the way she acted in the saloon that made him forget. It was the pity that she showed for him and the little prayer she said that made him lose his head. And that was the first time in his life that Montana Bill ever lost his head.

"And so; when he saw her crying out her heart in the little office, she not knowing that anybody was about, he didn't have the nerve to own up like a man. He just sneaked a $20 gold piece on to the table and tried to steal out like a thief. But she heard him, and saw the money and looked at him like he was a ghost, and sprung ahead of him and stopped him and stood there looking at him with a look he'd never seen in no mortal face in his life.

"'It was God who put it into your heart to follow me and bring that money,' she said to him, 'and as He has done that much, He has done more, and will keep on doing more, until that big manly heart in your body beats altogether for mankind and its Redeemer.'"

The giant paused. His narrative had been so simple and earnest that there were tears in many eyes. Perhaps it was these that sent his self-mastery astray, for when he essayed speech again he failed. Then he looked so foolish and helpless that a suppressed titter ran through the audience, and this made it all the worse for him.

At this juncture the brigadier stepped forth. A half merry, half whimsical expression lighted up his face as he gently pushed the giant into a platform seat facing the audience, and then said:

"And so it was too hard for the poor little girl to be made to tell before all these people what happened to her in the Butte saloon that day, and so a great, strong man, seeing how small and cruelly tortured she was, would come forward as her knight and protector. He would show the strength that lies in the heart of a giant. He——"

But the audience, having already caught the point, and seeing how foolish and childish the giant looked as he sat facing them with tears streaming down his cheeks, burst into great laughter and applause, with a "Hallelujah!" and a "God bless the big man!" now and then.

"This being the case," resumed the brigadier, "we may now proceed to the more interesting business of the evening. Cadet Annie Smith!" he called.

Two sparkling blue eyes; shining like stars under the canopy of a quaint blue poke bonnet, emerged from behind the foliage. Two fresh young cheeks as deeply banked with pink and red roses as the organ itself accompanied the eyes, and a trim little girlish figure, which owned the stars and the roses, advanced timidly to the front. A smile and a nod from the brigadier evoked activity in the collapsed muscles of the giant, who sat on the platform like an awkward schoolboy, and he came and stood clumsily beside the girl, and neither looked at the other.

"My friends," said the brigadier, in a very gentle and reverential voice, "it has pleased God to place it in my power to unite in the holy bands of matrimony this night two of the noblest hearts that ever beat in the service of the Saviour. One of these is Cadet Annie Smith, whom many of you know and love. The other is William Chatsworth Harvey, formerly known as Montana Bill, the sleekest three-card monte sharp in the whole Northwest."

Big and Little People.

Miss Ella Ewing, of Boone County, Missouri, who is twenty-four years old, is eight feet two inches tall and weighs 270 pounds. Her shoe measures seventeen inches in length.

In Marshall County, Iowa, was born a tiny, sickly babe, whom no one thought could live, but Jules Rogers has developed into a man of six feet five inches, weighs 352 pounds and can hold his own against anybody.

John H. Robbins, of Belfast, Me., a native of Deer Isle, is doubtless the smallest man in this country. He is thirty-one years old, is thirty-six inches tall, and weighs thirty-seven pounds six ounces.

In Webster, Mass., lives Elsie Bates, the twelve year old daughter of Abel and Sarah Bates. This girl weighs 310 pounds, but is a bright, healthy country lass, fond of rowing and outdoor sports. She walks a mile and a half to school every day, and enjoys it. Her brother, two years older, weighs 200 pounds.

Albert Whetstone, of Eureka, Cal., said to have been the largest man in the world at the time of his decease, a few months ago, weighed 496 pounds. His coffin consumed 100 feet of lumber and weighed 100 pounds, and it was necessary to cut a hole in the side of the house to remove it. His family are still in Europe. The mother weighs 345 pounds, and his two brothers weigh 320 pounds each.

On April 3 last, at Burlington, N. J., the midget, Gladys Force, was born. She weighed one pound twelve ounces, and was only nine inches in length. A teacup would entirely cover her head, and her fingers were only as thick as a rye straw, and so transparent that the bone could be plainly seen. When she was three months old she wore the smallest pair of shoes ever turned out of a factory. She is growing finely, and promises to be a healthy child.

What Becomes of Old Shoes.

A person who believes that everything in this world has its use will be interested to know what becomes of the millions of old shoes which are worn out every year. The many uses to which this mass of frayed leather is put are not easy to ascertain, for manufacturers do not like to acknowledge that they utilize such base material. Most old shoes go back to the vat and emerge as leatherette, which manufacturers of cheap shoes use to fill in the outer sole. The testimony of thousands bears witness to the poor wearing qualities of leatherette. Old rubber shoes are of extensive utility, but the most curious article of which they form ingredients is paint. Rubber is often worked over into more shoes and it is not an impossibility for three generations to wear gum shoes made out of exactly the same material.

Counting the Stars.

The numbering of the heavenly bodies, whether planet, satellite or star of the smallest size, has been commenced at the Paris Observatory by Miss Klumpke, Director of Sciences and Assistant Astronomer, in view of the publication of an international catalogue of the stars. The idea was formed at the Astronomical Congress in 1887, and already 189 photographs have been taken. Some only contain a dozen stars, this being a celestial desert; but others are crowded, even to the number of 1,500. The average number is 335 stars per photograph. Altogether the catalogue is expected to contain about 3,000,000 stars. A census of the heavenly bodies has long been needed. Now a woman comes forward and will count all the stars She will be some time at it; but when the work is done it will be finished.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy

AND WE

Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.
We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 77 B'ham & Selma: .Lv 8:45 am
No. 60 North .....Lv 11:11 am
No. 61 South .....Lv 4:12 pm
No 60 Selma & B'ham...Lv 4:40 pm

No 67 makes close connection at Anniston for Atlanta and Washington.

No. 61 makes close connection at Selma and Meridian for New Orleans.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mr. Samuel Morgan, of Blocton, was in the city Monday.

Mrs. A. E. Davis returned from Birmingham Tuesday.

Dr. McGaha preached at the Baptist church Sunday—and as usual delivered two very able sermons.

Mr. E. D. Reynolds, of Blocton, was in the city Sunday,

Mr. W. S. Cary visited Montgomery on business this week.

Messrs. Thomas D. Perry and Walter P. Nicholls, of Birmingham, were in the city Sunday. Tom came down on "business."

Mr. E. Harris formerly of Montevallo, but now of Mississippi, was shaking hands with his numerous friends here last week.

P. O. says Martin is getting too "sky plumas man go fee" to suit him.

The monthly business meeting of the Y. P, S. C. E., will be held at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Allen next Monday evening. We hope all the members will be present.

The "Esmeralda" will be presented at the opera house by local talent in the near future. Exact date will be given later.

"Bishop" says the next time he travels on a Pullman sleeper you wont catch him trying to climb up the curtains to reach an upper berth.

S. A. Curry, Jr., was shaking hands with his many friends here Saturday.

Don't forget that the Victoria hotel is the place to stop when you visit Atlanta.

Mrs. Felix Oakley, of Randolph, was in the city a few days since.

Mrs. Comer, of Centreville, was in the city a few days since.

C. L. Adler, of Uniontown, Grand Keeper of Records of the K. of P., spent a few days in our city this week and organized a lodge while here.

Say, don't you think it is about time we were hearing "wedding bells" in our town?

Mr. John Dill left Tuesday evening for Lacey, Miss., to accept a position as clerk in a commissary. John is a good, honest, deserving young man and we sincerely wish for him success in his new undertaking.

The Tuscaloosa Gazette seems very much afraid we will not be able to hold the Industrial school. We wish to inform you that we will not only comply with our contract, but will do even more for the school than we promised. But if from any cause we should fail, you would not stand the slightest chance of getting it. We can see the wisdom of placing the asylum in your midst, but who, beside the people of your own town, would consent to see this, the grandest institution of the state, located in Tuscaloosa.

Miss Lottie Duran, one of Calera's sweetest young ladies, has been visiting Mrs. Meroney.

Miss McBride, of Blocton, was in the city Monday.

Misses Bertie Allen and Katie Reynolds and Mrs. Carey represented the C. E. Society of this place at the county convention.

I may have ridden the camel, as stated in our last issue, but I didn't try to "scrap" with a wax policeman because he wouldn't take a glass of "soda water" with me. Can you say as much, brother editor?

Mr. W. L. North, a popular young drummer of Birmingham, was in our town talking groceries Thursday.

Theophilus Rogan, of Greenville, Miss., and Mrs. Warner, of Selma, visited their mother Friday.

Wm. L. Parnell, of Dixie, Ala., visited relatives here Friday. Mr. Parnell controls a lumber mill at Dixie and is prepared to furnish all grades of lumber at very low prices.

Friday night was one long to be remembered by quite a number of our young people. The weather was all that could be desired, and the soft, mellow rays of the beautiful moon shown brightly on a crowd of our lads and lasses as they joyfully sped on their way to Calera to attend the closing exercises of the Christian Endeavor county convention. After an hour very pleasantly spent in listening to very instructive lecture by Rev. Mr. Shaw, of Atlanta, the teams were homeward bound, and arriving at a pretty grassy hill, a halt was called and all partook of the delightful lunch which the ladies had so thoughtfully provided, after which they wended their way homeward, having spent the most pleasant evening in many days. The following were among those who went: Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McConaughy, Miss Pauline Acker with L. N. Bowdon, Miss Lucy Vest with E. L. Davis, Miss Rhoda Latham, with W. P. McConaughy, Miss Belle Reynolds with William Lyman, Miss Mary Lee Perry with P. O. West, Miss May Harris with William Perry, Miss Della Latham, with A. J. Lee, Miss Bessie Allen with F. E. Davis, Mrs. Alma Lawrence with S. S. Allen, Miss Daisy Canterberry with Nat Nabors.

Mr. Thomas Faucher died at his home near Brierfield, last week after a long and painful spell of sickness. He leaves a wife and several children to mourn his loss. To them we extend our sympathy.

Mrs. S. A. Curry returned from Birmingham last Saturday.

We acknowledge with thanks the following invitation. Mr. Gardner is one of Montevallo's boys of whom we all feel proud and as he has decided to take unto himself a "better half" the News wishes them a long and prosperous life. Miss Lipscomb is one of Scooba's fairest young ladies and Percy is to be congratulated on his success.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Lipscomb
request the honor of your
presence at the marriage
of their daughter,
Nellie,
to
Percy C. Gardner,
Wednesday, November 6,
eighteen hundreed and ninety-five,
at 8 o'clock p. m.,
at the Presbyterian church,
Scooba, Miss.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Your correspondent felt a little indisposed last week, which accounts for the non-appearance of any lies from this end of the city.

They say that two of our boys refused to accompany their girls on a chestnut hunt when requested by the sweet little angels themselves. Girls, by all means give them the "shake."

They say that "kicks" don't bluff Walter Knowles worth a hardly.

"Fatty's" new "yarns" that he picked up at the exposition are an improvement on the old "stale" ones he has entertained us with heretofore.

"Old Pots" has been wearing an unusually bright smile on his ugly countenance this week. Think the good news "A. H. L." told him, about what a certain "Elliottsville" girl said, has caused the change.

C. C. Vandegrift returned last Tuesday morning from a business trip to Birmingham.

Wonder if "Lize" is goose enough to believe that she will get the apple promised by a certain admirer of hers?

It is reported that "Bulgine" is so dead in love she has lost her appetite for everything but "grapes and chestnuts."

Ab Fancher has got it so bad he can't keep both eyes on his book at the same time—watches his girl with the other.

"Bauley" is getting to be quite a society man these days.

Dr. Gunn, of Calera, took in Southside Tuesday evening last.

Hoping that you editors will stop lying and quit talking so much love to the girls, I am yours, "Jake."

THE STUDIOSIS.

The members of The Studiosis held their first regular meeting Saturday afternoon. A course of study for the year had been mapped out by the president and a programme prepared for this meeting.

PROGRAMME.

1. Responsive roll call—a short biography of some writer prior to the Norman Conquest.
2. Origin and foundation of our literature, Miss Hattie Lyman.
3. Influence of Alfred the Great on early English prose, Miss Pauline Acker.
4. Influence of Christianity on our literature, Mrs. C. W. Cary.
5. Current events, Mrs. J. L. McConaughy.

The society has selected the study in the rear of the Baptist church as a reading room and elected Mrs. J. L. McConaughy as librarian. Within the next few weeks we hope to have the reading room fitted up and open to the public. This room will be open twice per week for two hours at the time and those who desire books from the library can secure them from the librarian at the above mentioned time. This is a movement in which all our good people should be interested, and any encouragement and help they can render us will be greatly appreciated. Any donation or loan of books—standard works—old or new, and any article in the way of furniture which will assist in contributing to the comfort and appearance of the reading room will be gladly received.

THE SOUTHERN RAILWAY CO,'S EXPOSITION WORK.

Manufacturers' Record, Sept. 27, 1895.

Atlanta, Ga., September 20.

Editor Manufacturers' Record:

The Southern Railway has erected, doubtless, the most classical building on the exposition grounds. It is a most beautiful and symmetrical production throughout, and its pure white daintinesss resembles a gem of most brilliant appearance and chaste design. Its gilded dome is surmounted by a heroic size female figure representing modern railway progress.

Its interior contains a bureau of information under the auspices of the passenger department, and a similar bureau under the auspices of the land and immigration department, and also contains an exhibit of rare and costly selections of the finest gems in the South.

The building is set forth as an example of the best production of the architect, Mr. Bradford L. Gilbert, and it was constructed under the supervision of the management of the Southern Railway company.

Even more than the Pennsylvania railroad was to the Centennial exposition at Philadelphia, and the Illinois Central railroad was to the World's Fair, the Southern railway is to the Cotton States and International exposition at Atlanta. This great system reaches Atlanta from all four points of the compass, stretching out its immense arms to the Potomac at Washington, and the Ohio River gateways at Cincinnati, Louisville, St. Louis, Memphis, Vicksburg and New Orleans, and reaching down into the interior of Florida and penetrating as a network the entire Southern states, it brings directly into the gates of Atlanta trade and travel from all quarters of the globe.

The Southern railway being the only line of transportation entering the exposition grounds, it has undertaken to proudly assert its recognition of this great responsibility, and has provided the most ample and accommodating terminal facilities, both at Lloyd street station, adjoining the Markham House, and immediately opposite the Union depot in this city, and also at the grounds of the exposition itself.

The Southern railway has arranged a system of quick train service between the city and the grounds such as the south has never before witnessed. These trains are arranged so as to be run within three minutes of each other, and afford a total carrying capacity of 20,000 an hour in each direction, or a total movement in one hour of 40,000 people, should necessities require.

Vice-President Baldwin has imbued his entire staff of subordinates with a spirit of energy and enterprise in this undertaking that is bound to make it the most successful of the kind ever known.

The passenger department of the Southern Railway has issued extensive and beautiful advertising matter of original and effective sort, and has participated very largely in the effort so successfully resulting in arranging the lowest rates upon the most liberal basis for the Atlanta Exposition ever afforded any exposition of this kind in the world.

The freight department has lent similar aid and enterprise in providing for the movement of the exhibits, and indeed the watchword throughout the entire Southern Railway system seems to be "the Atlanta Exposition must be an overwhelming success."

The transportation department of the Southern Railway is doubtless as well officered as any railway in the United States. Most ample and extensive train service has been arranged by the transportation department to bring everybody from everywhere to Atlanta on this great occasion.

I. W. Avery.

PEARIDGE LOCALS.

Glad to see Mr. Jentry on the Ridge Sunday. Walter you must not treat your girl so bad next Sunday. Had her in trouble all day long. She said her heart was broken.

Miss Floss and Sue Louley got in an awful scrape last Sunday evening. Hope Miss Floss will recover soon so she can entertain her tall fellow.

Prof. B. C. Williams has a very large school. We wish him much success in his undertakings.

We hope that Miss Boon will not be so fast next time in trying to get ahead of some one else and he will come back sooner.

Miss Florence Miles, one of Pearidge's fair little damsels, went to the great show at Blocton last Saturday night. She expressed herself as having had a most remarkable time.

We hope that Walter will not stay away so long in the future on his best girls account. Old boy, she will not fool you any more in going to the show. Best wishes to the news.

BRITTON IS DEAD.

Robert Britton who was shot by V. G. Metzer, at Uniontown, is dead. Metzer is improving and is in jail. Metzer, a brother of the man who did the shooting, committed suicide a few days since by jumping in a cistern. Grief over his brothers trouble is said to be the cause.

The Italians in Abyssinia.

General Baraeieri, governor of Erythrea, and commander of the Italian troops operating against the Abyssinians, telegraphed to the government, a few days ago, asking that authority be given to him to extend the Italian sphere over the whole of Abyssinia. Prime Minister Crispi convoked the ministry in council to decide upon what action should be taken on the request.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Carrying Bread to Cuba.

A steamer left Mobile last Thursday for Havana with 1,700 barrels of flour and a large quantity of lard and other freight.

Destructive Fire at Pike Road.

A ginnery, two stores and the depot at Pike Road, on the Eufaula road, sixteen miles from Montgomery, were burned Tuesday night.

Wounded and Robbed.

R. S. Renfro, a merchant doing business on the road between Seale and Pittsboro, was shot and desperately wounded last Thursday, and his store was robbed and set on fire by the assassin.

The Governor Offers a Reward.

The governor has offered a reward of $200 and the citizens of Russell county $150 for the capture of the murderer and robber of Renfroe near Seale a few days ago.

W. L. Carmack Indicted.

The grand jury of Lee county, in session at Opelika last week, found an indictment against W. L. Carmack for murder in the second degree. Carmack, on the 16th of September, shot W. G. Campbell, who died October 20th from the effect of the shot.

And Still They Come.

Sixty-two more of the Mexico-negro colonists arrived at Birmingham Wednesday night. The government gave them transportation. About twenty are still at Eagle Pass, Tex., and about sixty remain in Mexico, waiting for means to get back.

The Holocaust of Children Continues

A telegram announces that a negro mother, the wife of Granville Lancaster, of near Livingston, locked her three children in the house and went after water. During her absence the house was burned and the little ones of course perished in the cruel flames.

Fire in Montgomery.

The building occupied by George E. Lum, dealer in machinery supplies, in the wholesale block on Commerce street, between Bibb and Tallapoosa, Montgomery, was gutted by fire Wednesday morning. The damages to building and stock are estimated at $40,000. The building belongs to P. J. Anderson. Amount of insurance not known.

Cotton Factory Company Organized.

The People's Cotton Factory Company, of Montgomery, was organized Thursday night by the election of a board of directors. Jacob Guild is president, W. F. Vandiner vice-president and T. L. Jones secretary. The capital stock, $100,000, has all been subscribed and work on the plant will begin at an early day.

The Little Pistol Did It.

Richard Long, colored, was arrested at Smith mines about 10 o'clock Sunday and conveyed to the county jail, where he was lodged on the charge of the murder of John McKinley, colored. The two men had a scuffle in the course of which Long's pistol went off and McKinley was killed, dying in a few moments from a wound near the heart. Long says it was an accident, but the state authorities do not accept this view.

Big Burning in Lauderdale.

The fire fiend continues to get in its work on the cotton ginners of Lauderdale county. Coffee's gin, which is located two miles from Florence, burned Monday morning, and besides the machinery and building a large lot of cotton seed and seven bales went up in smoke.

News has reached Florence of the burning at Center Star of the Williams' gin and a lot of stock on hand. Neither of the plants carried insurance and the loss is total in both cases.

Betrayed by Powder Burns.

Saturday Sheriff Sedberry, of Elmore county, went to Montgomery after John Connors who was arrested there by the city detectives and whose powder burned face led them to believe that he was implicated in the safe blowing robberies at Wetumpka and Deatsville last week.

One of the officers went to Deatsville with the sheriff and his prisoner and there Connors was given a preliminary hearing before a magistrate who bound him over to the grand jury. In default of bond he went to jail.

The Russell County Assassin.

When Mr. R. T. Benfroe, of Vilula, was found by his neighbors where he had been shot down, suspicion fell upon a negro living in the vicinity. Reddick Adams had served a term of three years in the state's school of crime, the penitentiary. In his house was found a blood bespotted gun. He had fled. He returned to the neighborhood, and on Saturday night was surrounded in a swamp by a posse. About daylight Sunday morning he came out and surrendered. He made a full confession. He had shot Mr. Renfroe, robbed his store and fired it. Hopes are now entertained of Mr. Renfroe's recovery.

The Governor Pardons McCreary.

Thomas McCreary was pardoned by the governor Saturday. He had the strongest sort of endorsement for pardon. On his pardon was the following endorsement: "Thomas McCreary, was indicted for assault with intent to murder and assault with a weapon and convicted of assault and battery and assault with a weapon. He shot two men for talking about and scandalizing his mother. He was induced to plead guilty. He should never have been convicted. A boy or man who will not defend his mother against the slanderer is not entitled to the respect of a decent people. Thomas McCreary is fully pardoned and has the commendation of the governor.

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

—DEALERS IN—

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of
Fall and Winter Hats and
Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO. ALA.

Industrial Progress.

Furnace No. 1 of the Oxmoor furnaces, belonging to the Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad company, went into blast Monday afternoon at 3 o'clock. The torch was applied on Sunday evening and yesterday afternoon the blast was turned on.

The furnace recently underwent considerable repairs. The stacks and stoves were all relined, the brick work fixed up and a general overhauling made.

It is expected that the furnace will turn out between 180 to 200 tons of pig iron per day. This will be more than both Nos. 1 and 2 did before the repairing was done. There will be no trouble experienced in getting all the raw material necessary for the furnace.

Sorrowful Sequel to a Tragedy.

City Marshal Richard Britton, of Uniontown, died Saturday morning at 11:30 from the effects of the wounds inflicted Monday by V. G. Metzger.

To add to the terrible tragedy and excitement of the week, tonight, Frank Metzger, an older brother of V. G. Metzger, got up from the supper table, and walked out, told the cook he was going to jump in the well. As he was weak minded, nothing was thought of it but soon the cook heard him jump in and gave the alarm. It was about an hour before he was gotten out of the well, the water being 18 feet deep. He was taken out dead, and it was found that his neck was broken. To add to the horror of the affair, a third and last child of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Metzger, a grown young lady is critically, ill, and it is feared that the result will be fatal to her. The heart-broken parents are almost crazed and no one can predict the result.

While the crowd was gathered at Mr. Metzger's a negro woman fell insensible and is still in that condition.

Particulars of the Tragedy.

A. N. Porter and Elgin Wells, the two white men who were shot at Bolton, Miss., Saturday night, are still alive, but Porter was shot through the head with buckshot and cannot recover. Wells is not seriously wounded. George Myrick, the negro who did the shooting, was charged with stealing a bale of cotton and Porter and Wells went to arrest him. As they approached the negro got the drop on them and emptied the contents of a double-barreled shotgun into their bodies at close range. The young men were both prominent and prosperouf farmers, Wells being a man of family.

The negro was chased all day Sunday with hounds, but a telegram from Bolton to the Southern Associated Press says that he has not been captured.

Bad Times in Turkey.

A Constantinople dispatch says: Advices from Alepho say there has been continuous fighting in Marash, ninety miles northwest of Alepho, for the past three days. No details of the disturbances are yet obtainable. The situation in Asiatic provinces generally excites uneasiness. A number of railway officials at Ilgun, on the Angora railway, including German and British subjects, have been captured by the brigands. The number of captives and the amount of ransom demanded for them is unknown.

Roof Falls on a Congregation.

In the city of Lublin, the capital of the government of that name in Russian Poland, during religious services in the cathedral, a hurricane broke over the town. The iron roof was torn away and fell into the interior, killing several and injuring a large number.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St

Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,
30 South Pryor St.,
ATLANTA, GA.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

—You can get—

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly

ADVERTISER

An eight page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!
The Fireside!!
The Store!!!

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Guardian's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree made by the Hon. Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the county of Shelby, State of Alabama, I will proceed to sell in front of the postoffice, in the town of Montevallo, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1875, between the legal hours of sale, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of Mary Jane Eddings, a now compos mentis, to-wit: A one-tenth undivided interest in that certain tract of land situated near Cataba River, in said county and State, and known as the Thos: A. Harper place.

Terms cash

NEWTON EDDINGS, Guardian.

tf

A Mississippi Tragedy.

A tephone message from Bolton, Hinds county, received at 12 o'clock Saturday night, at Vicksburg, Miss., says that a negro, whose name is not reported, had barely an hour before shot and killed Dock Porter and had also shot Elgin Wells all to pieces, though the latter was still alive. After the shooting the negro fled toward Raymond. Nothing could be learned of the circumstances of the shooting. Both of the negroe's victims are well-known white farmers and past middle age. Porter is said to have been a very quiet man, but Wells has had several serious difficulties.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

Some men who are nursing ambition better be helping their wives take care of the children.

Sick Headache--A Positive and Unfailing Cure.

There are thousands of people who suffer daily with headache. These headaches are mostly of a nervous character and are caused from indigestion. Relieve indigestion and your headache will disappear. Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is a specific for all kinds of headaches. Pleasant to the taste, easy to take, effective in its action. It never fails to cure. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

Your Happiness

Depends upon a healthy body and a contented mind

Your Health

Is seriously in danger unless your blood is rich, red and pure.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier Prominently in the Public Eye.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headaches. 25c.

If You Happen

To forget the name, just ask for the best Self-Raising Buckwheat.

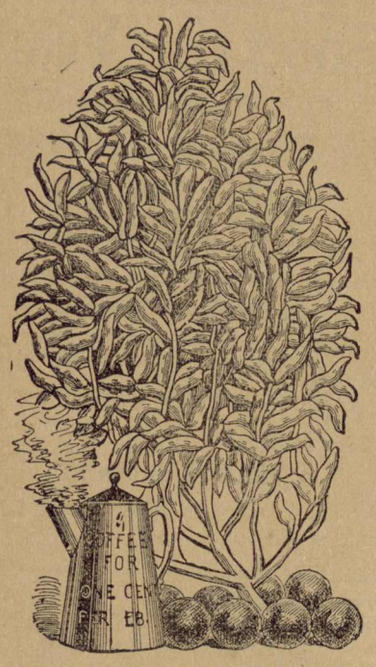
YOU WILL GET

Heckers'

Of course.

12

COLE'S
NEW DOMESTIC
COFFEE BERRY.



BETTER THAN A GOLD MINE.

Raise your own coffee at less than 1 cent a pound. Let high tariff store coffee go. The poor man's friend and rich man's delight. Matures North or South in four months. Plant any time up to the 20th of June. 20,000 farmers supplied and every one praises it. Has produced over sixty bushels per acre. Some prefer it to store coffee. Produces two crops a year in the South. Large packet postpaid 20 cents, or enough to plant 200 hills, 50 cents or stamps. Will make 200 pots of most delicious coffee, good enough for a king. Is superseding store coffee as fast as its merits become known. Large catalogue of fifty new varieties of seeds and testimonials from patrons all over the Union sent free with each order by

C. E. COLE, SEEDSMAN, **Buckner, Mo.**

☞ *Special wholesale prices to farmers and merchants, who clear over 600 per cent. selling this wonderful seed during winter months.*

DON'T SCRATCH TO AVOID THIS **USE TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Ground itch, chafes, chaps, pimples. Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free; you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

AM. N. U. No. 44, 1895.

25 CTS PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION **25 CTS**

THE CABBAGE CROP.

Keep the fall-planted cabbages growing by cultivating them when the land is sufficiently dry to permit of this being done. After they have started vigorous growth a top dressing of nitrate of soda, at the rate of 100 or 150 pounds to the acre, will be found most beneficial. It will induce growth which will enable the plants to distance all the efforts of the cabbage worm to check them.—Southern Farm.

TREATING SEED WHEAT TO PREVENT SMUT.

For each ten bushels of wheat take one pound bluestone and dissolve it in about three gallons of water. It dissolves best in boiling water. Heat one gallon, which will dissolve it, then add the other two. Now spread on barn floor or wagon box ten bushels of wheat, take an old broom and sprinkle and turn until all the grain is wet. Leave in a pile over night for next day's sowing, or prepare in morning for afternoon sowing. Set the drill for about one peck more per acre, as it will not run quite so freely as before treating.—American Agriculturist.

CULTURE OF THE HYACINTH.

This variety of lily may be grown either in soil or water. The former method is for ordinary garden culture, in which the bulbs are set out in a dry part of the garden in rich soil, with plenty of leaf mold in it, and four inches below the surface. To avoid danger from hard frosts the bed is covered with leaves, held in place by some fine brush or pine boughs. For water culture, the dry bulbs are set on the top of a glass vase or bottle, made for the purpose, with the bottom just touching the water, in late October and on until December, so that there may be a succession of bloom through the winter. After the bulbs have bloomed they may be set out in the garden to ripen for the next year's growth. In the garden this pretty plant blooms early in the spring. The bulbs may be set out in the open ground next month.—New York Times.

HOW TO KILL CHICKENS.

A novel method of killing chickens is being introduced abroad. Instead of sticking, bleeding, cutting the head off, etc., one takes the fowl in the left hand by the legs, catching the points of the wings to prevent the fowl from flapping. He lifts the fowl up, the head hanging downward. With the right hand he takes the head, catching the neck between the first and third fingers, the thumb being on the face. The fingers must not crush the head, but must feel the bone at the back of the head firmly. Death is caused by lifting the left hand and pulling down the right with a quick jerk, thereby dislocating the neck at the very point where it joins the head.

Death is instantaneous if done properly, which can be told by feeling the neck, which ought to be quite soft and entirely detached from the head, so that there is nothing but flesh and skin between the thumb and finger. By this method there is no flow of blood, but the blood is allowed to run into the head, which is carefully kept hanging down until after the bird is plucked.—New York World.

CARING FOR BROOME CORN.

The broom corn crop is of vast importance, and it is quite proper to give some consideration as to how the crop may be best cared for.

Quality and condition control the value of broom corn as well as other commodities, and best condition can be especially obtained by following certain rules and methods in caring for the crop. Cutting should be done before the corn is bleached out, as color is essential, and when green the brush possesses advantages both in attractiveness and for working. When cut corn should be, as soon as possible, hauled under cover, and have the seeds removed by running through the scraper. This done, it should be placed on shelves so arranged as to admit of a free circulation of air. In about ten days, if the weather is dry and all conditions are favorable, the corn will be ready to bale. It should be thoroughly examined, however, to see that it is dry and cured.

After the broom corn is thoroughly dry, the next step is to bale, and this operation should receive great care and attention, there are too many shaky and lop-sided bales received annually, and it bothers those who handle them to keep them from falling apart. It being of great importance to keep the ends of the bales square and smooth, the brush should be handed to the packer in small lots, the butts of which, having been evened by striking down upon a table or other smooth surface, and the one who places the brush in the box of the press should take care to keep the butts up close against the ends of the box and the brush properly lapped in the interior. Use No. 9 fence wire, five to the bale, and it is not a bad idea to have a lighter wire to tie at each corner, and press sufficiently to have a good, compact, tight bale which will endure the long journey and the handling. No matter how carefully and successfully every step in the production of the brush has been performed, the profit of the crop will depend, other things equal, upon proper baling. Great care and attention should be given to have the seeds removed; there is too much fraud practiced by baling up trash, seeds and crooked corn in the bales with straight brush. Bale the crocked by itself.—Farm, Field and Fireside.

A PLEA FOR THE SKUNK.

Skunks are more useful to the farmer than most people are willing to admit, says W. W. Maxim. They have always been regarded as nuisances and wantonly destroyed. Here in New England for the last ten years the white grub has made terrible havoc with the grass fields by eating off the roots just beneath the surface of the soil. In some places large areas are entirely destroyed, not a green spear of grass being allowed to grow. In other localities there are large spots entirely killed and the remainder more or less injured, making the grass very thin where there is any. These worms are the larvæ of the large brown beetle called the June bug.

The skunks, where they have been allowed to live, have dug in and eaten these grubs in vast numbers, the crows also assisting them greatly in the good work. Last year the beetles were not so numerous as in former years, owing no doubt to the depredations of these two agencies.

Skunks do no damage to field crops to speak of, their only mischief consisting in depredations on chickens and eggs during the night, and that could all be avoided if the farmers took proper care of their poultry. There are other depredators that would seize them if left exposed. There is no excuse whatever for leaving chickens overnight where skunks can have access to them. They cannot open doors nor climb up after eggs in the nest boxes. Instead of killing skunks for these reasons, a farmer had better look after his poultry.

The skunk will not leave any scent unless attacked; in fact, they are as harmless as cats and much more so than dogs. I have had them come into the barn in daytime while I was at work, passing by me so close that their long shaggy fur almost brushed my legs. I fed them every day with bits of meal, when they would sit down within two feet of me and eat it. They would walk about among the poultry, never offering to touch one of them. They kept this up through the spring until the ground was bare, when they disappeared. They find plenty of mice and grasshoppers in the fields and pastures in some seasons of the year, but the early spring months while the snow covers the ground seem to be the hardest time for them. I think the virtues of the skunk have not been duly appreciated.—Germantown Telegraph.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

Bright, red combs, clean plumage, plenty to do, indicates good health, and also shows that the use of condiments is necessary.

Early and close culling are the two principles upon which, to a very considerable extent, success depends in improving the poultry.

Dr. McClintock, of the University of Michigan, has been making experiments with hens' eggs, and finds that many of them are infested with deadly bacteria.

Excessive gum on cherry trees seems to be due to lack of potash. At least a bushel or so of unleached wood ashes worked well into the soil about the roots of a tree that was badly affected caused it to heal over smooth, grow vigorously and bear abundantly.

So often the side branches of farm work fail to pay because carried on negligently. A dozen hives of bees should bring the farmer as much revenue as a ten-acre wheat field. The return the care of his chickens would bring is underrated, and even the children are not trained to a proper interest in them.

Country shippers should give more attention to the condition of their coops before shipping. Every coop should be carefully examined and see that the bottoms and cleats are securely nailed. More or less stock is lost in transit by shipping in old worn-out coops, and this causes a discrepancy in account of weights between shippers and merchants, for which the latter are oftentimes blamed.

It is often a good plan to turn the poultry into the clover field. Clover is generally well occupied by insects, which gives the hens something to hunt for, and it is also rich in minerals, containing a large proportion of lime. Soft shell eggs are not likely to be laid by hens running in a clover field, unless the hens are very fat. All kinds of fowls thrive on clover, and as it is a cheap food it will pay to let them have the run of the field.

Eggs gathered up here and there about the farm cannot be relied upon as fresh. As far as possible the hens should be obliged to lay in the poultry house, and the eggs gathered up several times a day, so that there is no chance for a stale egg to be packed up unknowingly. If the hens are permitted to lay in the fence corners, under the barn, or in the out buildings, the out-of-the-way nests are likely to be overlooked when the weather is bad or one is in a hurry, and thus the stale egg gets into the basket and spoils the reputation of the poultryman.

Divorce.

Curiosities in divorce are always interesting and sometimes instructive, illustrating as they do the manners and failings of the times. In ancient Rome, among the not uncommon "reasons" given by the husband for divorce were those of a wife having skeleton keys made to fit his private drawers and drinking his wine—two statements which show that the honesty of a Roman matron was not cultivated to a great extent. However, it may be there was a skeleton in the cupboard, and so the natural shrewdness of a woman's mind suggested the use of a key to match.

Musical Prodigies.

It is believed by some who have examined the histories of so-called musical prodigies that they are developed by making when children the discovery that the tips of their fingers will produce on a piano the same time and tone they make with the tips of their tongues in their mouths.

TO GAIN WEIGHT.

PALE, THIN PEOPLE USUALLY ARE DISEASED.

The First Thing Necessary to Gain Flesh is Health, Then Proper Food for Both Body and Nerves.

From the Journal, Kirksville, Mo.

Henry Gehrke is a thrifty and prosperous German farmer living four miles south of Bullion, in this (Adair) County, Mo. Mr. Gehrke has a valuable farm and he has been a resident of the county for years. He is very well-known hereabouts and well respected wherever he is known. Last week a reporter of the *Journal* stopped at Mr. Gehrke's and while there became much interested in Mrs. Gehrke's account of the benefit she had not long since experienced from the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. She said she wanted everybody to know what a great medicine these pills are, but as so many people are praising them now-a-days, she modestly doubted whether her testimony could add anything to what others had already said of them. Her only reason for talking for publication about Pink Pills was that the people of Adair and neighboring counties might be convinced, if any doubted that oft-published testimonials concerning Pink Pills were genuine statements from the lips of persons who have been benefited by the use of them. Speaking of her own interesting experience, Mrs. Gehrke said:

"A little over a year ago I was completely broken down. I had been taking medicine from a doctor but grew worse and worse until I could scarcely go about at all. The least exertion or the mere bending of my body would cause me to have smothering spells, and the suffering was terrible. I thought it was caused by my heart. When everything else had failed to relieve me and I had given up all hopes of ever being anything but a helpless invalid, I chanced to read some testimonials in the *Farm, Field and Fireside*, also in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*, and the suffering of the people who made the statements were so nearly like the suffering I had endured that when I read that they were so greatly benefited by the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I did not hesitate to go at once and purchase two boxes. I took them according to directions and before the first box was used I felt a good bit better. Really the first dose convinced me that it was a great remedy. Before the two boxes were used up I sent my husband after three more boxes, so I would not be without them. When I had used these three boxes I felt like a different woman and thought I was almost cured.

"Since that time I have been taking them whenever I began to feel badly. When I began taking Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People I weighed only 113 pounds and after I had been using the medicine for about six months I weighed 122 pounds. I have had a good appetite ever since I commenced taking Pink Pills and instead of mincing along, picking such food as I could eat even with an effort, I eat most anything that comes on the table. I am not the invalid I was. I do not have to be waited upon now as if I was a helpless child, but I work all the time, doing the housework and ironing and working in the garden without that dreadful feeling which comes over a person when they are afraid they are going to have one of those spells that I used to have.

"Work don't hurt me any more. I honestly believe that had it not been for Dr. Williams' Pink Pills I would now be in my grave. I still have what the doctor calls bilious colic, but the Pink Pills have made me much better and the spells are not so frequent and are nothing like as painful as before I began to use them. I would not be without the Pink Pills for that disease alone under any circumstances to say nothing of the other diseases for which they are especially recommended. I take pleasure in telling my neighbors the benefits I have received from Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People, and know of several who have taken my advice and have been greatly benefited by them."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are considered an unfailing specific for such diseases as locomotor ataxia, partial paralysis, St. Vitus' dance, sciatica, neuralgia, rheumatism, nervous headache, the after effects of la grippe, palpitation of the heart, pale and sallow complexions, that tired feeling resulting from nervous prostration; all diseases resulting from vitiated humors in the blood, such as scrofula, chronic erysipelas, etc. They are also a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities, and all forms of weakness. In men they effect a radicial cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork, or excesses of whatever nature. Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent postpaid on receipt of price, (50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50—They are never sold in bulk or by the 100) by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Schenectady, N. Y.

Catarrh Cannot Be Cured

With local applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials free.

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Sold by druggists, price 75c.

"I Have Tried Parker's Ginger Tonic and believe in it," says a mother, and so will you when you know its revitalizing properties.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

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Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A German Custom.

The custom of celebrating gold and silver weddings belongs to Germany. The silver wedding occurred only on the twenty-fifth anniversary, and most people could celebrate that, but to be fifty years married was a sort of an event in a family. The house was quite covered with garlands, all the neighbors from far and near were assembled.

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KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

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He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

The Sun's Energy.

Three-fourths of the sun's energy that reaches the earth is in waves, as they are called, that are too long to affect the eye in the form of light, but these "intra-red" waves play an important part in sustaining life, and a further study of the spectrum in which they are arranged will probably be the means of solving many important and now obscure problems in meteorology and kindred subjects.

ASTHMA
POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC
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TREAS. JOHN P. LOVELL ARMS CO.

COL. LOVELL'S successful fight for the Councillor nomination in the Second Massachusetts District was the subject of editorial comment in the Boston Journal as follows:

"That animated and stubborn contest in the Second Councillor District ends in the selection of an admirable candidate, Col. Benjamin Lovell of Weymouth. Col. Lovell is one of the best-known and best-liked men in the State. A gallant soldier, an energetic man of business, a stalwart Republican, he deserves well of his party, which has honored him with more than one conspicuous mark of its confidence, and has made no mistake in giving him this present nomination. Col. Lovell has an army of warm personal friends. He should be carried into the Executive Council by a record-breaking majority."

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The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

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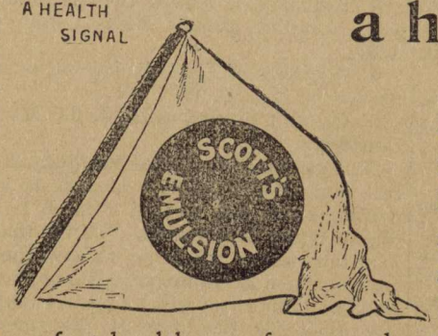

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The baby's mission, its work in life, is growth. To that little bundle of love, half trick, half dream, every added ounce of flesh means added happiness and comfort. Fat is the signal of perfect health, comfort, good-nature, baby-beauty.

SCOTT'S EMULSION is the best fat-food baby can have, in the easiest form. It supplies what he cannot get in his ordinary food, and helps him over the weak places to perfect growth, For the growing child it *is* growth. For the full-grown, new life.

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., NOVEMBER 7, 1895. NO. 33.

Compensation.

The spreading hills with gentle slope
Lie broadly to the rising sun,
Whose cheering beams of early hope
Caress them softly, one by one,
While in the hollows, gray and low,
Thick mists and shadows heavy lie,
For all the mornings ruddy glow
Has coldly passed the valleys by.

So hill tops laugh, while valleys weep
Away the hours of early days,
With sunshine resting on the steep,
And darkness shrouding lowly ways,
Till evening hastes and shadows sleep
On every eastward-lying hill.
Then down the slopes the sunbeams creep,
And raptured vales with gladness thrill.

To lonely lives, which sadly missed
The early sun's inspiring beams,
To valleys morning shadows kissed,
But wakened not from laggard dreams—
To those at eve shall come a glow
Of sunshine o'er the happy plain;
A sweeter joy than mornings know—
The touch of gladness after pain.

—Helen E. Smith, in Harper's Bazar.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT

BY CLYDE HUNTER.

A day in June, the month of roses, the air all fragrant with their delicious perfume; above, the sky one mass of fleecy clouds, gleaming and white upon their azure background.

By the side of a tiny lake upon whose bosom water lilies rest their snowy chalices are two ladies, one old and one in the first exquisite dawn of the loveliness womanhood has brought her. Truly, Florence Adair is beautiful in every sense of the word.

There is an expression of loving pride in the old lady's eyes as she looks at her niece that is certainly justifiable. She draws her closer to her side.

"Flossie, darling, I have to thank you for making me inexpressibly happy," she says. "Rupert has told me."

A faint crimson rises to the girl's cheek as, averting her face from her aunt's gaze, she says softly:

"Aunty, please do not speak to me about it just yet. It is so new. I haven't grown accustomed to it even in my thoughts."

For the past ten years Florence Adair has lived with the rich and childless widow she calls aunt, receiving all of a mother's love and tenderness, and giving in return an adoring affection that would pause at no sacrifice to prove its strength. And thus it is that, solely to please her to whom she owes so much, she has betrothed herself to the husband Mrs. Wilmott has chosen for her.

In her youth, when old Mrs. Wilmott had been fair and attractive, she had had two suitors, of whom the most assidious had won the day.

The other lived for years a lonely, disappointed man, until at length he, too married.

A son had been born to him, who at the age of eighteen had been left an orphan.

But that son—Rubert Ludlow—had not had an opportunity to know want; for old memories stirring within her, and inclining her tenderly toward him, Mrs. Wilmott had taken his welfare into her own hands.

And now she makes no secret of the delight she feels in the consummation of her favorite scheme.

It was Mrs. Wilmott's desire that her niece's engagement should not be announced just at present.

"It is not necessary, as Rubert is to be gone so long on that business for me. I want you to have a gay time this winter, and engaged girls are always wall flowers," she had said; and Florence had acquiesced indifferently.

Our story began in Glenmere. Mrs. Wilmotts lively summer home; but now the month is October, and the country has given place to the gayer attractions to the city.

It is evening, and the drawing rooms of one of fashion's leaders are thronged by those whom the cards of invitation have drawn together.

Two gentlemen stand at a little distance from the hostess, watching the arrivals. One is slender and boyish; the other, Mr. Heatherton, tall and stately, impresses the beholder at once with the certainty that he is no ordinary character.

He has been looking on at the brilliant scene about him with apparently no great interest, when suddenly an expression of intense admiration lights up his face, as grasping his companion by the arm, he says, softly:

"Harry, who is that young girl there, coming toward your mother, with the old lady in the black velvet?"

"That is Miss Adair. Do you think her handsome?"

"Handsome does not express it! I must have an introduction. She is the most exquisite being I ever saw, and she looks just as good as she is lovely!"

Harry Arnold laughed amusedly.

"A clear case of love at sight! I will present you."

A few months went by, and to Florence's dismay, she learned that the kind friend she had grown to like so much had all the time been cherishing other and dearer hopes. The girls eyes filled with tears as she answered Mr. Heatherton's unexpected avowal of his love for her, and told him frankly why it was his hopes must be futile.

"I did not know you felt in this way, Mr. Heatherton," she says earnestly, "and I hope you will not blame me for not speaking of my engagement before. It was my aunt's wish that it should not be announced until my betrothed's return from abroad. I never, until this moment, dreamed that you felt for me anything but friendship, or that I"——

She paused, the rich blood rising in a rosy glow to her very brow. What was she about to say? What were the words that trembled on her lips?

Max Heartherton is too much of a gentleman to take advantage of her confusion, but these are his thoughts.

"It is a duty engagement. She does not love this man. But whether she does or not, there is no chance for me. She has too much principle to break her plighted word."

An hour later, in a passion of tears, Florence flings herself upon her knees in her own room. Her maiden heart has been awakened from its repose at last, and the conviction has been forced upon her that the calm, sisterly affection she bears towards Rupert is different from this strange, chaotic feeling with which Max Heatherton's impassioned words have thrilled her being, and that in refusing this man's noble heart she has lost something out of her life that can never come again.

For a long time she knelt there, battling with herself. When she rises her face is very white and resolved.

"I must do my duty. I betrothed myself to Rupert because I knew it was the dearest wish of my kind aunt's heart, and now that my word is given, I will not take it back."

Time goes on and Rupert returns, and the day has been fixed for the wedding, but an appalling shadow intervenes—the shadow of death.

One morning dawns and finds Mrs. Wilmott unable to ries, or even to move, stricken by that foe that comes so suddenly and so insidiously—paralysis.

As the day passes the doctors look graver and graver, and their apprehensions were not without cause, for another twenty-four hours sees the kindly eyes closed, never to open upon her sorrowing niece again.

A few days have gone by. All the last solemn ceremonies have been completed, and the will has been opened and read. But, though in her bereavement she needs comfort from human friendship more than ever before, since the day of the funeral she has not seen her betrothed.

When he does come to her it is not with sympathy and consolation, but with gloomy brow and cold eyes.

"I consider that I have been deceived," he says; "I always understood, as did every one else, that you were to be your aunt's heiress, and now you tell me that you have known all along that your aunt had no power to will her property away from her husband's family."

A flame of anger drives away the sadness from the girl's eyes.

"Say no more," she says; "I will forestall your next words. Under existing circumstances—now that I am not rich, as you erroneously supposed—you desire your freedom. I gladly give it to you."

And thus the very ill that old Mrs. Wilmot had so fondly hoped a marriage with her favorite would avert from her loved niece, came, and Florence was cast upon the world to battle her own way as best she could.

Five pears have elapsed. In the home of a wealthy widow with one daughter, we again meet our heroine the humble capacity of a seamstress.

Poor Florence! her struggle has been a hard one. At first she had tried for and obtained a position as teacher; but her health failing under the unaccustomed confinement, she had been obliged to turn to her needle as a last resort.

In a few days Rosemarie Villa is to be the scene of wedding festivities, to witness the union of the daughter of the house, Marie, to the husband of her choice.

The day arrives. The ceremony is over, and the rooms are thronged with the gayly costumed guests, when, desirous to avoid notice, and feeling the sadder for the recollections of former days the billiant scene recalls, Florence slips out into the quiet garden, and makes her way to a distant arbor, where only the faintest sound of the dance-music penetrates. She enters, and starts back to find it already occupied by a gentleman and an elderly lady.

She turns to go; but an exclamation, in a voice whose well-remembered music falls upon her ear with vivid effect, stays her steps.

"Miss Adair, can it be that at last my prayers have been answered, and I have found you?"

Then, answering the surprise in the eyes which she lifts to his face, Max Heatherton—for it is he—takes her hand gently, and goes on with eager rapidity:

"I heard of your aunt's death and that you were free, and I sought you at once, but to find you gone, in what direction I could not ascertain. Do you know why it was that I am more disappointed than I can tell? It was because of your expressive face and manner, when you told me of your engagement, showed me that your heart was not in it, and I dared to hope that my enduring love would eventually win the day. You do not speak. Have I been too presumptous or is there a possibility that in the future I may gain the boon I crave? But stay, in my eagerness I am forgetting propriety. Miss Adair this is my mother. A half hour ago, feeling faint with the heat of the crowded rooms, she requested me to bring her to some cool, secluded spot, and we came here. Mother, this is the Miss Adair of whom I have spoken to you so often."

Then Florence, who had been standing listening to the above almost in a dream, feels her hand drawn into a gentle clasp, while a sweet voice says softly:

"I am more than pleased to meet the girl who has won, by her goodness and beauty, such a lasting place in my son's heart, and I hope that we may grow to know each other well."

Not at once does Florence give her wooer an answer, but when it comes it is very fervent and satisfying.

"You have always been my idea of everything noble and good, and as your wife I cannot help but be content."

So the love that endured conquered in the end, and one more married pair testify each day that passes to the true, heart-deep happiness a congenial union brings.—New York Journal.

Photographing Deep Sea Life.

M. Louis Bontan, the naturalist who studies the wild life of the Mediterranean in the garb of a diver, has now succeeded in taking some photographs of the sea bottom. He uses a flash light obtained from a spirit lamp and magnesium powder, which is covered by a water-tight bell jar. The lamp stands on a barrel containing oxygen gas, which he employs to light the lamp and the pneumatic shutter of the camera. He breathes through the supply pipe of the driving dress. The camera is water-tight, and stands on a tripod near the barrel, so that he can work the shutter and the flash light together.

Japanese postmen, whose routes carry them into the country, use bicycles. Their wheels are made by local manufacturers, who have appropriated improvements from both British and Japanese patents.

SECRET SERVICE.

A Branch of Government That Grew Out of War.

Chief Hazen's Success in Running Down Counterfeiters.

An interesting man to talk to is Mr. William P. Hazen, chief of the secret service bureau of the United States Treasury Department, who succeeded Mr. Drummond in February, 1894.

Mr. Hazen has had nearly twenty years experience in all kinds of police and detective work, and lately distinguished himself by unearthing and arresting the Brockway gang of counterfeiters, one of the most dangerous lot of criminals of that class. Mr. Hazen is from Cincinnati, where his father has long been chief of detectives, and it was in the office of this veteran that the son was trained.

The secret service bureau arose out of an organization which existed during the war under the direction of Lafayette C. Baker, who was employed by Secretary Seward to gather information within the confederate lines. He was on one occasion arrested and threatened with death as a spy, but somehow deceived his captors with the idea that he was a Southern man. After the war he was employed by the Treasury Department to hunt up counterfeiters and other criminals.

The duties of the bureau, at the head of which is Mr. Hazen, are different from those which belong to the detective organizations of the other branches of the government. There are the post office inspectors, whose business it is to ferret out violaters of the post office laws; pension agents, who look up pension frauds; special agents for the treasury, who are on the watch for smugglers; internal revenue agents, whose game is the moonshiner. The chief object of pursuit for the secret service agent is the counterfeiter—generally the keenest and most wary of all criminals.

"There is a great deal of difference," remarked Mr. Hazen, "between the counterfeiter and other varieties of the criminal species. As a rule, he is better educated, shrewder, more ingenious, cunning and secretive, although most of them are quick to make confessions after they have been 'pinched.' Look at this picture of William E. Brockway, one of the most successful of counterfeiters, whom we caught in West Hoboken not long ago. He has been a criminal nearly all his life, but you wouldn't think so from his face, which resembles that of a minister of the gospel. He served a term in Sing Sing for forgery, but has never been convicted yet of counterfeiting. For twelve years, or ever since he left Sing Sing, he has been under surveilliance, and upwards of $1,000 in rewards and other expenses have been spent in trying to capture his gang. In working up the case I adopted different tactics from my predecessor, who had the suspects shadowed. One of my operatives was detailed to worm himself into the confidence of Dr. Bradford, Brockway's associate, and was successful in making his acquaintance, so that he kept me posted on the movements of the gang. We located the mill in West Hoboken, and captured Mrs. Smith, the woman who made the paper for the counterfeiters and who is a cousin of Dr. Bradford. We found $532,400 in counterfeit $100 and $500 bills, and also 1,500 sheets of the best fibre paper I have ever seen that was manufactured by counterfeiters. We caught Sidney Smith, the engraver of the gang, in his shop in New York and arrested Brockway at Rockaway Beach, where he was running a boarding house. Dr. Bradford was taken in New York, but escaped from our agents, one of whom lost his job on that account. There is another member of the Brockway gang in Europe, but we expect to get him later on. This was the most formidable body of counterfeiters that has operated in this country for many years, and has been broken up at an expense of not more than $2,500."

"I went recently to London," continued Mr. Hazen, "to testify in the case of Mendell Howard, who was tried for counterfeiting securities issued by the governments of the United States, France, Belgium and Germany. It was a rapid trial, for within two hours and a quarter after it opened Howard was convicted and sentenced to ten years in prison. He had one of the largest outfits for counterfeiting ever gotten together, but caught by the Scotland Yard detectives before he could work off any prints. Lord Salisbury, on behalf of his government, wrote a letter to our government thanking me for coming to London and testifying."

Recently Mr. Hazen broke up another gang of counterfeiters, in which were Russell Hoyt, a New York hatter, who worked for Dunlap; his brother, and an engraver named Hill. The latter was 70 years old, and had been convicted, in 1862, of counterfeiting, but was pardoned. He had been engraver for the Driggs gang of Dayton, Ohio, but after their downfall he came east, and Hoyt acted as his agent. Three sets of plates and $14,000 were seized at Bethel, Conn. —Picayune.

How a Snake Eats a Frog.

How a snake eats frogs is worth the telling. The writer distinctly remembers witnessing a dramatic meal of this kind, in which, of course, the snake came out the winner, getting his dinner in excellent style and completely vanquishing the frog.

The snake invariably grabs the frog by one of his hind legs. This preliminary struggle is one of the most impressive features of the combat. With a well defined natural instinct the chief effort of the frog is to keep his other hind leg far away from the snake's mouth, in the hope that he may speedily exhaust his enemy's strength, and also because he feels that if his other hind leg is made captive he will have less power to fight.

Once both hind legs are within the serpent's fangs the act of swallowing begins. Inch by inch the struggling frog is drawn further into the yawning orifice that expands at each gulp. The channel through which the frog has to pass is gradually enlarged by slow efforts on the snake's part, accompanied by fiercer and fiercer convulsions of the wretched wiggler.

The gullet of the snake in its natural proportions is quite large enough to contain the limbs of the frog, but as by frquent gulps the body is drawn further and further into the gullet the difficulty of swallowing increases. Gradually the ophidian's throat is distended, gradually the frog is compressed and drawn out. Finally the latter is double its normal length and half his circumference. As the process of expansion on the one hand and contraction on the other goes on, the frog is worked down little, by little until he is finally "Jonahed," and the snake starts in on his afternoon nap.—New York World.

Soup and Dyspepsia.

Frenchmen, who, as is well known, are particularly fond of soup, are dismayed to find a popular writer, M. Furetieres, declaring that that food or beverege is the cause of all the ills that dyspeptic nature is heir to. According to him, the practice of beginning dinner with soup causes a distension of the stomach that is fatal to the process of digesting the solids which follow. Moreover, as if this were not bad enough, the same writer declares that there is little or no nourishment in it, and that, as it is usually eaten very hot, it injures the enamel of the teeth.

The Oldest Church in Europe.

The only building in the world that has been uninterruptedly used for church purposes is St. Martin's Cathedral at Canterbury, England. The building was originally erected for a church, and has been regularly used as a place for religious gatherings for more than 1,500 years. Cannon Rintlege, one of the very best authorities on church history now living, is positive in his declarations that St. Martin's is the oldest church edifice in Europe.

An Old Adage Exemplified.

Miss Elders—I don't see how they do it. That Widow Gettem is the most successful woman with the men I ever knew. She has married and buried three husbands and now she is to marry a fourth.

Miss Withers (sadly)—Well, it's the same old story, my dear: "Nothing succeeds like success."

Common Gifts.

I said it in the mountain path,
I say it on the mountain stairs:
The best things any mortal hath
Are those which every mortal shares.

The grass is softer to my tread,
For rest it yields unnumbered feet,
Sweeter to me the wild rose red,
Because it makes the world so sweet.

—Lucy Larcom.

HUMOROUS.

She—Does Miss Wheeler cover much ground during the day? He—Oh, yes; she falls off a dozen times.

Customer—Give me a dozen fried oysters. Waiter—Sorry, sir; but we're all out of shellfish, excepting eggs.

Some men show remarkably good taste in their selection of ties until they put their necks into the matrimonial halter.

She—Don't you think that it is an uneven match? Why he is at least a foot taller than she! He—He will get "shorter" after is married a year or two.

Old Gentleman (as the train gets a terrific bump at a station)—Phew! What's that? Old Lady—I guess they must be coupling on that buffet car we 've heard tell about.

She (intensely musical)—O! You can't think how I love this song; listen, now he's coming to the refrain. He (intensely boared)—Refrain? How I wish to goodness he would.

This expectation is a jade
That fills us full of woe:
It's better not to meet the maid
We loved a month ago.

Editor's Wife—Who wrote this beautiful article on "How to Manage a wife?" Editor—Young Quiller. Editor's Wife—Why, I didn't know he was married. Editor—He isn't.

Passenger—This train is nearly one hour behind time, is it not? Conductor—Yes. But that's all right, for we'll get in the usual time. Passenger What time is that? Conductor—Two hours late.

Old Lady—Didn't I tell you never to come here again? Tramp—I hope you will pardon me, madam, but it is the fault of my secretary in neglecting to strike your name from my calling list.

Physician—You must not occupy your time with anything which re- the slighest mental attention. Patient—But, doctor, how can I do that? Physician—I will fix that. You are to read all the recent "novels with a purpose."

Little Willowrean, walking with her mother stumbled several times over the rough pavement. Her mother said "What's the matter, daughter?" "Nothing's the matter with me," she indignantly replied. "It's the ground is too thick in places."

Tankage.

"Do you know what tankage is?" asked one of the customs inspectors of the reporter yesterday.

"Something to do with a tank?"

"Guess again."

"Give it up, what is it?"

"Well, I didn't know before," continued the inspector, "but I was down aboard of a vessel recently, a coaster bound to the eastward, and was informed by the Captain that he had three hundred bags of tankage aboard. Then he explained that tankage is nothing more nor less than dried blood. It is procured at the abattoirs at Boston and other ports and taken to Boothbay, where it is used in the manufacture of fertilizers."—Portland (Me.) Argus.

Ghastly Trophies.

Hanging beneath the mantel in the private office in Magistrate Jermon's court are ten pistols which have been the weapons used in various murders for years back. The pistols are of all makes, and range from a single-barrel woman's pistol to a British bulldog. The most prominent among them is a big funnel-shaped weapon, containing seven barrels, which has a history of killing five men. This was carried by an old city watchman before consolidation. Magistrate Jermon is proud of his collection which is a present from the District Attorney.—Philadelphia Call.

The town of Lowe, Canada, 50 miles from Ottawa, never pays taxes, and when officers try to collect it, the citizens beat them.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The South maintains its reputation for conservatism, notes the New York Sun. It is noted as an interesting piece of news in several Virginia newspapers that recently a young woman bicyclist has appeared in Newport News wearing bloomers.

Says the Boston Journal: How few people know that the shamrock of Ireland is the white clover of the United States. Yet the trifolium repens, as it is technically termed, is the successor of the oxalis acetosella in the emblematic service of the Irish race.

On Monday of several weeks ago a certain financier whose name is at the moment upon the lips of all who are interested in finance in London is said to have made two millions of money before 10 o'clock in the morning—that is, some considerable time before the "market" generally opens.

Miss Rorer, a teacher of cooking, asserts that as a people we eat too much bread—and poor bread at that—and that the idea that "bread is the staff of life" is a mistake. Not that good bread is not wholesome, but there is not sufficient nourishment in it to warrant overloading the stomach with it. She also states that excessive bread eaters are always too stout.

The historic city of Georgetown, District of Columbia, is no more. Under the authority of an act passed by Congress in February last it is annexed to Washington, and a few weeks ago the consolidation was completed and the identity of the former city wholly annihilated by renaming its streets and squares to conform to the system in vogue at Washington.

Harper's Weekly thinks there is some ground for believing that when the Earl of Dunraven departed from our shores he left a new word behind him for our use. To dunraven, it seems, is to refuse to play without showing adequate grounds for withdrawing. A dunraven, accordingly, is a refusal to play for reasons not considered satisfactory. The new word is three syllables long, which is against it. But persons who use it hold that it conveys with lucidity and despatch an idea which could not otherwise be imparted without considerable circumlocution. It is proper to add that the word is admitted to be an Americanism.

Observes the Springfield (Mass.) Republican: Dealers in sporting goods in some of the leading cities are quoted as saying that there has been a tremendous falling off in the demand for playing cards and gambling devices of late. "Gambling," says a member of a Philadelphia sporting goods firm, "is by no means what it was a few years ago, when immense establishments, equipped with every device and furnished in most lavish luxury, were running with open doors in every large city and especially in the West." The late anti-gambling crusade, of which the rade on the Louisiana Lottery was a general feature, seems to have achieved great practical results.

Says the London Spectator: The statesmen of Pekin, secretly irritated to madness by their defeat at the hands of "the pigamy people," who, like themselves, are Mongolians, yet have surrendered their minds to the West, have decided that, as between the two ambitious Powers, they choose Russia as the protecting and guiding friend. The Russian Ambassador, not the Japanese, will be the ruling "influence" in Pekin, and if China remodels herself, which is doubtful, it will be under Russian officers, Russian financiers, and Russian engineers. Hatred counts for a great deal in human affairs, and it certainly looks as if the Manchus, outraged in their deep hated pride by the Japanese victories, had sought aid from a house which they regard as equal, against a house which for centuries they have considered and treated as inferior. That is an astonishing change, and one which may profoundly affect the future both of Great Britain and Japan.

LOVE'S SEASONS.

Full flowered summer lies upon the land.
I kiss your lips, your hair—and then your hand
Slips into mine; lo, we two understand
That love is sweet.

The roseleaf falls, the color fades and dies;
The sunlight fades, the summer bird-like flies;
There comes a shade across your wistful eyes—
Is love so sweet?

The flowers are dead, the land is blind with rain;
The bud of beauty bears the fruit of pain—
Can any note revive the broken strain,
Is love so sweet?

The world is cold, and death is everywhere;
I turn to you, and in my heart's despair
Find peace and rest. We know, through foul or fair,
That love is sweet.
—Pall Mall Gazette.

A JUST PUNISHMENT.

Two people were sitting on the veranda of an Indian bungalow; a tall man of about forty, handsome and bronzed, and a girl about fifteen years younger, fair and delicately pretty. From within came the distant sound of a piano and violin, and without, at the bottom of the compound, was the ceaseless sigh and whisper of the river.

"The air feels almost like England today," said the man. "When I shut my eyes I can fancy myself at home."

"Do you long so much for England?" said the girl, looking up with a smile. "It's all so new to me, and so full of interest, that I don't want to go back at all."

"Ah, Miss Graham, if you had been an exile for ten years, as I have, you'd know what the longing is."

"Ten years!" said the girl, sympathetically. "Yes, I shall want to go back long before that."

"I was only home for a month then," went on the man, as if he found it hard to leave the subject. "Twenty years of my life I have spent in strange countries and among strange peoples, and now I'm getting old and England is calling, calling to me louder and louder as the days go by. I've learned what it is to be homesick, Miss Graham."

"Then why not go home?" said the girl, gently. "Surely"——

"Why not?" the man laughed a little bitterly. "You see I am reaping the rewards of a misspent youth. I got into scrapes when I was at home—I wasn't worse than other people, but I was a bit more reckless. I belong to a respectable family, you see, and it's part of the contract that I don't go back unless"——

"Unless—what?" asked the girl, softly.

"Unless I marry, and take my wife back with me."

"So it's either slavery or exile," said the girl, laughing.

"Don't laugh, Miss Graham," said the man, earnestly. "The truth is, I have never seen a woman I wished to make my wife, until"——

"Alison," said a voice at the window, "will you have a scarf? There is quite a breeze, and your dress is very thin."

The man muttered something under his breath, as the girl rose and turned to take the scarf. She stood at the window a few minutes, and odd words and phrases of talk, punctuated with laughter, came brokenly to the man's ears.

"There goes my chance," he said, under his breath. He got up and leaned over the railing looking out upon the river. When the girl came back to her seat he turned towards her.

"Do you mind if I smoke, Miss Graham?" he said.

"Oh, no, I like it," she answered, smiling. She leaned back in her chair, gathering the scarf round her, and looked up at him, still smiling, while he lit his cigar.

"Jessie has been telling me a most absurd story that George has just brought home," she said. "The colonel's wife has got a new nurse girl from England, and she has been causing great interest and excitement among the men. To-day, two of them, each considering himself the favored swain, fell to quarreling about her, and, at last, there was a regular stand up fight. In the end, when some one in authority interfered and separated the bruised and gory combatants, the girl announced her preference for another man who had been a peaceable spectator of the fight. George says no one was more surprised than the man himself, and there were at least six other men who considered they had claims. One can't help laughing, though it isn't a thing to be amused about, really. I think they ought to send the girl straight back to England."

"Oh, come, Miss Graham, perhaps she did not mean to do any harm."

"No," said the girl, bitterly. "The people who flirt never mean to do harm, I believe, but that does not make it any less cruel."

"Would you—would you be very down on a man that flirted?"

"Oh, it's not really worse in a man than in a woman. It's heartless and mean, and contemptible on either side."

"But, Miss Graham," remonstrated the man, "it doesn't follow always that flirting merits all the hard names you give it. Sometimes I fancy, it may be a very innocent form of amusement."

"Ah, you don't understand, you don't know," said the girl, earnestly. "You are too simple and honorable yourself to guess what it may mean when it's 'innocent amusement' on one side and not on the other. That game is so seldom played fairly on both sides. Perhaps I should have thought like you but for something that happened when I was very young. I can never forget—I can never think lightly of flirting again——"

Her voice stopped with a little quick catch of the breath; the man looked at her with a face full of sympathy and interest. Presently she went on again:

"I'll tell you, if you like; it doesn't matter now who knows. I had a friend—my dearest friend, though she was some years older than I. She died six years ago, and I was with her much of the time that she was ill. They called it all sorts of things, and no one knew but I that she died of a broken heart. I suppose it was one of those cases of innocent amusement.

"Her people used to go every summer to a little watering place, where they had a cottage and a boat. One year there was a young man there, handsome, clever and attractive, and with some halo of romance and heroism about him that made him specially interesting. Mabel liked him from the first, and when he began to devote himself to her, as he did almost at once, there grew up an understanding between them that, in Mabel's eyes, was equivalent to an engagement. You see my friend was quite incapable of flirting, and it never occurred to her that an honorable man could mean anything but that. Of course, in her eyes, this man was the embodiment of honor, and courage, and every other virtue.

"Mabel had said nothing to her people. There was no formal engagement, you know, no ring, and Mabel was a shy and sensitive girl. She dreaded the publicity and the fuss of congratulations. She was not afraid of opposition, her lover was a good enough parti, and she was glad that no one should know for a little while. One day she awoke to the fact that she ought, perhaps, to speak. Her lover had persuaded her to meet him by the river, after dusk, and they were to go for a row. Mabel had rather reluctantly consented to this plan, for her people were rather strait-laced, and she did not think they would like it. In fact, after first intending to tell her mother, as a matter of course, as the day wore on she found it more and more difficult to speak of it. She worried herself quite ill, for she did not want to break her promise, and she could see no way of keeping it. As luck would have it, her people were going next door for a quiet rubber after dinner. Mabel looked so wretched that her mother suggested she should stay at home and go early to bed, and she gladly accepted the excuse.

"As soon as they were gone she put on a light wrap and hastened to the trysting place, determining as she went that she would ask her lover to speak to her people next day. The path by the river was a private footway used by the residents and visitors by courtesy of the owner. The meeting-place was an old boat-house, about a mile and a half away. When Mabel reached it she was hot and exhausted, for she had hurried, partly because she was a little late and partly from nervousness. She heard the sound of oars out in the stream, and paused a moment to listen, thinking it was her lover's boat, but it was going towards the harbor, and the sound soon died away. She sat down on a log and waited. Presently footsteps coming along the path made her jump up in a fright. A terror of discovery suddenly came over her. She crept round the boat-house, gently pushed the door open, and stepped inside, so that she was quite hidden by the shadow. The footsteps stopped close by and Mabel was in fear that her hiding place would be discovered. Presently she heard more footsteps, and then voices; a party of three or four girls had come out for an evening walk. They did not pass the boat-house, however, and after a little while they turned and retracted their steps. Mabel waited until their voices died away in the distance, and then followed them stealthily. She was cold and dizzy, but she did not dare to hurry lest she should overtake them. She got home without having been seen by any one, and went straight to bed.

"In the morning she was very ill, low fever the doctor said, and it was some days before she was able to see any one. At last, when she was getting better, she learned the truth. Her lover had gone away—had left the country the very night that he had asked her to meet him, no one knew how or why. 'Called away on business,' his people gave out, and nobody else had any explanation to offer. But Mabel knew, for in the early days of her convalescence, when she was allowed to sit in an armchair on the veranda, or to have her bath-chair pulled up among the bracken and heather on the headland, first one and then another of her own personal girl friends came and sobbed out just such another story of heartbreak and deception. And not a word of explanation or repentance did he send to any one of them. Mabel kept her own counsel, and no one suspected that her illness was anything but physical. She never got really well again. They took her abroad, but she never seemed to get any stronger. At last she begged them to take her home and let her die in peace, and the doctors said they might as well let her have her way. So they took her back to the little house at Seafield"—

"Seafield!" The half-burnt cigar dropped from the man's nervous fingers as the word broke from him involuntarily.

"Yes, do you know Seafield?" asked the girl in surprise.

"And your friend—was it Mabel Cahusac?" His face had gone very pale under the tan.

"Mabel Cahusac, yes. Oh! Captain Aldenham, did you know Mabel?"

"I met her—once," Fred Aldenham spoke with a great effort. "Miss Graham, did you hear—the name—of the man?"

"No," said the girl, sadly, "Mabel would not tell me that. And I don't even know whether his people were visitors or residents in the place. I am sorry, because I have so wished I could meet the man and see him get the punishment he deserves. But, you see, I might meet him without ever knowing."

"For which he may thank heaven," said Aldenham fervently.

"You knew Seafield and you knew Mabel!" said the girl, softly and wonderingly. "How strange it all seems! The place has often been in my mind since I came here. The river sounds just like this, and the gardens slope down to its banks just like the compound here."

"Yes," said Aldenham in a low tone. "It was of Seafield I was thinking when I said the place reminded me of home. I like to shut my eyes, sometimes, and forget the palms and the tree ferns, and fancy that the wind is stirring in the oaks and beeches of the old garden."

"I don't wonder you long for home," said the girl, gently. "Seafield is such a lovely spot! It must have been hard to come away."

"Yes," said Aldenham, rising suddenly. "When a man gets to my age things begin to alter. When I was a youngster I wanted to see life. I wanted to get as much fun out of the old show as possible, and I was glad of the chance of getting in touch with a younger, freer, more spontaneous growth of civilization. I tried everything, Miss Graham. I've herded cattle on the prairie, I've washed for gold in an African river. And finally, fate landed me here, in the midst of an English society, more conventional, more dull, more corrupt than any I could find at home, in order that I might learn, I suppose, the value of the English life I had forfeited. I have learnt it, and I long for nothing better now than a cozy house in my native place, with a few acres to farm, and a boat on the river. I want to know my brothers' and sisters' children, and, before it's too late, I want to see my mother."

There was silence for a few moments; the girl was deeply moved, but she could think of nothing that was not trite and commonplace to say. The endless sweet song of the river beneath them seemed to be mocking at the human passion it had stirred.

"Miss Graham," said Aldenham, speaking with sudden resolve, "I've done many things in my life that you would not like—that I don't like myself; but I believe no man can feel himself worthy of the woman he asks to be his wife. Perhaps—there may be some things you would put against that on the other side. I don't want to plead that; if there's any hope for me it won't be because I deserve it, but because——"

"Oh, please don't say anything more—I'm so sorry, so very, very sorry." The girl had risen and was standing before him with a face of utter bewilderment and consternation. "Oh, Captain Aldenham, I never knew, I never guessed—oh, I hope you didn't think——"

"No, I had no right to think—anything," said the man, gravely and sadly. "Miss Graham, if I wait—is there no hope for me?"

The girl shook her head.

"It would be no use," she said.

"Miss Graham—will you tell me—is there some one else?"

Alison lifted her head, and steadied her voice by an effort.

"Yes, Captain Aldenham;" she said, "there is—some one else."

She held out her hand to him in farewell, and he took it a moment between both his own.

"Then good-by," he said.

"Good-by," said Alison, gently; then she turned and went swiftly in through the window.

Fred Aldenham stood a moment listening to the wash of the river. Then he drew a cigar from his case, and cut the end off slowly and deliberately.

"Poor Mabel," he said, as he lighted it, "after all, she has her revenge."

FIREPLACE MOTTOES.

They Can Be Etched Into Wood With a Hot Poker.

Over the fireplace, in straggling letters, may be carved in the wood, or fired upon the tiling, appropriate devices and sentences. It is not an expensive fad, and is something indicative of real individuality. As instances, "Welcome ye to this cottage by the sea," or "Welcome ye to the cot by the old oak tree," or whatever tree be nearest. Again, "Come, bask in my cheerful warmth:" "Find in my fire, your heart's desire:" "Good cheer, find ye here;" "In gladsome mirth, gather around my hearth;" "Shall I not take mine ease beside my fireside?"

These or other mottoes might be etched into wood, for a cottage, by poker work, a decoration of which too little is generally known. Pyrography, as it is designated, is done after a little practice by any one having the least art training or dexterity and precision in drawing.

While there are sets of tools by which finished work can be done, a small-pointed poker, heated either over a spirit lamp, or in a coal fire, can be made the instrument for fine effects. Not only lettering for mantels, but designs in lights and shadows, for panels, screens, picture frames, cabinets and brackets are made by the poker point.

Good, well seasoned wood, free from knots and cracks, must be used to expect good results. It is said by experts that elm shows the blackest tracings, but that sycamore, holly and lime, followed by the oak, ash and elm, lend themselves readily to this work.

On any simple design or lettering the beginner can practice. There are but few rules. The bright woman will soon find the limitations and the beauties of pyrography. The beginner should trace upon a panel a simple design, perfectly geometrical, and with the heated poker or point follow the pattern with light, quick strokes. She should avoid resting the poker for an instant, even, on first touching the wood or upon leaving it, under the penalty of leaving an unsightly hard dot or point.

Where the shadows are deep the point can be slowly touched again and again. With practice the amateur can shade the wood etching from any conceivable depth of shadow to the high lights, which are the untouched wood. It is well to first lightly trace the outlines, when the iron can afterwards go over the deeper portions at pleasure. The dark background is made by fine parallel lines crossed diagonally by others. The same rules in regard to leaving the design untouched should be observed, as in any other kind of drawing.

Smallest Colliery in the World.

The little village of Nelson, England, has the distinction of possessing the smallest colliery in the world. It is situated near the Colliers' Arms, and affords employment to two workmen. These are father and son, and they combine in themselves the proprietors, managers, miners and hauliers of the undertaking. There is no siding connecting the works with any railway, and all the output is sold to the householders who live in the village and its surroundings. It should be stated that a stout little donkey does duty for a horse, and performs his work well. The coal has a ready sale and commands a good price.

Signor Crispi, when in Rome, has an escort of twenty-nine police officials, for which Italy pays $12,000 a year. Whenever he leaves the city the cost of guarding him is increased three or four fold.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy AND WE Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B.

REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 8	B'ham & Selma	8:10 a m
No. 9	Selma & B'ham	7:25 p m
No. 15	South	12:37 p m
No. 16	North	3:05 p m

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

To those expecting to locate here with a view of sending their children to the Industrial school, we will say, you need have no fears about lots being high—for we know of two men who propose to give away every other lot of two acres, free of charge to any good worthy person who will build on them.

H. C & W. B. Reynolds have on hand a car load of shoes which were bought before the rise, and are prepared to take care of your sole.

The changes in the schedule of the Southern which went into effect Sunday are not so convenient for us as the former.

Quite a number from this place will visit Atlanta within the next twenty days. Don't forget to shoot the chute.

How is this for a crop. With one plow running regular and another occasionally a farmer near here made 1200 bushels of corn, 10 bales of cotton, 200 bushels sweet potatoes, $50 worth of water melons, grapes, etc. This shows what push, perseverance and energy will do on a farm.

Misses Ella, Della and Rhoda Latham visited the Magic City last week.

If you have anything to sell, it pays to advertise, as was seen by the rush at H. C. & W. B. Reynolds last week.

Dr. Jeff S. Davis was called to Six Mile Sunday to see a Mr. Wallace who we learn is dongerously ill.

Mrs. Dr. Claughton visited Calera last week.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs ends his year's work here the third Sunday of this month. He will then attend conference and we trust that we will have him with us for another year.

Miss Nora Wells returned to her home in Faunsdale Monday after a long and pleasant visit to friends and relatives here.

Rev. and Mrs. C. L. Dobbs and Mrs. C. W. Carey attended the conference of the Women's Missionary society which met at Bessemer last week.

Attorneys D. M. Reynolds, W. S. Carey and E. S. Lyman attended court at Centreville last week.

"Rats" have played out lately.

When you hear an unusual noise about 11 o'clock "She" will sweetly say it's only father "cracking nuts."

Hon. French Nabors attended court at Centreville last week,

It is hard pulling but "eye teeth" must come.

The Tennessee Coal, Iron & Railroad company began operation at Gurnee Monday. We understand that in a few months things will again be booming there.

The mines at this place have been abandoned for several years, and it will require two months pumping to get all the water aut.

The newly organized whist club had their first meeting Friday evening, this being the evening of each week selected for their regular meeting. All the members were present and a most delightful time was had.

Professor Williams, of Pea Ridge, and Vance Hays, of Blocton, were among our callers Saturday.

E. D. Reynolds passed through the city Sunday en route to the "Fair."

Cotton is rolling in fast and our merchants are paying a better price than any city in the state. Goods are fully as cheap here, if not cheaper than elsewhere. So bring the fleecy staple and you will go away satisfied. With your wagon full of goods and a little spare cash in your pocket.

Say, have you seen them? They are the talk of the county. Those boots which H. C. & W. B. Reynolds are selling for $1.50 a pair. Others charge $1.50 apiece.

Mr. J. L. Honeycutt, our popular section foreman, left for Atlanta Sunday, accompanied by his handsome wife and interesting children. We wish them a pleasant visit and safe return.

Mrs. L. H. Lyman, accompanied by her daughter, Miss Hattie, left for Florida Monday evening, where she was called to the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. Wm. Hare, who, we learn, is very dangerously ill. Mrs. Hare was raised here, and we trust that on their arrival there they will find her much improved.

Insurance agents were very numerous here last week, and most of them say they did a good business.

The many friends of Miss Nannie Curry will learn with pleasure that she returned from Birmingham Saturday much improved in health.

Communications from Bismarck were received too late for publication last week. We hope to hear from you again, as your items are always full of interest.

We hear that Bismarck is to have a four thousand dollar depot in the near future. This shows that the Southern is a live and progressive road, and always looks after the interest and accommodation of its patrons.

F. E. Davis visited Centreville last week.

James Whorton, a prosperous farmer of our community, was in town Sunday.

Our jovial friend Alex Lee was among our many pleasant visitors last week.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs preached at the M. E. church Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Langston, of Bibb county, were in the city Monday.

Pulling "eye teeth" was "all the go" Saturday night.

Mr. Thomas Wagner, of Luverne, was in the city a few days since.

Mr. Thomas Letcher, of Stanton, visited our town last week.

Miss Lula Bowdon, one of Calera's most interesting young ladies, is visiting Mrs. Dr. Claughton, of this place.

Miss Bertie Allen left for Spring Creek Sunday, where she goes to teach school. Miss Bertie has many friends here who wish for her the greatest success.

A grand mass meeting is called to meet in Montevallo Saturday, November 9th, at 11:30 a. m. The people in the surrounding towns and country especially are invited to be present.

What's the matter with "Esmeralda?" Don't let it fall through.

Boys, give up your bicycle money and let it go to the Industrial school.

Wanted—One hundred and fifty thousand people to mind their own business and let other people's alone.

INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL QUESTION.

Two large and enthusiastic meetings in regard to the Industrial school were held Saturday night and Monday night respectively.

The question of raising the nine thousand dollars being the sole end in view, parties were asked to raise their subscriptions. Many responded in a liberal manner, but some could not see it to their interests to give any more. We still are far short of the required sum, and a cloud still hangs over our little town. How a man owning property and doing business here can afford to sit idly by and contribute nothing more to such a cause as this, is beyond our comprehension.

Only a few thousand dollars lie between us and the much coveted prize. Once gone, it is gone forever, and our town loses all hopes of ever building up. With a grand state institution located here we will have some prominence in the world, besides the great pecuniary advantage derived from such a source.

Is there a man in our midst who will not lend a helping hand, and if necessary make the sacrifice required on his part? We do not believe it.

STUDIOSIS.

The Studiosis met Friday afternoon with the Misses Allen. Miss Hattie Lyman, the leader, had prepared a most interesting program, and a rousing interest was manifested by each member of the society present. Each member responded to the roll call with a sketch of some English king before the birth of Chaucer. The writings of John Glover, Layamon and William Langland were discussed by the leader and other members.

Miss Bettie Allen read a selection from the "Vision of Press the Plowman." Mrs. W. B. Reynolds entertained the society by a very interesting talk on the reigns of Henry III and Edward I. The leader had made a comprehensive study of the program, and kept the society intensely interested during the entire meeting. The following is the program arranged for this meeting.

1. Responsive roll call with a short sketch of one or more of the kings from the time of William the Conqueror to Richard II.
2. Short biographical sketches of Layamon, William Langland and John Gower—Mrs. Clanten.
3. Criticism of Piers the Plowman—Miss Bertle Allen.
4. John Gower and his influence on early English romance—Miss Fannie McMath.
5. Influence of the Crusades on our literature—Mrs. J. L. McConaughy.
6. Current events—Mrs. E. S. Lyman.

The society adjourned to meet next Friday afternoon with Mrs. C. W. Cary.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C, & W. B. Reynolds 3t

CORRESPONDENCE.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Mr. W. F. Eddings and his lovely sister, Miss Lula, visited Six Mile last Sunday.

It is rumored that one of our most popular young ladies "over the creek," is to be married in the near future.

George Moore went to Clanton Monday on business for Morgan M. & Co.

The literary school as well as the Sabbath school at this place, is in a thriving condition. Our popular teacher's health far excels that of last year, and the patrons seem to have the interest of educating their children at heart. We predict for the youth of our community a bright future.

Mrs. Walter Eddings is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fancher, of Centreville, Ala.

One of our leading society young ladies says she wants for a companion through life, a young man that has a diploma from a medical college and energy enough to build up a practice. Is it possible that Montevallo cannot fill this bill?

Mr. R. J. Jackson, of Mississippi, is visiting his parents in this county.

"God be with you till we meet again."

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

The President Sets Apart Thursday, the 28th Day of November.

A proclamation by the president of the United States: The constant goodness and forbearance of Almighty God which has been vouchsafed to the American people during the year which is just passed call for their sincere acknowledgment and devout gratitude. To the end that we therefore may with thankful hearts extol the loving care of our Heavenly Father, I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, hereby appoint and set apart Thursday, the 28th day of November, as a day of thanksgiving and praise, to be kept and observed by all our people. On that day let us forego our usual occupations, and in our accustomed places of worship join in rendering thanks to the giver of every good and perfect gift for the bounteous returns that have rewarded our labors in the fields and in the busy markets of trade, for the peace and order that have prevailed throughout the land and for our protection from pestilence and dire calamity and for other blessings that have been showered upon us from an open hand. And with our thanksgiving let us humbly beseech the Lord to so incline the hearts of our people unto Him that He will not leave us nor forsake us as a nation, but will continue to us His mercy and protecting care, guiding us in the path of national prosperity and happiness, endowing us with rectitude and virtue and keeping alive within us patriotic love for the free institutions which have been given us as our national heritage, and let us also on the day of thanksgiving especially remember the poor and needy and by deeds of charity, let us show the sincerity of our gratitude.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed. Done at the city of Washington this, the 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord 1895, and in the 120th year of the independence of the United States.

Grover Cleveland.

By the president:
Richard Olney, Secretary of State.

THE ELECTIONS.

Republicans Victorious Except in Kentucky, Mississippi and Virginia.

While the count has not yet been completed, it has gone far enough to indicate very clearly that the republicans have carried every northern state in which elections were held, by very large pluralities. They also captured Maryland, while the democrats were the winners in Virginia and Kentucky by only small majorities.

Mississippi, of course, went democratic. The latest estimates of republican majorities are as follows;

New York 80,000, New Jersey 15,000, Maryland $10,000, Massachusetts. plurality, 35,351, Ohio republican estimate 100,000, democratic estimate 40,000, Iowa, republican estimate, 75,000, Pennsylvania 175,000, Kansas 2,000.

In the Eighteenth Illinois congressional election to fill a vacancy, the contest was close but Handley, republican, carried every county over Lane, free silver democrat.

The democrats claim Kentucky by 20,000 plurality. Bepublicans claim the state but give no estimate.

In Virginia the democrats appear to have elected 11 of the 20 senators and 57 of the 100 delegates.

The demoaratic majority in Mississippi is about 50,000.

Interesting Natural Phenomena.

An interesting point in connection with the earthquake which was felt in Indianapolis, Ind., Thursday is the fact that a number of small Indiana streams having their source in the gas belt have suddenly filled with water. No rains have occurred in that state for months to swell the streams, and in the case of Honey creek, in the eastern part of Bartholomew county, it had gone dry several weeks ago, the water standing in pools here and there. This week it is filled to the brim and in some places has overflowed. Sugar creek, that runs near Edinburg, Johnson county, was nearly dry, but it is reported to be nearly full. Smaller streams rising in the Hancock county gas territory have shown similar phenomena. No one can imagine where the water comes from. In the case of Honey creek the records show that previous to the Charleston earthquake, August 31, 1886, the stream acted in the same way.

A BRIGHT STAR GOES DOWN.

Eugene Field, the Brilliant Journalist, Poet and Wit, is Dead.

Eugene Field, poet, journalist and story writer, died at his home at Buena Park, Chicago, Monday morning as the result of heart failure.

Eugene Field, journalist and poet, was born in St. Louis forty-five years ago. His father was a lawyer and a good one, too. The father, Roswell Field, was one of the counsel for Dred Scott in the famous slave case. Eugene's mother came from one of the old families that crossed to this country in the Mayflower, or about that time. The mother dying when Eugene was seven years old, he was placed in the care of a cousin, Mary Field French, at Amherst, Mass. This cousin was devoted to the bright boy and he never forgot her tender, motherly care for him. He was educated at the university of Missouri. Then he went abroad for six months' travel. In 1873, two years after returning from his European trip, he married Miss Julia S. Comstock, of St. Joseph. The same year he became a reporter on the St. Louis Evening Journal, and before he had been there a year he was made city editor. From 1876 to 1880 he was an editorial writer on the Times-Journal of St. Louis, and from there he went to the Kansas City Times as managing editor. In 1881 he went to Denver as editor of the Times of that city. Field had before this made a reputation as a brilliant and versatile writer, especially strong as a feuilletonist, as the French would say. He had a droll humor and more than that, a keen wit. He wrote much delicate verse but his passion for innocent practical jokes extended his reputation almost as much as his literary work. In 1883 he accepted a position on the Chicago News and then he started that column known as "Sharps and Flats"—a column which has contained more delightful writing than any other in any paper in America in the past eleven or twelve years. The year 1889-90 he spent with his family in Europe and it was a happy time for him. Field loved books and quaint old books he adored. He was a judicious collector, and his home was a treasure house of curious volumes of forgotten lore. One of his pets was an ax presented to him by Mr. Gladstone. It was one with which the old statesman had cut down a tree at Hawarden, for Field had expressed a wish for one which Mr. Gladstone had used.

Mr. Field leaves several small volumes. The best known of these are "A Little Book of Western Verse," and "Little Book of Profitable Tales." His verses for and about children are touching. 'Little Boy Blue" is one of the very best known. And who does not remember "A Little Peach of Emerald Hue?" Every newspaper worker in this country had a warm place in his heart for Eugene Field. He had a large acquaintance among the stage people and none will mourn him more sincerely than the players whom he was ever ready to aid by a kindly word, as he was ready to assist the needy from the very bottom of his purse, for he was generous to a fault.

Ward Must Come Back.

Governor Turney, of Tennessee, on Monday received a telegram from Secretary Olney saying that arrangements had been made to extradite A. K. Ward, the Memphis defaulter, from Honduras. Governor Turney at once wired the police authorities at Memphis to forward all the papers in the case to him as quickly as possible.

Guardian's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree made by the Hon. Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the county of Shelby, State of Alabama, I will proceed to sell in front of the postoffice, in the town of Montevallo, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1875, between the legal hours of sale, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of Mary Jane Eddings, a now compos mentis, to-wit: A one-tenth undivided interest in that certain tract of land situated near Cataba River, in said county and State, and known as the Thos: A. Harper place.

Terms cash

NEWTON EDDINGS, Guardian.
tf

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Burley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H.C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. B. Lewis Co. WEAR RESISTER SHOES

Leads All Others FOR Wear, Style, Ease, Comfort.

For Lowest Prices.

FOR SALE BY H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St

Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,
30 South Pryor St.,
ATLANTA, - GA.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

——You can get——

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly ADVERTISER

An eight-page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!
The Fireside!!
The Store!!!

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

——DEALERS IN——

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO. The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Fall and Winter Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO. ALA.

Finger Nails in a Generation.

The statistical man who can tell you how many pounds of leather you will wear from your shoes in a lifetime and how many tons of food you will eat, providing you live to the biblical limit of "three score and ten," has just finished some odd statistics on finger nail growth. He finds that the average human being cuts away about the one-thirty-second part of an inch of nail each week, or a little more than an inch and a half each year. He also finds that the average length of life the world over is about 40 years; that there are 1,300,000,000 miles of finger nails in each generation.

To Our Lady Readers.

Nine-tenths of the women of the world are afflicted with some of the complaints familiarly known as "Female Diseases," or "Womb Troubles." There is scarcely a family but has an idolized daughter, a cherished sister, or a dearly loved mother who suffers agonies that are endured in silence to protect her modesty. Proper treatment is postponed from month to month by dread of a physicians' humiliating examination, or surgeon's knife. Most of these dangerous diseases can be successfully treated at home, but there is wide-spread ignorance among even the most intelligent classes of women regarding their natural functions and organs of generation, owing to so little information having been published in regard to this subject and a modesty that shrinks from investigation such a disagreeable matter. The Wine of Cardui treatment of female diseases cures thousands of cases of this kind of troubles every year. It can be used successfully in the privacy of the home and is cheap and effective. Ask your druggist for McElree's Wine of Cardui.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

Providence, R. I.

Please forward six boxes of Tetterine, C. O. D. I think it strange that it is not sold here in New England, as it is the best cure for Eczema, Ring Worm and all eruptions of the skin I ever saw. I got a box from a Cincinnati drummer, and gave part of it to a young lady who had tried almost everything to remove Pimples and an eruption from her face. Two applications of Tetterine completely cured her. I know also a gentleman whose body had been covered with Eczema—two boxes of Tetterine cured him completely, and now his skin is as smooth as a baby's. P. O. Hanlon, with Silver Springs Bleaching Co. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

It Never Fails.

Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy has been on the market for several years, and the universal verdict is that it never fails to accomplish its work. It is a mild and efficient remedy for all stomach and bowel diseases. Its use does not interfere with business or pleasure, but adds to both. Nearly all diseases are caused by indigestion. Stop it and your health will be perfect. A few doses of Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy will do it. Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale by all druggists.

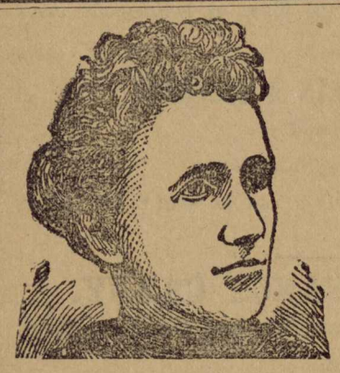
The More One Uses Parker's Ginger Tonic the more its virtues are revealed in dispelling colds, indigestion, pain and every weakness.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

I cannot speak too highly of Piso's cure for Consumption.—MRS. FRANK COBBS, 215, W. 22d St., New York, Oct. 29, 1894.

Walking Would Often be a Pleasure were it not for corns. These pests are removed with Hindercorns. 15c. at druggists.



Tainted Blood

Poisoned my whole system, local troubles being the origin of my suffering. My limbs and arms swelled and sores broke out. My nervous system was shattered and I became helpless. Medical treatment availed nothing.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

gave me vitality at once. I gained rapidly and the sores disappeared. I gained strength and was finally restored to health." MRS. ELBRIDGE E. SMITH, P. O. address, West Granville, Mass. Get Hood's.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Prescribed by Physicians
Relied on in Hospitals
Depended on by Nurses
Endorsed by THE PRESS
The BEST prepared FOOD

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE!
John Carle & Sons, New York.

MODEL 1891.

MARLIN REPEATER

In 22 Calibre uses 22 short, 22 long and 22 longrifle. In 32 the 32 short and long rim and center-fire cartridges. All other calibres also made by The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn. Catalogue free

PAYING POSITIONS

GUARANTEED IN WRITING. Students' complete course in HALF the TIME at HALF the EXPENSE of other colleges. 24 placed last month. Address at once GEORGIA BUS. COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

AM. N. U. No. 45, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION

FARM AND GARDEN

RATIONS FOR IDLE HORSES.

Horses that are not worked in the winter may be kept in excellent condition on good clover hay alone. This hay has more proteine in it than wheat, and more fat, and these two elements of the food are most needed by animals that are not in active use. If timothy hay is used, two quarts daily—given at noon—of coarsely chopped corn, with bran, or of oats unground, would be ample. Exercise is indispensible, however, to health, and this will be afforded by the use of a yard for a few hours at midday.—New York Times.

SMALL POTATOES.

Save the small potatoes for the hens. After they are cooked they will require no preparation, as the hen can easily pick them to pieces. In the winter season they will serve greatly to assist in keeping the hens in good condition, and as such potatoes are unsalable, they can be made just as valuable as the large ones if converted into eggs and sent to market. Potatoes will be cheap this winter, and the best use the smaller ones can be put to is in the kettle, to be fed where they can take the place of something more expensive. —Maine Farmer.

PRUNE GRAPEVINES TO GET GOOD FRUIT.

Much of the pruning required by grapevines can be done in the fall and during mild days in winter. It is not best, however, to finish the work then. Dead wood and superfluous old wood can be cut away, and the weaker canes not suited for bearing next season may be shortened to two or three buds. One of these buds, if properly managed, will most likely make a good cane of bearing size the next season, to produce fruit the year after.

The strong canes selected to produce fruit may as well be left until March. It will be light work to shorten them to half their length or less, when the other pruning is out of the way.

In pruning these strong canes before winter is over, some of the buds most desired for fruit might receive injury from extreme cold; they are much less likely to be hurt if left unpruned until the severe weather is mostly over.

The necessity of pruning the vines exists by reason of the great productiveness of most of the best varieties. If left unpruned, twice as much fruit will set as the vine can bring to perfection, and the fruit will not only be inferior, but the vine will be injured —permanently in the case of some kinds.

It will be understood that the term "cane" refers to wood of the previous season's growth; the wood which, if strong enough, will bear fruit the succeeding year.

Pruning is not to be done when the ground is frozen, and not to be done when the vines bleed.—National Stockman.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT BULBS.

Always procure bulbs as soon as possible in the fall, advises Eben E. Rexford. This because it is important that they should be planted so early that a complete root growth may be made before the coming of the winter. The success of next spring depends largely on the thoroughness with which the work is done. Good roots mean fine flowers.

Have your beds ready for the bulbs, so that you can plant them immediately after receiving them. A bulb dries out rapidly when exposed to the air, and it is important that it should go into the ground fresh and plump.

Have the bulb bed well drained. If it is not naturally so, provide artificial drainage.

Have the soil very fine and mellow. You cannot work it over too much. If rather heavy with clay, add sand or loam to lighten it.

Make it rich with old decomposed manure from the cow yard. Nothing else in the shape of a fertilizer suits a bulb so well.

On no account use fresh manure.

In buying bulbs always get the best. The best is the cheapest in the end.

Do not confine your purchase to spring-flowering sorts. Be sure to plant some summer and fall blooming lilies.

Be sure to plant some bulbs, if you have none at present. If those who have never grown bulbs could fully understand the amount of pleasure to be derived from them I am quite sure ten would be planted where one is planted now. By making a judicious selection it is an easy matter to have flowers from the melting of spring snow through April and May to the coming of the early summer flowers.—Prairie Farmer.

STABLE COMFORT IN WINTER.

Warm stables and proper feed are essential in keeping cattle in a thriving condition during winter, but few live up to their knowledge of these facts because of carelessness and neglect, says Allen Morse. To do this in the easiest and cheapest way, if the stock are not provided with warm, comfortable stables, provide them at once. It can be done as cheaply now as at any season of the year. Nail boards over cracks and ceil the inside with matched boards. I stuffed mine between the walls and ceiling with swamp hay with good results. An inside and outside door should be provided, and the former should be shut tight. The cost of such an outlay on a stable fifty feet long will be about $15; it will save that value in fodder the first winter. If water freezes in the stable provide a heater at a cost of $5 to $10; you will willingly give the wood and labor to see the cows drink. If both a warm barn and warm water cannot be provided, warm the stables, even though the stock has to drink ice water. It is far more comfortable, too, milking without an overcoat and grasping icicles.

The dairyman with a silo need not be told what to feed his stock. Those without one should not compel the stock to eat straw, as it is poor economy. Good clover hay, or at least that which is part clover, and a small ration of grain will keep stock in good condition. Heavy grain feeding will not pay in butter making notwithstanding good authorities say it will, but the stock will be in better condition, the manure richer, and it will be a pleasure to see stock sleek and fat. Keep the animals well bedded. This will pay in the added comfort both to yourself and stock, and also in the value of the manure, and that is by far the best use a farmer can make of his straw. If owning more than can be used in such a way, sell it and put the value of it in meal. It is an undisputed fact that it pays in dollars and cents to make stock comfortable and contented.—American Agriculturist.

TALKS ABOUT PLANTS.

The time to prepare a wild garden in a shady nook of the yard is in the fall. Wild flowers carefully transplanted now will start in the spring, and the collection can be added to from year to year.

One of the peculiarities of the floral world is the evening primrose, which opens about 6 o'clock, p. m., with an explosion, not very loud nor formidable, but still quite perceptible to any one who is watching the bud. It remains open all night.

Objectionable trees are killed in the best way by stripping the bark from them for a few feet from the ground just when the foilage is fully expanded in the spring. Leave the tree stand, as it will then continue to draw on the storehouse of the roots for supplies, without adding anything to it. When fall comes the roots are exhausted, and if the tree be cut down then no sprouts are likely to succeed it.

Wild hollies please so much by their bright berries in winter that many are tempted to plant them on this account. But it must not be forgotten that these shrubs are not all berry bearing. Some have male flowers only, and these have no berries. The only safe plan is to see berries on a bush before planting it. Hollies need close pruning to make them live when transplanted.

M. Zacharewicz, professor of agriculture at Vaucluse, has found by experiment with different colored glasses that fruit is the finest and earliest when grown under clear glass. Orange glass produces an increase of vegetation, but at the cost of the amount of fruit, of the size and of its forwardness. Violet glass causes the number of fruit to increase, at the expense of the quality. Red, blue and green are hurtful to all kinds of vegetation.

Garden and Forest says that B. F. Bush, of Independence, Mo., has reprinted from the State horticultural report of Missouri his list of the trees, shrubs and vines of that State. Two hundred and ninety-four species are described, a number which can probably be slightly reduced. Betula populifolia, for example, which is admitted doubtfully, probably does not grow anywhere west of the Mississippi River. This list, too, is enlarged by two hybrid oaks and by our chestnut, which is not an inhabitant of the region west of the Mississippi.—Chicago Times-Herald.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

A cow can never be spoiled by too much petting.

Have you provided a range of clover or rye for your hogs this winter? They need it.

Why buy a pig in a poke, or a cow, without knowing of the value of her milk? Test it carefully before buying.

Next to cleanliness, which is next to godliness, nothing equals light and sunshine in the way of sanitation in a stable.

A clean canvas cover over the cream vat is sufficient. Great care should be taken to purify the canvas frequently.

When putting away tools for the winter see that care is taken that they do not rust. Care is cheaper than new tools.

If a cow's nose is hot and dry, or if she "loses her cud," it indicates a sick animal. The appetite is gone and a tonic is needed.

Feed the calves from pails kept scrupulously clean by scalding. The milk should be fed at a temperature of ninety-eight degrees.

Every farm should have its hog lot, well stocked with good animals. Good big dollars are thrown away every month on the farm where there are no hogs.

There is every indication that hogs will command a higher price in October than they will get a month or two late. Get your hogs in the best possible shape as soon as you can.

NEWS & NOTES FOR WOMEN

GOSSIP.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt owns 126 diamond rings.

A Chicago girl announces that she will skate in bloomers this winter.

A Minnesota girl has started a school of agriculture to teach girls farming.

Worth once told Mrs. Langtry that the Americans were the best dressed women in the world.

Rosa Bonheur at seventy-three is painting a large picture representing a fight between two stallions.

The widow of ex-Governor Chase, of Indiana, has been presented with a handsome residence in Wabash.

They say that the Queen of England has been painting Emperor William's portrait, and is going to present it to him.

An American photographer paid Mrs. Langtry $1500 for the privilege of taking her photograph. Mme. Patti received $1000.

Mrs. Lamont, wife of the Secretary of War, is an expert landscape photographer, and has taken many fine views of American scenery.

According to the Lewiston Journal, Annie Louise Cary-Raymond has sung $500 into the treasuries of poor little Maine churches during the past summer.

Miss Laura Clay, daughter of Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, addressed the South Carolina Constitutional Convention in favor of women's suffrage.

Theo Alice Ruggles Kitson, of Boston, is one of the few prominent woman sculptors of America. Her work was well known in Paris before she was twenty.

A number of Baltimore ladies have organized themselves into a society for the erection of a monument to Henry Bergh, the apostle of gentleness to animals.

Mrs. Theodore Thomas, wife of the musician, is tall and slight, with fair complexion, gray eyes and brown hair. She is a Vermonter by birth and is quite a musical critic.

The servants in a school for girls in Connecticut, while cleaning up the rooms after the school closed, discovered 3678 wads of chewing gum stuck about in various places.

Lady Haberton, inventor of the divided skirt, is said to have a new fad. She contends that female servants should wear knickerbockers, as such costumes facilitate movements.

Princess de Polignac, daughter of the late Isaac Singer, the sewing machine inventor, is named as among the several bright writers on social and political topics in the Paris Figaro.

The Frankfurter Zeitung says that Finland, a dependency of Russia, boasts several fire engine companies composed entirely of women, and that these have already won glory at several great conflagrations.

A farmer's wife in Delaware has so cunning a fashion of her own for canning whole tomatoes that a Philadelphia concern contracted with her for all she could put up this season, paying her $1200 for the job.

The Bishop of Carlisle boasts that he "can sew a button on better than any woman." The late Bishop of Worcester learned to knit, so as to be able to take up his wife's dropped stitches when she grew old.

The close friendship between Queen Victoria and ex-Empress Eugenie, of France, continues undiminished. Eugenie has taken up her residence at the castle of Abergeldie, which has been placed at her disposal by the Queen.

Princess Pauline Metternich, niece of the famous Ambassador to Paris and the more famous Princess Pauline, his wife, has just made her first appearance as a violinist at a charity concert at Marienbad. She is only fifteen years old.

Lady Spencer Clifford, of England, has passed with first honors the examination for a sea captain's license, her purpose being to qualify as captain of her own yacht. However, if she so desires, she can now serve as master of any ship on the high sea.

The Velo makes announcement of an important tricycle race shortly to be held in the velodrome at Lyons, France, between Baronesse Emma von Sattender and Miss Amy Ewer. The victorious maiden will win the hand of a German millionaire, Albert Meller.

Mrs. Julia J. Irvine, who is the successor of the widely mourned Helen Shafer as President of Wellesley College, is a graduate of Cornell, took a special course at Leipsic and at an intercollegiate contest in Greek, in her student days, took the prize over sixty students.

FASHION NOTES.

Ostrich feathers, and plenty of them, are the popular hat trimming.

The mohairs are filling the demand that was catered to by crepons in the spring.

Black plaid silks are the novelty for princesse gowns, the ground of faille, the large bars of black satin.

The English walking hats and the little close turbans are the most useful things possible at this season.

The newest tone in gloves is butter color. White and gray sewn with black are among the latest fancies.

Tam o'Shanter crowns are a feature of the season's millinery. Usually they are a color contrasting with the brim. And the favorite hue is geranium; the fabric, velvet.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

Cultivate Your Child's Teacher.

The first thing to do is to visit the school which your children attend. Make a point of this, even if it means a sacrifice of something else, writes Edward W. Bok in an article on "Our Schools and Our Teachers," in the Ladies' Home Journal. Few things can be more important than to see for yourself the surroundings of your child during school hours. Observe quietly yet keenly, but remember that any observations or comments you have to make, the teacher of the class in which your child happens to be is not the proper person to whom to make them. The principal of the school or the superintendent is the proper functionary for such purposes. The teacher is helpless; she must accept conditions as she finds them. She is an employe, pure and simple. But seek her out and win her acquaintance and confidence. Show her that you yearn to co-operate with her. She knows that the best results can only be obtained when teacher and parent co-operate. Invite her to your home —not in a general way, but at a definite time. Make her feel that you want her to be something more than the teacher of your child. Make a friend of her if you can; at least give her the opportunity to show that she has another side to her nature than that which she shows in the classroom. The teacher's burden is a heavy one rather than a light one.

Indolence of Samoans.

It seems that the Samoans have developed a passion for the possession of large rowing boats built in European fashion. Instead of cultivating their land, they now waste their time traveling about in these vessels from village to village, and from island to island, "discussing politics." Some of these boats pull as many as thirty oars, and are between seventy and eighty feet long, while one is being built on the island of Savaii to measure 100 feet in length. Our consul mentions the case of a village owning two or three of these boats, for which they have doubtless paid dearly, and where most of the young men are also owners of a weedy pony or equally useless horse. The land on which their village stands is mortgaged, and is advertised for sale. Yet, instead of making any attempt to raise money to pay off the trifling sum required, they have for the last four months been playing, almost weekly, cricket matches with thirty or forty players a side, for stakes consisting of pigs and kegs of salt beef, to the accompaniment of a band of savage music. The consul believes the amount of money expended on cricket in this village since February would have paid off, not only the interest, but a large part of the principal of the mortgage.—London News.

"A Penny Saved is a Penny Earned."

But a penny saved in buying a poor article of food is a dollar lost to the doctor.

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SELF-RAISING

Buckwheat.

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Health,
Dollars
And Time.

Where Wealth Is Despised.

"Go front at once," said the fashionable tailor. "Two young clerks there after suits."

"I'm waiting on a millionaire," whispered the new man.

"Leave him and attend to the clerks. These millionaires don't buy new clothes once in five years. A clerk is good for a suit every three months."

"Dr. Kelly's discovery of the dangers involved in kissing is very alarming, isn't it?" said the young man. "Very," the young woman replied, "but then you know women admire courage in a man above every other quality."—Chicago Times-Herald.

About the most delicate thing you can say of a liar, is that he "exaggerates."

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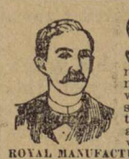

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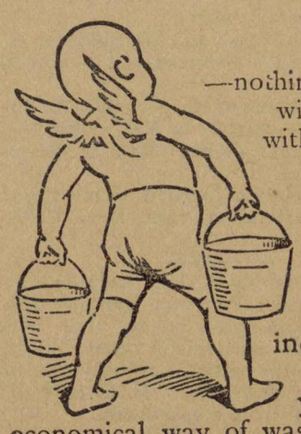

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VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., NOVEMBER 14, 1895. NO. 34.

Harvest Song.

Now the summer days are over,
And the bees have left the clover,
And the wheat is in its bin,
Thankfulness may well begin;
For the summer, fair and pleasant,
For the good gifts of the present
Time, and happiness therein.

Where the lake so still and deep is,
See, the lustrous water-lilies
Still give forth their creamy glow,
There the rowers briskly row;
Others stroll along the shore,
For the summer tail is o'er,
And this day no work they know.

To the orchard two are tending,
Where the apple boughs are bending
With their yellow fruit and red;
In great piles are heaped and spread
Apples mountainous and fair—
All their fragrance fills the air—
But the apple-blooms have fled.

Ah! I see the pretty maid,
In the apple-tree's deep shade,
Pick the gentian fair and blue;
But her lover, near it, knew
He should have the pretty flower;
And at length a fairy dower—
He shall have the maiden too!

—Joel Benton.

A CRUEL KINDNESS.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

The town had grown up to them and almost crowded itself into their front door, but they still lived on in the same old-fashioned methods of the past half-century, clinging to the chairs and tables they had when they were married, even retaining the little squeaky, piano that had been Ann Maria's before she married a rich foreignor and changed to Anita Marie. The cradle she was rocked in when a baby, manufactured out of a barrel by her adoring father, and covered skillfully with rose-colored chintz, had been sent up to the attic, for it offended her fine sense of esthetics when she came home to visit. The rag carpet in the living room was the work of leisure hours and had been in service twenty odd years, and the old man himself used to say lovingly, while he regarded it with admiring eyes: "You'll never make another carpet like that, mother!" It was like the last painting of a great artist to him.

And now the old people had taken an outing that was to last a whole week, the result of a conspiracy in which Ann Maria was chief mover, aided and abetted by her sisters who were married and settled in the same town, and whom she was then visiting.

While the old couple were gone the conspirators possessed themselves of the key of the homestead, entered it stealthily and began what they considered a work of reform, which was also expected to be a delightful surprise to those interested.

"We'll get that dreary old piano out of the way first," said its former owner, who had one now that cost a thousand dollars, "and the old rag carpet; it gives me a chill to see it; and all those dreadful framed photographs and chromos—I have a few oil paintings that I brought down with me on purpose to replace them; and that red tablecloth—Sophie, do you remember when we used to learn our lessons on that flaming thing? It looks as awfully red as ever, doesn't it?"

"Yes," answered Sophie, with a distinct sigh; "I wonder if we are as happy now as we were then, or if our conditions depend so much on surroundings— fine furniture, for instance?"

"Pshaw!" said Ann Maria, with emphasis. "We must move with the world or be run over. Here, take those old peacock feathers and stow them away somewhere. I suppose it wouldn't do to burn them? I once thought the eyes in those feathers watched everything I did. We'll leave grandfather's clock because it's genuine and a fad now in the best society, and the older it is the better."

So they tore up and tore down, and in a few hours a really modern air pervaded every nook and corner. A pretty new carpet, not too gay, but with a pleasing assortment of colors, took the place of the despised rag carpet. New chairs, a handsome rug, an upholstered easy chair for "father" and a modern rocker for "mother," supplanted the long-used furniture of the past, and the faded old photographs were removed to make room for smart paintings in consistent style with the new order of things. A white marseilles counterpane replaced the old log cabin quilt, every square of which had been as an open book for "mother" to read. Other innovations were made throughout, and then the conspirators paused to look on their handiwork and take breath.

"That's the first work I've done in twenty years," said Ann Maria, wiping her flushed face with a real lace handkerchief, "but I'd just like to see the dear old couple when they open the door!"

"I'm afraid they'll object to having the piano out of sight," said one of the sisters, "but they're sure to like everything else. Mother would never let me touch a chair, even to straighten it out, so I knew the only way was to take her by surprise. Old folks get cranky about things they have had a long time. It isn't good for them to make idols out of old furniture."

"I should say not," added Ann Maria, "besides, it isn't the fashion now as it was a few years ago. I was really afraid people would think we didn't appreciate our old folks to let them live on among that old rubbish."

The last finishing touches being accomplished, the sisters went to their respective homes, and at nightfall the two old folks walked into the domicile that had sheltered them for forty years—the dearest spot on earth to them—home!

It had been planned by their knowing children that they were to enter the house alone to intensify the surprise in store for them and enjoy each other's delight over the occasion without witnesses.

But they, not knowing this, felt with the sensitiveness of age a little hurt and clung closer together as they entered the dark and silent dwelling, every step of which was like hallowed ground to their tired feet.

"I most wonder th' girls ain't left a light a burnin' for us; this time they forgot," said the old man as he stumbled over a chair.

"You know, father, Ann Maria's visitin' them—it makes a difference," said the mother in gentle, apologetic tones, that were her wont when defending "the children."

"Seems right good to be home again—let's set an' rest a spell afore we light up," suggested the old man, dropping into a handy chair.

But his form had scarcely touched it before he straightened himself out of it and said testily:

"It don't seem nat'ral. It most broke my back to set in that cheer! Mandy, there's something wrong!"

Mandy had been feeling along the shelf for the candle that year in and year out stood there like a tallow sentinel, and had never failed her in the darkest night. She found it, but not in its old place; it had been moved a hair's breadth to the left and felt queer to her touch.

"Gimme a match. Eben. I want to see what like is the can'le. Lord a-mercy, look at it, man!"

It certainly was not the same brand of candle that for all these years had been run in the tin mould behind the pantry door. It was a gorgeous twisted design in green wax with yellow stripes.

"That's the girls' doin's, I bet," said the old man, putting on his glasses to take a better look at the intruder. "Gosh! what a lookin' candle."

As its rays diffused a little through the room the two old people began to investigate. They looked around, thon into each other's faces, and both fear and wonderment were expressed in their glances.

"Mandy," said the old man at last, "we've gone and got into the wrong house."

"I b'leeve it," feebly answered poor Landy, "but then whereabouts is ours?"

"Let's look at the outside," and the girls, who were watching at their own windows, saw a glimmering light dancing like an ignus fatuus before the old house, and could discern the unwonted spectacle of their father and mother inspecting the outside of their home by candle light. It struck them as very funny.

Meanwhile the truth had revealed itself in part to the old people, and holding aloft the flaring wax candle they took an inventory of the new furniture, from the carpet on the floor to the paintings on the walls. It was well the conspirators were not there to hear them. It might have given them a shock,

"Even the pianny's gone," said Mandy, wringing her hands, "the dear old pianny where Ann Maria learned to play 'Hang up the Baby's Stocking' afore she was 10 years old! I couldn't have believed it; and my hit-an'-miss carpet that I made with my own hands—and the red tablecloth, the cheerfullest thing!—you could see it for a mile when the door was open and we was lighted up; and my picters of the children taken every year of their lives—its worse than robbery. I don't doubt they meant well, but it's broke my heart!"

"I near broke my back tryin' to set in one of them new fangled cheers," said the old man, spurning the smart chair with his foot, "I do wonder, Mandy, if they left us anythin' to set on?"

"They've left the clock," said Mandy, "I'm thankful for that! I declare, father, it seems like an old friend," and holding fathers hand she stood long before the venerable timepiece, regarding it with loving eyes.

It was near daylight when the two old people had seen the last of their new possessions, and arranged them to their entire satisfaction. The fancy candle had burned down to a mound of green and yellow wax, and been replaced by a straight, uncompromising tallow home-made, that shed a serene light on two old faces that looked very tired, but wore a conscious expression of peace and triumph. And even in their dreams they smiled.

"To think of it!" said Ann Maria, when she tells the story; "after all our planning and contriving, when we went over the next day to see how they were enjoying their new surroundings, they had put back every article of the old stuff we moved, rag carpet, photographs and all, and packed the new things up in the attic! They wouldn't have a new chair nor a table-cloth, nor anything. Said the things weren't comfortable! Talk about the Ephraim being joined to idols—father and mother could give him pointers out of their experience," and she sighed over the degeneracy of age.—Detroit Free Press.

Products of Jamaica.

It is a matter of wonder how richness of soil and moisture can be sufficient to warrant such a profusion of vegetable life so crowded together as is this. But this is the region where one hundred and thirty inches of rainfall is the annual supply, and if the rich, black loam has any limit, neither planter nor even deepest tree-root seem to have found it out. Tamarinds, Jack-fruit, bread-fruit, mangoes of a score of qualities and flavorings, mighty cocoanuts, nutmegs, "pimento" or allspice, oranges, lemons, limes and shaddocks of the citrus tribe, pine apples, guavas, jimblins, cacao or chocolate-berry, genips, pindars, yams of several sorts, cassava or maudioc, sugar cane, bananas, plaintains, coffee, arrowroot, ginger—the well known "Jamaica Ginger" of our boyhood days—peppers of many kinds; these and many other cultivations, useful there and valuable for export may all be seen along seven miles. For hereabouts is undoubtedly, in the truest sense, the garden spot of the island, though it is still much behind some other parts in general thrift and improvement.—Outing.

Piracy on the Lakes.

It seems strange that the pirates who infest the Gulf of St. Lawrence cannot be routed by the Canadian Government. They have for a long time followed the business of looting vessels that have been cast ashore, and many complaints have been made by ship owners who have sustained losses through their operations.—Rochester Union and Advertiser.

A New Acquaintance.

Mother—I don't like the looks of that boy who has just moved in next door.

Small Son—Nuther do I. He's awful wiry, and I'm afraid when it comes to gettin' acquainted I'll be the one to get licked."—New York Weekly.

Three horses abreast is a vagary of fashionable driving in Paris.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Fair play—Flirtation.

The true reformer is never out of a job.

Faint heart is often won by fair lady.

Folly is simply pleasure which hurts.

Theory makes laws for necessity to break.

A fault acknowledged is a fault repaired.

You can't be happy if you expect too much.

Fate means anything which gets the best of us.

Charity is something everybody else should have.

Happiness is something which cannot be earned.

The ideal husband seldom outlasts the honeymoon.

A woman always expects to patch an injury with a smile.

People who wish to do good don't stop to make resolutions about it.

The husband who is proud of his wife should occasionally tell her so.

Time is turned backward in its flight every time a woman tells her age.

No woman is so pretty that she doesn't like to be told of it occasionally.

Don't argue with a fool; it sounds queer to to hear a man talking to himself.

Sometimes 'tis better to have loved and lost than ever to have loved and won.

To some men the best wife is the one that will put up with the most ill-treatment.

One-half the world doesn't know how the other half lives, and nine-tenths do not care.—New York Press.

A Thrilling Moment.

A French archaeologist traveling among the Andes in search of knowledge and speciment had a great desire to explore some caves in the side of the precipices. They were doubtless ancient tombs and would probably yield him a treasure. He selected a favorite spot, therefore, rigged a sort of chair or seat between two leather cords and engaged two Indians to let him down from the brow of the precipice. "A descent of 300 feet made in this way," he tells us, "is extraordinarily long."

However, he reached the cave in safety and on forcing a passage into it was rewarded by finding two skulls and a mummy, "thoroughly dry," he says, "and pretty solid." He passed a string through the eye-holes of the skull and attached them to his belt. Then he took the mummy in his arms and signaled to the Indians to draw him up. With his heels he defended himself against the jutting rocks and in a few minutes was almost on an even with the top. The Indians knew nothing about his load. Just then the yellow skull of one of their ancestors appeared before their eyes, and the idiots gave a start of surprise. The Frenchman thought they must have let go the cord.

"It was the affair of a second," he writes. "What passes in the brain of a man at such an instant is indescribable. I did not drop a yard, but I experienced all the horror of a man rapidly falling through space. My hands let go the mummy, and while, covered with a cold sweat, I was helped over the edge of the cliff by the Indians, the mummy bounded from rock to rock and landed in bits at the bottom of the chasm."

He overwhelmed the Indians with invective, but to no purpose. Such dead men they assured him, if disturbed in their sepulcher, had the habit of kissing the Indians, who perished infallibly under their deadly breath. One of the two declared that his own father had died that way.

The other assured the Frenchman that at the moment when the head of the mummy showed above the edge of the rocks it opened its mouth. If it had not luckily fallen into the abyss, it would have cursed them forever.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

The industry of whale-fishing still survives in Iceland. One whaling station has already captured seventy whales this season.

Modern Armor.

The experiments with bullet proof coats and material which have been conducted here and abroad, have called attention to the fact that mail protection did not entirely pass away with the shelving of the shield and cuirass. Many English officers still wear a partial armor when serving on foreign stations.

The commonest and most usual type of these protections consists of fine but beautifully tempered single chains, inclosed in soft leather, which run along the shoulders, down the outer side of the arms, and over certain parts of the body. These can either be sewn into a particular tunic, or they can be adjusted separately and put on like harness. Hundreds upon hundreds of these sets are sold. The most valuable of all chains in connection with accouterments are those which guard the head; and in cases where the regulation cap or helmet is not sufficiently protected in this way, specially made chains are sewn inside the same and covered by the lining.

Only those who have been in actual conflict know how valuable all the chains mentioned are in minimizing the effects of sword cut. As regards protection both from sword and bullet the general belief nowadays seems to be in thoroughly tanned leather and great quantities are made for officers, the favorite pattern—said to be the invention of the late Sir Richard Burton—being that which forms a not too prominent ridge down the centre of the chest. Many stories are told by officers of bullets which have been averted in some degree by these leather tunics, some of which are lined with woven steel wire. Of course, none of these things are supposed to be an absolute protection, but only a sort of palliative.

A London gunsmith, who sells a great many chain body protectors, which fit almost like an ordinary vest, and are very expensive, sells a large number of them to army men, and he not long ago sent a gross, as many as he could get made in the time, to Japan, where they were quickly sold. He has made for individual officers who have themselves drawn the design, a variety of different patterns of armor. Fine flexible chains and leather have entered into nearly all of them.—Boston Post.

The Brave Little Peccary.

Of the few American quadrupeds for which an intelligent hunter entertains a certain amount of respect the Collared Peccary is one. Although he is only a little flat-sided, high-shouldered hog, wild and uneducated, yet he is a plucky fighter when angry—and like a true child of the Wild West, he gets mad quite easily. It always annoys him very much that any one should dare to go a-gunning for him, and Mr. A. B. Baker of the Washington "Zoo" points to a long slit in the side of his leather leggings as an illustration of what a Texas Peccary can do when he is very angry.

This species has a very wide range, being found from the Red River of Arkansas as far south as Patagonia. In Texas it is no longer abundant save in the low jungly bottom lands along the Rio Grande. It does not go in great droves like the White-Lipped Peccary, and it is seldom that more than eight or ten individuals are seen together. The time was when they were much more ready to fight than they are now; but like all other dangerous animals, they have learned to fear men and their deadly firearms.—St. Nicholas.

Undismayed.

Cholley—Thought you were going to marry Miss Kostique?

Gussie—Going to awsk her tonight, My chawnces are about even.

"How so, deah boys?"

"She must say either 'yes' or 'no.'—Philadelphia Record.

A Smart Youth.

She (coldly)—I hardly know how to receive your proposal. You know I am worth a million, of course.

He (diplomatically)—Yes—worth a million other girls.

She (rapturously)—O! Jack!—Truth.

The jury that tried Inspector McLaughlin of New York City ran up a bill of $708 for carriage hire, taking the air between times.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

Borings in Hart County, Kentucky, have struck natural gas at a depth of about 200 feet.

A locomotive consumes on an average forty-five gallons of water for every mile that it runs.

A French railroad company has ordered clocks to be placed on the outside of every locomotive.

Special closed trolley cars, elaborately illuminated, are now built for the use of theatre parties.

"Brash" wood is porous, of a reddish color, very friable and regarded as a sign of age and decay.

M. Janssen, the French scientist, claims to have detected water in the atmosphere of Mars by means of the spectroscope.

Army officials are now experimenting with condensed soup. Consentrated hash and coffee lozenges are already manufactured.

An Iowa man has invented a substitue for the pedals of a bicycle, which is said to increase vaftly the power and speed of the machine.

They say that Dr. Kanson, one of Professor Behring's assistants, has discovered a cholera serum, which works successfully on animals.

Most European nations average for the adult male five feet six inches; but the Austrians, Spaniards and Portuguese just fall short of this standard.

A complete skeleton of a moa or dinornis, the gigantic, ostrich-like, extinct bird of New Zealand and the Connecticut sandstone, has just been discovered in a New Zealand cave.

Experiments were made in Austria the other day to test the danger of a balloon's being injured by bullets in war. A balloon anchored 4,225 feet in the air was fired at and hit nine times without being injured.

Linen can be marked by electricity. The fabric is dampened with water containing common salt in solution, and a current is passed for about two seconds from a silver die, carrying silver into the fabric wherever the die touches.

A method has been invented by a Hungarian for spinning ordinary wood pulp, cellulose, rag cotton, and every short fibrous material into yarn, from which all sorts of textile tissue can be made in the ordinary way, equaling in appearance, durability, and fastness of color the best cotton goods. The fibre, whether paper pulp or textile refuse, can be dyed before being spun into yarn.

Romance in a Watermelon.

John B. Bannon, a well known iron worker living on Gibson street, Youngstown, Ohio, has had a romantic experience which has been based on the receiving of a watermelon. Some time ago he purchased a melon it a grocery store and on it he found inscribed the name of Agnes Hillman, Benevolence, Ga. Mr. Bannon wrote to the lady, saying he had come into possession of the melon bearing her name. She answered, and a correspondence ensued, which is still being continued. Miss Hillman attends college at Benevolence, but lives in the southern part of the state, where her father owns a large plantation, from which the melon came. She is of rather small stature, with brown eyes and golden hair. Mr. Bannon is thinking of taking a trip to the Atlanta exposition, and says while there he will wed the Southern girl.—Chicago Record.

Earning an Honest Penny.

Miss Lily nestles familiarly on the lap of a young gentleman who has been paying his addresses to her big sister all through the springtime of this year.

"Tell me, sir, are you well off?"

"Yes, my little pet."

"You are very well off?"

"Why, what difference can it make to you whether I am rich or not?"

"You see, my sister said yesterday that she would give five dollars to know if you were well off, and I should like to earn the money.

It is reported that a warship of an entirely new type is about to be laid down by the British Admirality, Electricity is to be the motive power and a speed of no less than thirty knots is to be developed.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

EDITORIAL.

Did you read the Tuskaloosa Gazette last week? We did, and the brother seems as if he could swallow us. His article was very breezy (as usual) and he gave us thunder from the word go. Well, as we have been told by reliable persons that our dearly beloved brother was not representing Tuskaloosa, we, of course, will pay no attention to his blowing and crowing any more. The people of Tuskaloosa, when they found that they had lost the school, were perfectly willing and glad for us to have it. We do not blame them for trying to get it, for what town wouldn't do all in its power to secure such a prize. We have never met our friend, but feel like we know him and can say that "we admire his pluck, but ——— his judgment."

A Maine editor having sent little Marion Cleveland a poodle, the Galveston News facetiously observes: Most of the editors have been giving her father pointers.

As Paris's water supply gave out last summer, it is proposed to obtain 450,000,000 gallons a day for the city from the Lake of Geneva. Engineers think that the necessary works could be built in six years.

Cheap books are a good thing if the books are worth reading, but the great mass of the popular literature now sent out is, in the opinion of the Atlanta Journal, the veriest trash. Over two hundred new novels will be published in this conntry between now and the holidays and it is safe to predict that not a dozen of them will be of any real value. The publication of novels has been going on in this country for some years past at a terrific rate. In 1890 the number was 1118; in 1891, it was 1105; in 1892, it was 1102, and in 1893 1132. Of these more than four thousand novels hardly anybody now remembers even the names of more than a score or two. Nearly all of them have passed into well deserved forgetfulness and are to be followed by as many, or more, of the same kind in an equal number of years. John Ruskin's advice is to read no book until it is a year old. If one should adopt this plan he would find a year hence very few of the books that are now just out. The Ruskin idea is an excellent one. We often wonder when we read some new book which is the temporary rage what there is in it to make everybody anxious to get it and alittle while later we find that nobody wants it. It would be a fearful doom to be forced to read all of the two hundred American novels which are to come out this year.

The report of the Commissioner of the General Land Office for 1895 shows that, compared with the fisca year 1893-4, there has been a decrease in land entries of 19,095, and of 6,616,685 acres entered upon. Some persons may hastily assume that this indicates that the public lands of the the United States are nearly all occupied, but this is not the case. There is plenty of good Government land left, but it is a fact that in years of depression the desire to take up land seems to diminish. This rather dislocates the theory of some economists who profess to find an explanation of the superior condition of the masses in this country in the fact that as soon as work becomes difficult to obtain in cities the surplus population finds its way into agricultural pursuits. The reverse, however, seems to be the case. When work is abundant in cities the wild agricultural lands are freely taken up, but when the working classes in the city cannot find employment the business of farming ceases to have allurements. The explanation is simple, remarks the San Francisco Chronicle. When the manufacturing industries of the country are thriving and the workers in the urban districts are earning good wages, the farmer and fruit raiser can sell his products at good prices; when work in factories is scarce and wages low the profits of agriculture disappear and there is no temptation to engage in the pursuit.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

POSTAL FRAUD ORDER ISSUED.

Winter on in Nebraska—Help for the Cubans--Weavers Strike—A Negro Judge--Marine Disasters--Crimes and Casualties--Cherokee Troubles--Juryman Imprisoned.

SOUTHERN.

The furniture factory of Woodson-Johnson Company, in Lynchburg, Va., was completely destroyed by fire Wednesday morning. Loss, $100,000; insurance, $32,000. The fire is believed to be of incendiary origin.

Officials in the freight department of the Santa Fe railroad in Texas and the Indian Territory, estimate that the average decrease in cotton along their entire system, compared with last year, will be fully 50 per cent.

During a dense fog off Sewell's Point, in Chesapeake bay, the Norfolk and Washington line steamer Newport News Friday evening ran down and sunk the tug Katie, belonging to Capt. John Twohy, of Norfolk. Particulars are meager. The crew of the steamer Louis, which was near the scene of the accident, heard the two vessels crash together and the cries of the men in distress, but the fog was so heavy that they were unable to render assistance. When they arrived at the scene of the disaster they found the bodies of the cook and fireman floating near the sunken tug. It is presumed that the remainder of the crew of the tug was rescued by the steamer, which proceeded to Washington.

WESTERN.

It snowed and rained throughout Nebraska on last Wednesday.

The crew of the long-overdue steamer Missoula, given up as lost, early Friday evening arrived at Saulte Ste. Marie, Mich., in safety. The Missoula foundered off Carribou island.

Milton Seller, a wealthy farmer at Fayetteville, Ind., was shot to death at his home by robbers Friday night. The robbers escaped and bloodhounds have been put on the trail.

The postoffice dedartment has issued a fraud order against the Heilograph company, Mrs. Laura Porter, manager, of St. Louis, Mo., charging the running of a concern to obtain money under false pretenses.

Charles Graves, of Evansville, Ind., attempted to murder and rob Station Agent Jones, of the Clover Leaf road, at Linden, Ind., Wednesday night, and in the fight was shot through the body by Jones. He was treed by bloodhounds. He will probably die.

The Poles of Cleveland, O., have started a movement looking toward the sending of about 300 recruits to join the Cuban army. The force will be composed entirely of Poles, mostly from Cleveland, Chicago and Buffalo. A meeting will be held November 14, when it is proposed to formulate plans for getting the men to Cuba.

A message from Tahlequah, I. T., states that much excitement and intense feeling between political factions in the Cherokee nation are prevailing and bloodshed will result unless compromised. The conditions are similar to those of eight years ago, when many men were killed. The national party is contesting the election of Sam Mayes as chief of the Downing ticket, and the Indians are collecting in the capital armed to the teeth determined to aid their friends.

Grand Juror H. G. Summerhays, accused of having disclosed certain testimony taken before the federal grand jury in the investigation of the charges of intimidation of witnesses, subordination of perjury, etc., against the principals and witnesses in the Freeman-Westinghouse patent case, in San Francisco, Cal., was found guilty Friday of contempt of court and was sentenced by Judge Morrow to six months in jail without the alternative of a fine, and was also severely reprimanded by the court.

EASTERN.

One hundred weavers at the Narragansett mill, Fall River, Mass., struck Thursday noon because the lists of their work were posted in the weave room. They claim that owing to the diversity of work all were not given a fair showing.

At Canastota, N. Y., William Hawkins, about 12:30 Friday afternoon, shot his wife and then shot himself. He died instantly, but his wife is expected to recover. Hawkins was about 30 years of age, and his wife is younger. They have been married five or six years, but have not lived happily. One son was born to them about four years ago.

Thursday evening Salvator Morello and Frank Foretta, both barbers, went to Jersey City to fight a duel. The two were in love with the same woman. But when the place of meeting was reached Foretta drew a revolver and fired three shots at Morello. Two of the bullets took effect in Morello's abdomen and the third in the groin. The wounded man was taken to the city hospital dying, while Foretta fled to New York, where he was arrested.

A man supposed to be S. C. Busch was found dead Friday morning, with a woman he said was his wife, in a room in a boarding house kept by a Mrs. Hicks, in East Sinty-ninth street, New York. Gas was escaping from a gas stove in the room. The man was found dead on the floor, the woman on the bed. The police are of the opinion that the death of both is the result of accident. In the pockets of the man's clothing were cards containing the name S. C. Busch, importer of woolens, 268 Tenth avenue.

A family of six persons, Charles Ryan, wife and four daughters, was burned to death in a tenement house fire at 311 Van Bruut street, Brooklyn, N. Y., shortly after 1 o'clock Wednesday morning. The family lived on the top floor and were in bed when the fire started in the lower hall.

James C. Matthews, colored recorder of deeds at Washington in President Cleveland's first administration, has been elected judge of the recorder's court of Albany, N. Y., which office carries with it powers of a supreme court judge. His majority is over 2,000. He was nominated and elected on the regular democratic ticket. It is the highest judicial office ever held by a man of his race in this country.

FOREIGN.

Leaders of the monarchy party in Brazil declare the republic can not last six months longer.

The Peruvian congress has confirmed the tripartite treaty between Colombia, Ecuador and Peru.

Hill's cold storage warehouse at Montreal caught fire Friday. Damage between $80,000 and $100,000.

Many passengers were killed, including Bishop Lasagana, by a rail road wreck in the province of Minas, Brazil.

The Paris L'Intransigeant asserts that the government is about to reopen the question of the Panama canal scandals and that it will prosecute a prominent member of parliament in connection with them.

ESTIMATE OF COTTON CROP.

Made Upon Opinions of 2,632 Correspondents.

Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, who are regarded as very reliable authorities on cotton estimates, sent out 3,500 letters of inquiry to their correspondents in the cotton states on October 26 asking for the estimated decrease in the crop over last year. The firm's correspondents have been carefully selected and are regarded as reliable, so that the figures which they give may be accepted as trustworthy to the extent that it is possible to give a trustworthy estimate of production. In response to these letters 2,632 replies were received, which should form the basis for a reasonably accurate estimate of the present crop. The tabulated results of the letters is as follows:

Average of 295 letters makes Alabama 33 per cent decrease or 670,000 bales.

Average of 244 letters makes Arkansas 33 per cent decrease or 570,000 bales.

Average of 52 letters makes Florida 15 per cent decrease or 51,000 bales.

Average of 454 letters makes Georgia 27 per cent decrease or 949,000 bales.

Average of 153 letters makes Louisiana 37 per cent decrease or 378,000 bales.

Average of 365 letters makes Mississippi 28 per cent decrease or 864,000 bales.

Average of 211 letters makes North Carolina 34 per cent decrease or 307,000 bales.

Average of 232 letters makes South Carolina 26 per cent decrease or 592,000 bales.

Average of 162 letters makes Tennessee, etc., 28 per cent decrease or 252,000 bales.

Average of 474 letters makes Texas, etc., 45 per cent decrease or 1,802,000 bales.

Average 2,632; estimated total crop of United States 6,435,000.

It seems probable that this year's cotton crop will not exceed 6,500,000 bales at most. But few of the correspondents report any disposition on the part of the planters to hold back their cotton.

A SAD LESSON IS THIS.

Husband and Wife Apart for a Year Meet in Court.

Among the jurors called in the court of sessions, Brooklyn, N. Y., Saturday, to try Mary King and Elmo Murray, charged with grand larceny, was William Purcell. When the woman was arraigned Purcell asked to be excused, saying he knew Mary King. Judge Moore inquired his reasons for not wanting to try a woman he knew, and Purcell, with tears in his eyes, said: "Because she is my wife. I married her four years ago, your honor. For several years we lived together very happily and then she began to drink. That was the beginning of the end. She went from bad to worse. We parted a year ago, and this is the first time I have met her. She has since adopted the name of Mary King." The woman was moved to tears, and Purcell left the jury box. She pleaded guilty to attempted grand larceny and was remanded for sentence. The Murray woman stood trial and was acquitted.

HOME RULE IN CUBA.

The Spanish Government Extending the Olive Branch to Insurgents.

The Spanish government will try to ascertain if the insurgent leaders will accept modified home rule as the price of laying down their arms. The Conservatives will do everything in their power to circumvent the scheme. It is generally believed no such proposition will be entertained. The people of Havana are just waking up to the fact that General Campos is doing all that lies in his power to bring about reforms in Cuba, even to the extent of home rule.

A Huge Enterprise.

Sioux City, Ia., has practically secured next to the largest glucose factory in the world. C. Anson Potter, of New York, representing eastern capitalists, has signed an agreement to put in $1,000,000 plant if $75,000 bonus was raised. Two-thirds of the amount was raised at a meeting of the business men Saturday night, and the rest will be easily secured.

LIVE WASHINGTON NOTES.

France Willing to Release Cousul Waller as an Act of Graciousness.

THE THIRD TERM NOT WANTED.

Cleveland Will Not Allow His Name Presented to the Convention—Assault on a United States Geological Surveying Party—Free Liquor for Sample at the Exposition.

Imported Sample Liquors Free.

The treasury department has decided that samples of foreign liquors for free distribution at the exposition may be entered duty free.

***

Geological Surveying Party Assaulted.

The interior department was today advised by Mr. Hersey Monroe, of the United States geological survey, now in the field, that he and his party were brutally attacked and beaten with clubs and stones by a crowd of men on Campbell Creek, near Mammoth W. Va. The people of that region have previously been duped by people representing themselves as government representatives and in revenge they jumped on a genuine government party by mistake.

***

What Most People Knew Already.

President Cleveland has taken notice of the third term talk. He has told a member of the cabinet that he will not permit his name to be considered in connection with the nomination next year. The expression came about through a conversation started by the member of the cabinet regarding party plans next year. In what this secretary said there was an intimation to know the president's personal intentions. Mr. Cleveland responded promptly and plainly. He gave the secretary to understand that his mind was fully made up and that if the third term movement progressed beyond talk he would stop it.

***

The Case of Consul Waller.

Secretary Olney has received an intimation of the willingness of France to release John L. Waller from prison as an act of graciousness to the United States, but as an acceptance of this offer might prevent this government from subsequently demanding an indemnity for his imprisonment, a condition to which Waller, it is understood, does not agree, the prospects are that tedious diplomatic negotiations are the last resource. It is positively denied that Mrs. Waller, has been compelled to appeal to the state department to secure Waller's release on the ground that he is dying in his cell. Mrs. Waller herself declares emphatically that she has not received from her husband, nor have any of his friends, letters saying that his health is failing or expressing the belief that he cannot live much longer as telegraphed from Washington last night.

As Mrs. Waller understands it the two questions now under consideration by the state department are whether it would be possible to accept France's offer of Waller's release as an act of graciousness and continue the matter of indemnity for subsequent action or continue the diplomatic negotiations. It is known that the state department is not at all satisfied yet that Waller's case gave ground for indemnity some of the evidence on the subject being extremely conflicting.

AN AWFUL CALAMITY.

Death, Wreck And Ruin Wrought by Carelessness.

The terrible sacrifice of innocent lives, to say nothing of the destruction of property, resulting from the explosion of a boiler at Detroit, Mich., is the second calamity of recent occurrence evidently due to intrusting the safety of human lives to incompetent hands. The boilers used in operating an extensive plant were placed under an immense building, in the upper part of which about thirty girls worked in a book bindery. A large grocery establishment, with many employes, occupied another floor. Without warning came the awful crash, and down went the unsuspecting toilers, down into and under tons of brick and broken iron and shivered timber, down to agony and death. But few of the victims had been dragged from the wreck, when fire broke out, adding to the horror of the situation, and driving the rescuer's from their work until the fire department subdued the flames.

When all the people employed about the building were accounted for thirty-seven bodies had been taken from the debris. When the woakers got down to the boilers it was ascertained that the explosion was caused by a dry boiler. This discovery throws the responsibility for the awful catastrophe upon the engineer and the owners of the building. The former had been warned time and again by other engineers that he was too careless, and the latter had been formally notified of his negligence. The inspectors say there is not a solid joint in the Journal building. The north wall is warped and moved on its foundation, and the west wall swayed out 2 feet. It is wonderful that the entire structure did not collapse.

J. M. REYNOLDS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW AND

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,

Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy

AND WE

Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 8 B'ham & Selma.....	8:10 a m
No. 9 Selma & B'ham.....	7:25 p m
No. 15 South.....	12:37 p m
No. 16 North.....	3:05 p m

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Heavy rains fell here last week to the delight of every one.

Mr. J. F. Smith will preach at the Episcopal church at 11 o'clock next Sunday, instead of 3 in the evening as usual.

Miss Nannie Curry spent a few days with Mrs. McMath this week.

John T. Wilson was in the city Monday.

Dr. Jeff S. Smith went down to Faunsdale Tuesday to be present at the marriage of Mr. E. D. Reynolds to Miss Sallie Walker, which event took place yesterday.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds is spending the week in Faunsdale.

Go to the Victoria hotel and get fat while you are visiting the exposition.

Have you seen Mrs. McCauley's new hats? They are certainly daisies. Call and see them. Prices fo suit all.

Why don't you buy some of Rogan's fine candy? Your girl would appreciate a fine pound box.

News reaches us that Mrs. Mary Hare is improving. We hope to soon hear that she has entirely recovered.

The foot bridge across the creek here is in a dangerous condition. So some of our 200-pounders had better be careful while they are crossing it.

We are very anxious to see those fine buildings started on the hill. Look out for that fine hotel that we hear spoken of when work is begun on the school building. It is coming.

Mrs. Etta Woodward, after a pleasant visit to friends and relatives here, returned to her home at Knoxville, Tenn., Monday.

Miss Linnie Suttle, of Centreville, is visiting Mrs. A. E. Davis this week.

John C. Davis went down to Centreville last week, where he will spend next year "down on the farm."

"Possum hunting" seems to be very popular now. 'Possum "lies" are more popular.

We fear that our correspondents have all wandered from the fold, as we never hear from them. Shake yourself and send us some news next week.

Our fighting editor resigned last week. Says he has been with us for seven months and in all that time he has not had a single fight on his hands except the fighs for his salary.

Cotton is coming in slowly this week. Looks as if most of it has been sold.

It seems that some of our citizens have decided not to give any more help toward keeping the prize we have won. Can you do this with a clear conscience, brother?

If we sit still and lose this school, we will at once see that Montevallo is doomed and she will never be any town. Let's all come together and raise the balance of the money needed, and inform the trustees that we are ready for work. There are many good things in store for us when this school is put into operation. Without the school there is nothing, so wake up, brother, before it is too late.

Dr. McGaha, not knowing the change of schedule on the Southern, failed to reach here Sunday.

We read with pleasure the articles in the Sentinel and Chronicle last week in regard to the Industrial school and we feel sure that we will receive help from every town in the county. The school is here and there is no need of fear, for the people of Montevallo and Shelby county are not going to let it be moved for the want of a few thousand dollars.

It seems as if one of our boys has suddenly taken a liking to o'possum, for he hunts them four nights every week. What's the matter, Bill?

Miss Ada Mulkey, of Chilton county, visited this place last week. Miss Ada has many friends here who are ever glad to see her.

Some of our hustling citizens are determined to make a town out of Montevallo yet. Lots can now be bought at fifty dollars per acre, to those who will build on them. These lots are in the prettiest residence portion of the town and who could grumble at paying such a price for a nice lot. It seems that the report is out that property is very high here. We can only invite you to come and see for yourself, and we know that you will find this to be a mistake.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Lucas were in the city shopping Tuesday.

Mr. Wm. Mabrey, president of the Blocton bank, passed through the city Tuesday en route to Faunsdale.

Miss Fannie B. Reynolds went down to Faunsdale Tuesday to be present at the marriage of her brother.

Our jovial friend John L. Davis left for Centerville last Saturday to accept a position there. Much success to you, John.

Mr. French Nabors, Jr., after a sojourn of a few weeks in Texas, returned to Montevallo last Friday. He leaves for Birmingham this week to accept a position with the Southern railroad.

Judge Ellis Pheland, formerly secretary of state of Alabama, now of Waterbury, Conn., accompanied by daughter, Miss Mary, is spending a while with Mr. and Mrs. French Nabors.

Miss Margaret Hawkins, of Birmingham, after a short visit to relatives here, returned to her home Sunday.

Miss Julia Tutwiler, president-elect of the Girls' Industrial school soon to be erected at this place, has just returned to Livingston from a trip to Baltimore.

These lines are affectionately inscribed to the parents of Addie McGaughy, by Annie and Sallie Hendrix, of Jacksonville, Ala.

Our Addie has flown to her heavenly rest,
She has gone to the realms of paradise
To join the bright throng of the pure and the blest,
On the beautiful banks of the river of life.

Mourn not that she's left this dark vale of tears,
To mingle her songs with the holy above,
To warble her praises through long endless years
And live in the mansions of God's home of love.

Suffer little children to come unto me,
Was uttered by Christ when He sojourned on earth
And millions on millions have since crossed the sea,
And joined in proclaiming his heavenly birth.

On Chaldea's plains this heavenly host
Sang of his birth, and good will to men;
Never ceasing, that song will never be lost
But echoed from earth 'twill come back again.

Our Addie how lovely and gentle and kind,
And sweet winning ways to you and to me,
Yet our Father in love, who's never unkind,
Has taken her spirit safely o'er the dark sea.

We'll leave her to sleep by the Elyton road,
Where the sweet breath of flowers shall cover her grave,
And the soft winged zephyrs from valley and rill,
And mountain and glen forever shall wave.

Then weep not fond parents, and kindred and friends,
That the jewel from the casket forever is set,
'Mid diamonds and rubies and heavenly gems,
Oh, mourn not, nor utter no fond sad regrets.

But yield her to Jesus, the Christian's best friend,
Let her sleep in the tomb where her Saviour has lain,
She'll come through its portals, how beautiful then,
In the resurrection morn when we'll all rise again.

Perhaps her dear spirit commissioned shall be,
Around your loved forms, when death's summons shall come,
To fondly attend you so happy and free,
And guide you safe through to the heavenly home.

Oh leave your dear, then, in Jesus' arms,
Where sweetly reclining on his lovely breast,
Secure from all sin and sorrow and harm,
Through the long endless ages forever to rest.

FAIR WARNING!

For some time past it has been apparent that some person or persons in our town have concluded that they were not only able to defy and avoid the laws of the country against the selling of liquors, but they would defy the commuity also. They are reckoning without their host, as they will shortly find out, to their sorrow; for the people of this community are aroused and determined it shall not continue, and if constables and sheriffs and United States marshals fail, public opinion has decreed it shall not continue. Witnesses may perjure themselves, and the guilty may escape the grand jury, but a jury will be found that will deal with them, and they had as well understand that these things will no longer be tolerated. So beware before it is too late.

SOUTHSIDE DOTS.

Say, readers. how do you like to receive an invitation to attend a sociable about three hours bofore it comes off? Don't it make one feel like his presence is very much desired?

Take lessons from "Miss Frisky" if you want to learn how to whisper without being overheard.

Don't repeat this, that "Fatty" is going to jump the broom soon, because it might not be true.

The citizens of Montevallo are determined to stop whisky selling in town. We don't enjoy having intoxicated brutes, I will call them (they are not worthy the name of man), stagger round on our streets, cursing and fighting. Our people are peaceable and peace we will have, regardless of what some may say to the contrary.

They say "Foot's" girl has been wearing her hand in a sling since he bade her farewell before departing for Centreville. "Don't squeeze so hard next time."

It is also rumored around town that the "bashful old boy" has fallen in love with "Lize."

Say. "T. J. P," next time you write your best girl a letter be careful to enclose it in the right envelope.

George Deshaza, of Bridgeton, visited our city last week. Pretty sharp trick, old boy, but your excuse was too thin.

Jim Sessions, one of Dry valley's leading society young men, wishes me to announce through the columns of this paper that he is an anxious and willing candidate for matrimony.

If you want to learn how to write a model love letter ask "Jane and Jake" for some pointers. Unknown.

Months of sunny life and fair
Days that flitted—none knew where;
Hours of pleasure, hours of pain,
Hours that ne'er can come again.
They are gone, but do you find
You can leave them all behind?

Come not memories evermore
Drifting round you from that shore?
Words which lessened every care,
Thoughts no other e'en could share,
Duties that we ever met
With one thought—can you forget?

Can you calmly thus efface
From life's tablet every trace
Of the hopes and prayers and tears
We have shared in all these years?
Can we all these memories smother,
And "be nothing to each other?"

When for us life's task is o'er
And we tread its path no more;
When, 'mid shadows dimly falling,
We shall hear the angels calling,
As we calmly stand and wait,
Just outside the golden gate—

Then will these dark moments seem
But a phantom or a dream,
In that dawn of purer light
You will read all things aright,
False words will not seem as true—
In that morn—Adieu! Adieu!

STUDIOSIS.

Althoug there were only a few members of the Studiosis present Friday afternoon, yet the meeting was one of surpassing interest.

Miss Bertie Allen, the leader, had prepared a creditable and unique programme on "The Time of Chaucer."

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds in "The Biography of Chaucer" related many new and interesting facts about the poet's life. The sad love affair of his early manhood, which cast such a shadow on his heart, seems to stand out in striking contrast to the cheerfulness and meet kinkness of his disposition.

Selections were read from Chaucer by Misses Allen and Acker. The old Anglo-Saxon dialect in which they were written sounded very odd and meet, and the readers showed that they had made a careful study of our mother tongue as it was written in the fourteenth century.

Mrs. McConaughy related the touching story of the knight in the "Canterberry Tales." In this study the jealousy of Arcite and Palamon in their love for the same maiden, their distrust and falsity, reminded one very much of the nineteenth century youth.

The Studiosis is small in membership, but in literary enthusiasm and earnest desire for self improvement the society has almost reached its acme. The constant study and communication with the best writers and thinkers places one on a higher plane of intellectuality, and the influence is progressive and elevating.

We wish that more of our ladies would become interested in this literary movement, as the end in view is self improvement through mutual study.

The Studiosis will be entertained by Mrs. E. S. Lyman next Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock, subject, "The Canterbury Tales."

The mass meeting Saturday, though not largely attended, was composed of a number of our most prosperous and progressive farmers together with all the citizens of this place who appreciate the benefits of a higher education. A number of very encouraging speeches were made, which shows that the entire county is beginning to realize the benefits to be derived from having located in their midst this school for girls, which promises soon to be under headway, with 400 or 500 girls from all over the state in attendance.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

YES, GIVE THE BOY HIS "SHOOTER."

Some people are altogether too bitter in their condemnation of boys carrying concealed weapons.

Why, it would wrench from them the very foundation of their liberty—the greater part of their happiness. Why, it would deprive them of their revolvers, thus placing them at the mercy of an unappreciative, unfeeling and wicked world.

People should think of the peril of the young man while at church without his "shooter." His pocket wouldn't bulge out, and then who knows but that the preacher might attack him at any moment and break his back across the pulpit and he would have no means of defense.

And then what security would he have against the attacks of his best girl while escorting her home? and then when he got her home the boys might rock him on his way back home, and if he didn't have his "shooter" along his breeches wouldn't balance on him well as he went skimming along through space like a shooting star from heaven.

Then if the girls should find out he went unarmed some of them might kick him through a barbed wire fence and "stamp out his ribs" or thump his head against a wall until it would be softer than ever.

Again, what means could he employ to prove to the girl that he loved her without a revolver to point at her as he lovingly pulled the trigger? And how much could she ever know that he loved her unless she went up to heaven—because the "shooter wasn't loaded."

And then his good old mother might take a notion to take him across her knee and spank a little common sense into him, and he would be perfectly helpless unless he had his "shooter" with which to impress her that he is entirely too big to be thusly taught.

And again, the "old man" might get saucy and desire to amputate the use of the beloved cigarette from him, in which case the "shooter" would uphold the dignity of the tiny little necessity of his manhood.

It simply won't do to deprive the boy of the greatest source of his enjoyment. Who would dispute the fact that his dwarfed mind is capable of grasping the born right to swing a full grown pistol into his hip pocket and feel big?

Don't monkey with the boy's enjoyment.—Exchange.

A BIRTHDAY PARTY.

A number of goung people from here were invited to the lovely home of Mr. and Mrs. William Scales three miles south of here, Friday night last to attend a birthday party given to their son, Mr. P. O. West. All responded to the invitation with pleasure and one would had to have been present to know what a good time we did have. Taking the entertainment as a whole it was one of the most enjoyable ones we ever had the pleasure of attending. Mr. West's neighborhood is certainly full of pretty girls. Pleas was in his glory and happiness reigned supreme. It was his twenty-first birthday and he received several handsome presents. We can say for him, that if he succeeds in life half as well as he did in entertaining his friends that night, he certainly has a very bright future before him.

The Friday Night Whist club was entertained last week by the president at her lovely home, and a jolly good time was had by all, for no one is more capable of making all enjoy themselves than she. Never did kings partake of a more royal feast than was spread on this occasion. The thanks of the entire club are due her for accepting the presidency; for under her management it is bound to prosper.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

Guardian's Sale.

Under and by virtue of an order and decree made by the Hon. Jno. S. Leeper, Judge of the Probate Court, in and for the county of Shelby, State of Alabama, I will proceed to sell in front of the postoffice, in the town of Montevallo, on Monday, the 28th day of October, 1875, between the legal hours of sale, the following described real estate, belonging to the estate of Mary Jane Eddings, a now compos mentis, to-wit: A one-tenth undivided interest in that certain tract of land situated near Cataba River, in said county and State, and known as the Thos: A. Harper place.

Terms cash

NEWTON EDDINGS, Guardian.

tf

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

J. B. Lewis Co.'s WEAR RESISTER SHOES

Leads All Others FOR Wear, Style, Ease, Comfort.

For Lowest Prices.

FOR SALE BY

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds 3t

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St

Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,

30 South Pryor St.,

ATLANTA, GA.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

——You can get——

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly

ADVERTISER

An eight-page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!

The Fireside!!

The Store!!!

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

——DEALERS IN——

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.

LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of Fall and Winter Hats and Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO. ALA.

Hard to Convince.

It took six visits to a presentation of the danse du ventre by Turkish girls at Atlantic City, N. J., to convince the councilmen of that town that the dance was improper. Several residents of the town protested to the council that the exhibition was immoral, and the Mayor and Council promptly went in a body to see it themselves. Half the city fathers were unable to decide on the first visit and they went to see it again on four succeeding evenings, and even then one councilman remained unconvinced and could not decide that the exhibition should be suppressed until he had seen it once more. The show was closed.

In Olden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

There is in some common kinds of lying nothing worse than weakness and desire to please.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

☞ Sold by Druggists, 75c.

NEW CHATTANOOGA LABORATORY.

One of the Largest in the World—Wine of Cardui Has an Immense Sale.

CHATTANOOGA, TENN., November 9th.—The immense new laboratory of the Chattanooga Medicine Company was commenced to-day. Nearly an acre of floor space is now used in making McElree's Wine of Cardui and Thedford's Black Draught, but this new annex doubles the capacity of the plant. This business has become one of the largest in the country, and now sends its leading product, Wine of Cardui, to every part of the world. A branch office has been established at St. Louis for the northwestern trade.

Your Efforts are in Vain

trying to regain lost strength by the use of tonics, nervines, preparations of codliver oil, iron, etc. To get back the old-time vigor, the bright eye, the firm step, the ambition, the first aim must be to promote nutrition. The stomach needs the aid of a powerful ally like Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy. With its help, indigestion vanishes, perfect digestion rules, and health is assured.

For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per bottle.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

For Whooping Cough, Piso's Cure is a successful remedy.—M. P. DIETER, 67 Throop Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., Nov. 14, 1894.

Parker's Ginger Tonic is Popular

for good work. Suffering, sleepless, nervous women find nothing so soothing and reviving.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

What a Sense of Relief it is to Know

that you have no corns. Hindercorns removes them, and is comforting. 15c. at druggists.

Weak and Languid

"Our little Katherine had whooping cough, after which she lingered along from day to day, poor, weak, languid. She could scarcely eat anything. Her flesh was soft and sallow. I gave her

Hood's Sarsaparilla

and she soon began to crave something to eat. She steadily improved, and today is in full good health. Her flesh is solid, her cheeks rosy, appetite good and her sleep refreshing." MRS. M. A. COOK, 34 Fulton St., Peabody, Mass. Get only HOOD'S.

Hood's Pills are tasteless, mild, effective. All druggists. 25c.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE

TETTERINE

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Groun itch, chafes, chaps, pimples, Poison from ivy or poi-on oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

MODEL 1891.

MARLIN REPEATER

In 22 Calibre uses 22 short, 22 long and 22 longrifle.
In 32 the 32 short and long rim and center-fire cartridges.
All other calibres also made by
Catalogue free

The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

Agents—Ladies or Gents, $75 a week at home, using or selling Gray Platers, or taking orders for us to plate. Plate gold, silver, nickel, copper, white metal, manufacture the materials and outfits, teach the art, only complete outfit, including trade secrets and formulas, lathe, wheels, tools, all materials for preparing, polishing, plating and finishing, no toys, small in traveling case, large for shops, description, prices, testimonials, samples free. Gray & Co., Plating Works, Dep't 16, Columbus, O.

SAW MILLS CORN AND FEED MILLS.
Water Wheels and Hay Presses.
BEST IN THE MARKET.
DeLoach Mill Mfg. Co., 395, Atlanta, Ga.

AM. N. U. No. 46, 1895.

25 CTS. PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

SAVING LIFE AT SEA.

Lives Sometimes Put in Peril to Make One Rescue.

Much imperiling of life is demanded in the mid-ocean rescue of a drowning man, and such an incident always furnishes intense dramatic interest for a spectator. The Baron de Malortie, in a recent interesting work, recalls an exciting scene he witnessed years ago while crossing the Atlantic. The ship was several days out, when one afternoon he was idly lounging about on the upper deck.

"Suddenly," he says, "I saw a man approach the bulwark. He threw overboard some objects—we learned afterward that they were his Bible and a rosary—and followed them with a header into the foaming sea. 'Man overboard!' I cried, but the storm covered my voice, and I rushed up to the bridge to call the attention of the officer on duty to the accident. Stop! Half speed astern, and orders for the lowering of the boat were the affairs of a minute or two. 'Volunteers to man the boat!' shouted a young midshipman, cutting a lifeboat from the davits. Ten men came forward for every one wanted, and, selecting four of the most powerful tars, the middy was lowering the boat, when a young doctor, quickly pocketing a flask of brandy for a restorative, let himself down one of the ropes and reached the boat as a monumental wave was dashing ever it. The men pulled with a will and the gallant little nutshell fought bravely up and down the mountains of angry waters. As to the suicide, he was far astern, and only from time to time could we see the something like a human form emerge on the top of a white-crested wave.

"Oh, the anxiety with which we watched both the boat and its goal! Disappearing altogether at moments, when we feared we had seen the last of these noble fellows, another gigantic wave would toss them up again like a cork. It was exciting. But the boat was gaining; nearer and nearer it came, while we were slowly following in its wake.

"There! The doctor throws a life belt. They are only some yards off now. But no, a cruel wave has tossed them past the object of their tremendous efforts. There, they are throwing round her nose; the middy has passed the rudder to an old quartermaster, and, armed with boat hooks, he and the doctor stand ready for action. Another second and the life belt is hooked; the man is grasping it desperately, but he has no strength left; there he slips—all is lost, just at the critical moment.

"But who is that jumping overboard? Three cheers for the brave man—it's the doctor! But he, too, disappears. Are there to be two victims instead of one? No, no! And there—hurrah!—there is the doctor, his precious burden before him. The men pull like mad to reach the two ere they sink again. The gallant young middy is watching for the right moment. More life belts are thrown. They help the doctor to keep above water; another pull and the boat hook has done its duty, and while two of the men stick to the oars, the others are busy dragging rescuer and rescued on board.

"The long cold bath, the fright and the proximity of death had wonderfully sobered the would-be suicide, whom remorse for a drunken spree had driven to this mad freak. It did not require many restoratives to bring him to, and two hours later he had an opportunity of recapitulating his adventure in dire solitude, having been condemned to be kept in irons for the rest of the voyage, a well-deserved punishment for exposing six valuable lives to this perilous venture."—Montreal Star.

The Parrot That Scared the Cat.

Cats may not be superstitious, but they object to being startled just as strongly as any nervous old maid, particularly by a parrot. When a parrot in a large cage arrived in a passenger's baggage at the Great Northern depot yesterday morning, Baggagemaster Miller set him on the floor of the baggage room. There he stood for two mortal hours in dead silence, and no coaxing of the passengers could arouse his loquacity.

When the crowd had left the depot a large sleek cat appeared on the scene, and spying the bird, marched majestically up to the cage and sat down. He poked his nose between the bars and sat contemplating Poll, thinking what a dainty morsel he would make if those pesky bars were only out of the way. He had sat thus for an hour, and the silence had gradually grown denser when Mr. Miller was aroused by the unearthly screams from Poll's direction:

"Ha! ha! Come on, boys."

The cat did not care to continue the conversation; he just went, his tail up, lifted and swollen with fear till it looked like a feather duster. The parrot smiled a gleeful smile, and the cat did not come back to trouble him.

Modern Cave Dwellers.

On King's Island, in Behring Straits, thirty miles off Port Clarence and the shores of Alaska, there are about 200 of the most curious islanders that ever were seen.

The island, or rock, they inhabit is about half a mile wide and little more than that distance long, and the islanders are cave dwellers and live on whale blubber, seal and walrus meat.

On the southeast side, closely nestling against the cliff, is a village of the cave dwellers. One abode is built over and under the other, and to the right and left, presenting a most curious appearance.

These strange people are usually as strong and vigorous as can be found anywhere. They have no government, no chief and need no laws. Living in families and setting forth every day in their kiaks for the whale, seal and walrus, they return each night to their caves, or pole tents, caring nothing for the outside world. They are respected for their sagacity, but that is all.

A PECULIAR INDUSTRY.

Professional Pig Rescuers in a New York Court.

A new industry was brought to light in the Jefferson Market Court this morning, when William Hansche, eighteen years old, a resident of Brooklyn, and Richard Ferner, nineteen years of age, 880 Eleventh avenue, were arraigned for disorderly conduct. The complainant was William Cunningham, 603 West Forty-third street, who is employed as a watchman on the stock yard dock at the foot of West Fortieth street. Policeman McAnnany, who made the arrest, opened the case. He said:

"Your Honor, these men are professional pig rescuers. It is the custom around the stock yards on the West Side, where a pig falls or jumps into the river, to pay the man that fishes it out $1. The prisoners here have rescued innumerable pigs, but of late the pigs have been very cautious and not many have fallen overboard. To make up for the loss of rewards, these men have recently been driving the pigs into the river, and then pulling them out. They made so much noise doing this that they disturbed this watchman here, and I caught them in the act last night. That's the case."

Cunningham then addressed the court as follows: "Judge, I've warned these men a number of times not to disturb the pigs. At 7 o'clock last night they came to the dock, and seeing a pig asleep on the stringpiece, they threw him overboard. Before they had a chance to go after him, the policeman here, who was laying for them, grabbed them. I don't know what became of the poor pig. Maybe he drownded, or maybe some other rescuer got him out."

The Magistrate was visibly puzzled at the case. Turning to the prisoners, he asked them to tell their side of the story. Hansche, who spoke with a strong German accent, said:

"We didn't throw that pig overboard. We came to the dock and as soon as the pig saw us he fell overboard from fright." The speaker was not a very prepossessing looking man, and the Magistrate said:

"Well, I don't blame the pig."

"It was the pig's fault," said the prisoner.

Cunningham said that inasmuch as the men had been locked up all night and that it was impossible to bring the pig to court to find out whether it had fallen or was thrown overboard, he would not press the complaint. Magistrate Wentworth thereupon discharged the prisoners, with a warning.—New York Post.

Carlo Shows Advancement.

A man in New Orleans, Harris by name, has a dog which he is training to write on the typewriter, It is a pretty tedious business, and will, it is supposed, result in nothing but a little amusing trickery. Harris says the dog has learned to strike the keys with considerable correctness, but the process of teaching him to strike the letters will be more difficult. Of course, Harris has to dictate to the dog, as it would be impossible to teach the animal to read copy, and this he does by calling off one letter at a time, patiently training the dog to associate the picture of the letter with the sound.

So far, the dog has learnedto spell his own name, Carlo, Harris calling off the letters slowly and distinctly one by one. Harris appreciates the fact that the dog's dexterity can never be put to any practical use, and says his first attention was to sell Carlo to some museum, but that he has become so much attached to him in the course of the training that he feels he never will part with him.

The Origin of Mrs. Grundy.

How many who daily use the name of Mrs. Grundy have any idea of her origin? It is generally believed that Dickens was somehow responsible for her, but a writer in the Dundee Advertiser points out that this is an utter mistake. The real creator of Mrs. Grundy was Thomas Morton, the dramatist, (born 1764, died 1838), the father of the author of "Box and Cox," and she is referred to in his comedy, "Speed the Plough," which was first performed in 1798. Mrs. Grundy is not a character in that play; she is merely a mysterious personage whom Dame Ashfield, the farmer's wife, constantly quotes, much in the same way as Sairey Gamp alludes to Mrs. Harris.

Ripening by Electricity.

By lighting his hot-houses at night with electric lights of 5,000 candle-power, all told, Dr. Werner von Siemens, an eminent German electrician, ripens raspberries in seventy-five days, grapes in two months and a half, etc. The expression "in season" may soon lose significance in this connection, since by the application of electricity fruits and vegetables can be had at any time of the year. The fruits thus produced are remarkable for brilliant color and fine aroma, but are not as sweet as those ripened by the sun. The process may serve to amuse wealthy scientists, but it is not likely to come into universal use.

Lead Mining Declining.

The United States geological survey report says that the lead mining industry for 1894 was one of exceptionally low prices. Mining declined and it was necessary to draw on foreign sources to supply deficiencies. The production of refined lead in the United States was 219,000 short tons in 1894. The production of 1893 was 229,000 short tons.

CHICAGO BOASTFULNESS.

A Windy City Paper Gives a Bit of Good Advice.

Chicago is in the position of the man who prayed: "Heaven protect me from my friends." We have bred here, says the Chicago Times-Herald, a citizen, of all our products the most obnoxious, the most tiresome, and the most humiliating, whose public utterances are concerned solely with eulogiums on the real or fancied merits of Chicago as a "center of industry" and the "home of culture."

Fortunately he is not now abroad in such numbers as he was years ago, but there is enough of him and he is blatant enough to shame the quiet Chicagoan who cherishes his city too fondly to bear its name constantly on his lips. He was born of the period when Chicago was a boom town, self-exalted, reckless and stripling. That he has outlived his time of uefulness and lingers amid new surroundings is a misfortune. He sees the palace of the doge in Venice and remarks: "Sho! You ought to see Pott Palmer's mansion on the Lake Shore Drive." "What!" he cries in Stratford-on-Avon, "that was Shakspeare's house? Why, that wouldn't rent for $35 a month in Chicago." He is full of the "elegant mansions" and "spacious homes" of his suffering town; he carries about with him the sanguinary statistics of the slaughter houses and the exact height and dimensions of the Auditorium tower. He plasters the pyramids with advertisements of lard compound, and is overjoyed to find the Armour products for sale in Yokohama. He calls that "Chicago enterprise."

Chicago needs no advertising. It is not a land dealer's subdivision, nor a sideshow, nor a new brand of condensed milk. It is a great community, growing day by day in population and wealth, and growing also, let us hope, in grace and wholesomeness and the things that make for greater good. Let us call in the advance agent and haul down the "Civis Romanus Sum" sign.

Didn't Like Mark Twain's Stories.

About this time Mark Twain came to visit us, and he had a habit of making midday lunch his principal meal, so when 6 o'clock dinner came he would walk up and down the room, crossing it diagonally, and telling us the most amusing stories while we ate our dinner. He always put on low-heeled slippers for this promenade, and something about the singularity of the proceeding as a whole inspired Snap with distrust. He followed Mr. Clemens up and down, up and down, the room, occasionally sniffing at the low-heeled slippers; and when a louder burst of laughter than usual greeted some of the delightful stories, Snap would growl and try to worry the peripatetic footgear, until Mr. Clemens became conscious of him, and slowly turned a wondering consideration upon him.—St. Nicholas.

Proposed Facsimile of the St. Louis.

A proposition has reached the management of the Cotton States and International Exposition from Herbert Saunders & Co., of London, offering to build on the lake a fac simile of the transatlantic steamship St. Louis, to be of the same size as the original and elegantly fitted out. The interior of the ship will be used as a restaurant and the vessel will be reached from the shore by gangways. This is a duplicate of an exhibition now being given at the Antwerp Exposition. Henry G. Kittredge, the secretary of the Massachusetts commission to the exposition, is in Atlanta conferring with the management in reference to the Massachusetts display. While there he will select the site for the Massachusetts building.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

WOMAN'S ENEMY.

PERITONITIS SELDOM SPARES ITS VICTIMS.

When It Does She is But a Wreck---Physicians Have Long Been Powerless ---The Experience of a Baltimore Woman.

From the Herald, Baltimore, Md.

Mrs. J. P. Grove, a married lady with grandchildren, lives 417 Pinkney Place, Baltimore. She would easily pass for a woman of half her age, and owes her present state of good health and probably her life to the use of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. A *Herald* reporter called at the house a few days ago and was informed that Mrs. Grove had gone out for a walk and would soon be back. The scribe was ushered into the parlor to await her arrival. The room gave every evidence of refinement and the care and attention of a good housewife. Choice books lay around giving proof of the intelligence of the family, and the walls were decorated with many rare articles of virtu and bric-a-brac from South America, Japan, and other countries. When Mrs. Grove was announced the reporter was astonished to find her such a young looking and healthy woman. She is well educated, and is a fluent talker and interesting to listen to. She, however, declined at first to speak of the results she had experienced from taking the Pink Pills as, she said, she did not like to have her name appear in print in any way. "However," she added, after some little hesitation, "the pills did me so much good that I might be doing wrong by not letting some other sufferer know what they did for me." Then she said, "Dr. Williams' Pink Pills are certainly all the proprietors represent them to be. I never had such relief from any other medicine. A short time ago I had an attack of peritonitis which left me in such a prostrated and nervous condition that I despaired of recovery. I could neither sleep, eat or read with any degree of peace or satisfaction, and life was absolutely a burden. Having heard that others had been cured of the same troubles by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, I secured several boxes and began to take them. As if by magic I at once began to improve. They cured me, and now I have no symptoms of nervousness or of the disease which so prostrated me. Now that's enough," said Mrs. Grove, in reply to another question. She walked to the door as lightly as a young girl and, with a pleasant good morning to the reporter, disappeared within the portals of her happy home with a little grandchild clinging to her skirts.

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills contain, in a condensed form, all the elements necessary to give new life and richness to the blood and restore shattered nerves. Pink Pills are sold by all dealers, or will be sent post paid on receipt of price (50 cents a box, or six boxes for $2.50—they are never sold in bulk or by 100), by addressing Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Speed of Electricity.

The speed of electricity under the most favorable conditions is now established to be 180,000 miles a second. What this enormous speed implies is somewhat dimly suggested by an illustration recently used by the eminent scientist Sir Robert Bell. Suppose that a row of telegraph posts 25,000 miles long were erected around the earth at the equator. Suppose that a wire were stretched upon these posts for this circuit of 25,000 miles, and that then another complete circuit was taken by the same wire around the same posts, and then another and yet another. In fact, let the wire be wound no fewer than seven times completely about this great globe. We should then find that an electric signal sent into the wire at one end would accomplish the circuit in one second of time.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Austria's National Bank.

The Bank of England rightly has the reputation of being one of the mightiest powers in the world of finance. But there are other institutions in Europe whose capital and transactions are not to be sneezed at even by the Rothschild aggregation. In its last monthly report the Austro-Hungarian Bank at Vienna states that the value of its notes in circulation is 529,408,000 gulden ($260,000,000), and that it has gold and silver to the amount of 340,405,000 gulden.

Mrs. Zabbs—I met with one of the strangest experiences of my life to-day. Mr. Zabbs—You did! What was it? Mrs. Zabbs—Just this: I was getting on an open car and the man on the end seat moved in and let me have it.—Roxbury Gazette.

Try Them All,

Every Tom, Dick and Harry's Buckwheat.

THEN TRY

Heckers'

16

Rapid Growth.

Practically every department of trade in New York which has grown to great activity has been fostered, first of all, by advertising. Merchants not many years ago unknown beyond a narrow neighborhood have by this means pushed their names and their business into a distinction which extends throughout the Union, and even throughout the world. Little shops with a petty trade have developed rapidly into great bazars under the stimulus of advertising.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once.

D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

$3 A YEAR.

Presidential Year.

THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE, the great democratic newspaper of the west, will be sent six days a week one year for $3. No subscription at this rate less than one year. Samples free. THE CHRONICLE, 164-166 Washington st., Chicago.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

SPECTACLES.—If you wear them, or need them, or have trouble with your eyes, apply for my Treatise on the Eye, Test Sheets and Catalog, sent free. F. B. GREENE, Optician, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

Exhausted Soils

are made to produce larger and better crops by the use of Fertilizers **rich in Potash.**

Write for our "Farmers' Guide," a 142-page illustrated book. It is brim full of useful information for farmers. It will be sent free, and will make and save you money. Address,

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau Street, New York.

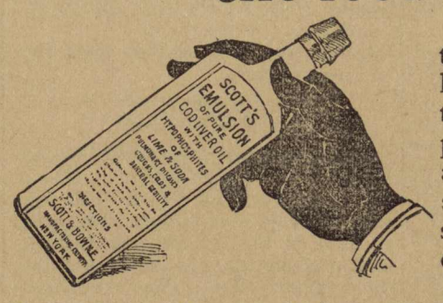
Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

the food for all such.



How many pale folk there are! People who have the will, but no power to bring out their vitality; people who swing like a pendulum between strength and weakness—so that one day's work causes six days' sickness! People who have no life for resisting disease—thin people, nerveless, delicate!

The food for all such men, women, or children is SCOTT'S EMULSION. The hypophosphites combined with the oil will tone up the system, give the blood new life, improve the appetite and help digestion. The sign of new life will be a fattening and reddening, which brings with it strength, comfort and good-nature.

Be sure you get Scott's Emulsion when you want it and not a cheap substitute.

Scott & Bowne, New York. All Druggists. 50c. and $1.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., NOVEMBER 21, 1895. NO. 34.

My Ships at Sea.

Whichever way the wind doth blow,
Some heart is glad to have it so;
Then, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

My little craft sails not alone;
A thousand fleets from every zone
Are out upon a thousand seas;
What blows for one a favoring breeze
Might dash another with the shock
Of doom upon some hidden rock,
And so I do not dare to pray
For winds to waft me on my way,
But leave it to the higher will
To stay or speed me, trusting still
That all is well, and sure that He
Who launched by bark will sail with me
Through storm and calm, and will not fail
Whatever breezes may prevail,
To land me, every peril past,
Within the sheltered haven at last.

Then, whatsoever wind doth blow,
My heart is glad to have it so;
And, blow it east, or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best.

—CAROLINE A. MASON.

LOVE AND DISPARITY.

BY MRS. M. L RAYNE.

When Robert Kester's wife died at the age of 65, leaving a tolerably good-looking widower some twenty years her junior, everybody said that as he had made her an excellent husband, in spite of the disparity in their ages, he could now with serene conscience marry again, and this time a young woman. Of course, they expected him to wait the year of propriety, but they also expected him to begin to "take notice" almost immediately, as the girls of the community were prinking and preening before the event was a week old. That his late marriage could have been anything but an enforced partnership was to them an impossibility. With the arrogance of youth they argued that he could not have been happy with a woman old enough to be his mother. It would not be at all surprising, they said, that when he married again he should choose sweet 16 as an antidote to his first disappointment. If he made a model husband to an elderly wife, what an ideal companion for youth and inexperience!

Meanwhile Robert Kester went on the even tenor of his way, not so much as looking at spinster or maiden fair, or troubling his head over the manifest interest displayed toward him. He was mourning sincerely the good woman who had been taken from his home, and who had made his life a most comfortable one. No question of disparity in age had ever come up between them since he had asked her to marry him and she had reminded him that she was twenty years the older.

"You will be ridiculed, and I will be blamed," she said, and persistently refused him.

Then he was very ill from a long, tiresome fever, and she nursed him through it, and he resumed his offer of marriage.

"There is a law against a man marrying his mother," she said to this.

"Then be my mother-in-law," he urged, "only take me for better or worse," and he quoted something that Emerson had just then written, to the effect that he who loves is in no degree cold.

"Yes, but he says 'he'—that is for a man."

"Man is the abstract of whom woman is a part. If you will not say yes, I will conjure up the fever again and you'll be sorry."

In this fashion he urged his suit, but she drew a ludicrous picture of the aged wife outliving the affection of her husband, who found too late that he wanted youthful society and amusement. She even rehearsed all the unkind things that would be sure to be said, making them appear in their most ludicrous light.

His answer included the illustrious example of the Baroness Burdette-Coutts, and at last she relented and they were married.

If people expected the middle-aged bride to put on youthful airs they were disappointed. She was calm and dignified, and her husband looked so thoroughly satisfied that the gossips were heart-broken. The world was not excluded from their domain; neither was it exactly invited in. As the years went by Robert grew elder and comfortable-looking, possibly from association. It was noticed that when they gave a party, as they sometimes did, that they went about with the young people and entered into all their sports, and then the gossips wagged their heads and said, "I told you so!" They could not hear him say after the company had gone:

"Isn't it a relief to be by ourselves, mother? I tried to make myself agreeable as you asked me too, but it was stupid trying. I wish we didn't have to entertain."

He called her "mother," though no child was theirs, and it was at times pathetic to see how much he depended on her "mothering."

One Sunday he had gone to church alone— an unusual event, but she had insisted. It was the beginning of the end that was coming to their long courtship, and she wanted to be alone and think it over—how best to tell him. And he had come home, disturbing a conference with God, to say this:

"Mother, how could you let me go to church with the legs of my trousers rolled up like that?"

"My dear boy"—he was always her "dear boy" to the last hand-clasp—"how could I prevent you? You were in such a hurry you did not present yourself for inspection."

"But you knew they were rolled up the last rainy day."

"And hadn't you sense to roll them down when it was dry? Why, Robert living with me must have turned your brain."

That was enough. He kissed her with all the warmth of a lover, and that was as far as ever a quarrel progressed.

A year passed, and not only was Robert Kester still a widower, but he had not even begun to take notice. He lived in the comfortable house which had been his home for many years, and it was taken care of by a chore woman who came twice a day and cared for the premises while he was absent. No invitations had wheedled him out of his solitude, and he had never noticed any of the 16-year old girls who were to succeed Mrs. Kester. All overtures of sympathy and respect were put aside, and it looked as if the most eligible widower in Green county was to remain a widower to the end of his days.

Robert Kester owned a good horse, which he drove to a covered buggy, in which he and his late wife had explored every nook and corner of the town in which they lived and much surrounding it.

After his wife's death he occupied the buggy alone. It was the one pleasure he allowed himself and he drove more frequently than anywhere else to the cemetery in which she reposed.

He went there at all hours, but no one could say whether thrift or sentiment took him there. The lot was kept like her flower garden at home, and no other hand but his touched it. So the spectacle of Robert's horse hitched to the pailings caused no surprise. Coming or going he carried some tribute of remembrance and affection.

Several times he had observed another mourner who visited a lot near his own. He knew her as a poor lonely widow, whose husband and two children slept there. Her silent, shrinking movements, her grief, and the fact that she was far along the troubled pathway of life, gave her a transient interest, and one day when a storm was approaching he offered her a seat in his carriage. Such unwonted kindness quite upset her, and she was silent and despondent during the ride home. She had known Mrs. Kester, and included her in the few grateful words she said, in such a way as to please Robert much. Praise of his wife had always been an open way to his esteem.

But the widow went no more to the cemetery. There were several reasons for this. First, the days were growing cold, and she dreaded rheumatism. Then she did not want that good man, Robert Kester, to think that she was lying in wait for him. And, too, she had accepted a home with a family—a cross, disagreeable man and his prim wife—where in consideration of three meals a day and lodging, she was to act as housekeeper where no servant was kept. Her property had been taken from her by an unscrupulous son, and she was obliged in her old age to work for strangers.

Being a woman of education who in her youth had enjoyed superior advantages, she felt that her sphere was lowering and closing her in. Being a Christian, she accepted the changed conditions of her life with fortitude and resignation. But a single petty act of cruelty and injustice raised her again to the plateau of happiness.

Going out earlier than usual one morning with his horse and buggy, Robert saw a bowed and weeping woman vanish into the cemetery stile. He waited a long time for her to appear, and then he again invited her to a seat in his buggy.

All Green county was electrified when they heard of Robert's second marriage, and saw that plain, sad Mrs. Black dressed in a dark red—yes, actually red—bridal dress, superintending Robert's home, now hers, and looking like another woman in the sunshine of her new life.

Then he hadn't been unhappy before? He hadn't repented of marrying a woman much too old for him, and proved it by rushing off to marry one much too young? He had selected another motherly woman, and had asked nobody's permission. And he went on living in the same calm, rational way with number two, who seemed to fit into all vacant niches as if she had been to the manner born.

But the effect of all this on the people of that locality has been most remarkable. Disparity of age is the rule now instead of the exception. And it is always on the bride's side. The girl's are hurrying up the time when a young man will consider them old enough to marry. Instead of making themselves younger when their ages are asked, they invariably add years to their number, so that they will be considered sufficiently ripe in judgment for marriage with their juniors.

For these unequal marriages are wonderfully happy, filled wth a strong and abiding friendship, a comradeship, that indicates the true measure of living. Some one has said that real life never arranges itself exactly like a romance. And as the value of first youth is not appreciated until it has vanished, so love produces a second youth of the heart—and with it time has no existence—years do not count.—Detroit Free Press.

Spectacles in the Collection.

A novel method of correcting a clergyman's mistakes in reading is reported in the Church Review. During the collection after a sermon recently a gentleman in the congregation quietly took off his spectacles and put them on the plate. The churchwarden courteously handed them back, supposing them to have been put there in absence of mind, but the donor again deposited them on the plate, and, not wishing to make a scene, the official finished his duties, and the spectacles were duly presented with the other alms. However, after the service he took them down to the donor—a stranger—and said he feared they were given by mistake. Judge of his surprise on being assured that it was no mistake—that the clergyman who read the prayers had made so many blunders in reading that he presumed he could not see, and so he presented him with a pair of spectacles.—London Telegraph.

An Epidemic of Toothache.

One of the most curious features of the Chitral campaign is the extraordinary prevalence of toothache among the officers. The matter is receiving the serious attention of the medical authorities, and it is hoped that some very interesting statistical results will be gained from the careful investigation which is now taking place. The epidemic first made its appearance after the active operations were over, and the various regiments had received orders to stand fast for the summer, and reached its most violent form just before the long-expected order to partially evacuate the country had arrived. Is not an epidemic of toothache something very unusual?—Westminster Gazette.

No Danger of Meeting Again.

Mrs. Slimson (severely)—"Willie, this lady complains that you have been fighting with her little boy, and wants you to promise never to do so again."

Willie (to lady)—"You needn't be afraid, ma'am. Your boy will keep out of my way after this."—Harper's Bazar.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

American ebony is one of the heaviest woods known, weighing 83.18 pounds to the cubic foot.

A case of writer's cramp in a telegraph operator has been cured by applications of static electricity.

It is predicted that in the near future bicycle stands in halls will be as commod as umbrella stands now are.

An inch of rain falling upon an area of one square mile is equivalent to nearly 17,500 gallons, weighing 64,844 tons.

The brain of a woman is smaller than that of a man, but it is stated to be somewhat larger in proportion to the weight of the body.

Experiments recently made have demonstrated the feasibility of taking telegraph dispatches directly from the wire to typesetting machine.

It is claimed that the stringing of electric wires in cities and villages will destroy a large proportion of the shade trees unless greater pains are taken to place the poles and wires so as not to come in contact with the trees.

Constructor Hitchborn's new life-buoy carried on the Katahdin, consists of a copper cylinder bent into a circle. From the sides hang two smaller cylinders containing a material which, when wet, gives forth a bright light.

A good engine in charge of a good man rarely requires to be stopped in working hours. When one is stopped frequently, adds the Safety Valve, it would be a good plan to find out whether it is the engine that is out of order, or the man in charge of it.

German papers assert that gas pipes made of paper are a success. Manilla paper strips are passed through molten asphaltum and then moulded under heavy pressure. After cooling, the pipes, which may be of any desired length, receive a water-proof coating.

It is a common fact, but not generally remembered, that a cock will not crow unless he can throw back his head. If a cock is shut up over night in a low coop where he cannot stretch back his neck, there will be no crowing in the morning until the bird is released.

Some investigations recently conducted by M. Chauven show that contrary to the general supposition the muscular heating caused by the act of raising a burden is greater than that due to the act of lowering it. Hitherto it has been believed that the work of lifting and the work of lowering produce equal heat.

What to Drink Awheel.

Drinking and the kinds of drinks to be indulged in while cycling must be an individual study on the part of each rider. French doctors commend warm tea and coffee without sugar or very little sweetening. It has been found that warm drinks quench the thirst and do not heat as much as cold ones. Milk is good, for persons who can digest it. Those who cannot may find it beneficial and digestible by putting a few grains of bicarbonate of soda into the milk. Lemonade for for general use, is considered hamful. Still it may be drunk when a refreshing drink is thought absolutely necessary.

An Explanation.

"I never heard of such tyranny!" exclaimed the South American patriot.

"I won't submit to it a moment longer. I will resist to the last"—

"Whom will you resist?" sharply inquired his wife, who had caught only the last few words.

"Oh, not you, my dear! I was only talking about the government."—Puck.

A Dangerous Practice.

A.—Is dyeing the hair as dangerous as the doctors would make it appear?

B.—Certainly; you may take my word for it. Only last spring an uncle of mine dyed his hair, and in three weeks he was married to a widow with four children.—Fliegende Blaetter.

A full blooded Cherokee Indian named Wahooche, is holding Christian revival services at Thomasville, Ga., and drawing immense crowds. He is said to be a very successful evangelist.

Bathing in Nicaragua.

There is in the blood of the natives that constitutional inertia, that "born-tired" feeling, common to all American-Spanish and Mexican-Spanish races, with the single exception of the Costa Ricans. In a climate that is exceedingly enervating, it seems natural to lie down and gossip and laugh and flirt away the time. It is the same in all the town and all the villages—Granada, Leon, Masaya, Chinendego, and the Indian encampments around them nestled in cactus hedges and cacao plantations. The only season of the year when the inertia disappears is the Paseo al Mar, the bathing season, which begins with the moon of March, when the whole population of the towns migrate for a few weeks to the Pacific Coast. By this itme the dry season is well advanced, the salt marshes are dried up, and the mosquitoes are all defunct.

The Nicaraguans do things in quite primitive style. They do not put up at cramped and questionably-clean lodging houses, but camp in gypsy fashion, high and low alike, for miles along the shore, and pass the time in morning baths, round games, gallops by day, and moonlight dances by night on the yellow sands, with partners of every variety of color, down to the laughing yellow girls of the native class and the simple Indian peasant damsels of the fields. It is a sight not soon to be forgotten to witness the general rush toward the sea of carts, owners, and servants.

The government usually dispatches an officer and a guard to superintend the pitching of the annual camp upon the beach, or, rather, upon the forest-covered sand ridge which fringes the shore. Each family rigs up its own cane hut, lightly thatched with palm leaves and floored with petates, or mats, the whole wickered together with vines or woven together basket-wise, and partitioned in the same way by means of colored curtains of cotton cloth. The more luxurious ladies send down their neatly-curtained beds and make sometimes a certain show of elegance.—Saturday Review.

Big Profits on Pennies.

Gold is coined in Philadelphia and San Francisco. Not enough of it comes into the mint at New Orleans to make the coinage of it there worth while. All three mints make every denomination of silver pieces. The minor coins of base metal, cents and nickels, are all minted in Philadelphia, where nearly 100,000,000 pennies are turned out annually.

Cents, being of small value, are carelessly handled and are lost in such great numbers that the Treasury has to work hard to maintain the supply. The profit to the Government on their manufacture is large. however, inasmuch as the blanks for them are purchased for $1 per 1,000 from a firm in Connecticut that produces them by contract. Blanks for nickels are obtained in the same way, costing Uncle Sam only a cent and a half apiece.

Gold pieces are the only coins of the United states which are worth their face value intrinsically. A double eagle contains $20 worth of gold, without counting the one-tenth part of copper.

The Highest Observatories.

The very highest observatory in the world is that situated on Mount Blanc, at the height of 14,500 feet above sea level. The highest in Asia is that on the side of Point Everest, 10,000 feet above the Mediterranean's level, and the highest in the United States is that on the top of Pike's Peak, in Colorado. It is 14,147 feet above the level of the Gulf of Mexico. The highest on the Atlantic coast of North America is the one situated on Mount Washington, height 6,288 feet.—St. Louis Republic.

Photography in Medicine.

Photography may yet be used in medicine. An English photographer took a picture of a boy. The negative showed the face to be covered with eruption. Three days later this became visible to the eye.

Accounted For.

Traveler—The houses in some of the ancient cities had walls ten feet thick.

Mr. Brickrow (enviously)—I presume some of the neighbors were musical.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

No man wants his exact deserts.

Shoot folly before it gets a chance to fly.

Every man is a failure at something.

Keep your good resolutions—to yourself.

He laughs best who laughs at the right time.

What man has done the new woman wants to do.

Opportunity ruins more reputations than it makes.

Cupid never wastes a sharp arrow on an old maid.

The older a woman gets the fewer heroes she sees.

The road to poverty is easy to find but hard to travel.

Fortune's wheel is always overloaded on the other side.

The sluggard goes oftener to the uncle than to the ant.

Wit in the lover is apt to become sarcasm in the husband.

The survival of the fittest doesn't necessarily mean the survival of the best.

Don't answer a fool according to his folley; answer him according to his size.

If eyes are the windows of the soul a good many people must have cross-eyed souls.

The frequent lamentable results of love at first sight would seem to justify love in taking a second look.—New York Press.

Ways of Black Swans.

The black swans nest regularly in the yard on a heap of peat, and during the whole period of incubation the male bird shares the duty of sitting. The female sits all night and comes off at seven in the morning. The male sits through the day and resigns at five in the evening. But during the last few days the female takes a larger share of the duty, and on the day before the eggs break she keeps the nest all the time. Her maternal instinct is awake to the importance of being on the spot to render first aid to the cygnets on their coming into the world. When the time comes for letting the female out with her young she walks up to the cage where the male bird is still confined, and has a little talk with him before taking her family down to the water. None the less, when first he returns to her, she will have nothing to say to him.

This year the black swan brought off four cygnets; one died, but the others have done well, and are by this time large and vigorous birds—too large to be any longer taken on their mother's back while she dips down into the water—a favorite amusement with them in their early days. A peculiar charm of these beautiful birds is their musical cry—a light run upon two or three clear reedy notes, suggesting a fairy bugle call. Natives of Western Australia, where the seasons are the inverse of our own, their natural breeding time is in October, but in northern countries they naturally adapt themselves to different conditions. The first year this pair brought off their brood in October, the second year in Feburary, the third year in Apri, and this year, which is their fourth, in May. They are very tame and will even feed out of a stranger's hand.—The Spectator.

Whistling Pigs.

C. V. Hooper, A. Van Epps and H. Smith returned from the Icicle range the other day, where they had been fishing, rusticating and prospecting. They discovered a new lake on the apex of one of the mountains, and listened to the weird and luxurious music of the whistling pig, of which there are many in that high range. This peculiar animal resembles a fox more than a pig, and weighs from twenty-fire to forty pounds. In color it ranges from a dark or iron gray to almost white. Its whistling propensities are marvelous, and many a time it has fooled the lonely prospector into the belief that he was not entirely companionless in the mountains. Mr. Van Epps declares they are musical wonders, and that they often give open-air concerts of the most entrancing nature.—Leavenworth (Kan.) Times.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

The great exodus from Canada to the United States has become a party issue in the Dominion.

The Director of the United States Mint estimates, and believes his estimate to be within the mark, that the world's production of gold for 1895 will amount to $200,000,000.

Says the Chicago Tribune: The Cuban insurgents are burning the sugar and tobacco plantations. It will take Cuba a hundred years to recover from the effects of this heroic rebellion.

The Washington Star says: "It isn't every organization that can boast of such excellent financial management as the National Woman's Christian Union. Women are proverbially good housekeepers, and in some departments of public finance they are successful economists. But when there comes such a financial showing as that which has just been made by the Treasurer of the great white ribbon society the male world may well stand aghast. The total annual receipts were $23,938 and the expenditures $18,059, leaving a balance of $4979, a very neat profit indeed for the year.

According to the Atlanta Journal, Edward Atkinson, who has been visiting the Exposition here, told the directors the other day that the peanut, indigenous to the South, would some time in the future become as great a staple as cottonseed; that the oil of the peanut had been of great commercial value in the Oriental Nations, and would be in the United States. He reviewed the difficulties attending the introduction of cottonseed oil as a staple of food, and illustrated the strange prejudice existing against it by the following: "When cottonseed oil was under the base of popular prejudice and the law as well, a Chicago lardmaker shipped some lard 'adulterated' with cottonseed oil to Europe. It was pronounced excellent lard. It was liked so well that he received a great order for 10,000 tierces. But at this juncture he could get no oil, and was forced to ship the pure lard. The consignee pronounced it 'off sample,' wouldn't have it, and the unfortunate Chicago man lost a large sum of money.

It has been a trying year for British supremacy on land and sea, declares the Chicago Tribune. One after the other England's representatives of athletics and sports have gone down before the victorious Americans, and now they lie in a heap so dense, promiscuous, and dispirited that it is hard to tell which was the worst whipped. Lord Dunraven's bad temper and backdown in the races for America's Cup are fresh in memory. The little half-rater Spruce III. made a gallant fight for the special cup, but had to surrender it to the American Ethelwynn. A representative team of English cricketers came over and were speedily gathered in at England's own game by the Philadelphia boys. Then came England's chosen team of athletes and failed to carry off a single item in the programme of sports, and now the ancient University of Cambridge sends her athletes to contend for the supremacy in brawn with the athletes of Yale, and they are allowed to take but three out of the eleven items on the programme. Meanwhile the New York Central railroad flyers have broken the world's record previous held by the British for locomotive speed, and American commercial and war vessels have set the standard of speed for British vessels to reach. What does all this mean? Are the British youth deteriorating in physical strength? Is British engineering skill on the decline? And is this to be followed by the intellectual supremacy of the Americans also? In a recent article in the London Queen Walter Besant, no mean judge of literary events, acknowledged not only that the American editors were making better magazines than the English, but that the American magazines were displacing the English in their own home market. Will the American book be the next victor? That old insulting question, "Who reads an American book?" may yet be satisfactorily answered in England itself.

GENERAL NEWS SUMMARY.

Compiled and Condensed for the Convenience of Our Readers.

CHINA'S NAVY TO BE IMPROVED.

The Fire Record—A Steamer Sunk—A Terrific Gas Explosion—Engineer Killed in a Wreck—Death by Fire. Other Happenings of General Interest.

SOUTHERN.

The steam yacht Laurada, while lying at her dock at Charleston, S. C., Saturday was seized by the United States authorities on a charge of having broken the neutrality laws.

James D. Kelly, a student of the Temperance University at Harriman, Tenn., was murdered in cold blood by a negro Saturday. The people of that vicinity are greatly enraged, and if the negro is captured a lynching is more than likely to occur.

R. H. Talley, formerly ticket agent of the Chesapeake, Ohio and Southwestern railroad at Memphis, attempted suicide Saturday by throwing himself in front of a switch engine on the levee. His skull was fractured, and he will die. Despondency over business reverses is thought to be the cause.

Ben Hall, the jailer turnkey, of Parkersburg, W. Va., was shot four times on the street Wednesday by his brother-in-law, W. Scott Kimes. Hall is dying tonight and Kimes is in jail. The men married sisters. Kimes says Hall has broken up his home and that they had previously quarreled because of Hall's intimacy with Mrs. Kimes.

Near LaFayette, Tenn., Tuesday morning three drunken employes of the stave factory on Long Brook creek attacked Captain F. G. Pitts, manager of the factory, with clubs and knives, and were about to kill him, when he drew his pistol and fired four shots at them, fatally wounding two and seriously wounding the third. Had he not shot, it is said, he would have been killed.

The steam oyster boat "James W. Boyle," sunk off Coney Island Wednesday between the bell buoy at Horton's Point and the entrance to the Rockaway inlet. She carried a crew of five and Walter R. Woods, of Inwood, L. I., and all are drowned. She was owned by James W. Boyle, an oysterman of Perry street and North River, New York City, Walter R. Woods, of Inwood, and Captain Peter McDonald, of Tottenville, Staten Island.

EASTERN.

The wire nail mill of Phillips, Townsend & Co., at North Pennsylvania Junction, a suburb of Philadelphia, was destroyed by fire Tuesday night. The destroyed plant was an extensive one, and was equipped with a large amount of costly machinery. The loss will reach $175,000, partly covered by insurance.

The Lawrence Beach hotel, at Lawrence, one of the largest summer hotels on Long Island, was destroyed by fire Tuesday, with its contents. The total loss, it is thought, will not fall short of $200,000. It is said the property was insured for less than half of that amount. The hotel was owned by the Lawrence Beach Improvement company and was leased by John Durica, of New York. Benjamin Hitchcock, of New York, is at the head of the company.

Four cars which were being drawn up a steep grade on the Delaware, Lackawanna & Western railway, near Short Hill, N. J., early Wednesday, broke away from the locomotive and ran back at great speed, crashing into the locomotive of a newspaper train, which was moving forward at a good rate. The engineer of the newspaper train was killed and his fireman badly injured. The name of the engineer was Reuben Tindall, of Washington, N. J. The fireman injured is Hiram Hirsch.

WESTERN.

At Lockland, a suburb of Cincinnati, a natural gas well was struck Tuesday. Some one who wanted to see if it was really natural gas thoughtlessly applied a match. A terrific explosion followed, seriously injuring John Kumler, Julius Sonntag, Henry Nabors and C. F. Schmidt.

The body of a German Catholic priest named A. P. Van Antwerp was found Friday lying in a pool of blood behind the Iron Mountain railway tracks at Bushberg, Mo. A wound over one of the eyes showed how the man met his death, and the fact that his pockets had been rifled indicated that it was a case of murder.

Members of the Indiana republican state central committee say that John Wanamaker has sent $10,000 to Indiana in settlement of a claim the republicans have urged since 1892. The story is that Wanamaker presumably speaking for the national committee, agreed to stand good for that amount when the republicans, under stress of weather, asked for help. W. T. Durbin, of Anderson, depending upon the national committee's promise, borrowed the money for the committee, and has been trying to secure settlement since.

Ex-Senator Thos. W. Palmer's residence, on Woodward avenue, Detroit, Mich., was completely gutted by fire Tuesday morning. A large quantity of valuable bric-a-brac paintings and furniture, valuable as mementoes, and which cannot be replaced, were destroyed. They include a complete world's fair record, the only one in existence, and scores of tokens collected during the senator's residence in Washington and in Spain. The insurance aggregates about $35,000.

John Baramiski was burned to death, his wife and 24-year-old son, Martins fatally injured, and three other people badly hurt in a fire which destroyed two buildings, 390 and 392 Noble street, Chicago, Tuesday morning. The fire was discovered by a policeman, who endeavored to arouse the family. This could not be done and the firemen had to break in the doors. The members of the family were all unconscious, and the fire had gained such headway that their rescue was effected with great difficulty. John Baramiski', body was burned to a crisp.

Mme. Nina Moreau, wife of George Moreau, and formerly a popular society woman of Chicago, was burned to death at her residence in Paris early Monday morning. The details of the frightful accident received at Chicago are these: It seems that Mme. Moreau had fallen asleep while reading, just before retiring, and had tipped over a lamp and set fire to her clothing. She was alone at the time. When help arrived in response to her screams she had been fatally burned. Mme. Moreau was in her 39th year. She was noted in society circles in Chicago for her beauty and her exceptional musical talent.

FOREIGN.

The Spanish cruiser Ensenada and several gunboats have left the Canary Islands, Spain, for Cuba.

A dispatch from Melbourne says that owing to the prolonged drouth it is expect that the wheat yield in Australia will barely supply the local demand. The scarcity of pastures will also curtail the exports of butter.

The London Chronicle prints a dispatch from its Paris correspondent saying the claim is made that eighteen suicides have occurred at Paris and Lyons which can be traced to despondency resulting from losses on the bourse during the recent panic. Among the most prominent of those who have committed suicide is M. Colombet, of the well known bank Colombet, at Chatellerault. M. Colombet shot his wife before killing himself.

Although Japanese officials have denied that the Mikado will spend $200,000,000 in warships, it is reported that ten vessels are to be built abroad, and that possibly the orders for them will be equally divided among the ship builders of England, France, Germany, Italy and the United States. Count Okuma is in favor of such a distribution of the prizes, and says in relation to orders for men-of-war from abroad that it would be advisable to give the contracts to any country that is capable of constructing good vessels of new style without limiting the orders to any one in particular.

AT LAST THE SULTAN SEES

That Something is About to Drop That May Mash His Mitre.

The government of Turkey, having used the arts of an insincere diplomacy until they ceased to be effective for longer putting off the imperative demands of civilization for a cessation of the horrors that have so long prevailed in the Sultan's dominions, has, perhaps too late, wakened up to the fact that a crisis in the affairs of Turkey has arrived. Accordingly the porte has wired the provincial authorities commanding them to see to it that order was restored immediately, There may have been a time when such orders could have been carried into effect, but that period seems to have passed away. Anyway, the instructions sent have not had the desired effect, for the latest reports from Kurdistan show that there is not the slightest abatement of the application of the sword and the torch upon the persons and property of Christians, native and foreign.

Fresh massacres are reported to have occurred at Van, but no details have been received. Enough is known, however, to show that the disturbances are spreading over the entire province, as well as the city of Van, and that the number of victims to the fanatical Turks and fierce Kurds has been very large.

The massacres and pillage throughout Asia Minor absorb the attention of everybody to the exclusion of all other matters. The horrible state of affairs existing in Armenia is at a high state of discussion in every circle, and disgust and indignation is expressed everywhere, even by Mohammedans, who are not expected to bestow any great degree of sympathy upon Christians. The feeling of disquiet and uncertainty prevail throughout the city. The sultan and his ministers are now, without doubt, alarmed at the situation which confronts them. Matters have reached that stage that they are genuinely fearful that the powers may forcibly intervene, a movement which would inevitably lead to the extinction of the Turkish empire in Europe.

The porte has written notes to the six protesting powers in reply to the notes of the latter demanding to know what steps are being taken to restore order in the disturbed districts of Armenia stating that 8,000 reserves have been ordered to proceed to Armenia at once. The governors of the various provinces, the porte adds, report that the disturbed regions are rapidly becoming tranquil and the destitute are being housed and fed at the expense of the government.

Roasted to Death.

A 3-year-old daughter of George Crow, who resides near Chattanooga, Tenn., was literally roasted to death a few days since, and the little body almost burned to a crisp. The mother, having some business to attend to, left the little one in a room with a blazing fire. The child began playing in the fire, its clothing was ignited, and before its screams brought assistance every thred of clothing was burned off its body.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Mobile's Foreign Trade.

Mobile dispatches on Thursday mention eight foreign vessels, some arriving, some departing, and some loading or unloading. Four were Norwegian, one Russian, one Italian, and two British. One of the Norwegians brought 10,000 bunches of bananas, another 7,000. An outgoing British steamer carried 5,000 cross ties and 100 mules for Central American ports.

Very Good Farming.

Mr. J. M. Hugueley, who resides just beyond the suburbs of Eufaula, has raised this year on six acres of land seventy-five bushels of corn, three hundred and fifty bushels of sweet potatoes, sixty-five bushels of peas, besides any quantity of onions, turnips, cabbage, sugar cane, and other crops, making handsome profits, and did a great portion of the work himself.

Cane-grinding is going on all over that section, the crop is said to be unusually fine and the yield of syrup promises to be larger than in many years.

Accidentally Killed.

A special from Sulligent, Lamar county, tells of the killing there of S. F. Pennington, the mayor, and one of the most prominent citizens of the town. Mr. Pennington was walking along the track of the Kansas City, Memphis and Birmingham railroad, and seeing a train coming stepped to one side. It came up at at a lively rate, and a projecting plank from a car loaded with lumber struck Mr. Pennington and knocked him down. When reached by friends he was dead, having been killed almost instantly.

Suicide in Madison County.

William Harris shot himself to death some time last Saturday night in the store house of Walter Kelley, for whom he was clerking, at Normal station, on the Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis railway. He had posted up all the books and had everything done as usual, and retired. The ball penetrated the right temple, and the hand with the pistol clinched, one chamber only empty, dropped across the breast. He had been in bad health for several years, and it is supposed in a moment of despondency he took his own life.

Some Money for Missions.

At the Alabama Baptist State convention Rev. George B. Eager, D. D., of Montgomery, president of the state board of missions, read the report, remarking that sixteen months was included in the report. The amount contributed for state missions for the year past (of sixteen months) was stated to be $11,067. Home missions, $4,510; foreign missions, $6,574. For all purposes there was contributed $26,108.82; grand total for ten years, $182,000. It appears from the above that the collections averaged $1,631.80 per month, or $19,581.60 for twelve months, which is $1,381.60 more than the average for ten years.

Killed an Officer.

The jury in the case of R. H. Hudson, charged with the murder of Deputy Sheriff James Smith, of Jefferson county, returned a verdict of not guilty Saturday. A previous hearing of the case resulted in a mistrial. Hudson is said to be tried again soon for the murder of Deputy Sheriff Charles Cole.

Smith and Cole, in July of last year, went to Hudson's house near Coalburg to arrest Hudson's son George, a striking miner, for participation in the Pratt mines riot. In a fight that followed both deputies were killed. The younger Hudson is still at large. The elder Hudson's plea was self-defense.

Wreck on the Southern.

Near Corona, Ala., sixty miles west of Birmingham Sunday morning, while a heavy freight on the Southern railway was climbing a long grade, the caboose and two cars broke loose and started back down grade. Conductor W. T. Ruffin was the only man on the caboose, and taking in the situation began applying the hand brakes to no avail, the wild cars gathering speed as they ran. Seeing that to jump meant certain death, Ruffin remained at the useless brakes. After running six miles the cars dashed into the engine of the Corona express, which was backing down from the junction to Corona station. Engineer Broom and his fireman jumped from the express train's engine just in time to save themselves. The passenger engine and freight cars, the latter then running fully eighty miles an hour, were smashed, and Ruffin, still at the brakes when the crash came, was instantly killed, being crushed into a shapeless mass. The passengers on the express escaped with a shaking up.

Small Riot.

At Thaxton's, Miss., a serious shooting affray occurred Saturday, in which several persons were wounded. An old difficulty was renewed by A. J. Spears and one Lewis, in which both men used their weapons freely, Spears firing five shots and Lewis three. John Haney, a bystander, was shot in the shoulder, and a boy was shot in the head. Lewis was dangerously wounded and will probably die. Spears is yet at large.

Iron Output.

Rogers, Brown & Co., in their weekly circular on the iron situation issued Saturday, says; "Notwithstanding the furnaces are producing the largest quantity of pig iron ever made in the United States, stocks are not accumulating. Old and current orders are still taking up the extraordinary output comfortably. It remains to be soen whether this can continue.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy

AND WE

Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-wind d advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 8	B'ham & Selma	8:10 a m
No. 9	Selma & B'ham	7:25 p m
No. 15	South	12:37 p m
No. 16	North	3:05 p m

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Water works for the college grounds will be necessary. Our spring, which affords a thousand gallons a minute, has a high point immediately above it on which the tower can be placed and a steam pump placed immediately over the spring can keep it filled at a minimum cost, and the pressure can be made great enough to throw water over the highest buildings on the school ground. Perpetual fountains can be placed at any point in the beautiful groves, and no more beautiful grounds with its large grove of beautiful oaks can be found anywhere. Certainly nature intended this spot for the Girls' Industrial School of Alabama, and our county can't afford to lose this school.

John Honeycutt and family returned from Atlanta last week.

J. W. Wooley left for Atlanta Sunday.

Our correspondents are keeping very quiet of late.

Elsewhere will be seen the card of Dr. A. B. Claughton, who has lately moved in our midst to engage in the practice of medicine. Dr. Claughton comes highly recommended and is a nice gentleman. We bespeak for him a liberal patronage.

"Esmeralda," hast thou, too, been consigned to the forgotten past?

Wanted—A city editor who can write news whether there is any or not—who can please the public whether they pay or not. Whose imagination is so vivid that he can burst forth in all his eloquence and consume a column or two in the description of a Sunday chicken fight which didn't happen, and other things of like nature. Any one blessed with the above gifts, who can live on the promises of an unsympathizing public, will do well to call at this office.

Capt. E. W. Booker, of Shelby Springs, spent several hours with friends at this place Monday.

Miss Hattie Price, a beautiful and attractive young lady of Birmingham, is visiting Miss Mary Kroell.

The latest arrival in town is "a great big gal," daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Morgan.

Mrs. Griffin, after a short visit to relatives at this place, returned home Monday accompanied by her mother, Mrs. Acker.

The past week has been one of unusual quietude in the social realm of this city, nothing having transpired to bring the young devotees of pleasure in social contact.

A new line of goods for the 10 cent counter just received at H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Mr. and Mrs. Mulkey, of Brierfield, were in the city this week.

See the talk of the town—the boots Reynold's is selling at $1.50.

Our boys are leaving all at the same time. If the tide does not turn soon, we will not have enough left to organize the young men's prayer meeting.

Alas! how slight a cause may move
Dissention between hearts that love—
Hearts that the world in vain had tried,
And sorrow but more closely tied;
That stood the storm when waves were rough,
Yet in a sunny hour fell off,
Like ships that have gone down at sea,
When Heaven was all tranquility!
A something light as air—a look—
A word unkind or wrongly taken;
Oh love that tempests never shook,
A breath—a touch like this hath shaken.

—Moore.

R. E. Hall and Miss Lucille Fancher visited Shelby Sunday.

Miss Bessie Day, one of Ashby's lovely girls, visited Mrs. Fancher, of this place, last week.

Miss Lilian and James Oakley spent several hours in the city last week.

Mr. and Mrs. James Wharton were in town shopping Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Carey left Friday for Atlanta where they go to take in the fair. After spending a few days there, Mrs. Carey goes on to Connecticut to visit relatives.

Mr. Earnest McIver, of Birmingham, visited Mr. and Mrs. Joe Dill Sunday.

Rev. C. L. Dobbs left for Gadsden Wednesday to attend the district conference. It is the sincere desire of the majority of people here that they will see fit to return him to his post at this place, which he has so ably filled for the past two years.

Mr. Henry Latham and wife visited friends at Randolph Sunday.

William Lawrence visited friends elsewhere Sunday.

We are glad to see our friend William Harrison so improved in health as to be able to be up and about.

John B. Randall, one of Calera's most popular business men, was in this city Monday.

Dr. Jeff S. Davis seems to be kept very busy attending his patients here and throughout the surrounding country.

Trade is lively now, though cotton is not rushing in quite as much as some weeks back. But people must live, and they have begun to realize more forcibly than ever before that the advantages Montevallo offers as a trading point are unsurpassed by any town in the state. Very few cities pay as much for cotton as the merchants here and goods could not possibly be offered for any less.

Mr. F. E. Davis, who has, from the birth of THE MONTEVALLO NEWS, "lent" his talents (which are unexcelled in certain directions) in making its columns interesting, took his trunk and departure for the Magic City Monday, where he goes to attend the medical college. Fred is naturally a bright young man, and coming from a family who for generations back have attained eminence in the medical profession, we predict and sincerely wish for him a high career in the course he is so wisely pursuing.

A NOTABLE WEDDING.

Wednesday morning a notable wedding took place at Cedar Grove, the elegant home of Hon. Mims Walker, known throughout Alabama as the home of hospitality and good cheer. The wedding was a quiet one, no invitations being extended except to relatives, about 100 of whom were present. The marriage took place at 8 o'clock in the morning. Messrs. P. P. and A. D. Hudson acted as ushers. The attendants were Miss Minnie Walker and Dr. Jeff Davis, of Montevallo; Miss Fannie Bell Reynolds, of Montevallo, and D. M. Walker. The ushers and attendants followed by the bride, Miss Sallie Walker with her sister, Miss Margaret and the groomsman, Mr. Eugene DuBose Reynolds, of Blocton, and his best man, Mr. Mabury, of Blocton, entered the spacious hall to the strains of grand nuptian music from Lohengrm, played by Mrs. D. P. Coleman on an organ and sung by Mr. and Mrs. Charles Walker, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Creath, Mrs. W. H. Fellows and Mr. Dave Walker. They formed a semi-circle with the bridal couple and the minister, Rev. C. B. McLeod, in the center and the family completing the circle.

After the impressive ceremony which gave to one of Blocton's leading business men the heart and hand of Hon. Mims Walker's second daughter, than whom no more lovely and lovable girl ever left the Canebrake. After the usual congratulations the guests were ushered in to such a breakfast as Cedar Grove is noted for, and which would require too much space to enumerate its bounty and elegance. To those not familiar with the surroundings it is impossible to describe the beauty of the scene described by the decorations of the large and lofty ceiled halls hung in festoons of magnificent chrysanthemums and evergreens and banks of the most exquisite palms and ferns. It was indeed such a scene of beauty as was worthy of the occasion of the marriage of such a lovely woman.

The bridal couple left on the morning train for Atlanta. At Uniontown they were joined by another bridal couple on their way to New York.—Montgomery Advertiser.

MONTEVALLO HIGH SCHOOL.

Honor Roll for Month Ending November 15, 1895.

High School Department—Daisy Canterberry, Edgar Cary, Bessie McCary, Maud Reynolds, Bessie Steele, Imogene Vandegrift, Lucile Wilkinson.

Primary Department—Andrew Wells, Hattie Roebuck, Mattie Roebuck.

Respectfully submitted,
Joseph M. Dill, Principal.

HER YOUNGEST CHILD 68.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 9.—At Grimestown, this county, Mrs. Rebecca Graham, aged 103, was buried today. Her funeral was attended by her four widowed daughters, the youngest of whom is 68 years old, fifty grandchildren, 100 great grandchildren and eight great great grandchildren. She was the oldest person in Alabama and had resided in the same place for eighty-five years.

Match Factory Burned.

At Detroit, Mich., Saturday another fire, attended with terrible fatalities, occurred, when the factory of the Improved Match Company, at Bellevue avenue and Frederick street, was burned and three lives lost. The fire was started by the watchman, who stumbled and fell into a tray of matches that had been assorted and left on the floor. He became excited and gave the tray a kick, scattering the burning matches in all directions.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

CORRESPONDENCE.

Bismark, Ala., Nov. 18, 1895.

Special to the News:

Things are moving on all right down here now. We are glad to know that Albert McDonough is getting better. He has been ill a long time with the fever.

Mr. H. L. Wooley went to Atlanta today to see the big show. W. L. Nolen will go in a few days.

Deputy Sheriff Boes, of Blocton, passed through the city yesterday, with three negroes that were wanted in Blocton for the murder of a negro near Bell Ellen last Monday night. The sheriff of Dallas county captured them last Saturday.

Mr. M. Kuffner, of Blocton, was in the city a while yesterday en route to Blocton.

Mr. E. T. Peter and family have gone to Atlanta.

Rev. Conell, of Six Mile, preached his last sermon yesterday. We learn that Rev. T. B. Dison, of Blocton, will serve us now. We are glad to have Mr. Dison. He has many friends here now that will be glad to know that he is pastor of our church now.

Bismark has a good school now, and we think that Miss Potts is a splendid teacher.

Mr. U. L. Rice, our popular tobacco man, is at home on the sick list now.

Mr. Lanora, traveling salesman for Cawthon & Coleman, called to see us last week. We are always glad to see him.

Mr. John Ambrose, of Aldrich, was in the city yesterday.

Mr. Joe Farrington spent the day with us yesterday.

Success to the News.

Yours truly, Batchelor.

DRY VALLEY.

Rev. C. L. Herring preached his "bye-bye" sermon at Sessions, on last Sunday evening, and every one is anxious for him to be sent back on this work.

C. C. Ambrose and P. I. West accompanied by two of their friends attended church here last Sunday evening.

It pains us to chronicle the illness of Mrs. M. A. West, of Concord. She is a very aged lady and we wish for her a speedy recovery.

Miss Viola Woolley, we learn is progressing nicely with her school at Enon.

The friends of Mrs. Dave Seale will be glad to know she is improving aftet a protracted spell of sickness.

Mr. and Mrs. E. E. Eddings, of Concord, visited Dogwood last Sunday.

We have been informed that one of Concords young ladies is to be wedded to one of Centreville's boys in the near future. If he succeeds, he has won for himself the brightest jewel that ever adorned a Centreville youth.

W. A. Seale was very unwell last week,

Your correspondent was pleased to see our friend, Will Harrison, on the streets last week.

Misses Mary Lee Perry and May Harris visited friends here last Sunday.

ALDRICH LOCALS.

I wish so much about old bachelors and the new woman would not be said.

Miss Bessie Hoskins left Thursday for the Atlanta exposition, where she will meet her cousin, Miss Annie Platt, of Wilmington, N. C., who is to spend the winter here.

It is said that a certain young man has a good reason for his continual humming: "I don't want to play in your yard."

Mr. Pat Harrison, accompanied by his sister, Miss Mamie, left Sunday evening for a week at the Atlanta exposition.

We are glad to note that Mr. W. H. Cobb, our efficient operator and check-agent, who has been very ill for several days with an affection of the throat, is now able to resume his duties.

Mr. John B. Ambrose visited his sister, Mrs. B. F. Farrar, of Blocton, Tuesday.

Mr. J. P. Hoskins left Sunday evening for Wilmington, N. C., for a two weeks' visit to friends and relatives; and to accompany his wife and Mrs. I. F. Dickens home, who have been there for a month.

The M. C. & T. Co. has just completed a new building, in which there is an excellent market, two well equipped barber shops and a shoe shop. We trust they will be liberally patronized, as they are much needed conveniences.

We now have two good schools, and trust the attendance will continue to increase.

Success to THE NEWS and the Industrial school.

Masso Here From Cuba.

General Bartolme Masso, vice-president of the Cuban republic, and a general of the eastern division, is believed to have landed in this country on Friday night from the steamer Leon. This statement is denied, however, by Colonel Nunez, of the local Cubans, and Captain Svanoe, of the Leon. It was stated on good authority that when she left that port she had on board General Masso, his son, a young man about 22 years of age, Dr. Joaquin Castello, Senor Verona and twenty-five other Cubans. The four, it is stated, were coming to this country in order to aid Delegate Palma to present to the American congress more fully the cause of free Cuba.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

COMMERCIAL CONDITIONS

As Observed And Reported by Dun's Weekly Review.

THE FAILURES LAST WEEK.

Gold Exports—Effect of Collapse of Kaffir Speculation—Stock and Money Markets—Effect of Crop Reports And Estimates—Iron, Woolen And Cotton Products.

Failures in the first week of November amounted to $2,971,475 against $2,844,445 last year, and for October show liabilities of $16,637,131 in 1893. For the past week failures have been 283 in the United States, against 270 last year, and 49 in Canada, against 38 last year. The scare about gold exports had no real significance, and although $2,250,000 more will go out, the stock market has been recovering. The collapse of Kaffir speculations abroad has forced many to realize on American stocks, and the impression that our government may have to borrow again also operates to our disadvantage. But there is no local disturbance of money markets; stocks are but a few cents per share stronger than a week ago, commercial loans are not large and the demand for moving crops has been remarkably small, so that on the whole the money market has shown very unusual strength and steadiness for the fall season. The government monthly crop report has caused rather more uncertainty as to its interpretation than previously existed as to the crops. The cotton statement, lacking amount of interest on which it is based, was of only speculative value, and the mere rumor that Mr. Neill had reduced his estimates of the crop actually weighed more than the official estimate. Receipts from plantations 25 per cent less than last year, if of value, would indicate a crop over 7,300,000 bales, but organization to hold back the crop renders the comparison of less use. The bottom fact is that even a smaller crop than anybody expects, with the 3,000,000 bales carried over, will assuredly prevent any famine in cotton. Meanwhile the exports decrease 36 per cent in quantity. Wheat perplexes the oldest inhabitant.

The output of pig iron November 1 was 217,307 tons weekly, about 10 per cent larger than ever before, and the continuance of the same production for six weeks more would make the half year's output 5,350,000 tons or more, about 450,000 tons greater than in any other half year. The startling fact is that the demand for products of iron and steel falls off, notwithstanding the increase in the output of pig and that only a few concerns have closed on reduced work or wages on account of the lack of orders; prices are sinking, having declined 2.7 per cent for the week and 6.4 per cent from the highest point. Bessemer pig, billets, gray forge, bar, tank steel plates, structural angles and wire nails have all sold lower within the past week.

The woolen manufacturer has to meet this year with two difficulties, the remarkable demand for clay worsted, which has encouraged an advance of 10 per cent in prices, and the heavy imports of wool goods. But sales of wool continue large in spite of the fact that part of the works are closed or working only part of the force. The cotton mills are running well and find a very good demand for the products, though it is not of late fully sustained. Print cloths have declined a shade.

The volume of domestic trade appears from clearing house exchanges 17 per cent larger than last year, but 11.4 per cent smaller than in 1892.

A. B. CLAUGHTON,
Physician and Surgeon,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.
Office in store of H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Wanted
An intelligent lady to act as our agent for this county. Easy work, big returns. Address Box 310, Montgomery, Ala.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE.
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

FLOUR! :- FLOUR!
Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.
If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds
Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

J. B. Lewis Co. WEAR RESISTER SHOES
Lead All Others
FOR
Wear,
Style,
Ease,
Comfort.
For Lowest Prices.
FOR SALE BY
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds 3t

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION
And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the
VICTORIA HOTEL
Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St
Half a Block from Car Shed.
Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds
This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,
VICTORIA HOTEL,
30 South Pryor St.,
ATLANTA, - GA.

TWO FOR ONE!
That is what is offered you
For $1 a Year.
——You can get——
The Montgomery Semi-Weekly
ADVERTISER
An eight-page paper issued twice a week
All the Year Round.
No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.
Full of instructive and entertaining matter for
The Farm!
The Fireside!!
The Store!!!

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,
Selma, Alabama.
Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
——DEALERS IN——
Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty
Jug Orders a Specialty.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.
CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.
Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.
Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.
I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.
A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY,
Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.
F. W. ROCAN.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....
M. BORN & CO.
The GREAT
...Chicago
Merchant Tailors.
They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.
LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!
I carry a full line of
Fall and Winter Hats and
Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO. ALA.

He Was Puzzled.

Every expression of the child showed eager curiosity. On the way downtown the boy frequently and persistently asked questions.

Finally the car passed Baldwin's, and the youngster caught a glimpse of a locomotive boiler outside.

"Papa, papa, what is that?" he cried.

"That's a locomotive boiler, my son."

Thus answered the juvenile was lost in reverie. He was thinking it over.

"Did you say that was a locomotive boiler, papa?" he suddenly blurted out.

"Of course, I said so."

"Well, then, why do they boil lo omotives?"—Philadelphia Call.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, } ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & Co., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE. FRANK J. CHENEY.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

{SEAL} A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo. O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

Your Life Depends

in a large measure upon your digestive capacity. In other words, if, from stomach weakness your system is not receiving the required amount of nourishment, you are being slowly starved to death. In all dig stive disorders the standard medicine is Tyner's Dyspep ia Remedy. Indigestion is immediately relieved by it, and the worst dyspeptics are entirely and speedily cured by its proper use. For sale everywhere.

McDonald's Mills, Ga.

Tetterine is the only remedy I ever sold tha would cure Tetterine so it would not return. I've sold six dozen in a year, and guaranteed every box. I've never had to return the money for a single box. I sold a box to a man who had Tetter for 52 years; 2 boxes cured him sound and well. I consider I am doing the public a favor to recommend Tetterine. B. H. Tanner. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

When You Come to Realize

that your corns are gone, and no pain, how grateful you feel. The work of Hindercorns. 15c

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

I use Piso's Cure for Consumption both in my family and practice.—Dr. G. W. PATTERSON, Inkster, Mich., Nov. 5, 1894.

Mothers Appreciate the Good Work

of Parker's Ginger Tonic, with its reviving qualities—a boon to the pain-stricken and nervous.

Nervous Debility

Good Health, Strength and Appetite Given by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"I had been a sufferer from nervous debility for eight years. Various treatments did not give me relief. I went to Germany and was treated by a specialist. In a short time gave up his treatment and returned to this country. On the advice of a friend I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla. The first bottle benefited me and shortly I was cured. I am now strong, have a good appetite, and have increased in weight." MRS. CLARA HICKS, 246 Union Avenue, Brooklyn, N. Y. Remember,

Hood's Sarsaparilla
Is the Only
True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills cure all liver ills, biliousness, headache. 25c.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

MODEL 1891.

MARLIN REPEATER

In 22 Calibre uses 22 short, 22 long and 22 longrifle. In 32 the 32 short and long rim and center-fire cartridges. All other calibres also made by
Catalogue free **The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.**

DROPSY Treated free. Positively CURED with Vegetable Remedies. Have cured many thousand cases pronounced hopeless. From first dose symptoms rapidly disappear, and in ten days at least two-thirds of all symptoms are removed. BOOK of testimonials of miraculous cures sent FREE. TEN DAYS TREATMENT FURNISHED FREE by mail DR. H. H. GREEN & SONS, Specialists, Atlanta, Ga.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box LB, Detroit, Mich.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

PAYING POSITIONS
GUARANTEED IN WRITING. Students' complete course in HALF the TIME at HALF the EXPENSE of other colleges. 24 placed last month. Address at once GEORGIA BUS. COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

MYERS' SOLID EXTRACT WITCH HAZEL **CURES PILES** no matter how long standing. 25c and 50c pots at druggists, or sample mailed FREE. J. J. FLECK, Tiffin, O.

AM. N. U. No. 47, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. CONSUMPTION 25 CTS.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

ROUND WAISTS NOT FAVORED.

The round waist and fancy bodice has but a small place in the styles now offered for elegant dresses, but fashions don't change completely all at once, and the d inty waists women have been wearing are not to be absolutely discarded. They cannot but look pretty, at any rate, for the house for many a long day yet. Designers for costumes made from warm stuffs know this; and many of the woolen house dresses are cut and adorned in close resemblance to fancy waist styles.

FAN BAGS.

The newest fan-bags are dainty little affairs. One of these in particular was made in the usual long and narrow shape, but pointed at the bottom. It was a pale blue satin, and both back and front was painted a dain y floral design, sprinkled here and there with minute sequins and gems. The bag was outlined with fine silk cord, which served also for handles. It was lightly quilted and perfumed and lined with a soft shade of green. It must be an exquisite fan, indeed, to be worthy of such a satchet.

BEAR FUR.

New York fashion writers announce that 'bears' fur is in favor again." There is something fine in the sound of "bear fur." it would never do to say "bear skin" when on the shoulders of the fair half of the Four Hundred. And it would never do to speak of "goat skin" after the white cashmere goat has been skinned out of his skin for a lady's cloak. Say "goat fur," please, and "sheep fur," if it is necessary and dyed in the wool, as ticks have died. "Bear fur" is the proper thing.

A MARRIED WOMAN'S SIGNATURE.

Most of the readers of "Silas Lapham" will remember poor Mrs. Lapham's dilemma over the way to sign her name to a note and how she extricated herself by saying "Mrs. S. Lapham," which she thought non-committal. All better informed than herself know that there is no mistake in etiquette much more scorned than this very blunder. Yet all must feel that it is an absurd ruling which makes a married woman give no hint of her husband's name, and her own usual title even in letters of purest business. This is the English idea which has emigrated to America. In France a woman makes a distinction between her social and her business correspondence. With the former she signs herself, for instance, "Mary Smith," and with the latter "Mrs. John Smith." And common sense would seem to be en irely on the side of the French woman.

RULES FOR STOUT WOMEN.

Firstly. Wear soft, clinging materials; leave heavy stuffs and fluffy stuffs to the slim.

Secondly. Don't line your skirts; crin oline is for the willows.

Thirdly. Don't put balloons on your a ms; full drooping sleeves expose you to less ridicule and are just as fashionable.

Fourthly. Don't tighten the waist; it makes you look stouter. Moreover, it will give you tremendous hips and a big bust, and these this winter are out of fashion

Fifthly. Don't wear a velvet bodice; it increases the apparent size.

Sixth. Try satin; it lessens the size.

Seventhly. Wear dark colors.

Eighthly and lastly—for long sermons have gone out. Try always for up and down lines; eschew cross effects.

DUE TO BIG SLEEVES.

For things inanimate big sleeves have swayed men and women in an astonishing degree. They have turned more manufacturers' plans upside down, made garments decidedly costlier, and, as if not content with that, their demands for departure from the old order of things has entered the photographers' studio until he has been obliged to foreswear all styles before followed. No longer is there sufficient room across the card to photograph the sitter, but it must be turned lengthwise to provide room to "take" the sleeves without reducing the size of the face.

The original photograph of a score or so years ago, mounted on a card about the size of an ordinary playing card, certainly belongs to the shades of the past.

"Many people think it is a fad of the photographer," said a well known uptown artist, "to furnish pictures in this shape, bnt it is more than that; the big sleeves have made it a necessity. But people like oddity, and even if they do think it a fad on our part they give us credit for being clever, so I am satisfied."

RARE OLD COINS FOR BUTTONS.

It will doubtless rejoice more than one woman's heart to learn that she will not have to give up her "blazer" suit, as that is the name that will always cling to the comfortable coat and skirt suit so long worn. It is to be worn all winter with a handsome blouse waist. The skirt and coat will be made of very heavy cheviot or other cloth, both perfectly plain and devoid of trimming. That is, if one may except buttons. But, really, the buttons that burden under garments and outside garments, wraps, dresses and skirts are a trimming in themselves.

Some of the mother-of-pearl are beautifully shaded and most artistically carved and polished, and then there are buttons of carved bone and horn, and immense gold and silver ones, filigreed and chased and cunningly hammered in mo t enticing designs. The very latest craze in buttons is to make them of rare old coins! Did you ever hear tell of such sacrilege? Imagine the agony of a coin collector on meeting with one of these curio-bedecked women; when on inspection he finds that she has deliberately and with malice prepense defaced the date line on the priceless coins! But it is mighty little the average woman will care for that if she can just get the coins.

If she can't get the real, she will sublimely wear the imitation, and swear she would as soon have them as the horrid old ones, anyhow. Medallions and aluminum butto s are also much admired. Of course, you know that buttons were the pride and joy of the coquette of 1774, hence it is that the antique designs worn by gallants of that day, preserved in the French museum, have been reproduced, and will be among the popular designs; though rather costly for the common purse. Malachite mined in Siberia, cat's eyes from Ceylon, tiger's eyes from India, and satiny moonstones are among the costlier materials from which buttons will be manufactured.

FASHION NOTES.

Black fur lapels will be held by buttons of sparkling rhinestones.

Wool braid with a corded edge is used in place of velveteen for the bottom o dresses.

Fur is again seen on silk costumes in conjunction with lace, chiffon, fancy buttons and velvet.

Navy blue has proved to be, as the manufacturers predicted, a very fashionable color, especially in wools. A street gown has skirt and sleeves of a navy blue angora wool—that is to say, the angora-wool cloth, which has a very soft surface, with fine hairs on it. The waist is fitted and basque shaped, and is made of a fancy velvet and satin, with plaited coat tails in the back of blue velvet. There is a deep collar of velvet edged with sable. It forms wings over the sleeves and comes down on each side of a narrow vest, which is formed of heavy lace jabots.

There is a disposition on the part of sensible women to confine the wide-brimmed hat to street wear, and for all assemblies of every sort, from the church to the theatre, to adopt the close-fitting little bonnets which are unquestionably the most becoming things for dress that women ever put on. This subject has, aside from the style and becomingness, a common-sense and decency phase that is not to be overlooked.

The fashionable silk collar is flared and lined with sable. A long scarf of yellow lace passes around it and ties with long ends in front.

A piquant little jacket is of tabac brown cloth. It does not close in front. The skirts are very full and arranged in a series of triple box plaits. Between every cluster of plaits at the waist line is a loop of black satin ribbon. The rolling collar is lined with gray fur—a pretty color idea—and ends with falls of black chiffon. On each side, below the collar, the jacket turns away in short, almost perfectly square tabs which are covered with heavy cream guipure.

Bodices in these days are collections of trimmings, and are rarely seen matching the skirt in color or fabric. For soft, fluffy bodices there are almost as many textures as there are different designs.

"Chiffon brilliant" is a new substitute for chiffon. It comes in all colors and is very glossy.

Collars are becoming a most important item in our toilets. Those of Bruges lace, Irish or Venetian guipure are among the most fashionable.

It is safe to assume that evening frocks will be particularly lovely during the coming season and very original, for they will borrow ideas from various epochs. The pretty fichus, pointed basques and square-cut bodices of the Marie Antoinette reign will perhaps prevail, but for those who wish to g o a step further there are the bouffant skirts and gorgeous brocades of a la Pompadour.

Fluffy tulles, with ruffled skirts and sashes and long shoulder seams will be popular. All these, excepting, of course, the hoop skirt, are very much like the toilettes worn by young ladies before the war. These are dainty and becoming to slender figures and will doubtless prove successful dancing frocks. They are also easy to "live up to," as was said by one young American woman who pretended to find the mental strain of wearing a historical costume not conducive to a "good time."

Singing as a Nerve Tonic.

It has become the habit in these later days to regard every form of recreation, amusement or other personal delectation in regard to its bearing upon the physical health of the participant rather than as regards the mental enjoyment it gives. The most recent recommendation of a hygienic character in this connection is that singing is excellent as a nerve tonic. It is pointed out that birds are always silent when they are sad and pine away if they cannot be coaxed to sing, and so people are urged to lift their voices and carol a ballad or song with frequency and vigor in order to secure that happiness which comes with health. It may be true that singing is a nerve t nic for those who indulge in it themselves, but wh re is the sedative to be found that will soothe the nerves of the neighbors who may be compelled to listen to such hygienic activity? The recognized justice of the rule which governors all communities and which provides that only that which gives the greatest good to the greatest number will be permissible, will, we fear, prevent a general indulgence in health-seeking by means of vocal athletics. In itself it might not be so bad, but think of the horror of the situation when singing leads enthusiasts in the exercise of the lungs to the use of cornets, French horns and other wild instruments.

False Mackerel.

A singular case of commensalism (living on or with another) has just been made known by M. Gadeau de Kerville. It concerns the young of the marine fishes called false mackerel, which are always found in company with the large medusea, known as rhizostomes. These young fishes swim parallel with the long axis of the jellyfish and in the same direction as the latter. They remain above, beneath, and behind the animal. It frequently happens that some of them introduce themselves into the cavities of the jellyfish and are then visible from the exterior, owing to the transparency of the host. Sometimes the school of fishes wanders a few yards away from the medusea, but at the least alarm immediately returns with great rapidity to occupy its former position.

FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

QUALITY, NOT PLACE.

Said A, "Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D,
I'm in the midst of all that's BAD,
As you may plainly see."

"How strange!" said merry, laughing E,
"When I between them am,
I'm tucked up comfortably in BED,
And happy as a clam."

"It's quality within ourselves,"
Then mused the letter A,
"And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay."

[—Mrs. H. M. Greenleaf.

A FROZEN SOAP BUBBLE.

Did you ever hear of a frozen soap bubble? A boy out in Colorado last winter was amusing himself blowing them, when it occurred to him to try the effect of the cold outside air on one. His father, who tells the story, says the thermometer registered about 14 degrees below zero at the time, and when the bubble was released in the usual way it fell to the snow perfectly frozen as a hollow sphere of ice.

It was subsequently found that when the temperature rose to zero the bubbles would not freeze, but whether this was due to the change in temperature or change in the air could not be determined.

BASTING THE TURKEY.

Polly loved to watch Bridget while she cooked the Thanksgiving dinner. The kitchen was full of sweet scents, ginger and nutmeg and cinnamon, and the smell of the big turkey in the oven—ah!

Bridget mixed and tasted, and stirred and tasted again.

"Let me help, Bridget," said little Polly.

"Wait a minute, darlint," said busy Bridget, "and you shall baste the turkey."

Now you little folks who have helped mamma cook know that the way to baste a turkey is to take a long spoon and pour the juice over the sides and breast. But Polly did not know this.

She trotted up-stairs and down again, and stood patiently by the oven waiting for Bridget to show her how to baste the turkey.

"Now, then, I'm ready," said Bridget, at last.

"Now, then," said Polly, holding up her hands to show that she was ready, too.

On the finger of one hand she wore her little silver thimble, and in the other she held a needle with a long basting-thread.

A BOY-PATRIOT'S DREAM.

Brooklyn is to have a monument to the Marquis de Lafayette, and for it it is indebted to the boyish enthusiasm of one of its citizens, Henry Harteau, who, when only five years old, was fired with an intense admiration for the great Frenchman on the occasion of his visit to this country in 1824. He was then living in Prospect Street, not far from Fulton Ferry, where General Lafayette was to be met by the Brooklyn delegation on the occasion of his reception. The boy took his young sister, only four years old, with him, made his way through the crowds and pushed along to Lafayette until he got directly under him, when he cried out, "I want to shake hands with Den'ral Laf'ette!" The General greeted him as such a man would greet such an admirer, and Henry's pride was at its height. Meanwhile he had been missed at home, and the only word that came to his mother was of his having been seen in the crowds. Messengers sought him on every side, but at last he turned up with the air of a conquerer and the words "Mamma, I have been to see Den'ral Laf'ette and to shake hands with him!" From that time Mr. Harteau kept the purpose of honoring the General in his mind, and after his death, not long since, it was found that in his will $35,000 had been left for the erection of the monument.

HOW PUSS GOT HER NAME.

She lived in a small town through which the railroad ran, dividing it exactly in the middle.

She belonged to no one, yet was loved by everybody. She had one little kitten, but no name. She would go from house to house and get something to eat, and she was always welcome wherever she went.

When she would go into any of the stores the storekeepers would generally say, "Good morning, Kitty," and they would sometimes take the boxes off the shelves and let her get on the shelves and catch mice.

One day she wanted to go on the opposite side of the town. She had to cross the railroad, so she picked up her kitten and started off. When she reached the railroad she was quite tired. She sat down on one side of it, but she did not notice that her tail was hanging over the track. She laid her kitten down by her side to rest a little. While she was sitting there she heard the train coming. She did not move, though, for she had lived there all her life, and she had often watched the train pass and was not at all afraid of it. The train, of course, did not stop, and rolled right over the poor cat's tail. She did not even jump up, but sat quite still until the train passed. After the train had rumbled by she looked as if she was nearly frightened to death, but she picked up her kitten and went off, leaving her tail lying on the track.

Just as soon as the people saw her again with that little stump of a tail, they commenced to call her Bobtail, and always kept it up. So Bobtail, by losing her tail, gained a name.

A Ball of Lightning.

A short time ago, during a thunderstorm, lightning in the shape of a ball, a well-known, but rare phenomenon—descended in the yard behind a house at Themenau, Austria. The ball, about one foot in diamater, was of a brilliant blue. On reaching the ground it rolled along a short distance, and then burst, flooding the whole neighborhood with a dazzling white light. No damage was immediately apparent, but several hours later flames burst from a building situated at some distance from where the lightning had struck.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

RESENTED AN INSULT.

Corney Grain Entertained the Servants at House of a Snob.

Many are the good stories told of Mr. Corney Grain, says a London paper. He was a man of courtly dignity and no one knew better than he how to resent an impertinence, whether directed against himself personally or against the profession to which he belonged. He was engaged on one occasion to entertain a large party of guests at a country house. He traveled down from town in the afternoon, as directed, by train, which landed him at his destination just as the guests were assembling for dinner. Instead of being received in the drawing room, however, Mr. Grain was conducted to the butler's private room, and there, while the house party was dining upstairs, his dinner was served. Mr. Grain said nothing, but as soon as he had fortified himself against his return journey he called all the servants who happened to be at liberty into the butler's room, apologized to them for the absence of a piano, and, doing the best he could without one, he proceeded to entertain the amazed but delighted domestics with quips and jests and songs selected at random. He never, perhaps, had a more appreciative audience. Then he called for his fly. As he was preparing to get into it a pompous flunkey came down to the butler's room with the message that "dinner was hover, and would Mr. Grain now come up to the drawing room and give his hentertainment?" To which Mr. Grain replied: "Give your master my compliments, and tell him that as I was sent to the servants' hall I naturally concluded it was the servants I was engaged to entertain, and am going back to town by the next train." He did it, too. And the story was told all over the country.

Thanks to the fact that the moose is rather solitary in his habits, quick-witted and keen of eye, ear and nostril in detecting danger, he is not destined to be exterminated so easily as the more stupid bison, caribou and elk. Rarely, indeed, does the hunter find more than a family of moose together, even in the dead of winter, when they "yard up" in a given locality for days or weeks at a time.

Cold Water and a Hot Griddle

To make light, Delicious
BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

You must Of course use
Heckers'
Buckwheat.

Corn

is a vigorous feeder and responds well to liberal fertilization. On corn lands the yield increases and the soil improves if properly treated with fertilizers containing not under 7% actual

Potash.

A trial of this plan costs but little and is sure to lead to profitable culture.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

The Mexican Government has extended to homœopathic physicians the same privileges granted to old-school doctors in that country, and it is expected that within a year there will be a well-established homœopathic school of medicine in Mexico.

SYRUP of FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

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And you will get valuable information.

MRS. ADAMS' LETTER.

LYERLY, Chattooga Co., Ga., Oct. 4, 1895.

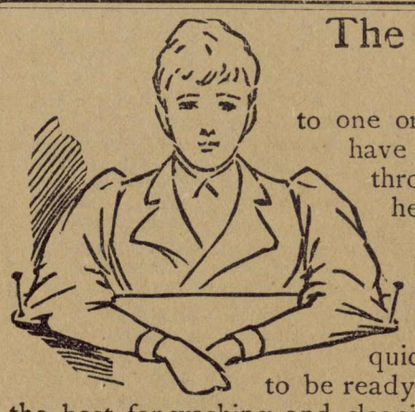
Two medicines have done me so much good I cannot find words to express my gratitude for them. I was down with a complication of troubles, catarrh of the bowels and falling of the womb. For seven weeks I could not sit up. Two bottles of McElree's Wine of Cardui and one package of Thedford's Black-Draught cured me.

I have recommended the Wine of Cardui Treatment to a number of suffering women, and not one has failed to find relief by its use. If I can do anything to help bring this good medicine to the attention of sufferers, I will be glad. MRS. E. C. ADAMS.

A FIGHTING DEMOCRAT
Presidential Year.

THE CHICAGO CHRONICLE, the great democratic newspaper of the west, daily for one year $3. No subscription for less than one year at this rate. Sample copies free. THE CHRONICLE, 164-166 Washington st., Chicago, Ill.

SPECTACLES. If you wear them, or need them, or have trouble with your eyes, apply for my Treatise on the Eye, Test Sheets and Catalog, sent free. F. B. GREENE, Optician, Boothbay Harbor, Me.



The woman pinned down to one or two uses of Pearline will have to be talked to. Why is she throwing away all the gain and help that she can get from it in other ways? If you have proved to yourself that Pearline washes clothes, for instance, in the easiest, quickest, safest way, you ought to be ready to believe that Pearline is the best for washing and cleaning everything. That's the truth, anyway. Try it and see. Into every drop of water that's to be used for cleansing anything, put some Pearline. 476

Millions NOW USE Pearline

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, THURSDAY, ALA., NOVEMBER 28, 1895. NO. 35.

THANKSGIVING.

Sweet was the song of the robin,
Blithe was the hum of the bee,
In the day when the drift of the blossom
Was light as the foam of the sea.
Then deeply was cloven the furrow,
And gayly they scattered the seed,
Who trusted that rain-fall and sunshine
Would surely be given at need.

The robin hath flown to the tropic,
The honey-bee flitteth no more,
The reaper hath garnered the harvest,
And the fruit and the nuts are in store.
The flame hath died out on the maples,
We tread on the loose-lying leaves,
And the corn that was sturdy and stalwart
Is gathered and bound into sheaves.

And sweeter than music of springtime,
And fuller of jubilant mirth,
Are the strong-tided chorals o'erflowing
From hearts where thanksgiving has birth.
The songs of the home and the altar,
The gladness of children at play,
And the dear love of households united
Are blending in praises to-day.

For pasture-lands fodded with beauty,
For plenty that burdened the vale,
For the wealth of the teeming abundance,
And the promise too royal to fail,
We lift to the Maker our anthems,
But none the less cheerily come
To thank Him for honor and fruition,
And the happiness crowning the home.

Oh, the peace on the brow of the father,
The light in the mother's clear eyes,
The lift in the voices of maidens
Who walk under dream-curtained skies.
The dance in the feet of the wee ones,
And the sparkle and shine in the air!
The year has no time like Thanksgiving—
A truce to our fretting and care.

Sweet was the song of the robin,
Blithe was the hum of the bee,
In the day when the drift of the blossom
Was light as the foam of the sea;
But sweeter the silence of autumn,
That maketh a space for the strain
Of the joyance of home, when the harvest
Is gathered from hillside and plain.

THANKSGIVING.

In stack and cellar, bay and bin,
Now rest the harvests of the year;
The orchard's wealth is gathered in,
The ricks are filled, the fields are clear.

To-day we take a truce from toil,
And at the genial fireside meet;
Nothing shall come our peace to spoil
As we the annual feast repeat.

How calm the Indian summer haze
Above the distant mountain lies;
The squirrel darts from place to place,
The crow across ths valley flies.

The rippling stream with murmuring tone
Seems lonelier as it passes by—
And one slow hawk, reserved, alone,
Cuts his broad sweep across the sky.

The colored pallet, rich and rare,
Is gone which made the forests gay;
A Quaker russet now they wear,
And even that shall pass away.

But we, around our ample board,
Confront the winter without fear,
Whose fruits are housed, whose crops are stored,
Whose friends are true, whose home is dear.

For all, may some good fortune come,
Some cheer to drive sad thoughts away;
Thrice happy friendships, love and home,
And naught to mar Thanksgiving Day.

—Joel Benton.

A WIDOW'S THANKSGIVING.

BY HELEN FORREST GRAVES.

"THANKSGIVIN', eh?" said the Widow Wyman, as she studied the Governor's proclamation through her glasses as it appeared in the type of the Weekly Herald of Freedom. "Well, it don't make much difference to me, Thanksgivin' or no Thanksgivin'. I haven't much to be thankful for."

And the tears rose instinctively into the widow's dim eyes as she remembered the radiant Thanksgiving Days of her youth, when the sun rose behind a veil of amethyst and gold, and the trees blazed in royal robes, and the full moons sailed through an ocean of violet air.

The Widow Wyman was young then, and the world wore its holiday guise. She was old and poverty-stricken now, and things were changed.

Outside, the dead leaves rustled in the bleak November blast, and the gate, hanging from its one hinge, creaked like a complaining gnome.

"Everything goes against me!" sighed the widow, as she measured out six drops of laudanum for her toothache. "The wind didn't blow anybody's gate down but mine; and the side of the old barn has caved in, and the latch is off the corncrib door, and a weasel took all my spring chickens night afore last, and the apple-sass has fermented, and the moths has eaten up my furs, and I haven't had a letter from brother John's folks in three months, and there ain't a living soul, as far as I know of, as cares whether I'm in the world or out of it.

"There was Janie Greyson, as I brought up out of the workhouse and bound to the bookbinder trade in New York, she's married a store clerk, they tell me, as wears Sunday clothes every day of his life, and never even writes to ask how I am; and Sarah Soames, as I nussed through the smallpox that summer she taught district school up here; and Harry Wild, as never could have set up business if my Elnathan hadn't mortgaged the old place to lend him money.

"I might sit here and starve, and they wouldn't none of 'em lift a finger to put bread in my mouth; and there's the mortgage to be foreclosed at Christmas, and the fences all down, and everything going to rack and ruin. I declare to goodness, I've most a-mind to swallow the whole of this laudlum bottle, and put an end to my troubles. There ain't nobody would care."

And the Widow Wyman looked gloomily at her bottle of laudanum as she set it on the shelf.

"There," she added, as the back log separated in two pieces and fell in a shower of ashes on the brick hearth—"there goes the fire, and there ain't a dozen sticks of wood in the shed. Things didn't used to go so slipshod when Elnathan was alive. And I can't go to meetin' to-morrow, because I haven't a decent dress to wear; and if I roast a rib o' pork, with stewed apples and sage, for dinner, it'll be all I can afford. Other folks has turkeys and cranberry tarts. I ain't so lucky. But, then, I'll get a pumpkin—there's plenty of 'em in the old corn lot,—and make a pumpkin pie. There will be a Thanksgivin' taste to that, anyhow."

And the Widow Wyman raked together the fading embers of the fire, put on two or three fence pickets to make it blaze up, and brought in a new back log, fringed with gray moss, and smelling faintly of the woods. But all the while her heart was as heavy as lead within her bosom.

"Something's going to happen," said the widow, as the tears dropped slowly into the apples she was paring for sauce. "I know something's going to happen. P'raps it'll be a cyclone. Or, maybe, the mortgage is goin' to be foreclosed sooner than I calculated on. Or, p'raps I'm goin' to have a spell o' fever."

But just here some one tapped briskly at the door.

"Come in," said the Widow Wyman, dropping an apple on the floor in her consternation.

And in came a tall man, wrapped in fur-lined garments, with bright-hued eyes shining under the rim of a seal-skin cap.

"Is this Mrs. Nancy Wyman?" said he, gruffly.

"That's me," said the widow.

"Oh!" said the stranger. "Cold weather for this time of year."

"Very cold," said Mrs. Wyman.

"Threatening snow."

"It does look like it," acquiesced the widow.

"I believe this place is mortgaged," said the stranger plunging headlong into business.

The Widow Wyman began to tremble all over.

"I knew something was going to happen," thought she. And she added, aloud: "Yes, it is."

"I thought so," said the stranger. "I've bought the mortgage from Squire Satterlee."

"I hope you'll excuse the interest and taxes being a little behind," said Mrs. Wyman. "I'm a lone woman, and—"

"Yes, I know," brusquely interrupted the gentleman; "but business is business. Do you see these papers, ma'am?"

The widow eyed the yellow packet in his hand.

"Yes," said she; "its the mortgage I signed myself. I see 'em plain enough."

"Very well," said the stranger, and he deliberately tore the documents in two, and flung them under the mossy old log, where they shot into yellow spires of flame and flew up the chimney in a train of fiery sparks. "They were taken off the record this morning," said he. "Why, Aunt Nancy! is it possible you don't know Harry Wild?"

And in another second he had her in his arms, with the apples rolling over the kitchen floor, and her cap all on one side.

"I've come to spend Thanksgiving with you, Aunt Nancy," said he; "and my wife is outside in the carriage, with an eighteen-pound turkey, and a real old-fashioned suet-pudding that she baked herself, and a batch of mince pies, and six pounds of California grapes. Come in, Poll," opening the door to admit a rosy-faced young lady, with teeth like pearls, and the prettiest of dimples in her cheeks.

"And we, too, Aunt Nancy," said a cheery voice, out of the gathering dusk.

"Sakes alive!" said the Widow Wyman; "it ain't Janie Greyson? It can't be!"

"Yes, it is!" cried the cheery voice; and in came a tall, pretty girl, leaning on the arm of a stalwart young man. "And here's my husband, Caleb Carter. We couldn't spend our first Thanksgiving anywhere but with you, auntie, dear, and here we are. And Caleb has brought our dinner along—a pair of grouse, with red currant jelly, and cranberry-puh and oranges, and nuts, and raisins, and all that sort of thing. Bring in the basket, Caleb, dear. And there's a new black silk dress for you, Aunt Nancy, and a pair of gold spectacles, and a crimson-and-black blanket shawl, and a set of real English lace for you to wear to meeting to-morrow."

And with this Janet hugged the old lady until she nearly choked her, and kissed her until she was revived again.

While all this was transpiring, there came a fresh cannonade of knocks against the door, and the widow made haste to open it.

There stood a stout, middle-aged man, all wrapped up in mufflers, which were already beginning to be powdered over with show, and a stout, middle-aged woman at his side, and three children, all stout, but not middle-aged, in the background.

"Well, I never!" cried the Widow Wyman, staring until she seemed to become all spectacle glasses. "It—ain't—never—John's folks?"

John's folks it was, come to spend Thanksgiving at the old homestead.

"Such a big turkey, Aunt Nancy!" squeaked one of the children, unable longer to contain himself.

"And nice jelly, and East India preserves, and a cake as big as a cart wheel, all covered over with frosting!" added another. "Oh, my, don't I wish it was to-morrow."

"And a set of furs for you, Aunt Nancy, and a new carpet for the parlor, 'cause pa's gone into the carpet and oil-cloth business," supplemented the youngest and stoutest of all, proceeding to the construction of a bewildering series of summersets in the middle of the floor.

The Widow Wyman sat down helplessly, and looked around at the poor little roasting piece of pork, all powdered over with sage, and the pot of pumpkins stewing on the fire; while in the back kitchen, by the light of a dip-candle, Janie and John's wife and the rosy-faced bride were unpacking hampers of savory viands, with the yellow shine of oranges and the sound of nuts dropping on the floor.

"We've brought you a set of new china, Aunt Nancy," said Harry Wild—"white, with gold sprigs, and an old-fashioned gold band around the edge. Sarah Soames sent it as a remembrance."

"And a new table-cloth, Aunt Nancy," added Janie, "and a dozen napkins, I hemmed 'em myself on the machine."

"Why-y," cried one of the children, "Aunt Nancy is crying!"

"No, I ain't!" said Aunt Nancy. "Yes, I be, too! Only I meant it ain't because I feel bad. Because I do believe I'm the happiest old woman in the State this day! And I shan't set down to my Thanksgiving dinner all alone, and my folks hain' forgotten the old creetur up in the woods, and—Thar's the pumpkin a-bilin' over! Quick, Janie—take the pot off!"

The Widow Wyman was laughing and sobbing in the same breath, as she stirred the boiling mass with a huge wooden spoon.

And as she knelt beside her wooden bedspread that night, her prayer was:

"Lord, make me thankful enough for all Thy mercies on this blessed Thanksgiving Eve!"

THANKSGIVING THOUGHTS.

A Day Suggestive of Hospitality and Good Cheer.

Thanksgiving! The very word is suggestive of welcome, of beaming faces and happy meetings, of good cheer and hospitality unlimited, of tempting heaps of ruddy apples and golden oranges, and of that spicy dainty, our National confection, the "pie de pumpkin."

And inseparable from the word Thanksgiving is another National dish, roast turkey—the once proud bird of our wildwood—flanked by the reddest and cranberriest of cranberry sauces.

Some one has said, heartlessly and audaciously, that to spend a truly ideal Thanksgiving we must not only cast aside our own burdens, but forget the troubles of others less fortunate than ourselves, the poor whom we have "always with us." This may be comfortable sort of philosophy, and the owner of such a convenient, cast-iron conscience and memory could, no doubt, get a great deal of selfish enjoyment out of life.

But I believe that to make the day a perfect one we must think of the poor in our midst, for a few minutes, at least, not in a maudlin, sentimental way, sighing over their poverty, bewailing their hardships, but in a simple, substantial way, sharing with them the viands with which our table has been blessed. If the giver of every Thanksgiving feast, or even if every ordinary family dinner, would remember the destitute long enough to feed one hungry family thousands of homes would be gladdened for at least one day.

The most acceptable thanks we can send above consist in making others thankful. With grateful hearts we may celebrate the day, but sweeter than any praises we can sing are the little acts of thoughtful kindness we may all bestow.—Detroit Free Press.

SHARK HUNTING.

An Established Industry in Long Island Waters.

Every Part of the Fierce Fish is Utilized.

Shark hunting has now become an established industry in the waters of Long Island, and it is found to be profitable in portions of the Great South Bay, says the New York Sun. It is a common thing for a single boat's crew to kill half a dozen sharks in a day. The body of the shark was supposed for years to be worth little as an article of commerce, and for this reason sharks were allowed to live unmolested. Now it is understood that every part of the body of the shark has value. The skin is worked up into an excellent imitation of alligator skin, from which pocketbooks, traveling bags, belts, etc., are made. The flesh and bones of the shark are eagerly sought by the fertilizer factories on account of the amount of phosphorous they contain. One of the best glues yet discovered can be made from the backbone, but owing to the strong odor for which no remedy has yet been found, shark glue is not yet a marketable article.

The manner of capturing the shark is interesting. A day on which the wind is blowing a good stiff breeze is the best for shark hunting. A shark rarely feeds on a day when the surface of the water is smooth. The shark hunter puts out to the deep channels where the man eaters feed. The fishing boat is generally of fifteen tons burden. If the tide is running strong enough to scatter them, several bushels of bunkers are thrown overboard at the stern of the boat. Strange as it may seem, a shark will will not touch food that is not in motion or has not a semblance of being alive.

After the fishermen had thrown overboard enough bunkers to attract the sharks to the neighborhood of the smack, long ropes with air-tight kegs are run out over the sides of the vessel. On the under side of each keg is a swivel ring, and to this a four-strand hemp rope, several feet long is attached. A steel hook a foot long and made after the fashion of a regular bluefish hook, is baited with a big bunker. A chain connects the hook and rope, to prevent the shark from biting the line. The keg on the surface of the water sways and gives the bait on the hook a life-like appearance.

The shark hunters watch the keg as a boy watches a bob for a nibble. A shark never nibbles. If he takes the bait it is done with a rush, and the keg disappears beneath the water for some minutes. In the first mad rushes the shark is allowed to have what the sailors term leeway. That is, a little rope is given him gradually, to prevent him from running and spalshing so as to scare all other sharks within half a mile. An excited shark rushing here and there and cutting the water with his tail will generally spoil the fishing in that particular place for the rest of the day.

After a shark has been hooked the line is hauled in slowly by two or three pair of strong arms. Should the shark show signs of not being completely exhausted, great care is taken not to excite him and start him on another wild plunge. When once he is hauled to the side of the boat he is lanced. Then the carcas is hoisted aboard and skinned. The skin is buried in a salt bath, while the rest of the body is dumped into a pen under the deck. After a catch of several of the big fellows the stuff is unloaded at a fertilizer factory, and the skins are shipped to New York.

The Spanish shark is one of the hardest species of the family to catch. They usually measure from seven to eleven feet in length, and have hide as tough as leather. This quality in the skin of the Spanish shark a larger money value than any other shark. The Spanish shark will seldom bite at bait that has the least semblance of suspicion to them. The varieties mostly taken now are the shovel nose, the hog snout and the dog fish.

The capture of shark is a blessing to the net fishermen, for as the sharks become fewer the damage to nets is lessened. A good-sized shark can do many dollars' damage to a net in a few minutes. Nearly every fisherman in the Great South Bay has two or three nets ruined every season by sharks. A dozen or more shark-fishing boats can be seen on the waters of the Great South Bay every windy or stormy day.

Experiments With Lightning Rods.

"Speaking of lightning rods" said an army officer, "When I was at West Point old Hank Kendrick, our professor of chemistry, electricity, and so forth, used to give us an experiment with lighthing rods, which is the only thing I recollect in connection with them. He had a battery rigged up to furnish the lightning, then he had a house of blocks, a nice two-story house painted white, with green shutters. On this house was a lightning rod, a miniature affair, made like the ordinary lightning rod of commerce. He would make a few remarks, explaining that wet earth or water connecting directly with the earth was the very best. Then he would make a ground connection of this kind and proceed to fire a few big electric sparks through the rod. They would go through all right, not doing the slightest injury to the house. Then he would make a few more remarks, this time to the effect that a little learning is a dangerous thing, and tell about a good minister in the neighborhood who wanted to protect his house by a lightning rod, and who had heard that water was a good thing for the rod to end in. So he set up the rod and had it end in his cistern where as it was carefully cemented, there was always certain to be water. The old professor would then put the end of the rod in a glass of water, to represent the cistern, and turn on his lightning. The big spark would leap across to the rod and down would come the house, a heap of blocks.

One of the most beautiful and at the same time one of the most terrifying sights I ever saw," said another member of the group, a veteran of the war," "was down in Arkansas in 1862. I was drilling my regiment one summer afternoon, when a sudden thunder shower came up. The men had bayonets fixed, and as we started for camp were carrying their muskets at a right shoulder shift. Suddenly there began at the tips of those bayonets the most marvellous electrical display I had ever seen. The lightning played about them dancing, rolling, flashing, leaping from one to another as if it hugely enjoyed the frolic. For an instant I thought the whole command would be struck down and the men themselves were badly frightened. No one was hurt or even shocked by the brilliant display. I halted the command and had unfixed bayonets, whereupon the display ceased to every one's relief."
—New York Sun.

A Pretty Custom.

There is a very pretty custom in the imperial family of Germany which dates from time immemorial. On the birthday of one of the royal children the Empress goes through the stock of toys which has been accumulating since the child's last birthday, and sends all, except a few special favorites, to the sick children in hospitals. The present Kaiserin, who is the most motherly of women, has paid special attention to this custom, and on the occasion of little Princess Victoria Louise's birthday, which occurred a short time ago, Her Majesty packed with her own hands a large case of dollies, picture books and little dishes—all in a fair state of preservation—and had them sent off to the little sufferers. The sick children are always told who sends the presents, and in past years this has resulted in the saving of some curious and interesting relics. In this way the battered tin soldiers which amused the childhood of old Kaiser William have been saved from the wreck of time. A hideous doll belonging to Queen Louise of Prussia is also in existence.

Charms of Song.

"You can trust a man who sings at his work," said the cheery citizen.

"Yes," replied Sinnicker; I wish some one would persuade the man who works around my woodpile two or three nights a week to sing loud enough for me to hear him.—Washington Star.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

In England one man out of each 500 gets a college education; in America one out of each 200.

The farmers in the Northwest Territories who purchased lands from the Canadian Pacific Railway have been allowed the option of making payment in wheat at the rate of fifty cents per bushel. This means a considerable saving to farmers in warehouse and other charges.

Several eminent German physicians are agreed that in about ten per cent. of the cases of supposed idiocy among children the affliction is caused by an abnormal growth in the canal back of the nose. This growth, seldom visible, is indicated by the nasal speech and defective hearing of those afflicted; the mouth is kept nearly always open, and the little sufferer makes scant or no progress in school. Nothing but an operation by a skilful surgeon will effect a cure, but then a cure is assured.

A noted ex-burglar is employed as a private detective in one of the largest retail dry goods stores in New York, and a member of the firm says that the ex-convict's services are invaluable. He was engaged on account of his wide acquaintance with shoplifters. Already he has shown a remarkable adaptability for his work. He is almost continually walking about the store, keeping a close watch on the entrances. A number of professional shop lifters with whom he is acquainted are aware of the position he holds and consequently keep away from the building.

Mr. Sam Heller, of Raleigh, N. C., knowing that there was no limit to the weight of first-class mail packages, ordered a box of shoes, weighing 125 pounds, sent to him by mail. With only a 2-cent stamp affixed. There were on the box when it arrived $40 worth of postage due stamps. There were fifty of the denomination of fifty cents, for which he says he can obtain from the dealers $1.25 each, and fifty of thirty cents, worth seventy-five cents each; so by this calculation he makes $60. This is the heaviest package of the kind which ever passed through the mail in Raleigh.

One of the railways running out of New York has instituted a new rule compelling bicyclists to pay for carriage of their wheels as "extra baggage." It has been the custom on all lines to carry the bicycle of a passenger free of cost. Every passenger is allowed a reasonable amount of baggage. Why not carry a bicyclist's wheel as readily a tourist's trunk? Why class it as "extra baggage?" Why deprive him of what is accorded to all other travelers? It is, in the opinion of the New York Herald, a shortsighted policy on the part of the railway, is vexatious to a class of passengers who are numerous, and who are a source of large income to the road. It will drive them to seek other routes, and both the railway and the towns which thousands of bicyclists would visit will be the losers.

An ordinance restricting the height of buildings, which was suggested a month or so ago, was passed last week by the Board of Supervisors of San Francisco. The extreme height of a fireproof building is placed at 130 feet, and only on streets 100 feet or more in width may buildings of that height be erected. On all narrower streets no building may be erected hereafter to a greater height than 100 feet. There was much discussion over the ordinance. One man urged that high buildings give employment to a great many people and are a benefit to the community. But another member of the Board expressed a pretty considerable proportion of public opinion in San Francisco in saying: "High buildings are not a necessity. They keep the sun off the street and lessen the value of adjoining real estate. They make the atmosphere near the sidewalks chilly and are detrimental to health. High buildings are a sin against heaven because they deprive the people of proper light and air. We do not take enough interest in the welfare of our people."

THE DOWN GRADE.

When the engine is a-puffin'.
An' a-snorin' an' a-bluffin',
Like it mighty of'en will;
When you hear the thing a-blowin',
Then you know it's hard a-goin',
For it's climbin' up a hill.

When it goes a-whizzin' by you
In a way that's like to try you
If you're just a bit afraid;
When it's runnin' fast an' faster,
Like it doesn't need a master,
Then it's on a down grade.

When you see a man a-workin',
An' his duty never shirkin',
An' a-sweatin' more or less;
When you see him climbin' higher,
An' he never seems to tire,
He's a-climbin' to success.

When you see one goin' easy,
In a manner light an' breezy,
Like for pleasure he was made,
Just remember he's a-showin'
That it's mighty easy goin'
When you're on the down grade.

HALLOWE'EN ADVENTURE.

BY MRS. M. L. RAYNE.

A man whose dress indicated that he was a clergyman boarded a street car in a western city, and at once found himself surrounded by friends. It was the eve of All-Souls' Day, and he was on his way to church, where he was to preach against superstition, and this bevy of good-looking girls and stalwart young men was composed of his own people. They were on their way to church also, being destined to a scolding for the sins of former years, when they had kept the eve of All-Souls' in the pagan spirit of Hallowe'en, rioting about with mirrors and lighted candles, melting lead and dropping it into a tub of water, ducking for apples, throwing a ball of yarn down some lonely staircase in some secluded building, all for the foolish purpose of finding out in advance of fate and by uncanny means if lovers were coming to woo. They were going to the little church of St. Winifred, and the pastor was the Rev. David Griffith, and he spoke with his parishioners in an unknown tongue, at least it was unknown to the only American passenger, a man who prided himself upon being almost a linguist.

"May I inquire?" he asked respectfully of a tall brunette, who stood next to him, "what countrywoman you are?"

"American," she answered in the purest English accents.

"But—but—you speak another tongue?"

"Oh, yes, I forgot," she said, laughing, "we are Welsh, and that is our native speech. But it is only when we come together, as on this occasion, that we use it."

It was very evident that they had no need of a Welsh vocabulary in which to express themselves, for they not only spoke English fluently, but with a musical intonation that was delightful to a cultivated ear.

But it was the wish of the pastor, the Rev. David Griffith, that they should not forget the language that was to him the most musical in the world, albeit its consonantal speech of Taffyland is as trying as it is fascinating to American tongues.

"Did you look for a sprig of ash?" asked a pretty young Cymrian of the tall brunette.

"That did I not, Nell; I promised not to anger Mr. Griffith this year as I did last."

"Would he be very angry if you found an even-leaved sprig of ash, think you, Gladys? We would all know what to name it, in spite of St. David's objections."

"H-u-s-h," interposed Gladys, in a whisper, "we are nearing the church. I promised not to engage in any Hallowe'en games this year, so you will not expect me to-night, Nell, after church. I may spell out an apple-paring alone, for the sake of the dear old days."

"I think you are silly, Gladys, to let Mr. Griffith influence you. If amusements that the whole world engages in on this night do not please him, he denounces us all as sinners for participating in them. I think he oversteps his power."

But the car had stopped and minister and people were pouring out and soon had ascended the steps of the little church of St. Winifred.

The sermon was in Welsh, and the minister, a young, handsome man, listened to with close attention, both by the elders of the congregation and the younglings, for he had taken a determined stand against the custom of keeping this one special festival of the year, with particular reference to the ghosts and hobgoblins which have markedit for their own, as the Welsh people ardently believe. He invaded Welsh literature to prove that such a being as a fairy never existed, and he substantiated the statement from his bible. He demanded a greater reverence for the holy office of matrimony than the practice of pulling stalks, big or little, crooked or straight, in order to determine the appearance of a future partner. He denounced the fallacy of eating an apple before a mirror, expecting the future husband would look over the shoulder.

"No man," he declared, "would be willing to wed a woman who would wind a ball of yarn, chanting doggerel manwhile, saying over words that are impious as defying fate, or challenging Providence. Hallowe'en is the Devil's Sunday. It is the Witches' night, and we may well believe that the evil one sends out his myrmidons on that night to do his bidding." It was only last year that on the following morning a witch-ridden sign "Beer Saloon" had been fastened over the door of the sacred edifice. These were tricks of the devil, and he was there to exorcise him. Nut-cracking was used as an interpretation of the future, and other unholy rites were used in the fireside revelries of the evening. He hoped his parishioners would desist from this custom of pagan worship.

All were duly impressed with the earnestness of the pastor, but the Welsh people, as the Rev. David knew to his cost, were naturally stubborn, and they loved their traditions. Chloe and Cynthia and Phillis, with Lubin, their brother, might be influenced, being American-born, but the Llewellyns and Gonerils, of Welshland, merely shook their high-hatted heads, and went home to prepare for a roaring farce in their own homes with such embellishments as they might deem proper—behind the pastor's back.

Nell Gwynne could not prevail on Gladys to accompany her home, so she went on without her, and David Griffith, waiting, as was his wont, offered to see Gladys safe to her own door. But the girl shook her head.

"I am not afraid," she made answer, "and I could not enjoy the walk after your sermon."

"Has it made such an impression on you?" he asked, forgetting his clerical intonation in a tenderer cadence.

"It has made me unhappy," said the the young woman, regarding him with sorrowful, uplifted eyes.

"I am glad," he said with the fire of an enthusiast. "I am tired of preaching to deaf ears. I am glad that one soul is convinced."

"I am convinced in one way only—that you are fighting a great war against evil with straws."

Then she left him, riding home, that he might have no excuse to follow.

Rev. David Griffith had received such a blow straight between the eyes that he saw nothing but a firmament of stars, and leaving the old sexton to close the church, he, too, went home, a humbled and disappointed man, for he dearly loved this same Gladys Allyn and was set on having her for a wife if she would consent. He knew that the Welsh women make the most faithful wives in the world, but he had not found courage to declare himself, and there were several likely young Cornishmen in the field.

Gladys went home and found the house holding high carnival. Her younger brothers and sisters had not attended church, and instead were carrying out all the unholy rites, as David Griffith called them, of Hallowe'en. Bonfires were burning in the yard, and in the kitchen a twirling stick with a lighted candle on one end and an apple on the other amused the youngsters. Three dishes were on the hearth, one empty, one filled with soapy, and one with clear water. Bob, her brother, invited Gladys to try her luck.

"Dunno bout you mout get th' parson," he said with a grimace.

But the girl had no heart for the usual festivities since they had been denounced as sinful, and went up to her own little room and sat there alone until at last love and superstition got the better of her resolution.

"I'll try it just this once," she said to herself, "and never again."

Then she went to an old chest and took out one of the high chimney-pot hats, worn by the Cymri, and a short mother hubbard cloak and attired in these slipped out and wended her way to the church.

Under her cloak she carried a candle and this she now lighted, and shielding it from the wind she began a circuit of the building. If there was anything in the stories they told she would see an appearance—the wraith of the man she desired to marry. She carried out this Hallowe'en ritual to the letter, and then in the gloom and shadow of the church Gladys saw a figure approaching and an immediate fear took possession of her.

It was a tall figure wrapped in the folds of a Llandudno shawl, the figure of a man, and a very resolute one, too, for he threw open a door which led to the basement and producing a round object from his pocket began an incantation of some sort.

"I wind, I wind, I wind, who holds?" he cried out excitedly, and Gladys recognized the voice, and a great joy effaced every vestige of her fear.

"I hold, I hold, I hold," she answered boldly.

But her voice had exactly the opposite effect of that which she anticipated. It was the young rector, as she knew, who was holding an end of the yarn, the ball of which he had dropped down the basement stairs. When she spoke in answer to his question he wheeled round and beholding, as he supposed, an ancient woman, he made no doubt that she was one of the goblins against whom he had been warning his people, and he started back with a cry, and fell prone to the earth at the bottom of the stairs.

It was now Gladys' turn to be frightened. Springing to the top of the stairway, she called in clear tones:

"Mr. Griffith."

No answer.

"David," very softly.

A deep groan.

Her candle was still burning. She slipped down the steep stairs and saw the helpless form lying at the foot. It took her hardly a second of time to make her cloak into a pillow and slip it under his head. As she lifted his shoulders he groaned again.

"David," she whispered, and then as no answer came she said in a fervent tone, "dear, dear David!"

With that he sat up and laughed—he the grave, dignified parson who had so recently rebuked his people for levity and superstition. Gladys left him indignantly and began to remount the stairs, but he called her back.

"Can I assist you, Mr. Griffith?"

"No, no, not Mr. Griffith, my sweet Gladys. I am your 'dear David' from now henceforth, or here I stay the captive of the sweetest pain by which every man was slain. Take me or leave me, I am yours."

"And shall Trelawney die?
"And shall Trelawney die?
Then thirty thousand Cornishmen
Will know the reason why!"

But he didn't die. He came out of the hole into which superstition had led him, leaning on the merciful arm of Gladys, and though he walked with a limp he managed to go home with the happy girl, and made a slight sensation when he entered with her into the midst of the fun and frolic which was raging as furiously as ever. And the Cornishmen never asked the reason why. They merely looked at the pair with a quizzical regard and condensed all speculation into the dry remark:

"Parson munna seen a witch."

TAJ MAHAL.

The Wonderful Monument to an Indian Prinoess.

The central point of attraction at Agra must always be the wonderful building known as the Taj Mahal, at once the tomb and the monument of the empress of Shah Jehan. It is said that on the spot where the tomb now stands there was once a sort of summer palace, where the great Mogul and his family spent part at least of the year, as it was the favorite residence of his wife, to whom he was devotedly attached. Here, the story goes, she had asked him to build her the most beautiful palace ever yet constructed as a memorial of his affection for her and their happiness together. Before anything was done to carry out this design, however, the beloved empress died, leaving the emperor inconsolable for his loss. What he could not do for the living wife he determined still to do for her memory, and the result was the erection of the famous tomb, which remains still the most beautiful example of its class in the world. The building stands on the opposite bank of the Jumna from the palace and city of Agra, and its domes of white marble rising from among the luxuriant vegetation of the surrounding garden form the most dazzling object that can well be conceived as seen from almost any part of the city, but especially from the palace itself.

No estimate has ever been formed of the wealth lavished on the building, but that it must have been enormous no one who examines the almost incredible beauty and elaborateness of the workmanship, and the rare and, in some instances, almost priceless character of the material used in its construction, can possibly doubt. The actual execution of the work employed a host of the most skilled laborers obtained in the Eastern world for twenty-two years, and when it is remembered that the building is small compared with most of those on which emperors have lavished their treasures. some idea of the intricacy of its design and the beauty of its execution may be formed.

The gateway by which we entered the enclosure itself prepared us somewhat for the splendor of the building within. Like every part of the building and its surroundings, this gateway is constructed of the purest white marble polished to the highest perfection of which the stone is capable, while the carving and designs embossed on the surface are remarkable for the elegance and grace of their conception as well as for the perfection of their execution. It is no easy matter to accustom the mind to the idea that this work, hardly less perfect to-day than it was two hundred and fifty years ago can have stood exposed to the weather all those years. Something, no doubt, is due to the climate, and more, perhaps, to the exquisite polish of the surface, which has fitted it to resist the weather to the best advantage. It is, however, on the interior of the mausoleum that Eastern art, with all its wealth of patient industry, has lavished the best of all it had to offer. The whole interior blazes to-day exactly as it did when first erected, with the perfect reproduction in polished stone of every leaf and flower with which nature has adorned the Indian peninsula. And not one shade of all the exquisite color is produced by any pigment. If a single flower demanded a score of tints to reproduce its perfect beauty, the effect was obtained by the use of a score of different stones without regard to their rarity or value. Nor is the effect injured by marks of joining. Hardly anything short of a microscope would in most instances disclose the fact that art and not nature had produced the dazzling effect. But it is hopeless to attempt to give any adequate idea of this consummate work of art, which stands, and no doubt will stand, unrivaled as the highest example of unwearied art supported by unbounded resources.

Nosegays of the Past.

Most things move in cycles, and contemporaneously with the reappearance of our grandmothers' sleeves and petticoats the taste for old-fashioned gardens is revived. There is a fresh call for the perennials and annuals which enlivened the borders of long ago, and those who are fortunate enough to still possess these old-time gardens show with pride the long-treasured plants which have bloomed for so many years. We are apt to think that we know a good deal more about flowers than our progenitors, but the fact is there was, perhaps, more variety than there is to day in many of their collections. Much time is given now to the development of perfect specimens and to the cultivation of new varieties, both in greenhouse and garden, but if we were to look over some of the venerable catalogues we should find that if we planted all that our grandsires did we should have our hands and gardens full, without anything new. A garden guide printed in 1806 gives a list of 400 hardy perennials, with 120 annuals.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy AND WE Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.
We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGaha, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Methodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 8	B'ham & Selma	8:10 a m
No. 9	Selma & B'ham	7:25 p m
No. 15	South	12:37 p m
No. 16	North	3:05 p m

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

A large audience greeted Dr. McGaha Sunday morning and afternoon, to enjoy the excellent sermons he so forcibly expounds; both of which were up to the usual standard, full of good doctrine and appropriate advice. The sweet music rendered by the choir deserves special praise.

Mr. Wm. Brown died at his home a few miles below here Sunday, leaving a wife and five small children to mourn his loss. He was known and loved by all for his kind and gentle ways. The grandest inscription ever placed upon a tombstone, "Here lies an honest man," could truthfully be placed on his.

Mr. and Mrs. James McConaughy have been to Atlanta.

Miss Daisy Welch is visiting Mrs. Dr. Claughton, much to the joy of all the boys.

All must go on the trip to Aldrich to see the mines.

Today is Thanksgiving and we are thankful that we have an excuse for not having a better paper this week.

George Holcombe, of Calera, visited his "Johanna" at this place Tuesday and informed her that he had "shot the schute" at Atlanta and gone all around the grounds for 5 cents.

John A. West, of Columbiana, was called to the bedside of his mother at Concord, who we learn is very sick.

Mr. Rufe Walker, one of Elliotsville's most enterprising citizens, was in Montevallo last week.

W. B. and J. M. Reynolds attended court at Clanton this week.

B. E. Hill, of Calera, spent several hours in the city last week,

Mr. and Mrs. Lige Fulton and their handsome daughter were in the city Tuesday.

Mrs. Claughton and little son, of Verbena, returned home Friday.

Mr. T. J. Bondurant, of Birmingham, will be in Montevallo December 1st, prepared to repair watches, clocks, etc.

George H. says he would like to have his $1.55 hack fare back.

We were sorry to see so few at the C. E. meeting Sunday night. It is true we had three services during the day, but this does not happen often. So let's see if we can't arouse interest in the meetings, and secure larger attendance.

A crowd of young people from near Six Mile passed through town en route to Atlanta last week.

Mrs. Lyman and daughter, Miss Hattie, have returned from Florida.

Miss Griffin, a most charming young lady from near Helena, paid her aunt, Miss Pauline Acker, a visit last week, which was only too short.

What is the matter with the Whist club? Has the same fate befallen it as did Esmeralda.

Some of our boys want to organize another bachelor's club. What's the matter? Have they given you the shake.

Is marriage a failure? Take it either way, you will sometimes regret it.—Ex.

All things come to him who waits;
But here's a rule that's slicker.
He that handles goods well bought,
Will get there all the quicker.

For a good selection at low prices go to H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Our poet editor is now getting up a poem on "Our Lads and Lassies." If no objections are heard it will be published soon. Then our fighting editor will have his hands full.

Bob Hall says: "I don't want to play in your yard." Guess not there is a big bull dog there.

Reynold's has just received twenty cheese, Don't send word to Walton W.

We have several times called the attention of the public to the shaky condition of the foot bridge. Guess we will have to tumble off it and break our neck before they can realize the danger our people are subject to, and the responsibility they shoulder in letting it stand as it now is.

The following is clipped from the Birmingham News: The Birmingham Medical college has another accession to the number of its medical students in the person of the brilliant young editor of the Montevallo News, Mr. F. E. Davis, who retires from its editorial staff to attend the medical lectures.

All hands are hustling for the industrial school, the grandest thing Shelby county will ever again have an opportunity of grasping. Surely no sane man can fail to see the good the entire county will reap if we only retain it. Can you say Montevallo alone will be benefitted? If so your scope of vision is so contracted that you cannot see beyond your nose. Think of the thousands of girls unable to educate themselves who will go out from this college equipped and prepared to take the highest positions to be found, probably to support and care for you in your old age. Then lend a helping hand. If you cannot give money, then surely you will use all your influence, for it is for the good of the state, the good of our county and the good of our girls that the school should remain in our midst.

THEY DO SAY

That "Bishop" is making rapid progress in surgery. Up to date he has dissected ninety pounds of bologna sausage, 400 hot-to-mallies, and two Waterberry watches, and amputated one board bill. Pretty good for a starter.

That C. T. Acker is in Atlanta "embracing the fair." He could do that at home.

That "Shorty" says 'tis no use to have pretty horses unless you can use them.

That "valk in mine friend and see does second hand cloding" is as sly as a "fox."

That the bums have all gone south, where the weather will suit their clothing.

That Reynolds' is the busiest house in town.

That Edgar Casey is learning to solve puzzles.

That Jim Vest is the champion o'possum hunter.

That Sarge West killed a seventy dollar partridge last week. He shot up that much ammunition before he touched a feather.

That Burr Mc. is a "daisy" fellow.

That Burr guarded the building at Auburn during his first night's stay.

That Ed D's mustache looks like a fox's tail.

That the "tigers" have been run out of town.

That "Brogardus" has a new derby.

That "Major" has lost all interest in Brierfield of late.

That "Long John" had on a pair of Trilby shoes Sunday.

That "Fatty" wants to go to Helena.

That "Squire" says it takes nerve to locate the fattest chicken during the day, and at the same time sing "Come Thou Fount of Every Blessing."

That L. N. B. went to Columbiana Sunday to make a final disposition of his "case in court." It was continued.

That W. P. M. must have been thinking of the female when he left Aldrich Saturday, else he would not have forgotten the mail.

That "Bill" wishes to inform the public that it is economy rather than style for which he wears whiskers.

That Ab. F. is holding the fort, while "Foots" is chunking grass-hoppers "down on the farm."

That John Kroell is courting on the sly.

That "Kitty," after much practice, has at last learned to play "Aunt Tabby."

That "son" and Harry are longing for a box from home containing a few rarities, such as beef and b——.

CHARITY OF SPEECH.

Charity of speech is as divine a thing as charity of action. To judge no one harshly, to misconceive no man's motives, to believe things are as they seem to be until they are proved otherwise, to temper judgement with mercy—surely this is quite as good as to build up churches, establish asylums and found colleges. Unkind words do as much harm as unkind deeds. Many a heart has been wounded beyond cure, many a reputation has been stabbed to death by a few little words. There is a charity which consists in withholding words, in keeping back harsh judgment, in abstaining from speech, if to speak is to condemn. Such charity hears the tale of slander, but does not repeat it; listens in silence, but forbears comment, then locks the unpleasant secret up in the very depths of the heart. Silence can still rumor; it is speech that keeps a story alive and lends it vigor.

New Consort.

The Corean minister of the household has issued a proclamation announcing the intended selection of a new consort for the king. According to a time-honored custom the issue of this proclamation has the effect of prohibiting for the time being the marriage of all girls between 13 and 17 years throughout the country. Thirty or forty girls are to be nominated and from among them will be first selected three, and on one of the three the final choice will fall.

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISMARCK ITEMS.

Everything in these regions is progressing nicely.

We understand the drawings, etc, for the new depot here have been sent to headquarters. We hope we will soon be able to say we have the best and prettiest little depot on the road.

H. L. Woolley returned from the exposition on the 23d inst. and reports the big show running all right.

Some of our boys will leave in a few days for Atlanta. We trust they will know a wax statue when they see one.

We notice some of our boys are wearing badges entitled "Girls wanted." Hope they will be supplied.

We are glad to state that Albert McDonough, who for about two months has been seriously ill with typhoid fever, is rapidly improving, and we hope will soon be out again.

Mr. W. F. Aldrich and family were in the city on the 25th en route to the exposition.

It will soon be Xmas now. Lookout for invitations, boys, and take it straight.

The passenger travel on the Southern is getting better and better. Trains are being filled to the doors almost.

E. S. Ambrose is attending court at Columbiana this week.

Our little school is progressing beautifully. The children seem to be all learning rapidly.

Mr. J. W. A. is keeping himself closely wrapped up during the cold days. Says he has friends who make him presents of his good clothes.

If this don't land in the waste basket will probably come again. Yours,
Patsey Boliver.

CONCORD LOCALS.

Mr. Joe Brown and family, of Birmingham, visited Messrs. Wiggins and Daniel, of this place, last week.

There will be Thanksgiving service at Sessions chapel on Thursday and everybody is invited to worship with us.

Miss Lucy Vest, one of Montevallo's most accomplished young ladies, accompanied by her little brother, passed through our community last week.

It is rumored that one of Dry valley's most popular young ladies, is to be wedded to one of Shelby county's most consecrated Presbyterian ministers.

Messrs. Tupper and Clate Moore, of Bessemer, visited relatives here last Sunday.

Mr. John A. West, of Columbiana, and Mrs. Laura Moore, of Bessemer, were called to the bedside of their mother, Mrs. M. A. West, who is quite sick.

Charley Ambrose, of Aldrige, was over Sunday investigating the matter relating to the reports of the Concord marriage.

Your correspondent had the pleasure of paying our popular townsman, Mr. C. C. Vandigrift, a short visit on last Sabbath, and to say the courtesy shown us was highly appreciated would but half express it.

Mrs. Carry H. Seall, we learn, wa very unwell last week.

The flower of our society was out casting her smiles upon her friends on last Sabbath eve. Miss Linnie is a sweet girl. She makes home happy, parents cheerful and visitors welcome.
Bye-bye. Guess Who.

ASHBY LOCALS.

Mr. Ed Hoskins, our handsome depot agent, spent several days in Atlanta last week.

Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Campbell spent Saturday and Sunday last with relatives at Trio, Ala.

Mr. Charles Oakley, of Birmingham, visited home folks last week.

Miss Etta Milam left for Blocton Sunday, where she will spend several weeks with relatives and friends.

It is rumored that one of Ashby's young men, has decided to take unto himself a "better half." How about it E?

Mr. Wes Jackson, of British, spent several hours in town Saturday on business.

Miss Fannie Thomas spent several days here last week the guest of Mrs. B. J. Large.

Mr. John Gentry, of Six Mile, left for Texas Tuesday last. John is a jolly old boy and we predict for him a bright future.

Mr. Luther Chambliss, of Greenville, after spending several weeks with relatives and friends, returned home last week to the regret of his many friends.

Our town is decidedly on a boom. Messrs. Burk & Oakley are having several new buildings erected.

Albert Burke was fined $3 for cruelty to horses.

Mr. L. means business no doubt from the many Sunday afternoons he may be seen slowly but surely making his way in the direction of the widow's.

Yes, it must be true of the approaching marriage of one of Concord's fair maids, as a certain young gent near Centerville is in such haste to get his house completed that he is not taking time to pull his logs.

If we see this in the NEWS you may hear from us again. Ego.

Lexington Youths Drowned.

Two Arnold brothers, young men and members of a prominent Lexington, Ky., family, were drowned in Biscayne bay, Florida, while fishing. Their bodies were carried out to sea.

THE TREND OF TRADE.

At a Loss to Account for the Depression.

INCREASED FAILURES REPORTED.

Iron and Steel Products and Provisions Show a Marked Decline in Prices—General Depression Still Apparent—Gold Shipments Heavy. Cotton Lowering.

R. G. Dun & Co.'s review for the past week says:

Failures for the first half of November amount to $6,143,808 in liabilities, against $5,602,303 last year and $7,248,279 in 1893. Failures for the week have been 320 in the United States, against 322 last year, and forty-two in Canada, against thirty-one last year. Reaction in business there is none. Efforts to explain it or to attribute it to this or that temporary influence are wasted. When stocks bought in advance of consumption have been worked off men will be able to judge the cause. Final distribution is to be expected and meanwhile prices are depressed by the selling of quantities bought for speculation by the pressure of stocks, for which consumers have not yet been found, and by the idea that prices may go still lower.

Gold exports have been lowering, amounting to $2,257,000 last week, and presumably to $7,250,006 this week, but are rather a result than a cause of existing conditions. A little selling of American stocks on European account has followed forced releasing in foreign stocks, but the new compact of trunk lines promises better earnings for railways, though it has no speculative effect and that with the corn carrying roads are doing especially well. Earnings for the first half of November are the best reported for years, showing a gain of 10.6 per cent over last year and only 8 per cent decrease compared with 1892. Products are lower, without disturbance or sign of panic. The cotton market has been assisted all the week by small receipts and remarkably stiff statements of scarcity, but has gained a sixteenth, though some think short receipts were deliberately organized by planters. It begins to be a decisive fact that exports are small partly because stocks abroad are heavy and partly because the manufacturer abroad does not find a market for the usual quantity of goods, the British being especially embarrassed.

In this country the cotton manufacturer has fared better than most others, escaping an excessive rise and the resulting decline. While some prices were marked too high while cotton was above 9 cents, most goods are held at quoted prices, and the mills generally have orders to cover work into next year, but it is becoming a question whether retail distribution has kept pace with manufacturers orders or with sales to retailers.

Iron and steel products are lower, averaging 1 per cent for the week and 7 per cent from the highest. Bessemer, anthracite No. 1 and barbing quoted lower, while sales below quotations are frequent. There is frequent competition for orders, most works having little ahead, and new business is remarkably small. Structural work is cut down by the strike of house workers here, and quite a number of mills, principally bar, have stopped within a few days. The association reaffirms prices, but do not sell enough to keep works busy.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

FOR RENT.

A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

A. B. CLAUGHTON,
Physician and Surgeon,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.
Office in store of H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Wanted

An intelligent lady to act as our agent for this county. Easy work, big returns. Address Box 310, Montgomery, Ala.

FLOUR! FLOUR!

Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.

If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.

H. C. & W. B. Reynolds

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

J. B. Lewis Co. WEAR RESISTER SHOES

Lead All Others

FOR

Wear,
Style,
Ease,
Comfort.

For Lowest Prices.

FOR SALE BY
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds 3t

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION

And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the

VICTORIA HOTEL

Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St
Half a Block from Car Shed.

Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds

This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,

VICTORIA HOTEL,
30 South Pryor St.,
ATLANTA, - GA.

TWO FOR ONE!

That is what is offered you

For $1 a Year.

——You can get——

The Montgomery Semi-Weekly
ADVERTISER

An eight-page paper issued twice a week

All the Year Round.

No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.

Full of instructive and entertaining matter for

The Farm!
The Fireside!!
The Store!!!

CAWTHON & COLEMAN,

Selma, Alabama.

Wholesale and Retail Druggist.

——DEALERS IN——

Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty

Jug Orders a Specialty.

I Keep constantly on hand one of the most complete Undertaking stocks carried in this section. Special attention is called to a line of cheap Coffins that takes the place of home-made cases and are much nicer and cheaper.

CLOTH COVERED CASKETS A SPECIALTY.

Burial Suits, any size, always on hand.

Tombstones and Monuments at very low prices.

I also keep an elegant Hearse which can be sent to any point near here.

A FULL LINE OF FANCY CANDY.

Best grade of Chocolates and Marshmallows, also Ice, Soda Water and many other cold drinks at all times.

F. W. ROGAN.

Have Your CLOTHES made to Order by....

M. BORN & CO.

The GREAT ...Chicago Merchant Tailors.

They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.

LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
LOWEST PRICES.

LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!

I carry a full line of
Fall and Winter Hats and

Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,

MONTEVALLO, ALA.

Hospitable.

A peculiar epitaph is inscribed on a tombstone in the old churchyard of an Ohio town. General Wayne was at one time in command of the fort mentioned in the epitaph.

Margaret,
Wife of David Gregory,
Died August 12, 1821,
Aged 66 years

Here lies the woman, the first, save one,
That settled on the Miami, above Fort Hamilton;
Her table was spread, and that of the best,
And Anthony Wayne was often her guest.

In Ogden Times

People overlooked the importance of permanently beneficial effects and were satisfied with transient action, but now that it is generally known that Syrup of Figs will permanently cure habitual constipation, well-informed people will not buy other laxatives, which act for a time, but finally injure the system.

It is astonishing how well a community can get along with a short supply of thinkers

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh That Contain Mercury.

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucous surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure to get the genuine. It is taken internally, and is made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists, price 75c. per bottle.

Strength to Spare.

The majority of people do not possess an adequate of power for the performance of their ordinary labor. They are always in a "run-down" condition, and so fall easily into consumption, grip, pneumonia, fevers and kidney disease. To obtain strength look to the stomach. Strength comes from well-digested food alone. Tonics and nervines don't give real permanent strength. But Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy does. Its right use positively insures perfect digestion. For sale everywhere.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Impaired Health is Not Easily Regained, yet Parker's Ginger Tonic has attained it in many cases. For every weakness and distress.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Piso's Cure cured me of a Throat and Lung trouble of three years' standing.—E. CADY, Huntington, Ind., Nov. 12, 1894.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell at 25c. a bottle.

It is More Than Wonderful

how patiently people suffer with corns. Get comfort by removing them with Hindercorns.

Gastric Dyspepsia

And constipation troubled me for over a year. I grew worse and could hardly perform my household duties. I had severe pains in my stomach, especially at night. I treated with our physician six months without avail. I resorted to Hood's Sarsaparilla, and having taken six bottles I am free from all distress in my stomach and am no longer troubled with dyspepsia." MRS. MARGARET FENNER, Indian Falls, N. Y.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Is the Only True Blood Purifier

Prominently in the public eye. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills easy to buy, easy to take, easy in effect. 25c.

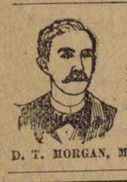
World's Fair! HIGHEST AWARD.

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Always WINS HOSTS of FRIENDS wherever its Superior Merits become known. It is the Safest FOOD for Convalescents!

Sold by DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE! John Carle & Sons, New York.

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.



$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure; write at once. D. T. MORGAN, Manager, Box LF, DETROIT, MICHIGAN.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists

$2.42 CASH WITH ORDER buys this Automatic, self-cocking, NICKEL PLATED, RUBBER HANDLED, 6 SHOT REVOLVER, 32 or 38 C. F., or send 22 cts. and we will ship C.O.D. $2.20, and allow examination. FIRE ARMS CO., Winston, N.C.

SPECTACLES. If you wear them, or need them, or have trouble with your eyes, apply for my Treatise on the Eye, Test Sheets and Catalog, sent free. F. B. GREENE, Optician, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

ROTATION OF CROPS.

ADVANTAGES OF THE SYSTEM IN COTTON CULTURE.

Valuable Suggestions for Southern Farmers by Professor Massey, of the North Carolina Experiment Station.

IT has been said that the nature of the cotton crop forbids its being grown in a regular farm rotation as is practiced among good farmers in sections where the money crops are grain and stock. The utter fallacy of the notion that this can be the case with any annual crop has been repeatedly shown from the experience of those who have broken away from the old time methods of cotton growing, and have shown that cotton fits as well into an improving rotation of crops as any other of our hoed crops. It is true that its use in a rotation necessitates a rather longer rotation than where there is but one hoed crop in the rotation, for where cotton is grown there corn must always of necessity be grown also, and to properly locate two hoed crops in a rotation, so that both can have a fair chance for success, involves a lengthening of the series of crops. This is a matter of no disadvantage, however, as it gives more diversity to the farming, and opens up more opportunities for the profitable keeping of stock on the cotton farm. We would lay it down as a rule that no progressive farmer in the South should disregard, that two clean cultivated crops should never follow each other in successive seasons on the same land, unless a leguminous crop can be gotten in between them. We will suppose that the farmer in the coast plain, the true cotton belt, will adopt for his crops cotton, corn and winter oats. Now, the true idea in a rotation of crops is to so manage his rotation and fertilization as to get the largest amount of the money crop, cotton, per acre, while steadily increasing the fertility of his soil. He will study the art of using fertilizers so that he can get by means of the rotation he uses, not only without cost, but at an actual profit, the most expensive portion of a high grade fertilizer, the nitrogen, which when purchased in the market costs more than three times per pound what the potash and phosphoric acid cost. If he farms without such a well-devised rotation, in the old one crop plan, he must buy the nitrogen, and must thus be handicapped in growing cotton in competition with a neighbor, who farms while he plants, with the added cost in the crop of the nitrogen his neighbor makes a profit in getting from the air while he pays a heavy price for it on the market. It is easy to see then that while his neighbor may find a margin of profit in the cotton crop, he may at the same price lose money in the culture, and not only lose money on the crop, but find that his land is growing poorer and poorer at the same time. And this is to-day the condition of the great mass of cotton growers of the South Atlantic cotton country. Now let us assume that the farmer is going to get out of this destructive system, or rather lack of any system, and that he is going to grow something else besides cotton. And he is not going to do this because of some misty notion that he has that he should diversity his crops, and grow some other thing besides cotton, just in the same way that he has been growing cotton, but that he has determined to use these other crops as a means towards the development of his land for the more profitable culture of cotton. He is not going to grow a lot of corn this year so as to be able to say that he has grown enough to last for several years while he grows cotton, but he is going to use these extra crops as any business man would use the stock he has for sale—to help pay his expenses. He will get rid forever of the idea that his cotton is the only thing to get money out of, but will turn all his surplus of any kind into money, and thus tend toward the making of the cotton crop a surplus crop for profit. The change from a plantation which has been run for years in the single crop of cotton until it will only bring cotton by the application of a complete fertilizer, to a farm where a variety of crops are grown in a systematic manner, cannot be done all at once unless the owner has a surplus cash capital. But it can be done gradually by any man of industry and perseverance. The one thing which our people need to learn is the value of concentration in farming, and to realize that a few acres heavily fertilized and well cultivated will give more profit than many lightly dressed and scratched over. If, therefore, the man who wishes to change his practice will drop off about half the area he usually cultivates in the cotton crop and use on the remainder all the fertilizer he has been accustomed to use on the whole, he will have a fair chance to make more clear money than he would on the whole, for the extra dose of fertilizer will not only give him a better crop of the staple, but will also help in the adoption of the rotation we propose. We will suppose that he does so, and in August, on his well cultivated and enriched acres he sows all among his cotton seed of crimson clover at rate of fifteen pounds per acre, and if by any means he can afford to buy a few hundred pounds of acid phosphate and potash for a top dressing on the clover in the fall he will be that much further ahead, and the money will be invested where it will pay a better percentage than in bank stocks. We will assume that he is going to keep some stock to add to the profits of his farming and to furnish manure to lessen the need of purchased fertilizers. The clover will give him, if treated as we suggest, a fine crop of hay in April or May, which he will of course save for stock feeding. He can then plow the stubble at once and sow the cow peas broadcast, and as soon as well filled with mature pods turn in the hogs, for you will surely want to raise pork as a matter of food and profit in farming, and the hogs will use the peas as profitably as they can be used in any other way. After the hogs have reveled and grown fat on the peas, take them off to finish on corn and plow the land for winter oats, using on the oats about 400 pounds per acre of the acid phosphate and potash mixed—say 600 pounds of acid phosphate to 100 of muriate of potash, the previous crops of peas and clover having put an abundance of ammonia in the soil, and paid for the doing of it in fattening the hogs, so that you are now saved the cost in the fertilizer. The chances are that you will at once get a heavy crop of oats. As soon as the oats are off sow another crop of peas on the broken stubble to be cut later for hay, and in August all among the peas sow crimson clover again, to be pastured in the fall and winter after the pea vine hay is saved, and kept closely pastured whenever the weather will permit until time to prepare it for the cotton crop. By this time there will be a little excess of nitrogen for the cotton crop, and the potash and acid phosphate should be used to balance the ration for the cotton and to insure again a good stand of clover in the cotton. In August all among the cotton sow crimson clover again, and in the winter haul all the home-made manure on the clover, and in early spring, as soon as the clover is in bloom, mow it for hay and at once plow the land for corn, and do not be afraid to put the plow point down deep if your subsoil is clay. Cultivate the corn well, but shallow and do not hill it. After the last working sow crimson clover seed again, to be cut for hay the following spring and to be followed by peas for cow hay, and then to be put in order for oats in the fall and thus repeat the rotation from year to year. By the time you have gotten around to the cotton on the second rotation you will find that you can grow the crop without buying any fertilizers, and thereafter if you add a fair supply of acid phosphate and potash to your peas and clover, and lime the soil when it comes in corn, you can keep up the soil to a high state of productiveness of the sale crops without direct fertilization, and if you feed all the forage grown, you will have enough home-made manure to cover the corn field every year. Then when you find that your soil is improving fast, do not be tempted to put it all in cotton, but stick to your test and keep up the land.

W. F. MASSEY.

Origin of the Japanese.

The origin of the Japanese has been debated more often since they have given to the world an exhibition of such great military skill as was shown in the war with China than ever before. The question came up in a conversation with a celebrated Japanese General not long ago, and he is reported to have said that his people were originally Malays. His assertion appeared to have been made with so much positiveness as to warrant a belief that the investigations of Japan's learned men had discovered good ground for attributing the National origin to this source.

Mr. K. Miyagawa, the Japanese Consul at this port, says, however, that the problem of origin has not get been definitely settled. It is a question which has aroused great interest among the educated classes of Japan, and for the past twenty years Japanese, as well as foreign investigators, have been striving to throw light upon this obscure subject. There are, however, very great difficulties in the way of the investigators.

The history of Japan, Mr. Miyagawa says, goes back 2555 years, but it was not until about 1400 years ago that the Japanese had a written language. The stories of the previous centuries came down from age to age in the form of legends, which were repeated by one person to another until they at last became part of the National literature which began with the introduction of Chinese characters. These stories, however, show, it is believed, that, even at the extremely early day to which they relate, the Japanese possessed the islands which they now inhabit, and had most, if not all, of the distinguishing characteristics which now mark them.

According to Mr. Miyagawa, the general opinion among Japanese scholars is that the first inhabitants of the islands were the Ainos, that hairy race, a few individuals of which still exist in the northernmost part of the empire. The Japanese, it is believed, came from the south, but whether from the Malay peninsula, from the Philippine Islands or from Southern China, has not yet been definitely determined.—New York Sun.

A Hint to Anarchists.

As was reported some weeks ago, a letter sent to Rothschild at Paris exploded on being opened. There was nothing new in that. Years ago many missives thus loaded were sent to members of the British Parliament and others known to be opposed to Irish home rule. It is an old trick, and its resurrection at this day has excited the scorn of a progressive Parisian chemist. He advises the anarchists as follows: "If you want to kill somebody, send him an 'urgent' letter and inclose a poisoned stamp for return postage. The man who moistens the stamp with his tongue—presumably the right man—expires instantly." He proposed to tell the name of the poison to be used, but is now probably "in care of" the police.—New York World.

She Stopped the Car.

As the cable cars left the LaSalle street tunnel one day last week the train was brought to a sharp stop, while there sounded in the horrified passengers' ears the agonized cries of a child.

It was an intense relief to learn that the baby wasn't under the car wheels; but something else was under the car, if not the wheels.

It was her kitten.

The conductor saw the impending tragedy, and, as the little gray thing headed directly for the car, had made an effort to save it.

The kitten could plainly be seen underneath the car, apparently unhurt, and looking about her as though much interested in what she saw. Canes and umbrellas were thrust at her and many emphatic commands given, to all of which Miss Puss paid no attention.

The passengers enjoyed the joke at first, and the cat's young mistress was consoled by many womanly, tender hearts, but when it seemed that the kitten did not intend to come out, those in a hurry became impatient, and at last it appeared that the only thing left to do was to start the car and crush out the poor little kitten's life.

Then it was that she suddenly walked out with the satisfied air of one who has mastered the intricacies of the cable system and was soon clasped in her adoring mistress' arms, while the cable proceeded.—Chicago Times-Herald.

Severe Punishment.

L'Independence Belge says that a young Hungarian military doctor named Bela Skarvan has been condemned by court-martial to three months' solitary confinement, to the confiscation of his property and the loss of his doctor's diploma, and to degradation to the rank of a private because in a letter to the military authorities he ventured to express his aversion to military service.

Not Tempted.

There is a quaint story told of a couple of Scotch ministers who were taking dinner together one summer day in a little parsonage in the Highlands. It was the Sabbath day, the weather was beautiful, and the bubbling streams were full of trout and the woods full of summer birds. One turned to the other and said: "Mon, don' ye often feel tempted on these beautiful Sundays to go out fishing?" "Na, na," said the other, "I never feel tempted, I just gang."—Household Words.

A MARVEL.

REMARKABLE AND ASTONISHING CURE OF AN EXTREME CASE OF ST. VITUS' DANCE.

How a Young Lady Regained the Use of Her Arms, Limbs and Speech in Three Weeks.

From the Standard-Union, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Too much hard study at school brought on St. Vitus' dance. Such was the common experience of Miss Glendora Rivers, daughter of Mrs. Amelia Rivers, of 69 Ryerson street, Brookiyn. The disease grew worse every month, until the young lady's entire right side became paralyzed; but, now that a marvelous and permanent cure has been wrought, it will be interesting to read her own version of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"For more than a year," said Miss Rivers, "doctors attended me without effecting the slightest change in my condition. If anything, I grew worse under their treatment, until February of this year, when my condition became critical.

"I had lost the complete use of my arms and limbs and speech. I could only swallow liquids, and these only as they fed me with a spoon, when they could get my mouth open. I wanted to sleep all the time. The stupor I laid in was something like a trance, and no doubt I would have died if they had not waked me up at intervals.

"The first week in March my mother, who is a sick nurse, was advised by a neighbor to try Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case. She got some of the pills—a box from Neilson's drug store, at the corner of Myrtle avenue and Hall street. Before I had taken one-half the contents of the box a remarkable change was noticed in my condition.

"Gradually I regained the use of my arms and limbs and speech, and by the time the pills were gone I was up and about the house almost well. But my mother thought it wise to get another box of the pills, and this she did, and here you see me stand before you with more strength and more ambition than I ever had.

"Some of our near neighbors attribute my regained body and health to some miraculous or supernatural agency; but my mother and most intimate friends know that the cure was effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills.

"Three weeks from the day I swallowed the first dose of the pills I was as well as you see me to-day."

Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People are a specific for troubles peculiar to females, such as suppressions, irregularities and all forms of weakness. They build up the blood and restore the glow of health to pale and sallow cheeks. In men they effect a radical cure in all cases arising from mental worry, overwork or excesses of whatever nature.

They are manufactured by the Dr. Williams' Medicine Company, Schenectady, N. Y., and are sold by all druggists at 50 cents a box or six boxes for $2.50.

Resembled a Criminal.

The Bavarian Minister at Berne is likely to feel a good deal of natural resentment against the Swiss police force for some little time to come. He went to Winterthur, the Swiss Bisley, where the national rifle festival was being held, and was enjoying himself in a quiet Teutonic fashion when suddenly he was seized by detectives and hauled off to the nearest lockup. His demand for an explanation was met by the confident assertion that he was no other than a notorious criminal. The detectives were so sure they had the right man that it was not until a high Government official had identified the unfortunate diplomat that they consented to his release. They had a portrait of the malefactor which closely resembled the features of the Minister.

New Idea in Photographs.

A photographer announces "comic pictures taken while you wait." These pictures are render comic by placing the head of the subject upon a ludicrous little body and then mounting the whole upon a fractious donkey.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

A Forest of Microbes.

Cheese, the supposed-to-be-edible milk curd of commerce, is the best soil in the world for microbes and bacteria, and on its surface flourish millions upon millions of infinitesimal parasitic plant growth. A microscopic examination of a single gram of fresh cheese, such as is usually sold at the grocer's, proves that it contained not less than 90,000 separate and distinct specimens of bacteria. After seven days this same section of cheese was examined and found to contain 80,000 separate and individual bacteria. Prof. De Kahn says that a cheese properly sliced and exposed will within a week be implanted with a bacterial growth containing more separate specimens than there are trees upon the whole of the earth's surface.

"You say he is a promoter? What is his line, do you know?" "I couldn't say positively, but I have a suspicion that he deals mostly in filling pneumatic tires."—Indianapolis Journal.

The Greatest Medical Discovery of the Age.

KENNEDY'S Medical Discovery.

DONALD KENNEDY, OF ROXBURY, MASS.,

Has discovered in one of our common pasture weeds a remedy that cures every kind of Humor, from the worst Scrofula down to a common pimple.

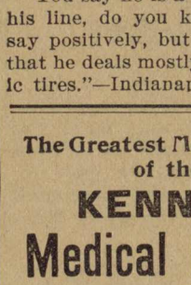
He has tried it in over eleven hundred cases, and never failed except in two cases (both thunder humor). He has now in his possession over two hundred certificates of its value, all within twenty miles of Boston. Send postal card for book.

A benefit is always experienced from the first bottle, and a perfect cure is warranted when the right quantity is taken.

When the lungs are affected it causes shooting pains, like needles passing through them; the same with the Liver or Bowels. This is caused by the ducts being stopped, and always disappears in a week after taking it. Read the label.

If the stomach is foul or bilious it will cause squeamish feelings at first.

No change of diet ever necessary. Eat the best you can get, and enough of it. Dose, one tablespoonful in water at bedtime. Sold by all Druggists.



FREE. We mean it! To Introduce our Nickel Cigars and get Salesmen; we have decided to give a GOLD FILLED GENUINE ELGIN HUNTING CASE, LADIES' OR GENTS' WATCH, CHAIN AND CHARM FREE. Besides pay a liberal Commission to each who accept our offer and take an agency. Remit us $3.50 and we will send you by Express (or reg. mail for 50c. extra) 150 samples of assorted Nickel Cigars and will also send free in same package THE HANDSOME WATCH CHAIN AND CHARM, also order blanks, etc., and full particulars. No Samples C.O.D. no idle enquiries answered. No triflers wanted. When you order the sample outfit: send the money also FORWARD YOUR REFERENCES, so we will know you are responsible, reliable and will do your best to take orders for us. WINSTON CIGAR CO., Winston, N.C.

ASTHMA

POPHAM'S ASTHMA SPECIFIC

Gives relief in FIVE minutes. Send for a FREE trial package. Sold by Druggists. One Box sent postpaid on receipt of $1.00. Six boxes $5.00. Address THOS. POPHAM, PHILA., PA.

MODEL 1891.

MARLIN REPEATER

In 22 Calibre uses 22 short, 22 long and 22 longrifle. In 32 the 32 short and long rim and center-fire cartridges. All other calibres also made by. Catalogue free. The Marlin Fire Arms Co., New Haven, Conn.

In a Potato.

Five years ago Mrs. John Pippert, of Middletown, Pa., lost her wedding ring by throwing it with some dishwater into the garden. A diligent search failed to discover the ring. The other day Mrs. Pippert dug some potatoes in her garden, and while peeling them for supper the knife struck something hard in one, and to her astonishment, on cutting into the potato, she found her lost wedding ring. As evidence of this strange tale the ring, the potato, the garden spot, and Mr. and Mrs. John Pippert are truthful witnesses.—Pittsburg Commercial-Gazette.

German Railroads.

German railroad cars are not comfortable, but German railroad management is fair. For instance, according to a late agreement between the railroads, if a traveler now makes only part of the trip to which his ticket entitles him, the money paid in excess is returned to him, provided the station master of the station where his trip was cut short certifies to that fact on the ticket.

Successful

growers of fruits, berries, and all kinds of vegetables, know that the largest yields and best quality are produced by the liberal use of fertilizers containing at least 10% of

Actual Potash.

Without the liberal use of Potash on sandy soils, it is impossible to grow fruits, berries and vegetables of a quality that will command the best prices.

Our pamphlets are not advertising circulars booming special fertilizers, but are practical works, containing latest researches on the subject of fertilization, and are really helpful to farmers. They are sent free for the asking.

GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., New York.

If in visiting

ATLANTA

you do not find in the Manufactures Building that large portion of the

EXPOSITION

DEVOTED TO

The EVERETT PIANO.

..PRE-EMINENT IN ARTISTIC TONE QUALITY..

Or anyway, if you think of buying a piano, write to either

THE JOHN CHURCH CO.
CHICAGO. NEW YORK. CINCINNATI.
OR
THE EVERETT PIANO CO.
BOSTON,

And you will get valuable information.

DON'T SCRATCH

TO AVOID THIS USE **TETTERINE**

The ONLY painless and harmless CURE for the worst type of Eczema, Tetter, Ringworm, ugly rough patches on the face, crusted scalp, Groun itch, chafes, chaps, pimples, Poison from ivy or poison oak. In short ALL ITCHES. Send 50c. in stamps or cash to J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga., for one box, if your druggist don't keep it.

AM. N. U. No. 48. 1895.

Timely Warning.

The great success of the chocolate preparations of the house of **Walter Baker & Co.** (established in 1780) has led to the placing on the market many misleading and unscrupulous imitations of their name, labels, and wrappers. Walter Baker & Co. are the oldest and largest manufacturers of pure and high-grade Cocoas and Chocolates on this continent. No chemicals are used in their manufactures.

Consumers should ask for, and be sure that they get, the genuine Walter Baker & Co.'s goods.

WALTER BAKER & CO., Limited,
DORCHESTER, MASS.

nothing lost

Scott's Emulsion makes cod-liver oil taking next thing to a pleasure. You hardly taste it. The stomach knows nothing about it—it does not trouble you there. You feel it first in the strength that it brings: it shows in the color of the cheek, the rounding of the angles, the smoothing of the wrinkles.

It is cod-liver oil digested for you, slipping as easily into the blood and losing itself there as rain-drops lose themselves in the ocean.

What a satisfactory thing this is—to hide the odious taste of cod-liver oil, evade the tax on the stomach, take health by surprise.

There is no secret of what it is made of—the fish-fat taste is lost, but nothing is lost but the taste.

Perhaps your druggist has a substitute for Scott's Emulsion. Isn't the standard all others try to equal the best for you to buy?

50 cents and $1.00 All Druggists

SCOTT & BOWNE
Chemists - - New York

Probate Judge

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Proprietors. "Devoted to the Interests of the People." Subscription $1.00 per Annum.

VOL. I. MONTEVALLO, ALA., THURSDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1895. NO. 36.

The White Island.

In Counterpane country are hills of snow,
Smooth and white for the weary feet;
And blossoms of healing that greenly grow,
All untarnished by frost or heat
And dreamy rivers their sea do meet,
Never rippled by wind or rain;
And shadows walk in the silent street
That leads through the city of Counterpane.

On Counterpane coast there are breakers low,
Whispering echoes of ancient rhyme;
Swaying and shimmering to and fro,
And singing softly from time to time.
And if on the milk-white cliffs you climb,
A beautiful rounded sward you gain,
Where scents of lilac and flowering lime
Come down from the city of Counterpane.

From Counterpane hills you may gaze below
On dusky forest and dim ravine;
No fear of evil that land doth know,
Nor cares nor sorrows therein are seen.
But the lords of May-be and Must-have-been
Bid one ride in their golden train,
And a languorous, luminous glow serene
Suffuses the city of Counterpane.

—Pall Mall Gazette.

A Water-Barrel Cure.

Mrs. Priscilla Mundy was hard at work over the week's wash, when a loud knock caused her to wipe her red, suds-blistered hands, smooth out her thin hair, roll down her sleeves, and walk quickly to the door.

A woman of her own age and her exact counterpart, so far as face and form were concerned, stood in the rickety porch, surrounded by a big collection of bags, baskets and bundles.

"Matilda," cried Mrs. Mundy.

And then tears moistened her eyes and she clasped the visitor in her bony arms.

The newcomer then returned the embrace and kissed Mrs. Mundy affectionately.

"You look awful worn and tired, Priscilla," she observed, as the latter led the way into the meanly furnished parlor. "How's everybody?"

Mrs. Mundy sighed before she made reply. She had a great fashion of sighing of late, and goodness knows she had sufficient cause to.

"I'm washing," she answered, apologetically, "and I suppose the hard work does make a body look worn and tired. The children are all well. They're all at school except Tommy. He's gone to town with his father."

"So he's gone to town," observed Matilda, with a particularly strong emphasis on the "he's."

"Yes," was the faint response.

"In harvest time, too, and all the place going to rack and ruin right under his eyes, just for lack of attention! Priscilla, why don't you put your foot down?"

"Oh, Matilda," was the faint protest.

"Now, look, here, Priscilla Mundy—Priscilla Bebee that was," she continued, resolutely; "I've come to stop a month, and I'll just tell you things have got to go different while I'm here. John's folks told me how shamefully you were being treated. Why, they said he wouldn't allow you to pay them a visit, and Maria declared that you didn't have a decent gown to your back."

Mrs. Mundy hung her head and the tears started afresh.

"I stopped at John's as I came on," continued Matilda—who, by the way, was Mrs. Mundy's twin sister—"and they told me to make you come up and spend a month with 'em"

"I can't leave, Matilda, just now. What with"——began Mrs. Mundy.

But her sister interrupted her.

"Nonsense!" she cried. Don't make excuses to me. You've got to go, and that's the long and short of it. The coach will be by here in half an hour, and I told the driver to stop. Put on one of my dresses and make yourself look decent, for John's folks see a lot of company, and Maria is mighty dressy. Here's $5 to pay your expenses."

She handed the shining gold to the bewildered woman, and gently pushed her from the room.

"What'll Tom say?" ventured Mrs. Mundy, timidly, as they climbed the rickety stairs together.

"I'll attend to him!" was Matilda's confident and rather spiteful answer. "Say no more about it."

And Mrs. Mundy, who recognized and felt powerless to resist the superior will force of her sister, allowed herself to be "made up." And when the coach stopped at the door on its return trip she was ready for the visit to her brother John, who lived twenty miles distant.

In one of her sister's neat-fitting dresses, with a snow white collar at her throat and a bit of ribbon in her hair, gloves on her calloused hands, and a smart bonnet on her head, she very closely resembled Matilda, who had put on one of Mrs. Mundy's calico house dresses and stood near her to bid her good bye.

"Now, have a good time, Priscilla," she said, as she gave the poor woman a farewell kiss. "I'll keep things moving at home."

When the coach rolled away and was lost from view in a cloud of dust Miss Matilda Bebee entered the house and resumed her interrupted work.

By 3 o'clock the clothes were hanging on the line, the kitchen had been cleared up, and the other rooms swept and the beds made.

Now she hustled about preparing supper, and was mixing up dough for a cake when a small boy knocked timidly at the kitchen door.

"Well?" was Matilda's inquiry, as she opened the door.

"Please, Mis' Mundy," began the urchin, "ma sent me over to ask you if Willie an' the girls could stop at our house to-night?"

"Yes, they can stay," was the answer; and the boy, with a muttered "Thankee, mom!" bobbed his head and ran away.

"Now I'll have him all to myself," said Matilda aloud, and her sharp eyes twinkled maliciously. "And I'll be bound he'll learn a lesson this day that he won't soon forget—the brute!"

She had supper on the table when the sounds of wheels were heard, and peeping through the window, she saw a red wagon with yellow wheels, drawn by a bony horse just turning the corner of the house.

A man and a boy were on the seat. The boy was driving and the man reeled backward and forward whenever the wheel of the vehicle ran against an obstruction.

"Drunk, as usual," was Matilda's comment, as the wagon halted before the kitchen door.

The man alighted and walked unsteadily towards the house. The boy drove the horse on to the barn.

The face of the man, who was no other than Mundy, was red and flushed, and he kicked open the door and staggered into the room.

Matilda looked up quickly and her eyes flashed. He caught the gleam and strode towards her.

"Don't ye look at me that way," he cried, balancing on his heels. "Give me my supper"

"When supper's ready you can have it," answered Matilda, quietly, although her lips twitched convulsively and her hands were clasped nervously. "And when you come into the house you needn't kick down the doors. They were made for to be opened."

"What?" gasped the man.

"You heard what I said," answered Matilda. "i'm tired of your bullying and I want you to stop it, or it'll be worse for you,"

Tom Mundy stared at the woman he supposed his wife in mute astonishment. She had never talked to him like this before, and he did not know what to make of it.

"I'll do what I please in my own heuse!" he cried, hotly.

"I reckon you won't, if you go showing me any more of your tantrums."

"I won't, hey?" he cried, and raising his foot, he kicked the table spitefully. "We'll see who's master here."

The blow was a powerful one, and the table, with its load of china fell to the floor with a crash.

Miss Matilda Bebee sprang towards the vandal, and her gray eyes flashed fire.

"We will see who is master here!" she cried.

And before the astonished man could comprehend the meaning of her sudden onslaught, she seized him around the waist, pinioning his arms close to his sides, lifted him from the floor and bore him, kicking and struggling, through the open door.

A barrel of rain water stood under the eaves, and into this she soused the yelling man, head first.

Again and again he was plunged into the cold water, until nearly suffocated and gasping for breath, he begged piteously for mercy.

"You've got enough, have you?" cried Matilda, and she soused him under again.

"Yes," he gasped.

"You'll kick over the tables, will you?" she cried, and once more she forced his head beneath the water.

"No, no, Priscilla!" he pleaded. "I'll do whatever you say."

She released her hold and pointed towards the shed.

"Go in there," she said, "and I'll bring you out some dry clothes. I want you to understand that hereafter you've got to behave yourself.

"Yes, Priscilla!"

He presented a pitiable sight, and Miss Matilda could hardly restrain her laughter.

She turned and entered the house, and the thoroughly cowed bully slunk into the woodshed.

Matilda brought him dry clothes, and he dressed himself.

She waited outside and when the change was completed, opened the door and stood beside him.

For an hour she remained closeted with the now thoroughly sobered man, and when they finally came out and entered the house, there were traces of tears in the eyes of both.

Little Tom, hearing the uproar, had remained at the barn, and when Matilda had cleared up the broken crockery and arranged the table, went out and called him in to supper.

Tom Mundy ate his food in silence and tears occasionally started to his eyes.

"I'll go over after her to-morrow, Matilda," he said, as he pushed his chair back; "and if I ever touch liquor again, I hope it may choke me!"

"That's the way to talk, agreed Matilda. "I'm tired of wandering about from pillar to post, and hereafter I intend to live with you. I'll let you have the money to pay off the mortgage and fix the place up, and as long as you act like a man I'm your friend."

She was as good as her word, and six months after her arrival the Mundy place had undergone a startling transformation.

The house was newly painted and cozily furnished, the fences had been repaired thereof of the barn mended, and poor Priscilla Mundy found her husband, from whose brutality she had so often suffered, changed into a kind, indulgent, hardworking, sober man.

"It's all due to Matilda," he said, one day, as he looked out over his well-tilled fields, with his arms around his wife's waist: "all due to Matilda, and that water barrel."

He kissed his wife's upturned face and brushed away the tears of joy which glistened in her eyes.

"Thank heaven for the water barrel!" she whispered, and returned the kiss.—Cleveland Press.

Reformed.

The well-dressed gentleman called at the door of the house of the kind-hearted lady.

"Two years ago," began the well-dressed gentleman, "I came to your door as a poor tramp. It is to you that I owe my reformation."

"Me?" said the kind-hearted lady.

"Yes. Perhaps you have forgotten it, but you gave me a piece of steak. I bit at it. A few more attempts aroused in me the slumbering spirit of determination, and I resolved to conquer that steak or die. In three days I conquered it, and the spirit of determination before-mentioned had got such a start that it has kept right on, and I want to thank you—"

But the kind-hearted lady had slammed the door. She resolved to never aid another tramp, but the next one that comes along will get the usual warm welcome.—Cincinnati Gazette.

A Paradise For Farmers.

Harrison, county, Ky., seems to be a paradise for farmers. The local paper says Uncle Billy Buzzard of Harrison county, raised one of the largest radishes ever produced in that section of the state. Their combined weight was 16 1-2 pounds, one weighing 8 1-2 pounds. Uncle Billy and Uncle Jim Humble bought four hogs the other day, for the purpose of speculation. The four weighed 2,000 pounds.

The largest landed estate is that of the Czar Nicholas of Russia, 100,000,000 acres.

PEARLS OF THOUGHT.

Faultless people have few friends.

The bearer of good news always has a sweet voice.

Many a supposed giant has turned out to be only a shadow.

Love never has to be watched to see that it does honest work.

Morality is only the polish on the candlestick. It is not the light.

The more an enemy hates us, the more our kindness will hurt him.

The greater the house built on the sand, the greater will be the loss.

The poorest people in the world are those who try to keep all they get.

Let flowers bloom all the year round, and the bees will quit work.

Do right yourself, and you will help some other man to behave himself.

The man whose heart is set on things perishable, loses all when they perish.

As long as love has a drop of blood left, it has something it is willing to give up.

Tomorrow is the time when the fool is going to be wise and the lazy man industrious.

If some people would think twice before they speak, they would keep still most of the time.

Many a woman who screams at sight of a mouse, can look at a surgeons knife and set her teeth.

We may not all be able to do great things but we can all be faithful in little ones.—Ram's Horn.

Paper Horseshoes.

A practical invention by a veterinary surgeon is now successfully applied at Berlin. He manufactures horseshoes of paper impregnated with oil or turpentine to make it water-proof. After being saturated, it is glued together in thin layers with a cement which does not become brittle when drying and consists of a mixture of Venetian turpentine, powdered chalk, linseed oil and lacquer. These horseshoes are made in various thicknesses. The holes, admitting the nails by which the shoe is fastened to the hoof, are stamped through the paper when moist; it is then subjected to a very strong pressure, under a hydraulic press, and, when dry, can be filed and planed to fit the hoof snugly.

The inventor has already attempted to make these horseshoes of paper pulp, adding chalk, sand, turpentine and linseed oil in such quantities that the material is impermeable to moisture. This compositon possesses the necessary elasticity and toughness for the purpose; it can be pressed in molds and dried afterwards, or cut out of blocks of the mass and placed under strong pressure. The shoes made my pasting together paper sheets are preferable, as they are stronger than those made of the compressed material. These shoes can be fastened to the horse's hoof either by nails, as usual, or be cemented with glue consisting of gum of ammonia one part and gutta-percha two parts.—Paper World.

Soft Breads Versus Teeth.

A terrible example of what we may all expect if we continue to spoil our digestions and complexions with soft bread a rolls, a Boston dentist tells the following story: Within the past year he had come to him for professional treatment four Swedish girls. The teeth of each of these young women were really crumbling away. And why? In their native country, where the Swedish bread is baked at intervals during the year, and hung on poles to dry and harden, the teeth had their proper exercise. But when these girls became subject to "American civilization," and were obliged to eat the pap and pastry in homes where more time is devoted to catering to the taste than to finding out the needs and requirements of the body, the masticating of food was no longer a necessity, and the teeth finding they were of no more service, decided to take themselves out of the way.—New York Advertiser.

Needful Preparations.

"Now, Charles let us make a list of you debts."

"One moment, dear uncle, till I have filled up your inkstand.—Tid-Bits.

No More Rice Throwing.

Fashion's freaks are not always so unutterably silly as her stern opponents would have one believe. For instance, when she decreed that rice throwing at weddings was to come to an end, she sensibly signed the death warrant of a barbarous and dangerous custom. The foolish practice obtains now only among those who always will cling to a custom because it is a custom. In fashionable sets here or abroad it has been agreed that too much serious damage has been done to bride and groom by the hard little grains not to make some necessary substitute.

In addition, however, to marriage bells and festive garments, some outlet seemed needful for the joyful feelings the occasion is supposed to arouse. And in England paper confetti are having quite a vogue. These are disks of paper about the size of a letter wafer, variously colored and stamped in silver or gold. Armed with cornucopias full of these, the bridesmaids salute the "happy pair" as they leave the parental mansion.

It is easily conceivable what a pretty and effective scene could be made of this custom, especially as our weddings run nowadays to a "color." A pink wedding with pink cornucopias and pink confetti, stamped in gold would infallibly have a delicious memory picture for the guests.

The real confetti of Italian carnival fame are little balls made of starch and water. They were so constructed as to break when thrown, and in breaking scatter the starch powder over the person whom they struck. It was often painful to get these stinging blows on cheek or neck, and, like the rice, they are passing out of use.

But the paper confetti is as little likely to become really popular as the rice, for the reason of the mess it makes when scattered over house and grounds, Crumbled paper lying about is as ugly as the aggravating rice grains crunching under the passer-by's foot, and the general run of housekeepers, whether of high or low degree, detest a "muss."—New York Herald.

Volcanic Dust.

It is a curious and interesting fact that volvanic dust is so light that it will float in the air for a long time, and may be carried to a distance that in the light of our ordinary knowledge seems incredible. Passengers on a ship nearly nine hundred miles from a volcano found dust that had been carried through the air by currents and had settled on the vessel in sufficient quantity to be easily gathered and examined. Microscopic investigation fixed the substance as positively volcanic. It is somewhat in the nature of glass or a vitrified substance very strongly resembling it. In Texas, Nebraska and various parts of the West there are enormous deposits of volcanic dust. Just where this came from is a source of much speculation, and scientists are trying to fix the locality whence it proceeded. Of course, it is not impossible that there may have been volcanoes in some portions of our land, but that the site of them is obscured by ordinary earth, vegetable growth and other substances which have resolved themselves into the usual soil of such localities.—New York Ledger.

Kissing Unknown in Japan.

"Strange as it may appear," says M. de Guerville in his account of Japanese woman, "a kiss is an unknown thing in Japan. A lover never kisses his sweetheart, a mother never kisses her child. He made a great mistake the man who wrote that 'a kiss is nature's Volapuk, the universal language of love.' You can kiss any Japanese girl. She will not object, for she cannot possibly understand what you mean. She will only think 'What queer people these foreigners are.'"

Romance of a Cuban Patriot.

At a meeting of the Veterans of the Ninth Volunteers Infantry of Cincinnati, recently, it was announced that Carl Roloff, the present minister of war of Cuba, was a former member of the regiment, whose name is Carl Hook. He came from Germany, enlisted in the ninth in 1861, deserted October 10, 1861, and went to Cuba. He was conspicuous in the revolution of 1868.—New York Observer.

SCIENTIFIC SCRAPS.

An Italian captain claims to have invented a gun which will fire 1,000 rounds.

The range of the human voice is said to extend from forty-three to 2,048 vibrations per second.

Now comes a new telegraph machine system which it is claimed will transmit from 720 to 948 words a minute.

The orchids are true parasites, growing on other plants and drawing their substance from them and from the air.

The brain of a woman is smaller than that of a man, but it is somewhat larger in proportion to the weight of the body.

Observation recently made on a criminal beheaded in France proved that the heart beat continued for six minutes after the ax fell.

It is said that a bat finds its way without the assistance of its eyes. A blinded bat will avoid wires and obstructions as dexterously as if it could see perfectly.

The electric plow is pronounced a success in Germany, both from a practical and an economical standpoint. It is now expected that the application of electricity is to be extended to other farm work, including the digging of beets and potatoes.

Bicycles have been much annoyed by the malicious throwing of tacks in the roadway to perforate the pneumatic tires. To meet this difficulty it has been proposed to attach a magnet to the front wheel, so as to pick up the tacks as the machine rolls along.

Reports from the lake regions of Minnesota and the Dekotas announce that the lakes in that section are not only greatly diminished in quantity, but some are disappearing entirely. This state of affairs is largely attributable to the deficiency in rainfall for the past ten years.

The West Highland Railway company of London has found it necessary to hang "grouse protectors" on many of their telegraph wires. These protectors consist of several sheets of tin, which rattle together, and warn the birds of danger. Before this institution hundreds of birds were killed by striking the wires.

Strange Project for Atlantic Travel.

The strangest project for rapid transatlantic travel is that of the French engineer, Bazin. His ideal "ship" is not a ship at all, but a platform several stories high, carried on and propelled by tubes or "rollers" about sixty feet in diameter, entering the water about twenty feet. The inventor claims that with such rotating monster rollers a speed of thirty-two knots an hour is possible. A very small model has shown satisfactory results, so much so as to attract the attention of the French Government. A model seventy-five feet long is now in course of construction.—New York World.

Primitive Methods.

Cyprus methods of agriculture are of the most primitive descriptions. The plow in use in Cyprus is just what Virgil describes. They haven't changed their implements of agriculture for 2,000 years. As for the threshing floors, they are precisely what they were in Palestine in the days of Araunah the Jebusite. Every village has one or more of these.

Carrier Pigeons on Vessels.

The safety of an overdue lake steamer was recently ascertained through carrier pigeons sent from the vessel. A far more extensive use could be made of these swift messengers, and those who are interested in them will find themselves more and more in line with modern progress.—St. Louis Globe-Demo-crat.

A Dangerous Rival.

Foreign Suiter—I lay at your feet a coronet and a castle with a long rent-roll. I am sure you cannot do better than to accept.

American Beauty—You flatter yourself, sir. One of my suiters is an American who sells coal in Winter and ice in Summer.—New York Weekly.

The largest library is in Paris, the National, containg 2,200,00 volumes.

MONTEVALLO NEWS.

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS, Prop'rs.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1 PER ANNUM.

Advertising Rates Furnished on Application

L. N. BOWDON,
S. S. ALLEN,
F. E. DAVIS, } - - LOCAL EDITORS.

Entered at the post office at Montevallo, Ala., as second class mail matter.

AT THE CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Dr. A. W. McGehee, pastor: Services every 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.

Methodist Church—Rev. S. L. Dobbs, pastor: Services every 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer Meeting every Thursday night. Sunday school every Sunday at 9 a. m.

Episcopal Church—Rev. A. F. Smith, pastor: Services every 3rd Sunday, at 4 p. m.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. J. H. Zwingle, pastor: Services every 2nd Sunday.

Sunbeam Society meets every 1st and 3rd Sundays at Baptist church at 2:30 p. m

Christian Endeavor Society meets every Sunday at 2:30 p. m. at Methodist church.

Woman's Missionary Society meets on Wednesday evening after the third Sunday in every month at Metbodist church.

The Dora Rankin Juvenile Missionary Society meets every first Sunday at Methodist church.

SOUTHERN RAILWAY.

No. 8 B'ham & Selma.....	8:10 a m
No. 9 Selma & B'ham.....	7:25 p m
No. 15 South.....	12:37 p m
No. 16 North.....	3:05 p m

Los Angeles, Cal., isn't so pretty a place as it was. Many oil derricks have been put up within the city limits, owing to a discovery of oil.

London femininity proposes to have a women's theatre, for the glorification of the New Woman, and to the utter exclusion of new and old men.

The King of Portugal is trying to pawn his African possessions to some other European Power for a little ready cash, but the security does not seem to be gilt-edged.

The President of the Leland Stanford University, California, David Starr Jordan, asks the question: "Does coeducation lead to matrimony?" then he proceeds to answer it as follows: Most certainly it does; and this fact need not be, and cannot be, denied. But such marriages are not usually premature. And it is certainly true that no better marriages can be made than those founded on common interests and intellectual friendships. A college man who has known college women is not drawn to women of lower ideals and inferior training. He is likely to be strongly drawn toward the best he has known. A college woman is not lead by mere propinquity to accept the attentions of inferior men. It is part of the legitimate function of higher education to prepare women as well as men for happy and successful lives.

The United States Board of Geographic Names has just completed its second report. This comprises a list of 600 names, making the number of names passed on by the board since its creation in 1891, 5364. The spelling adopted becomes binding in every Government department. Most of the changes are local. The Chinese names, which are spelled very irregularly, are not touched on except in the case of the Yang Tse Ciang, which becomes properly simply the Yangtze River, Kiang meaning river. Corea becomes Korea; Havana, the capital of Cuba, takes the Spanish spelling, Habana; Korea's capital is Chemulpho instead of Chemulpo; and the old name Blewfields, still on many maps and charts, becomes officially modernized to Bluefields. Among the changes heretofore made by this board, which have been generally adopted, are: Bering Sea for Behring Sea, Haiti for Hayti, Chile for Chili; and the dropping of the h in the names of places ending in burgh, as Pittsburg for Pittsburgh. These changes are not, of course, obligatory on the public, as there is no law defining a set standard of English spelling, but nevertheless the spelling referred to will, without doubt, soon be generally accepted, having been officially adopted.

A SONG OF PRAISE.

When coldest winds are blowing,
When shortest day brings longest night,
When icy streams are flowing—
Then in the shelter of the home
We know the joy of living,
And in the cheerful fireside glow
Find cause for true thanksgiving.

When spring returns with sweetest breath
When birds are gayly singing,
When life prevails where once was death,
Relief and gladness bringing—
Then in the leafing of the trees,
In verdure new and tender,
We see the work of Providence,
And hearty praise we render.

When summer's dreamy days are ours,
And in the vales and mountains
We view the beauty of the flowers,
The gleaming of the fountains—
Then from the glory of the hills,
From splendors wide abounding,
From all things warm and bright and fair
A call of praise is sounding.

But chiefly when the autumn comes,
With all its weight of treasure,
And rich reward of care and toil
Bestows in fullest measure—
A myriad orchards, fields and vines,
Proclaim to all the living,
"A loving God supplies your need,
Oh, praise Him with thanksgiving!"

—Mary J. Porter.

UNCLE RICHARD'S DINNER.

A THANKSGIVING STORY.

When Aunt Louisa came into the room that morning, I could plainly see that there was something on her mind; the family had very evidently commissioned her to have something out with me. I knew it by the unconscious air she tried to assume, and at once began to review my conduct for the past week. For a wonder I could think of no recent act of mine likely to call down upon my head the family displeasure, and I accordingly awaited her opening with some interest.

"Well, Dick," she began—Aunt Louisa can't help patronizing people, and I forgive her—"next Thursday is Thanksgiving Day."

I couldn't see her drift, so I waited.

"Your mother has a letter—that is Uncle Richard has invited us all out to his place for dinner."

I breathed more easily.

"Oh, that's it, is it. Now, Aunt Louisa, I really must ask you not to frighten me that way again. I thought from your manner at first that you had discovered something— not that that there is anything to discover, you know, but then—"

Aunt Louisa arose from her chair and stood in front of me. She had evidently decided to take the bull by the horns.

"Oh, come, Dick. Don't let's chaff. You know what I want. Will you go?"

"I won't."

"O-o-h, Dick!"

This in a very disgusted voice indeed.

"Now, Aunty, don't be unreasonable. Why should I? Would you?"

Of course that was a very foolish question. I might have known that she would say yes, and she did.

"I would do whatever my family decided was for the best, and—"

"Very well. The portion of the family here assembled decides that I for one decline the kind invitation."

Aunt Louisa looked out of the window at the firs t snow of the season, but I don't really think she saw it. I watched the little clock on the mantel piece and tried to calculate how many seconds it would be before she would again begin.

"But, Dick, it's the first time Uncle Richard has invited us to his house for twenty years."

"I have had a message from him once a year—"

"You deserve it, Dick. You know you did put cayenne pepper in his snuff box."

"Twenty years ago. And he has chosen to send a neat little package of cayenne pepper on every birthday since! I'm afraid he'd force it down my throat at dinner."

"But, Dick, he'll never forgive the family if you don'.t go."

"No," I assented, "he won't."

"But don't you care? There won't be many more Thanksgivings before he dies and then—"

Aunt Louisa didn't know what then. But I did.

"And then his brother's wife's sister's children will get his money unless we patch this up. Why don't you say it?"

"Dick, you're perfectly shocking!" You know I have no such thought. None of us have. I'm sure we have all been very fond of Uncle Richard for all his ecentricities."

"Oh, he is eccentric, is he? I had imagined that he is a perfect model of what an affectionate uncle should be. He never forgets me, I am sure."

"Now, Dick, don't be sarcastic. At such a time we should show—"

"Do you mean," I asked, "at Thanksgiving times in general or when one is expecting the death of his mother's uncle?"

"I mean when the season of Thanksgiving comes round." Aunt Louisa looked me full in the eyes, and was really impresive in her manner. "I know, Richard," she went on "none of us are perfect, but at this time I think we ought to try, at least, to be grateful and forgiving and all that. I really do."

"But, my dear Aunt Louisa, I've nothing to be thankful for. None of my neighbours have been killed—"

"Richard, I do not care to hear such affected cynicism—such cheap twaddle!" and Aunt Louisa glared out of the window worse than ever.

"You don't undertsand, my dear aunt, and by not understanding, you betray, I will not say an ignorance, only an unfamiliarity with the Thanksgiving Day literature of all time. If you will refresh your memory, as I'm sure you can, you will recall the scene of the hero in his sumptuously furnished apartments, declaring that he has nothing to be thankful for, and just then there is a loud crash, and the little match girl who has come into the room throws up the blinds and shows all his neighbours killed by a terrific explosion of gas in the next block. The hero then has so much reason for gratitude that he starts out to buy the match girl a new pair of shoes and brings the story to a close by marrying her and discovering that she is a great heiress. I repeat, auntie, that none of my neighbours have been killed."

Aunt Lonisa still looked out of the window and said nothing.

I felt hurt. It seemed to me that I had made an especially bad point. and I did not like to have it received with such an utter lack of appreciation.

I reached for my hat.

"Dick," cried my aunt, "you're an inhuman wretch, and you want to ruin all our prospects."

It was evident that she was geting in a temper, and being conscientiously opposed to talking to an angry person, I determined to end the interview.

"Really, aunty, you'l have to excuse me. I can never consent to toadying a rich uncle, even if I am his namesake, in order to get his money. I think it's immoral. He can leave it to his brother's wife's sister's children, so far as I am concerned."

"Yes, somebody he picked up in Chicago. Somebody we don't know anything about. Why, I don't even know her name, and goodness knows whether she has even that slight claim on him!"

Aunt Louisa flounced out of the room in a way that I should call rude.

There are some women that are said to be more beautiful when angry. You read about the flashing eye, the heightened color, and all that, you know, but in Aunt Louisa's case the color all goes to the nose. And it isn't becoming. I've told her so. But she continues to lose her temper. I'm sure she wouldn't if she only knew how she looks.

Jack Greenough said to me the other night at the club:

"Dick, old man, what're you up to next week? Come go shooting?"

Now, you know I care just about as much for shooting as I do for marbles, but then Jack always has a jolly crowd with him, and there's enough fun on the side to pay for the hard work of lugging around a gun that you're afraid is going off. So I told Jack I'd go. It would be a way out of Uncle Richard's dinner, anyway.

"Then I'll count on you," said Jack, "and, say, send down your traps—my man will get them—there'll be a dinner or two and you'll need them. Daisy Merrihew is in the neighborhood."

Miss Merrihew—Jack has no right to call her "Daisy"—he doesn't know her nearly so well as I do, and I've only met her half a dozen times—lives some place up in the country, but when she comes to town she shines with a radiance that Idon't see how the fellows resist. I'm sure I can't and I'd go—why, hang it! I thought I'd almost go to Uncle Richard's to see her.

So that's how I found myself on Thanksgiving Day, with Jack and half a dozen of the fellows at some out of the way place, tramping through the snow and banging away at the birds whenever we got close enough. They all thought my shooting very funny, until I shot Jack's dog, but after that the sport lagged, and we were glad to seek shelter in a farmhouse Jack had hired for headquarters. We slipped into civilized clothes, and helped Jack mourn for his dog. Of course, I felt sorry, but then, you know, a dog's only a dog, after all, and Jack made more racket than I would over the death of the czar of all the Russias. He'd sit and tell us what a good dog he was, and how much he knew, and gave us his pedigree, and went on, until I began to debate whether it wouldn't be the proper thing to put a band of crape around our hats.

Jack didn't say so, but I believe he more than half blamed me, because that spotted cur got in front of my gun when it went off.

But Jack got over it, and then began to tear around like mad to get us ready for dinner. Miss Merrihew had been over the day before from her uncle's who lived, it seemed, on the next farm, and had invited the whole crowd to eat dinner with them. Jack explained that her uncle seemed to be aqueer old duffer, but good as the piles of gold he had, and he could warant we'd have a frolic.

It happened as we rode to the house that Miss Merihew's horse—she had ridden over with some of her visitors to show us the way—was jogging along beside mine.

Miss Merihew is always handsome, but I don't think she ever looked quite so handsome as she did on that horse. I blessed my stars that I hadn't been dragged off with Aunt Louisa to spend the day with some crabby old bachelor uncle—and yet, if I had the money he ought to leave me, I'd ask Miss Merrihew to—

"Don't you think," she was saying, that Thanksgiving Day is a great institution? It's so American, you know, and I love anything American, and—"

"Miss Merrihew," I interrupted, "I am American, and if you think that you could—now could you?"

"Oh, Mr Hartwell, I—really—"

"But couldn't you, now. I have worshipped you always, it seems, and if you can't do any better than to love me for my Americanism I'll go round wrapped in the star spangled banner. As for Thanksgiving Day we'll observe it the year round—maybe without the turkey, but it will be Thanksgiving just the same!"

Miss Merrihew's horse was very close to mine. Her hand went out and rested on the hand that held my rein.

"Dick," she said, "this is serious business?"

"To be sure," I replied, "but then it's no new thing to me."

"What do you mean?" she asked, in some haste.

"I mean loving you. Don't you remember when I first met you?"

I hoped she did. Iwasn't sure whether it was at the Charity ball or not, but it was about that time. She didn't however.

"Well," I went on, "you dropped a rose that night and I picked it up, and have carried it ever since in the inside pocket of my other coat."

"Oh, Dick, have you really? And do you love me so much?"

"Oh, more than that," and I am sure I do."

"Well, then, Dick, we will wait awhile, and if you are really sure then why we'll think about it."

Now, that isn't altogether satisfactory, and yet it.s not so bad after all.

The others had ridden ahead; we were in a little clump of trees, and leaning from my saddle we sealed the bargain.

When we rode into the yard the others were dismounting. Ifelt conscious of Jack's inquisitive eyes, but beyond them, on the verandah, was another pair, sharper than Jack's Aunt Louisa's, by all that was wonderful. Gradually it began to dawn on me.

"Daisy," I whispered, "what's your uncle's name?"

"Why, don't you know? How queer. Mr. Richard Hiliard."

"My uncle Richard," I cried, "and you are his brother's wife's sister's daughter."

"Why, why, let me see. Yes, I guess that's the exact relationship. And are you his nephew, Dick, that's to have all his money?"

"That's not to have it, I'm afraid, for But Aunt Louisa, who had just arrived with the family, came forward, and there were introductions all round. In the midst of them Uncle Richard appeared, looking not a day older than when I doctored his snuff.

"Don't tell me I have to be introduced to my own nephew," he cried, and started toward Jack, but aunt Louisa deftly pushed me forward, and Uncle Richard seized my hand.

"Why, I'd a-known him anywhere. He's a Hilliard all over. Have you brought any cayenne pepper?" and he laughed almost as loudly as he howled when he got that historical original dose.

"Well, no uncle, not that kind, I haven't," I replied, "but if you'll give me a half minute's audience, I have something more startling than that."

You have. Well, come here, you young rascal, and let's have it."

While the visitors, including Aunt Louisa, who reluctantly let me get out of her sight, went into the house I told Uncle Richard I loved the daughter of his brother's wife's sister, and that we wanted to get married.

"Now, do you know," said Uncle Richard, "that that's what I brought you down here for? Marry her? Why to be sure."

So I was thankful, after all, and nobody had been killed, either. Unless you count Jack's dog.

HOW BEADS ARE MADE.

In China and Venice Children Count Each One.

The Chinese are the oldest beadmakers in the world. They have made beads so long that their historians do not mention a time when the industry was not ancient. And the Chinese to-day do the work just as their forefathers did, and the styles are exactly the same. After the Chinese no people are so expert as the Venetians. At present there are more than 1,000 workmen in the Island of Murano alone who are engaged in beadmaking. The few manufacturers in other parts of the world have all learned the secret of the craft in Venice.

For beadmaking there must be a ropewalk connected with the glass factory. A ropewalk is a narrow straight gallery about 150 feet long, and so situated that the middle is not far from the furnaces in which the glass is melted. The first process is the making of ordinary tubes, like those used in almost every drug store. The brawny workmen seize a huge wedge of the "metal," as the molten glass is called, between their blow-pipes, and after it has been blown hollow they gradually stretch it out into a long swinging rope. When it has been reduced to the proper size for the beads about to be made it is laid away to cool, after which a workman comes along and, in a wonfully deft manner, chips it into fragments of uniform size.

Often for small beads these are not much larger than a grain of wheat, but so carefully is the work done that little cylinders are rarely cracked or spoiled. The pieces are now picked up by boys and placed in a tub with sand and ashes and stirred up carefully. In this way the holes in the embryo beads are stuffed full, thus preventing the danger of the sides flattening together when heat is applied.

They are next placed in a skillet—just such a one as the housewife uses in frying eggs—and stirred over a very hot fire until the ragged edges where the pieces are broken from the tubes are round, giving the bead a globular form. As soon as they are cool the ashes and sand are shaken out of them in a sieve, and then they are separated according to size by other sieves.

They are taken next to a long table, around which a flock of boys and girls are sitting. If the glass is colored, as it often is, the piles of beads on the table suggest a rainbow, with every hue from jet black, through red, green, yellow and blue to white. Each child has a needle and thread, and, by long practice, the beads are placed on long strings with inconceivable swiftness. And the children keep an exact count, too, so that the manufacturer knows just how many beads he is sending out. The threads are then tied into bundles.

GOOD NEWS!

We are still here at the same old stand selling goods cheaper than ever, and paying New York prices for cotton. Our trade for the past ten months has doubled any year's business we have ever had, and all because we

Underbuy

AND WE

Undersell.

If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself. We are really too busy to get up a long-winded advertisement, but for the benefit of some of our friends who doubt what we say we will give a few prices.

We are selling

Best Cream Cheese at 12 1-2c.
20 pounds Rice for $1.00.
Good Brown Domestic at 4 1-2c.
The best black wool Jeans you ever saw for 22 1-2c.
Best kip mud Boot, double sole, at $1.50, usual price $2.50.
A bankrupt stock of Boys' Clothing from $1.00 a suit up.
Oil red figured Prints at 4 1-2c a yard.
Coats' Spool Thread at 4 1-2c a dozen.
A good $2.00 Fur Hat for $1.25.
Large white seamless sacks of Salt for 55c.

We make this week a big drive in Bagging and Ties. Bagging by the roll 5c a yard.
Best 50-pound Steel Tie at 75c a bunch.
Remember we buy these goods in car lots and always lead in prices
We have the best double thick Tobacco you ever saw for 25c a pound
When it comes to Men's Clothing we are strictly in it. Good Cheviot and Clay Worsted suits that last year sold for $12 and $15, we now sell for $6.00 and $8.00.
Our Bay State Shoes are hard to beat. Remember every pair is warranted and we are sole agents for this Shoe here. We were fortunate enough to buy this fall about $5,000 worth of Shoes at the low-water mark, and while you find others asking you an advance we are still selling at the same old price.

We are not trying to get rich in a year; we are cutting down expenses and determined to give our trade more goods for the money than ever before. If you don't believe it, come and see for yourself.

We handle Flour in car lots direct from the mills and always have the right prices. We handle nothing but good, wholesome Flour, and if you want cheap, worthless stuff don't come to us for it, for we positively will not keep it.

Remember our motto:

We Underbuy and Undersell.

Yours for the Trade,

H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

For Sale—Cash or time, one yoke of good oxen and good ox wagon. Will swap for horse or mule. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Did you know you could buy thirteen two-cent stamps for a cent and a quarter at Montevallo postoffice?

Mr. and Mrs. Wooley, of Bibb county, who, for several days, have been visiting their daughter, Mr. E A. Latham, returned home Monday.

Miss Campbell, of Ashley, visited Mrs. Finley, of this place, last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Coffer, of Bibb county, spent several hours in Montevallo last week.

Mrs. W. B. Reynolds received a beautiful St. Bernard dog by express Monday.

Dr. John Davis, one of the most prominent physicians in the state, came down from Birmingham Monday to attend Dr. Jeff S. Davis, who has been sick for several days—we understand he has typhoid fever. Dr. Jeff is very much missed by his many friends and patrons, and none look forward to his recovery with more genuine pleasure than they.

Miss Alice Huff, a handsome and accomplished young lady, was in town last week. Miss Alice formerly attended school here and her friends are always glad to see her.

Mrs. Thomas and Miss Nannie Curry were in the city Tuesday.

Quite a number of Chilton county's presperous farmers were in town selling cotton and buying good last week. Among them were: G. L. and A. L. Foshee.

Mr. F. E. Davis came home from Birmingham on account of the sickness of his brother Jeff.

The town was full of drummers last week.

She—There's a waman in Alabama who hasn't looked in a mirror for twenty years.

He—Is she blind.

THEY SAY THAT THEY DON'T SAY.

We hear that by the 1st of January the coal mines at Gurnee will be in full blust. Already a large number of families have moved into the houses which for many years have been vacated.

Miss Bertie Allen visited her parants here Saturday and Sunday. Her visits, though short, are ever pleasant to her many friends. Miss Bertie is a bright and energetic young lady and formerly taught a very successful school here. She is now teaching a large one at Spring Creek.

Mr. Wm. Holen passed through town Monday evening en route to the exposition.

Our school, of which all feel proud, continues to flourish.

Get your name on the honor roll, children, and have it carried from Maine to California by the NEWS.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. Jackson Gentry is quite sick.

Mr. James West, of Selma, is in the city.

Miss Lola Belcher, one of Centerville's pretty and accomplished young ladies, passed through here this week. Our agent says he had a mind to wreck the train so she would have to stay a while.

ONE OF THE OLD LANDMARKS GONE.

Mrs. Mary Ann West, familiarly known as Aunt Mary West, consort of the late Jefferson West died at her residence near Montevallo on Saturday last. She was born in Columbia, S. C., September 15, 1811, and for sixty years has lived on the place where she died. In early childhood she was converted and united with the Methodist Episcopal church and lived a consistent and useful member up to the time of her translation from the church militant to the church triumphant. In her home life and in her intercourse with her neighbors she not only professed the truth but lived it. It is said of her that she was never involved during her long life in any neighborhood disturbance which so often comes up in all communities. A truly good and grand woman is gone. Her life is as ointment poured forth. She is dead yet speaketh.

Quite an unfortunate difficulty took place between Mr. N. T. Lucus and his son, Ed. Lucus, on one side and Pleas West and Wm. Seales on the other. A dispute had arisen over some land, and Lucus and son having attempted to sow some oats, were ordered out by West and Seales. After considerable wrangling a difficulty took place in which Mr. Lucus was seriously shot in the breast by Seales. West shot at Ed Lucus several times with a pistol, but missed him. Quite a number were present, and it is said both sides were armed to the teeth and it is a great wonder more were not injured.

We deplore such occurrences and hope matters may be settled amicably between the parties. We learn warrants have been issued and suppose the matter will be settled in the courts.

Every family should have one of those 3-quart Fountain Syringes with a 6-foot pipe and 5 rubber tubes. All physicians recommend them. Only $1.25 for the entire outfit in wooden case with clasp lock. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds' Drug Department. 3t

Have your eyes tested free of charge at Reynolds. 3t

CORRESPONDENCE.

BISMARCK DOTS.

Our citizens were surprised to hear four shots ring out in the streets last Saturday night, but afterwards it was ascertained that three or four of our citizens had had a difficulty with two negro tramps and two shots apiece were exchanged without any bloodshed.

Our hotel is doing a flourishing business now and the prospects are that it will do still better in the near future.

W. L. Nolan and Walter Mulkey left last night for the exposition. We hope dear Willie will come back safe and sound and not smoke too many of Atlanta's fine cigars.

Our popular tobacco salesman, R. L. Rice, went down to British yesterday and claims he sold a splendid bill of tobacco. Lee is a good lawyer as well as tobacco salesman.

Mr. J. L. McCauley and his sisters, Misses Cora and Bettie, are visiting Mrs. Nolen's family, of our city, this week.

We understand E. W. Mc. is still "t he people" up at Spring Creek, but from outward appearances it does not look probable.

N. T. is still going down the creek, while W. C. goes across the railroad.

"Dick still talks of Pea Ridge, but has evidently quit going. What's the trouble, J. N. M.?"

J. S. Little went out on the mountain hunting squirrels (?) last week and "he's never come back."

Three of our young men went out on Thanksgiving day to shoot quail. They shot at them about forty-two times and did not get a bird. That's good shooting, boys, if you will keep it up.

Phil Gardner, the clothing man, passed through our city on the 2nd en route to Birmingham.

We, that have been to the expo', are still talking it with a vengeance.

Lee is booked for the expo' next.

Yours, Nero.

—o—

THE EVENT OF THE SEASON.

On Thursday evening last, after the Thanksgiving services at the Methodist church, the young people spent the evening very pleasantly at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Latham, which was artistically decorated with vines and beautiful flowers. The sweet songs and music was indeed a treat. The following was the programme:

Vocal Duet—Music, "Love and Flowers;" Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Della Latham.

Duet "Piano"—Flirt March; Misses Mary Phelan, Hattie Lyman.

Vocal Solo—"Oh Restless Heart;" Mrs. Lawrence.

Vocal Solo—"If you love me tell me with your eyes;" A. J. Lee.

Vocal Duet—"Life's long dream is o'er;" Mrs. Lawrence, Miss Della Latham.

After which some interesting games were played. One of the most enjoyable was the weaving of the bean bags. At this supper was announced. The ladies wore badges representing different states, the gentlemen holding cards with some city in one of these states was his partner. All marched to the dining room and partook of a sumptuous feast.

After which all were highly entertained with sweet music by Miss Mary Phelan. The following couples were present: Miss Mary Phelan and A. J. Lee, Miss Hattie Lyman and L. N. Bowdon, Miss Lucy Vest and Ed Davis, Miss Belle Reynolds and P. W. McConaughy, Miss Ella Latham and W. H. Lawrence, Miss Eunice Latham and F. W. Rogan.

At a late hour all returned home, having enjoyed a good time.

Special Cor. of The News.

—o—

ASHBY LOCALS.

Miss Sadie Bragg, of Longview, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Large.

Mrs. R. E. Alvis, of Selma, was in town last week. Call again Bob we are always glad to see you.

Miss Zula Burke is at home again after a protracted visit to relatives at Trio.

Mr. J. G. Oakley made a flying visit to Selma last week on professional business.

Mr. Cunningham Mahan, one of Brierfield's most promising young men, was in town last week. Be careful "Cunnie" how you drive borrowed stock.

We regret very much to say that Mrs. C, S. Day is very sick.

Miss Mary Patton, of Bismark, visited Miss Maggie Jemison last week.

Mr. Joe Moreland, of Brierfield filled his regular appointment here Sunday afternoon.

Miss Louie Burk paid a short visit to her aunt, Mrs. Frederic, of Furnace last week.

Messrs. Walter and Dotridge Mulkey, of Concord, called on two of our young ladies Sunday. Make it convenient to call earlier boys as you may miss your dinner.

Mr. Henry King, the "dude" of Ashby, ought to get his shoes four sizes larger. They are nines now.

Miss Emma Campbell, one of our most popular girls, spent a part of last week in Montevallo and reports a very pleasant time.

We hope Miss D. B. will return soon, as E. O. is one of the saddest boys we have ever seen.

Success to the Industrial school.

Ego.

The Conquering Japs.

Japanese mannfacturers are reaching after the markets of the United States.

DOGWOOD LOCALS.

Mr. R. C. Jones is at home on the sick list.

The coal mines here have changed hands partly and they are now shipping more coal than ever before.

We regret very much to learn that Mr. Isaac Powell is so ill—and we hope for him a speedy recovery.

Misses Edna, Mamie and W. E. Harrison went up to Elliottsville Sunday to church.

Misses Mary and Effie Moore and Miss Fannie Atchison, all of Perry county, have been visiting Mr. M. V. Lawley's family this week.

Mr. Jasper Nabors, of Longview, paid us a flying visit one day last week.

Mr. Edward Harkins, of Maylene, was in our town Sunday.

Mrs, Rush Alexander, of Calera, is visiting relatives here.

We are glad to welcome Mr. M. L. Wooten back in our midst.

Miss Eva Ozley is visiting relatives and friends at Jemison. We wish for her a merry time.

Editor Montevallo News: If you will allow me a small space in your valuable paper, I will give an account of a short hunt I took last week.

We left home in time to arrive on the hunting grounds, about 8 miles from Lacey, on Pearl river, Miss., before sunrise. Just before we arrived on our grounds I asked the crowd to stop and listen to the fox race which I thought I heard. They laughed at me and said it was only squirrels barking. We stopped and the fun began. My gun got so hot from rapid firing I had to lay it down. We spent not exceeding two hours and carried away one hundred and five squirrels.

From here we went up the river, killing seven turkeys and two deer. I had to ride home and send a wagon back to carry the game home.

Am going again next week and will give you a correct account of it, Success to the industrial school and the NEWS. Yours truly, J. C. Dill.

BEAUREGARD'S CHIEF OF STAFF

General Thomas Jordan, Crosses Over to Rest.

General Thomas Jordan died at 10:30 o'clock at his home, 124 East Twenty-fifth street, New York. Members of General Jordan's family and some of his intimate personal friends were present when he died. He had been suffering a long time from tuberculosis.

General Jordan was born in Luray, Page county, Virginia, in 1819. At 16 he entered West Point, where he was a roommate and classmate of William T. Sherman. General Jordan served all through the Seminole campaign. Afterward he was in the Mexican war. He was also with the troops in California and Oregon, in the quartermaster's department. The highest rank that he attained in the United States army was captain.

At the outbreak of the civil war he resigned and joined the confederacy. He was made brigadier-general and served as chief of staff with General Beauregard, and fought at the first battle of Manassas and at Shiloh. At the close of the war he took the side of General Beauregard in the latter's quarrel with Jefferson Davis, and wrote an article for a magazine denouncing Davis. For this he was criticised severely in some quarters. He was connected with the Memphis Appeal for some time after the close of the war.

When the first Cuban insurrection broke out General Jordan enlisted and fought during 1869-70 against Spain. He eventually became commander of the rebel forces in Cuba. At Las Menas de Tana, on Christmas day, 1870, with nearly 600 men, he held in check 3,500 Spanish soldiers until his ammunition gave out.

He came to the United States in 1871 to intercede for Cuba and endeavored to have belligerent rights granted the island. He was arrested on a charge of violating the neutrality laws and held for trial. He was never tried, however, but, on account of dissensions among the Cuban leaders, resigned and did not return to Cuba.

A LIVELY BUSINESS

By the Colleges and the Young Men's Christian Association.

In a foot ball game at Eureka, Kans., Thursday between Lewis Academy, of Wichita, and the Southern Kansas Academy, of Eureka, Robert Jeane, of the Eureka team, received spinal injuries that are thought to be fatal. He is conscious, but completely paralyzed.

As the result of a foot ball game at Decatur, Ill., on the same day between the Young Men's Christian Association eleven, of Springfield, and the local team, William McGerron, of the visitors, is likely to die. His home is in Chicago, and he is private secretary to the state treasurer. He fell down in a scrimmage and the two elevens fell upon him.

Killed at the Crossing.

At the Nebraska avenue crossing of the Lake Shore railroad in Toledo, O., Saturday night the Detroit express train ran into a vehicle containing three persons, killing them all. The dead are: Joseph Remen, aged 45; Mary Remen, his daughter, aged 10; Ernest Knivers, aged 50. The two men were instantly killed, their bodies being almost crushed to a pulp. Miss Remen was alive when picked up, but lived only a few minutes.

Embezzler A. K. Ward Arrested.

A. K. Ward, the alleged embezzler from Memphis, Tenn., was arrested Sunday on board a steamer at Livingston, Gautemala, by the chief of police of Memphis.

STATE TOPICS.

Late News Items of General Interest to Alabamians.

Smelting Works Burned.

The East Birmingham Smelting Works were burned down Thursday night. They were manufacturers of brass goods. Loss, $20,000; insurance, $10,000.

Negro Thief Killed.

A negro man being detected at Birmingham in the act of stealing coal from a car, refused to submit to arrest and assaulted the officer, Deputy Oscar Jones, with a knife, whereupon the officer shot and killed him.

Killed by Falling Slate.

Thomas Young, a white miner at Coalburg, was killed by a large quantity of slate falling on him Saturday morning. His neck was broken, death resulting almost instantly. Young was a young man.

Industrial Movement.

D. R. Saunders, of the Fort Payne Basket company, who recently bought the basket factory at Guntersville, has let a contract to G. Wells to enlarge the factory. Mr. Saunders will begin the operation of the factory at Guntersville in January.

Postoffice Burglary.

Wednesday night at Auburn, Ala., burglars entered the postoffice and blew open the safe, securing $170 in cash and some stamps. The safe was blown open with nitro-glycerine, and the explosion was so heavy that the building came near being wrecked.

Quite Dead When Found.

A. M. Clemons, who left LaFayette some days ago for Randolph county, was found near Roanoke with his head beaten to a jelly. He was quite dead when found. There is no clue to his murderers.

Two Shooting Affairs.

Two shooting affairs occurred at Birmingham Saturday afternoon. Deputy Sheriff Sharpe was bringing a negro named Andrew Crawford to jail from Woodward for grand larceny. When near the jail, Crawford attempted to escape and Sharpe shot him as he ran up street, inflicting a probably fatal wound.

Walter Williams, colored, and Henry Myers, white, draymen for McMillan, Lee & Co., got into a dispute on Morris avenue when Myers fired a bullet into Willlams' brain. The latter lived several hours. Myers is in jail.

A Gentle Hint to the Elders.

Mormon elders are in Montgomery and are becoming troublesome with their importunities and advances at residences in the day time, when the head of the house is absent. One of their cards had on one side the names of Elder Charles H. Alley, Laketown, Rich county, Utah; Elder A. T. Allen, Love, Loche county, Utah; and on the reverse side was their articles of faith of the church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints.

Some feeling has been aroused against these elders at many of the houses at which they called, and if they are not careful they will get an uncomfortable reception somewhere. It might be prudent for them to take this gentle hint and leave Montgomery in search of new and greener pastures.

Important Committee Appointed.

Governor Oates, at the earnest solicitation of the representatives of the Mexican government, has appointed the following well known and experienced business men of the state of Alabama to act as a state committee for the Mexican International exposition, which is to open in the City of Mexico on or about the 15th of September, 1896: Hon. H. D. Lane, chairman, Athens; Judge William Richardson, Huntsville; Maj. F. Y. Anderson, Birmingham; Capt. George W. Ely, Montgomery; Hon. J. Craig Smith, Montgomery, Mr. Henry Fonde, Mobile.

The duty imposed upon these gentlemen will be making propaganda for the exposition among the manufactures, as it will be the means of opening up an extensive market which has been overlooked by the export trade of the United States.

Homicide at Gadsden.

J. I. Bates, who travels for Peaslee, Gaulbert & Co., wholesale druggists of Louisville, Ky., was shot and fatally wounded in Barnes' saloon, at Gadsden, Saturday evening by Collin Daughdrill. When Bates came from supper at the hotel his hat was missing from the rack and another man's was in its place. He was told that the man who had his hat was in the saloon and went there to find the man, so one story goes. When he went in the saloon he accidentally brushed against Daughdrill, who was drinking. This incensed Daughdrill, and after cursing Mr. Bates he whipped out a pistol and shot him. Another story says that Hr. Bates was trying to sell some casks to the saloonist when Daughdrill came in and broke into the conversation. Mr. Bates objected to this and Daughdrill cursed him. Bates told him he should not do that, when Daughdrill pulled his pistol and shot Bates just above the heart. Bates' wound is fatal. He is 38 years old and has a wife and children at Montgomery. Daughdrill, who is in jail, refuses to talk. A few years ago Daughdrill killed Armstrong Stewart, a conductor on the East Tennessee, Virginia and Georgia railroad. Later—Bates died at noon Monday.

We have just received from the finest optitian in New York a full line of spectacles. We also have an eye tester and are prepared to sell you the best eye glass in the market for the least money. H. C. & W. B. Reynolds. 3t

J. B. Lewis Co.
WEAR RESISTER SHOES
Lead All Others
FOR
Wear,
Style,
Ease,
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For Lowest Prices.
FOR SALE BY
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

A. B. CLAUGHTON,
Physician and Surgeon,
MONTEVALLO, ALA.
Office in store of H. C. & W. B. Reynolds.

Wanted
An intelligent lady to act as our agent for this county. Easy work, big returns. Address Box 310, Montgomery, Ala.

J. M. REYNOLDS,
ATTORNEY AT LAW AND
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE,
Prompt attention paid to all claims put in my hands for collection.

Do you want a nice winter pasture for the old cow that has served you so long? Then go to Reynolds and get a bushel of Tennessee seed Barley and sow it. Now is the time. 3t

Why strain your eyes when you can get a safe and reliable pair of spectacles for half the regular price. H. C, & W. B. Reynolds 3t

FOR RENT.
A good two-horse farm three miles south of Montevallo. Good three-room tenant house. Apply to Mrs. M. A. Nabors, Brierfield, Ala. tf

IF YOU ARE GOING TO THE ATLANTA EXPOSITION
And want a first-class hotel at $2.00 per day, go to the
VICTORIA HOTEL
Nos. 30-32-34 S. Pryor St
Half a Block from Car Shed.
Cars pass the door every 5 minutes for the exposition grounds
This hotel has accommodations for 1,000 guests per day. Don't forget the place,
VICTORIA HOTEL,
30 South Pryor St.,
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TWO FOR ONE!
That is what is offered you
For $1 a Year.
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ADVERTISER
An eight-page paper issued twice a week
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No paper as complete and interesting for an Alabamian can be had in all the land at any price.
Full of instructive and entertaining matter for
The Farm!
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FLOUR! :- FLOUR!
Why will people clamor after a cheap grade of Flour when they can buy a good grade cheap? The United States Standard and the Missouri Belle brands of Flour are unequalled in quality. They are both made from carefully selected wheat and every barrel is guaranteed to give you satisfaction. Ask for these grades and take no substitute. Remember the brands and you will make no mistake.
If you wish a written guarantee with every barrel, we will give it to you.
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Wholesale and Retail Druggist.
—DEALERS IN—
Fine Soaps, Perfumery, Toilet Articles, Whiskies, Wines, and Alcohol, also Garden Grass and Millet Seed. Surgical Instruments a Specialty
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M. BORN & CO.
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They Guarantee to Fit and Please You.
LARGEST ASSORTMENT.
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LOOK AT THEIR SAMPLES AT
H. C. & W. B. REYNOLDS.

MILLINERY AND NOTIONS!
I carry a full line of
Fall and Winter Hats and
Notions, which were bought from the largest dealers in the United States.
Satisfaction guaranteed.
MRS. S. V. McCAULEY,
MONTEVALLO. ALA.

Wiggles—I hear Bjenks has been very ill. Is he out of danger yet? Waggles—Well, he's convalescent; but he won't be out of danger until that pretty nurse who has been taking care of him has gone away.—Somerville Journal.

How's This!

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligation made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Price, 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Testimonials free.

A Governor's Opinion.

Everybody knows ex-Governor Robert Taylor, of Tennessee. He says: "I have had occasion to use Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy and find it an admirable aid to digestion. Taken before lecturing, it imparts a vigor and easiness of feeling which is very desirable. I am convinced that it is a first-class remedy for aiding digestion.

"Especially if Tyner's Dyspepsia Remedy is taken after eating."

Price 50 cents per bottle. For sale everywhere.

Brogdon, S. C.

I have used 4 boxes of Tetterine for Tetter on my feet, of 12 years' standing. My nails were thick and rotten, since using Tetterine they are growing out new and healthy. Please send me two more boxes to use in case it should show any sign of returning. C. M. Best. Sent by mail for 50c. in stamps. J. T. Shuptrine, Savannah, Ga.

Mothers Who Use Parker's Ginger Tonic insist that it benefits more than other medicines for every form of distress.

After physicians had given me up, I was saved by Piso's Cure.—RALPH ERUE, Williamsport, Pa., Nov. 22, 1893.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for children teething softens the gums, reduces inflamation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle

Hindercorns is a Simple Remedy, But it takes out corns, and what a consolation it is! Makes walking a pleasure. 15c. at druggists.

FITS stopped free by DR. KLINE'S GREAT NERVE RESTORER. No fits after first day's use. Marvelous cures. Treatise and $2.00 trial bottle free. Dr. Kline, 931 Arch St., Phila., Pa.

Take Care

Of your physical health. Build up your system, tone your stomach and digestive organs, increase your appetite, enrich your blood, drive out all impurities and prevent sickness with

Hood's Sarsaparilla

The One True Blood Purifier. $1; 6 for $5.

Hood's Pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

NATURE'S WAY:

There is no reason why the period preceding childbirth should be full of discomfort. There is no reason why childbirth itself should bring a feeling of dread to the mother. Nature does nothing wrong. It is the abuse of nature by wrong living, lack of exercise, ill-fitting clothes, that brings about the tortures of childbirth.

Perfectly healthy women go through the ordeal with comparative ease. Nature intended it that way. Women approaching motherhood have really but one thing to do—get strength generally and locally.

McELREE'S WINE OF CARDUI

is the best medicine and tonic to do this. It prepares the generative organs for the coming trial, shortens labor, lessens pain and robs confinement of its danger.

One Dollar a Bottle.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

"An Ounce of Prevention is Worth a Pound of Cure."

An ounce of healthful food is better than a ton of medicine.

USE

Heckers'

Buckwheat.

And throw away the medicine bottle.

14

THE AERMOTOR CO. does half the world's windmill business, because it has reduced the cost of wind power to 1/6 what it was. It has many branch houses, and supplies its goods and repairs at your door. It can and does furnish a better article for less money than others. It makes Pumping and Geared, Steel, Galvanized-after-Completion Windmills, Tilting and Fixed Steel Towers, Steel Buzz Saw Frames, Steel Feed Cutters and Feed Grinders. On application it will name one of these articles that it will furnish until January 1st at 1/3 the usual price. It also makes Tanks and Pumps of all kinds. Send for catalogue. Factory: 12th, Rockwell and Fillmore Streets, Chicago.

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GUARANTEED IN WRITING. Students' complete course in HALF the TIME at HALF the EXPENSE of other colleges. 24 placed last month. Address at once GEORGIA BUS. COLLEGE, Macon, Ga.

$3 A DAY SURE. SEND us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day; absolutely sure; we furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live; send us your address and we will explain the business fully; remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work; absolutely sure, write at once. ROYAL MANUFACTURING COMPANY, Box LB, Detroit, Mich.

SPECTACLES.—If you wear them, or need them, or have trouble with your eyes, apply for my Treatise on the Eye, Test Sheets and Catalog, sent free. F. B. GREENE, Optician, Boothbay Harbor, Me.

AGENTS WANTED in every State to introduce "The Comet" Camera. Entirely new. Profits immense. Address Aiken, Gleason & Co., X. O., La Crosse, Wis.

AM. N. U. No. 49, 1895.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists. 25 CTS.

LOW WAGON WHEELS FROM LOGS.

Select a log of the desired size from a gum sycamore, or any other hard timber that does not split readily, writes G. M. Davis, of Wayne County, Illinois. Saw off the wheels, making them the desired thickness. Then take out the spokes from an old wagon wheel, square the hub, and fit into the center of the log wheel. The wheel is then completed and will last many years on farms, or even for the road, if well taken care of. Many of these are in use in this vicinity, and are quite satisfactory.—American Agriculturist.

WHEAT HAY FOR COWS.

Wheat hay is not a good feed for dairy cows. There are some other kinds of fodder which are much better, as oats and peas, which will grow where wheat will. Corn is an excellent fodder, especially when made into silage. Millet grows well in dry, hot localities, and wheat grain, ground, for the cows, will make an excellent addition to these fodders, with sugar beets or mangels. Thus, there will be no scarcity of crops to take the place of wheat. A silo should be one-fourth deeper than its diameter—thus, if it is twelve feet square, it should be fifteen or sixteen feet deep, and, in fact, the deeper it is the better all round, as the silage packs more solidly, and this makes it keep better. Thus, the depth is a matter of convenience mostly—the greater the better—but it should not be less than the limit above mentioned. Corn is cut for silage when the grain is glazed.—New York Times.

VALUE OF CORN.

Considerable difference of opinion exists among farmers as to the number of pounds of pork that can be made from a bushel of corn. The estimates run all the way from three to twelve pounds. The amount depends upon the kind of stock, the weather, the skill of the feeder and other conditions. Breeds, too, differ in this respect, some showing somewhat greater gains than others, but all the improved varieties respond more readily than the scrub. It is impossible, therefore, to lay down any regular rule by which to find the pork equivalent of a bushel of corn. We are able only to determine the approximate value.

In some experiments recently made in this direction it was found that thoroughbred pigs required nearly one thousand pounds of meal to carry them from 100 pounds to 300 pounds in a growing condition and without making them too fat. Greater gains can be made, however, with pigs under 100 pounds, the smaller the animal the less amount of food being required to support its weight while making the gain.—New York World.

GRADING ABOUT BUILDINGS.

There is no better time to do this work than in the fall, and there are few buildings that would not be the better for more or less work of this kind. At some points, perhaps only a wheelbarrow load or two may be needed, while at others several wagon loads may be required. For the benefit of the foundation walls, the grade should be at least three inches to the foot for at least five or six feet, especially if there is a cellar located under the structure. It not only looks better, but makes the cellar walls firmer, prevents water from soaking into the cellar, and renders it warmer in winter and cooler in summer. The earth used for the surface of the grade should be well enriched, and either sodded over now or grass seed sown and well raked in. About the doors of the barn buildings use stiff clay or gravel, and stones two or three inches in diameter should be placed on the surface and driven into the soil with a sledge and covered with two inches of soil. Every year again cover the stones that become exposed.—American Agriculturist.

SHIPPING LIVE POULTRY.

Country shippers ought to pay more attention to the condition of their coops before using. Considerable stock is lost by shipping in worn out coops which come apart in transit if roughly handled, as sometimes happens. Every coop should be carefully examined, and all bottoms and cleats securely nailed. The coops should be strong, but light; heavy wood is unnecessary if long nails are used. They should not be so large as to render handling difficult.

The coops should be high enough to allow the poultry to stand easily upright, and should not be overcrowded. Too close packing and too low coops are cruel and cause loss by suffocation. Hens and roosters should be shipped separately whenever possible. All poultry for the New York market should be well fattened, and should be fed lightly before being placed in the coop, if it reach its destination the day after shipping, as the New York law requires that the crop be entirely empty before killing. From more distant points provision must be made for feeding and watering in transit. At the beginning of their journey they should be fed lightly, as overfeeding at such time makes the birds sick and dumpish and unfit for the fatigue of travel. After the first day or two, when the poultry have become accustomed to their new quarters, the supply of food should be increased. All these things should be considered and every care exercised to have the birds arrive in the best possible condition, so that they may sell readily at the highest prices. It is only good stock that really pays. The shipper who does not get the best market price for his stock should consider seriously where the fault really lies.—New York World.

KINDS OF TREES FOR SHAL

Those who wish to plant trees often ask what kinds of trees are the best to be planted and the most likely to give general satisfaction as shade and ornamental trees.

Here, as in almost everything else, tastes differ, but we think we are safe in saying always plant native trees if you wish your work to be permanent and approved by posterity; for tree planting should have the blessing of those who come after us. We have such an abundauce of beautiful native trees that we can have large room for selection. Our sugars and hard maples, our tulip tree and our elms, our lindens and our sycamore, all make good shade trees in soils well adopted to them, in the Middle and Northern States. For general purposes as beautiful shade trees we would prefer the sugars and elms and the tulip tree, which is very beautiful tree and a rapid grower if it has a fair chance. The ash trees make a fine growth in an open space, and for roadside shade we confess a liking to the black walnut, as well as to the white walnut or butternut, which is a very attractive tree and a rapid grower, but these last must be grown from the nut, as transplanting unless quite small is scarcely ever successful. To these may be added our evergreens, which may be selected according to the taste of the planter for the climate in which he lives. We have omitted an elegant and favorite tree, "the magnolia," which is beautifully ornamented when the climate is not too severe. There are so many other native trees, especially in the Southern States, which can be selected that we have only yet to say, do not plant "foreign trees," unless for mere curiosity, and do not plant trees which produce a litter around your premises for half the summer, or such as send their roots to the surface for forty feet around them, from which myriads of sprouts are sent up to annoy you.

When you are ready to plant, which should be done without delay, determine just what you want to do, and do it well, and you yourself will have increased happiness and your children will rise up and call you blessed.

It is surprising to us that Georgians should plant china trees and white mulberry trees, both being pests, when they have such beautiful native growths as our tulipefera, or swamp poplar, or our linden or sycamore or even our swamp or native silver poplar, which is so far superior to the imported varieties.

The tulip trees and our native oaks are the finest shade trees in the world. Our native elms and maples are superior to any imported varieties, and our sycamores are not only excellent shade trees but are among the best lightning rods ever furnished by art or nature.

Farmers, let us plant our home trees.—Atlanta Journal.

FARM AND GARDEN NOTES.

New milk will fatten a colt faster than skimmed milk.

Fertilizer can be profitably applied with or without manure, and will more than pay for their cost.

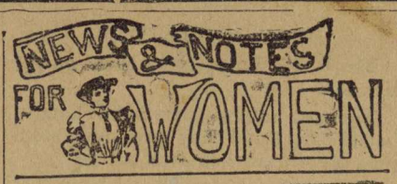
The majority of farmers prefer to use manure, and seldom resort to the use of fertilizers. They cannot produce sufficient manure for a large farm and manure one field a year. The plan is excellent, but they lose time by not using fertilizers on those fields where no manure has been applied.

Those who keep but one cow and save the cream until a sufficiency has accumulated for a churning will not succeed in making choice butter, as it is a mistake to mix the old and new cream. This is a fact that is frequently overlooked, and has been the cause of more failures than anything else.

The Russian thistle has moved a little closer to the East, and it is simply a matter of time when it will be established on the Atlantic coast. The railroad cars bring the seeds and scatter them along the lines. Good cultivation destroys it. It is not as severe a pest as the gipsy moth or the potato beetle.

With many farmers the most serious problem of life is to get out of debt. The only way to solve it is either to keep down the expenses or to increase the income, or, if possible, both. The danger is that in endeavoring to increase the income expenses are increased to a point that leaves no profit and the debt is as far from being paid as ever.

The great mistake which farmers make in sowing clover seed under Western conditions is that they do not give it a deep enough covering. As to depth of covering, no general rule can be laid down except this, that it must be deep enough to secure moisture and not too deep to exclude light. There is heat enough in the soil in the summer season at almost any depth to which it might be covered in ordinary agricultural operations.



GOSSIP.

Tucson, Arizona, has a woman butcher.

Ada Rehan's salary is said to be $900 a week.

Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt owns 126 diamond rings.

Two women photographers are doing a big business in Harbine, Neb.

Caroline Hook Haas is a new Southern novelist, who has made quite a hit in Atlanta.

A new and pleasing writer on Hellenic art and antiquities is Mary Burnside, of Dorchester.

Miss Vanderbilt bought forty-five pairs of shoes as a part of her wedding outfit as a Duchess.

The latest atyle of entertainment in Boston is a girl child-reader. She is said to be quite successful.

A somewhat remarkable feature connected with the recent railway race to Scotland was the number of ladies in the trains.

The Queen of Hawaii, the Queen of Madagascar and the Queen of Korea have come to grief this year. It is a bad year for queens.

Mrs. Lillie Pardee was a candidate for State Senator in Utah. She is thirty years old, a teacher of Latin and Greek, and the wife of a Salt Lake lawyer.

A woman drummer for a cigar factory appeared in Valdosta, Ga., a few days ago, and surprised the merchants. She further surprised them later by proving that she was an expert in handling cigars and understood her business thoroughly.

Baron von Thoemmel, who has just retired from the post of Austrian Envoy at Belgrade with the rank of field marshal, is indebted for his diplomatic success to a sewing machine which he presented to the Princess of Montenegro, teaching her to sew himself.

A Keeley cured woman of Fargo, North Dakota, has been appointed National Lecturer of the Keeley League, her present assignmemt being to Virginia and North Carolina. She is a "morphine graduate," and is said to be the first woman Keeley lecturer.

Mrs. J. R. Green, widow of the historian and herself a writer of high standing, has a thorough knowledge of Greek, Latin, higher mathematics and the Roman languages, which she obtained entirely by self-culture, having never even had a governess as a girl.

Glover mending sets are sold now, and no more useful present for a well groomed girl could be thought of. The apparatus comes in a neat wooden box, and consists of different sizes and kinds of buttons, all shades of silk and sizes and qualities of needles, a thimble and a little stretcher and "mending stick."

Mrs. Mary Jackson, of Louisville, Ky., has just passed her 103d birthday. She lived in Louisville when all the houses were stockaded to guard against Indian surprises and the red men made considerable trouble for the farmers thereabout. She was a grown woman when Lafayette visited Louisville in 1820 and well remembers him.

Miss Nellie Adams, a pupil of the institution at the Royal Normal College for the Blind of England, passed the second-class figure skating test of the National Skating Association with great success. She is only sixteen years old, and has the distinction of being the first woman (blind or otherwise) who has passed this test on roller skates.

The roll of Southern poets has been increased by Miss Mary Louise Huntley, of Atlanta. She is a tall, slender, dark girl, reserved, dignified and studious. Her last poem, "The Sobbing Rain," was an exquisite idyl, and was quoted and requoted by the press of the country. She is the third talented singer in her city, the other two being Lollie Belle Wylie and Arelia Bell Key.

FASHION NOTES.

The popular delft effects are shown now in brooches and even stick-pins.

The day of the glazed kid glove for dress occasions seems about over. The soft, dull suedes are once more popular and glazed kid is regarded as a poor substitute for the heavy dogskin gloves dear to the tailor-made girl.

Hatpins of solid gold, in the shape of round balls, looks very pretty when used to pin on a black velvet hat. Turquoise, surrounded by diamonds, or more often rhinestones, is the pin par excellence for the bonnet of the up-to-date girl.

Black velvet capes, elaborately embroidered with jet, are very fashionable. In shape they are much like those in vogue last year, but are rather longer. Flower-strewn satin is used for the same purpose, adorned with jetted trimming.

Corduroy is coming to the front as a fashionable material for street suits. Double-breasted stylish coat bodices opening over vests of leather is one handsome design for them. The material is practically everlasting in wear, and if made with elegance, is exceedingly effective.

The new winter boa will be a conglomeration of fur tails, lace and flowers. It is short, merely encircling the neck and falling a short distance over the corsage. The most improved boa is of sable, fastened in front with a little animal's head, from which three sable tails are suspended, while a frill of lace is caught under the head and a bunch of violets is stuck in at the side.

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Professor Massey, of the North Carolina Experiment station, writes that when frost is imminent he gathers the green tomatoes, wraps them separately in paper (old newspapers will answer), and packs them in boxes, which are stored in a place just warm enough to be secure from frost, the object being to keep them and not to ripen them. Then as the fruits are wanted a few are brought out at a time and placed in a warm position where they will ripen in a few days. In this way he has kept his table supplied with sliced tomatoes to midwinter.

A Witty Tutor.

From a French journal comes this little anecdote of a tutor and his royal pupil:

The lesson was in Roman history, and the prince was unprepared.

"We come now to the Emperor Caligula. What do you know about him, prince?"

The question was followed by a silence that was becoming awkward when it was broken by the diplomatic tutor.

"Your highness is right," he said, "perfectly right. The less said about this emperor the better."

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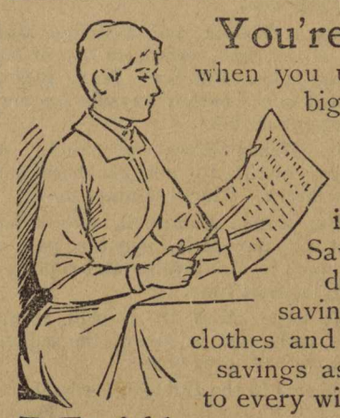

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